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The Outlook

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Russia and Korea For centuries the wave of Russian aggression has been rolling across Asia. It has swallowed up Turkestan, Bokhara, and more and more of Siberia. Now it has practically engulfed the Chinese province of Manchuria and threatens the independent if small empire of Korea. Last week there were disturbances and unrest at Korean ports; and the rebellion of the Tonghaks in the northern part of that country, which may precede another war, calls attention to the fact that a Tonghak rebellion preceded the Chino-Japanese war of 1895. In that war Japan won a succession of the most brilliant victories of modern times. She was entitled by every right to the fruits of her conquest over China, and demanded a strip of mainland for her overflow population. China granted the demand, but Russia prevented Japan's acquirement of the land, and Russia now practically owns it, defying her solemn promise made to the nations to evacuate it. The Chinese province of Manchuria is now as pacified as are some of the districts of Russia proper, but Russia remains in Manchuria, daily more intrenched there than ever, under what seems the specious plea that the province is not pacified enough from the effects of the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, a rebellion which some of the diplomats at Peking openly charged was secretly instigated at many points by Russia herself. However this may be, many Russians doubtless honestly believe in the validity of Russia's excuse, and they argue that Russia has spent altogether too much money in Manchuria not to have her proper return in commercial control, the same control that Japan enjoys in Korea. While Russian commercial and even political pretensions to Manchuria are thus somewhat justified, the world is

now dismayed—and Japan in particular—by the assertion of the same pretensions regarding Korea. If these are gratified, there will be nothing left for the hitherto apparently resistless Russian wave of political aggression, moving to the east, to swallow up, but Japan herself. Hence, in resisting Russian aggressions in Korea, the Japanese are contending not only for a perpetuation of a political and commercial domination (but not annexation) there, and also for a territory to accommodate the already evident overflow population; they are contending also for what they believe may be ultimately the existence of the Island Empire itself.



Russia and Japan In Korea Japan's influence has been dominant for ages, and she proposes that it remain dominant, primarily for her own good, but also for the world's good. For among Russian demands on Korea and Japan, according to uncontradicted reports, may be found opposition to the opening by treaty of the Korean ports of Wiju and Yongampho to international trade, and even an urgent request for the closing of Masampho and Mokphe, two treaty ports now open to international trade—a fact apparently forgotten by Russia when she assures Japan that no Japanese stronghold is needed on the Korean mainland, since Masampho is almost within sight of the Japanese island fortress of Tsushima! Moreover, owing to her splendid strategic position, Japan is always in a position to interrupt communication between the Russian fortresses of Vladivostok on the Siberian coast to the north and Port Arthur on the Liaotung Peninsula to the west. Russian communication between

the two must be (1) by land through Manchuria, or (2) by sea entirely around Japan, or (3) between that island empire and Korea through the narrow and very convenient Korean Strait. This Strait, in time of war, would be absolutely held by Japan, particularly if she should shortly complete and control the railway which she is now building from Seoul, the Korean capital, to Fusan on the coast—a harbor and town of commercial importance near Masampho and still nearer than it to the Japanese fortresses on Tsushima Island. The Japanese appreciate the strategic advantages to them of this railway, as is shown in the Cabinet's decision last week to guarantee the principal and interest of a sufficient sum required to complete the road immediately, instead of in 1906, as arranged. The outrageous demands of Russia regarding Wiju, Yongampho, Masampho, and Mokphe indicate a straining of that diplomacy, often regarded as peculiarly astute, which has rarely been disposed to take a step directly leading to an abrupt termination of negotiations with any foreign government. This time-honored and crafty policy in Asia has been to temporize, first, last, and all the time, and the map shows how much Russia has gained by its prosecution. She is ready, we believe, to recede as adroitly as she has advanced. The only question is, Will she now recede in time?



Japanese Self-Restraint

The patient attitude of the Japanese would give the ordinary observer an optimistic impression concerning the outcome of the present crisis. But this feeling is not shared by many diplomats whose knowledge of the present situation entitles their opinion to deferential consideration. They say that, unless Russia concedes Japanese supremacy in Korea, an armed conflict will be precipitated. Sir Ernest Satow, for instance, British Minister to Japan (who has been connected with Asiatic diplomacy for over a quarter of a century, and is a recognized authority on Japanese history and literature), says, as quoted: "Any one who imagines that Japan will not

fight for what she conceives to be her greatest interests does not know the Japanese people." This view was borne out by ex-Foreign Minister Kato at the Oriental Association's dinner in Tokyo last week; he declared that, should the Emperor declare war, the nation would be found ready to give him unanimous support. It is now announced that the Japanese Cabinet has drawn a compromise line in the settlement beyond which it will not make concessions. It is understood that the British Ambassadors to the Powers have informed the Governments to which they are accredited that war will result if Russia persists in her present attitude toward Japan, since the latter's position appears now unassailable from every point of view save that of brute force. All lovers of peace will hope that the special representation of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg will have its due weight not only with the Russian Cabinet but with the Czar and with those who are supposed to be his chief advisers—his mother, the Empress Dowager, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael. Meanwhile, at the Japanese military and naval headquarters incessant activity prevails. The transport and other arrangements are now complete. Though the limit of patience has well-nigh been reached, both the Government and people of Japan calmly await the reply from St. Petersburg to their ultimatum. Few nations have ever shown more admirable self-restraint.



The Result of the Kishenev Trial

The trial of thirty-seven Russians accused of murder, or felonious assault, in the anti-Jewish riots at Kishenev in April last, ended Monday, December 22, in the conviction of twenty-five of the prisoners and the acquittal of twelve. Cyril Girchik and Ivan Moroziuk, who had been found guilty of murder, were sentenced, respectively, to seven and five years of penal servitude, while the rest were condemned to imprisonment at hard labor for terms ranging from six months to two years. Forty-eight civil suits, brought by Jews to recover damages for injuries or losses,



were dismissed. It appears from the "act of accusation" drawn up by Procureur Goremykin, the prosecuting officer of the Crown, that on the 19th of last April a thousand or more of the Russian inhabitants of Kishenev, roused to a feeling of indignation against the Jews by false information and inflammatory editorials in the local newspaper "Bessarabets," made a violent and murderous attack upon the whole Hebrew population of the city. This attack, the Procureur says, was unprovoked, and was due mainly to a feeling of class and religious hatred on the part of the orthodox Russians. In the course of the disorder, which lasted three days, the rioters killed 50 Jews and wounded more than 400; looted about 500 Jewish shops and factories; wrecked, more or less completely, 1,508 Jewish houses, and destroyed property that had an estimated value of from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 rubles. These are the latest official figures, as set forth in the indictment. How far has the Russian Government made good its promise that the authors of these outrages should be brought to justice and severely punished? It appears also from the indictment that the number of rioters arrested by the police during and after the disorder was 816. Most of these persons, of course, were active participants in the unprovoked attack. Only thirty-seven of them were finally brought to trial; only twenty-five were convicted; and only two of those found guilty were punished with more than two years of penal servitude. The murderers Girchui and Moroziuk, who, the Procureur says, chased a number of unarmed Jews across a yard into an outhouse and there beat them to death with clubs, got off with five and seven years of imprisonment, notwithstanding the fact that section 1,455 of the Russian Penal Code provides that "murder committed *without previous deliberation and intention* shall be punished with from *twelve to fifteen years* of penal servitude, or, if there be aggravating circumstances, with *fifteen to twenty years*." The Kishenev court seems to hold that the killing of a Jew by a Russian is a much less heinous offense than the killing of one Russian by

another. If Girchui and Moroziuk had merely "circulated a written or printed work intended to bring the Government of his Imperial Majesty into disrespect," or had "dared in a public place or assembly to speak disrespectfully of the Holy Orthodox Church," they would have been punished much more severely than they are now to be punished for beating inoffensive human beings to death with clubs.



A Miscarriage of Justice Owing to the fact that the Kishenev trial took place behind closed doors, the public has no means of knowing the nature of the evidence laid before the court by the Procureur in support of his indictment; but if the statements made by him were sustained by the witnesses whom he named and summoned, the outcome of the proceedings must be regarded as an extraordinary miscarriage of justice. There is also a good deal of evidence to show that the attack on the Jews was not only preconcerted, but actually directed, by men whose social position was much above that of the ignorant muzhiks who were brought to trial. The Procureur expressly states, in his indictment, that "the hostility of the local Christian population to the Jews was largely due to the influence of the newspaper 'Bessarabets,' which had a large circulation; which was regarded as an authority by the clerks, penny-a-liners, and half-cultured people of Bessarabia; and which had been publishing, day after day, a series of bitter anti-Jewish articles. The latest of these articles charged the Jews with the murder of a Christian boy, for ritual purposes, at Dobossar. There is no doubt that such editorials had immense importance, and greatly intensified the hostility of the local Christians toward the Jews." It was clearly shown, moreover, in the course of the preliminary investigation, that the merchant Pratin, the notary Pisarshevsky (who afterward committed suicide), a Government clerk named Shcherban, and several other intimate friends of Krushevan, the editor of the "Bessarabets," planned and preconcerted the attack on the Jews, and

had a number of meetings in the "Kronstadt" and "Moscow" restaurants for the purpose of discussing and arranging the details. Some of them even participated, as leaders, in the rioting, and their names are said to have been given to the Procureur by witnesses who knew them and who saw them leading bands of peasants to the attack. Neither Krushevan nor any other instigator of the riot was indicted, and the closing of the doors of the court, by order of the Minister of Justice, seems to give some color of probability to the charge of the free Russian press that the outbreak was permitted, if not encouraged, by the higher authorities; that the inactivity of the local Governor—Von Raaben—was due to knowledge of that fact; and that Baron Levendal, an officer of the secret police, who came to Kishenev just before the riot, was an accessory before the fact, if not actually an agent provocateur. But, be that as it may, there seems to be no doubt whatever that an end might have been put to the rioting on the very first day, if such had been the wish of the higher authorities. Procureur Goremeykin states in his indictment (paragraph 7) that the Governor had at his disposal, in the Kishenev garrison, twelve companies of infantry and eight squadrons of cavalry; and it would be absurd to suppose that this force, added to the police of the city, could not have dispersed the rioters in half an hour if it had been brought into action. And yet the disorder was allowed to continue for three days. If the Russian Government wishes to free itself from all suspicion of complicity in such outbreaks as those at Kishenev and Gomel, it must indict and bring to trial the instigators of the riots as well as the rioters; throw open the doors of its courts; and punish governors who, with twelve companies of infantry and eight squadrons of cavalry at command, allow the ruffraff of a city to wreck houses and butcher Jews for three consecutive days.



Governor Taft's Return The unanimity of approval and even personal affection evidenced at Manila both by the Filipinos and the Americans there on the occasion of Governor Taft's

farewell to the Philippines emphasizes the fact that he leaves the islands not only without a blemish of any kind upon the character of his administration, but with the knowledge that he has consistently and urgently forwarded the interests of the people of those islands and encouraged their progress in the first steps leading towards self-government. The address made by Governor Taft, of which as yet we have only imperfect reports, seems to have dwelt, as might be expected, with reiteration on the duties of the Americans in the Philippines rather than on the possibilities of power or profit to be derived from the Philippines. A second speech, delivered at a banquet attended by four hundred prominent Filipinos, contained a warning to desist from longing for absolute independence until, as Governor Taft put it, the schools were filled with children in every village. He declared that on all sides natural forces were working toward the elevation of the Filipinos, that many natives had shown ability and administrative skill in office, and that new offices would be bestowed upon them as fast as they showed capacity. Governor Taft leaves the islands in a much better condition than they were a year ago. Despite the terrible effects of the war and the suffering of agriculture from the cattle pest, and of the people from cholera and from other infectious diseases and from ladronism, there has already been some revival of industry, as indicated by the fact that a million bales of hemp have been produced during the year, while the sugar and tobacco crops have increased, although low prices caused by the unfortunate tariff limitations have offset the gain. Governor Taft once more announced that he would continue to urge a reduction of the tariff by Congress to twenty-five per cent. A modest reference was made in his address to his really great achievement, referred to last week in *The Outlook*, of the purchase of the friars' lands.



More Union Excesses in Chicago Fortunately, the Chicago papers do not confirm the more sensational of last week's despatches about union interference with funerals

in Chicago, but they none the less report a shocking situation. The conflict in progress is over a demand of the Livery Drivers' Union that its members shall receive two dollars a day for twelve hours' work, with additional pay for overtime. The Liverymen's and Undertakers' Association has assented to the twelve-hour-day schedule, but refuses to make any advance in present wages, which are twelve dollars a week for seven days' work. The employers' association claims that it cannot afford to advance wages as demanded by the men's union, but the latter point to the fact that their union has just obtained this advance in Boston, and express entire readiness to submit the entire matter to arbitration. Last week, however, public attention was turned from the justice of the union's demands to the methods employed to obtain them. For several days the "Record-Herald," which endeavors to give fair accounts of labor troubles, reported cases in which churches were picketed by the union while funerals were in progress and funeral processions to the grave either prevented by the orders of these pickets or interrupted by mobs until the police cleared the way. The officers of the Liverymen's and Undertakers' Association were quoted in the "Record-Herald" as declaring that the picket system was extended to homes where deaths had occurred, and that some funerals had been held secretly and at night in order to avoid desecration from the unions. Over against these charges, however, the "Record-Herald" published the statements of several union officials denying that the unions were interfering with funerals or picketing houses where deaths had occurred, and charging that members of the employers' association had stopped hearses for the purpose of gaining public sympathy. No one of the eighteen hundred strikers, the unionists claimed, had been arrested, though the police force of Chicago, with universal approval, had been put at the command of those conducting funerals. It is impossible to harmonize the conflicting statements of the warring associations, but it is probable that members of both organizations and union sympathizers have committed acts

which neither organization, even in the heat of conflict, could for a moment approve. The unanimity and vehemence with which public sentiment in Chicago condemn the carrying of labor warfare into the presence of death are evidence of the rising tide of public indignation against the excesses committed by lawless organizations.

Damages Awarded for Mob Violence

Laws were passed in several States a few years ago to prevent lynching, by holding the public responsible for mob violence to persons just as it has long been held responsible for mob violence to property. There was some doubt whether these laws could be effectively enforced; the results are proving that they are not ineffective. Not long since the Cleveland, Ohio, "Gazette"—a negro journal—reported two cases in which Ohio counties had been compelled to pay damages for lawless acts committed by mobs against colored men, which acts, it may be said, would have been prevented if the local public had discharged its plain duties. One of these cases was that of Charles W. Mitchell, who was lynched by a mob for an alleged assault which it now seems was never committed, either by Mitchell or any one else. When the heirs of Mitchell tried to collect damages, says the "Gazette," the law holding the county responsible for the preservation of order was declared unconstitutional by a lower court, but the Supreme Court reversed this decision and required the county to pay not only the \$5,000 damages for which suit had been brought, but court costs amounting to as much more. Following this report from Ohio, we find in one of our Southern exchanges, the Charleston "News and Courier," an account of a decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana awarding \$5,000 damages to each of three victims of mob law in Winn County or "parish." These three men, it seems, were suspected of having set fire to several business houses in the town of Dodson, and a committee of thirty was formed, not to prosecute them in the courts, but to punish them without trial. The desire of individuals

to take the law into their own hands, and the readiness of the local public to permit its own functions to be thus usurped, can both be lessened if to the promptings of an awakened conscience are added those of a depleted purse.



**The Performance of
"Parsifal"**

The production of
Wagner's "Parsifal"
in New York on Chris-

mas Eve was a great test of the genuine artistic spirit of the people who attended. That the "festival play," as it is called, would be presented with skill, almost with perfection of technical detail, was practically assured from the first; but whether it would degenerate into an ordinary operatic performance or be, as it always has been at Bayreuth, rather an artistic celebration befitting the religious character of the work, was to be determined by the way in which the audience should receive it. It is gratifying to record that the audience honored themselves by supplying that atmosphere of quiet seriousness that is as essential to a proper presentation of the work as the stage pictures or the music. That this was so is a testimonial to the spirit with which Mr. Conried, to whose skillful management America owes this production, carried out his plans. Shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon the Metropolitan Opera-House was practically filled. The lights were then extinguished. Except for the dim electric lamps of the ushers, which gleamed here and there like will-o'-the-wisps, the house was left in black darkness. Three times out in the foyer trumpeters sounded a motive from the music of the drama. Then, in absolute silence, the prelude began. No mere curiosity can explain the quiet and eager attention which those thousands gave to the music and the dramatic portrayal of sin and suffering confronted with guilelessness. When, at the end of the first act, which closes with the knights at the love-feast in the presence of the Holy Grail, as the parted curtain drooped and hid the stage, a few people of the sort that lack all sensibility began their handclapping, the rest of the audience instantly hushed the applause. At the end of the second act, which lacks

the restraining solemnity of the first, the enthusiasm of the people broke loose, and singers, conductor, and managers received a deserved ovation. The last act, with its beautiful music of the Good Friday spell and the religious impressiveness of its closing scene in the temple, was received with much the same spirit as the first act had been. Evidently, by the mode of presentation and the attitude of the auditors, a good tradition has been established, which, it is to be hoped, will be more firmly fixed with every repetition of "Parsifal." This one production is enough to prove that "Parsifal," which for its artistic effect requires almost perfect adjustment of its intricate music, its elemental dramatic personifications, and its elaborate stage effects to one another, need no longer be confined to one German municipality, and that in a building customarily used for the production of all sorts of operas it can still be appreciated in accordance with its own unique standards. Too high praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Conried, and to Mr. Hertz, the conductor, to the singers, and to other coadjutors for their obviously high purposes as well as for their splendid success.



**Religion and Art
in "Parsifal"**

To those who regard all drama merely as a form of amusement, the introduction of a religious theme into a drama seems wholly out of place; to such, therefore, not only certain scenes but indeed the whole argument of "Parsifal" is indefensible. And to those who regard religion as something to be treated only in dogmatic form or by conventional ritual, the portrayal of religious emotion in a work that is as essentially æsthetic as "Parsifal" must be like a travesty. But to those who regard the drama as one of the great arts, like painting or poetry, and to those who regard religion as an attitude of mind capable of highest æsthetic interpretation, "Parsifal," as produced in New York, is as congruous, we do not say as great, as Milton's "Paradise Lost" or Raphael's "Transfiguration." Whether the effect upon the auditor is religious or æsthetic depends upon the

temperament of the auditor in the case of the drama, as it does upon the reader or spectator in the case of the poem or the picture. Musically, "Parsifal" has more sanity, balance, and restraint than any other of Wagner's works except "Die Meistersinger." Those who regard "Tristan and Isolde" as the type of Wagner's art find the music of "Parsifal" impotent and disappointing. Such critics, however, are like those who find good food tasteless because of their over-indulgence in spices. "Parsifal," moreover, cannot be placed in the same category with operas, or even exactly with Wagner's other works, for more than even the "Nibelungen Ring" it must be judged not by its music, alone or in conjunction with its dramatic construction, but by the union of all the arts which Wagner included in his conception of the work.



Church Attendance in New York City

The recent reports of the Federation of Churches and of the Church News Association give a new idea of the church affiliations and a clear idea of the church attendance of the people of New York City. According to the census of the Federation, about six hundred thousand people in New York are Hebrews, sixteen hundred thousand are Protestants, and only twelve hundred thousand are Roman Catholics. These figures for Protestants and Roman Catholics are so surprising as to occasion some doubt as to their accuracy, for the number of Roman Catholic communicants in New York City exceeds the number of Protestant communicants three to one (983,000 Roman Catholics to 331,000 Protestants). Of course every one knows that the term communicant in the Roman Catholic Church includes all nominal Roman Catholics who have passed the early age of confirmation, while among Protestants it includes a much smaller part of most families. Yet, according to the National census, the whole non Roman Catholic population is less than four times the number of Protestant communicants, and we should not from this expect that the number of nominal Protestants would at

all exceed the number of nominal Roman Catholics. The excess of Protestants reported by the Federation canvassers suggests the view that non-religious Roman Catholic immigrants when they become Americanized often prefer to be classed as Protestants. This does not hold true at all of the Irish, but among the immigrants from Germany those classed as Roman Catholics by the Federation canvassers are less than one-fourth as numerous as the Protestants, though in Germany the Roman Catholic population is more than half as great as the Protestant. But these gains to nominal Protestantism are not gains to real Protestantism. On the contrary, the Federation estimates that the number of churchless "Protestants" is nearly five hundred thousand, while the number of "churchless Roman Catholics" is a little over two hundred thousand. The recent census of church attendance taken by the Church News Association is even less favorable to the strength of Protestantism. The number of Roman Catholics attending service on Sunday in nearly every great district canvassed is fully twice as great as the number of Protestants. Of those in attendance only twenty-five per cent. of the Roman Catholics and thirty-two per cent. of the Protestants were men. We add that the census appears to have been taken with care and there is no ground for questioning its substantial accuracy.



The Significance of the Census

The question in what form of institutional religion the population of the metropolis is interested is less important than the question how large a proportion of the population is interested in any form. On this question the statistics of the recent census are for two reasons unsatisfactory. In the first place, the census takes account only of Sunday attendance on church. But there are, it appears, six hundred thousand Hebrews, who, if they attend religious service at all, presumptively attend it on Saturday. The census of the Church News Association takes no account of this synagogue attendance. Moreover, about one-quarter of the entire population of the city are

children of school age, and for the most part children of school age find their institution of religion in the Sunday-school, not in the church; and no census was taken of the attendance in the Sunday-schools. Making allowance for these facts, the figures show that nearly one-half of the entire adult population, exclusive of Jews, attend some Christian service on Sunday. It is true that in this census those who attend two services on Sunday are counted twice; but then those who attend service more or less regularly, but not every Sunday, are, to a certain indefinable extent, omitted from the count. To us the result of this census is surprisingly encouraging and still more surprisingly significant. New York City is the Corinth of America. It is nothing if not commercial. Its apparent measure of success is the dollar mark. To the question, What is any man worth? it answers in terms of dollars. It is as a city given up to this world, with very little apparent concern for the other. The fears of the future which used to drive men to church, upon large classes of the population operate no longer. Social considerations are less effective than they used to be; for it is entirely respectable not to go to church. The musical, artistic, and oratorical attractions of the churches are not extraordinary. There is no Bossuet, nor Whitefield, nor Beecher, nor Brooks to draw great crowds. There are considerable sections of the population, such as hotel-keepers, waiters, servants in the great hotels, conductors and motormen, trainmen, and the like, to whom regular church attendance is almost impossible. There are probably considerable numbers of men and women who are governed by the higher moral considerations, if not devout in their aspirations and experiences, who go to church very irregularly if at all, because they get little help in their life from the churches as the churches are constituted. That, under these circumstances, nearly one-half of the adult population are to be found in church every Sunday, furnishes a remarkable testimony to the power of the religious sentiment, and suggests the splendid opportunity which the Christian clergy possess, if they did but realize it,

to minister to the higher life of the metropolis. That only a quarter of the attendants in Roman Catholic churches and less than one-third in Protestant churches are men, also suggests that the ministers need to consider how they can make their ministry more manly in its appeal.



Brooke Herford The Rev. Brooke Herford, who died in England last week, was as well known in America as in that country. He was one of the foremost Unitarian preachers and writers of his time. Born in Manchester in 1830, trained for a business career, his instincts and inclinations drew him strongly toward the ministry, and, after a course of study at Manchester New College, a Unitarian institution now removed to Oxford, he entered upon his work as a Unitarian pastor, holding several pastorates in the country districts of England. In 1875 Dr. Herford came to America, and in the following year accepted the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, in Chicago. In 1882 he exchanged his work in Chicago for the pastorate of the Arlington Street Church in Boston, where he made many friends. Later he returned to England to accept the call of the Rosslyn Hill Chapel, London. He was an unusually interesting preacher, incisive and suggestive, with command of an admirable sermonic style. His sincerity and directness are evidenced by a comment said to have been made by an undergraduate in an American university at a time when Dr. Herford was conducting chapel service: "A fellow does not always agree with what Dr. Herford says, but he always works better after hearing Dr. Herford say it." Dr. Herford was an active writer as well as a preacher, beginning his literary work when he was still a young man as the editor of "The Constitution," an English monthly periodical started soon after he left college. This was followed in turn by the editorship of "The Teacher's Journal," and by the publication of "Sunday Parables from Sheffield Work," a collection of eight lectures delivered in Sheffield in 1869. Dr. Herford was also largely instrumental in establishing the "Unitarian Herald,"

a weekly organ of English Unitarianism, with which he kept up active connection for fifteen years. He completed "Baine's County History of Lancashire," and he also wrote "The History of Religion in England," which promises to be the book by which he will be longest remembered.

An Experiment in Journalism

An unusual experiment in Sunday journalism is being tried in Redlands, a thriving little city on the edge of the Mojave Desert in Southern California. The editor of the morning paper has suspended his Monday edition, and is issuing in its place a Sunday one. As the main reason for the change, he asserts that a Monday paper represents Sunday's work, a Sunday paper Saturday's. The editor proves this mathematically, so far as it relates to his paper. Then he goes on to say, "One great objection to a Sunday paper has always been that, by having a secular paper come into the house on Sunday morning, the thoughts of the household are to a certain extent taken off the things appropriate to the day. We believe that with the 'Review' this will not be so. A department has been planned that will give the International Sunday-School lesson, notes on the Christian Endeavor topic and on the Epworth League topic, together with such general religious items as shall make the reading of the Sunday paper a help to worship on Sunday rather than a hindrance." These departments and an installment of Ralph Connor's "The Sky Pilot" make up the "Sunday features." Otherwise the Sunday issue is similar to the five week-day issues. Redlands, the field of this journalistic experiment, supplies out of its eight thousand inhabitants the membership of thirteen religious societies of differing creeds. A Presbyterian evangelist held a union service in the Methodist church, under entirely normal conditions, and one-quarter of the total population of the city was there to hear. Redlands is assertively moral. "No saloons, and never will be," is its unofficial motto, and no one doubts the truth of what the motto tries to say. Naturally, there

was curiosity as to the reception a Sunday paper would meet. On the morning of the paper's first appearance one minister expressed, from his pulpit, his great regret, and happened to take as the basis of his criticism the very two points which the editor in his opening article had attempted to answer. There has been no other public criticism. At first there was a little grumbling from the man on the street, not at the appearance of the Sunday paper, but at the disappearance of the Monday one. Now, after two months, Redlands apparently takes the one and goes without the other, pretty much as a matter of course.

The New Orleans Celebration

The centennial celebration of the transfer of Louisiana to the United States was a unique festivity, entirely characteristic of the city and extremely well arranged both from the historic and the pictorial point of view. It was a kind of poetic prelude to the more permanent commemoration which will be made at St. Louis next summer. It deserves special attention because it was an attempt to seize and reproduce the salient and significant features of a great transaction with historical feeling for their values and artistic feeling for their charm. New Orleans is one of the most individual of American cities. The large infusion of the French element, the history of the city and its situation, have all combined to give it a character and atmosphere of its own. Its commemoration of the transfer of the great territory of which it was at the time the first city and of which it still remains one of the first cities was quite in keeping with its traditions and its spirit. The commercial element was practically eliminated; the element of sentiment was practically dominant. The celebration began in the harbor, where there was a notable collection of war-ships representing many different nations, the stars and stripes, the tricolor of France, and the yellow and red emblem of Spain holding foremost places, while the cross of St. George, the Irish harp, the Japanese dragon, the Maltese cross of Italy, the star and crescent of Turkey, and the arms of Germany, Russia, and Austria

were not absent. The chief function of the day was the formal gathering of the guests of the State, with the Governor at their head, and their reception by the Mayor and executive officers of the city, the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, being one of the most interesting figures of the day. The Colonial Museum was opened, and a commemorative meeting held in front of the Cabildo, followed by a review by the Governor at the same place. In the evening the most picturesque and characteristic feature of the whole celebration, the historical ball, was witnessed by a great crowd of people. This charming function, arranged for by a city which understands all the arts of social intercourse, was planned under the direction of Miss Grace King, and its chief feature was the appearance of the guests of the occasion in the costume of the Consulate and the Empire, the period of the transfer of the territory, the old lace and the beautiful old gowns being relieved by the brilliant uniforms of diplomatists and army and navy officers.



Addresses and Services

The formal expression of the spirit of the occasion was found in the addresses which were made on Saturday by representatives of France, Spain, and the United States. The address of the representative of Spain was peculiarly cordial and gracious. Admiral Wise, who spoke on behalf of the United States, made a sailor's speech, brief, sharp, and to the point. President Francis, of the St. Louis World's Fair, was very warmly received. In interpreting the significance of the great event commemorated by the celebration, he was specially happy in his appreciation of the preliminary observances commemorative of the great event of the transfer of Louisiana. The interest in the celebration reached high-water mark on Sunday, when the exercises began with pontifical mass in the old St. Louis Cathedral, built while the Spaniards were still in possession of Louisiana, which was richly decorated for the service and crowded with a highly representative audience. A well-known Jesuit preacher, Father La

Moriniere, delivered a sermon in which he eloquently identified the Roman Catholic Church with the history of the early settlement of Louisiana, and emphasized the closeness of the relation between the Church and the State. Archbishop Chappelle spoke very briefly in French. The musical programme was elaborate. At the close of the service in the Cathedral, the day being the one hundredth anniversary of the actual date of the transfer of the territory, there was reproduced in the Cabildo a replica of the scenes and events of a century ago. The audience in the old Spanish council chamber included the French Ambassador, the Spanish Consul, President Francis, of the St. Louis Exposition, and a large representation of the officers of the State and the city. The Continental Guards, in buff and blue, escorted the grandsons of the former American Commissioners on the occasion of the transfer. The treaty of session, the powers of the Commissioners, the declaration placing the Americans in possession, were read, the keys of the city were delivered, and the proclamation of the American Governor read also. At the conclusion the American flag was formally raised, the Cathedral bells rung, as a century ago, and a salute was fired from the levee. The commemoration was brilliantly successful from every point of view.



Light on the Way

The New Year finds men and women everywhere patiently or impatiently bearing heavy burdens and facing great uncertainties of fortune. It finds many more who are either accepting or rebelling against limitations of situation and condition; it finds everywhere the presence of those austere teachers—care, grief, and the necessity for work. These great teachers, to whom all the race has gone to school since the beginning of time, wear veils over their faces; but so imperative are they, so inexorable and of such commanding attitude, that most men have come to think of them as taskmasters rather than friends; 'as those who drive and scourge and command, rather than those who are seeking

the best, and who, in the final unveiling, will reveal the faces of the truest because the most stimulating friends; for, as Emerson said with characteristic insight, "Our friends are those who make us do what we can." They serve us best who do not flatter, but who make us aware of our real condition, whose influence is to make us dissatisfied rather than satisfied with ourselves, and who will not suffer us to fall short of the highest of which we are capable. It is this divine element in the education of men, in all the great relations of life and under all its conditions, that makes living so difficult; for the greatness of the art or the knowledge of which one is trying to secure command is always measured by the severity of the education, and the final destiny of all who strive and bear and climb is evidenced by the severity of their training. The man who has to do an easy bit of mechanical work learns to do it in a week, but Michaelangelo, Dante, and Beethoven must serve long years of apprenticeship before the final skill comes.

The shaping of a soul requires processes more prolonged, methods more severe, tools at once more delicate and finely tempered than the shaping of the most exquisite or the most glorious piece of art ever made by the hands of men. The highest reach of art is the full expression of some experience, emotion, hope, or thought of the human soul; the highest that an artist can attain is to convey, by a few symbols, some sense of what is going on in the life of a human spirit. To shape this spirit, to give it its direction, to mold it to its highest uses, to bring it to mastery and power and freedom, is, therefore, a far more difficult matter than the training of any artist, however great, or the unfolding of any art, however glorious. This is what the school of life achieves; and because its tasks are heavy, its textbooks difficult to master, its discipline severe sometimes to the point of agony, they who bear and learn and grow may take from the very severity of their training the promise and the expectation of a development which in its range, its resources, and the influences of beauty and of peace which it will command,

travels far beyond the vision of the most audacious hope.



The Case of General Wood

While the Senate Committee has been conducting the investigation into the charges against General Wood we have not discussed these charges; we have simply defined them. The investigation is now practically closed and the report of the Senate Committee may probably be expected early in January. We do not think it necessary to await the Committee's report, but propose in this article to anticipate it with our own. We cannot, it is true, give our readers the evidence laid before the Committee; by the very terms of the inquiry that evidence can be made public only with the Committee's report. But by personal interviews and by an examination of official letters and documentary evidence we have ascertained the facts substantially as they have been placed before the investigating Committee, and we here give those facts with our own judgment of the proposed promotion of General Wood and of the character of the opposition to it.

The opponents of General Wood and the critics of his promotion make the following allegations against his record and his character: That he never had any real military experience, but was merely a regimental doctor. That he performed no military services of distinctive and special merit in the Cuban campaign. That he was appointed Brigadier-General through personal and political influence, chiefly because he was a favorite physician of President McKinley. That, while it is true that he made a good administrator as Governor of Santiago in Cuba, he won his place as Governor-General of the island through intrigue and through undermining the authority and standing of his superiors. That there are letters in existence which passed between him and Major Runcie showing that he connived with Runcie to attack General Brooke and then meanly abandoned Runcie. That he put his relatives in positions of financial profit in

Cuba. That he is open to the suspicion of making financial profit himself—for instance, that he granted a concession to the Jai Alai Company for a material if not for a corrupt consideration, indicated by the gift of an expensive silver service—the said company being a notorious and infamous gambling establishment. That he is now being promoted to the Major-Generalship over the heads of other officers and out of his turn because he is the President's personal friend, and, as a Pittsburg paper puts it, "he is a good single-stick player." And, finally, that he has gone off to the Philippines to "lie low" until the affair blows over, and that he will not come back to face the charges, although certain Senators are anxious to give him an opportunity to clear himself of these charges, which are now accumulating with such force that they reflect disgrace not only on the Administration, but on the American army.

Such are the charges; what are the facts?

General Wood, whom the "Evening Post" of New York City calls a "doctor-general," is, it is true, an army surgeon of high reputation and with a fine professional record, but he is more; he has had a notable and active military experience of seventeen years. He served as a line officer in command of troops during some of the famous Indian wars of the frontier, and the official records show that General Miles, General Lawton, General Graham, General Forsyth, General Wheeler, and General Shafter have given him the highest commendation as a military officer. General Forsyth speaks of him as "having the ability, experience, and courage requisite to make him one of the best and safest colonels in the army;" General Miles characterizes him as "one of the most enterprising, intelligent, and fearless officers in the service;" General Lawton says, concerning the pursuit of Geronimo, when Dr. Wood assumed command of a battalion after it had lost its last officer, that "it was mainly due to Captain Wood's loyalty and resolution that the expedition was successful." After the Cuban campaign, in which he served as Colonel, although in the San Juan fight

he commanded a brigade, General Young commended his "magnificent behavior in the field;" General Wheeler testified to his "courage and skill;" and General Shafter recommended him for promotion to the Brigadier-Generalship. It is these military recommendations, which are matters of record, that led President McKinley to make General Wood a Brigadier-General of the regular army three years ago next February. His subsequent record as Governor of Santiago won the approval, not only of his superior officers, but of the entire country, as the official records and the newspaper comment of the time conclusively show. He was promoted to be Governor-General of Cuba by the War Department after a careful examination of his qualifications and his achievements, and solely upon that record. He had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the decision of the War Department to relieve General Brooke as Governor-General of Cuba. When he was relieved, the choice for successor lay between General Ludlow and General Wood. One had done excellent work at Havana, the other at Santiago. The choice of General Wood was not made by the President, nor on his suggestion, nor on that of General Wood, nor did General Wood bring any influence to bear to secure it. It was made at the instance of Secretary Root, who at that time had no personal intimacy with General Wood, but knew him in his official capacity only. It is true that Major Runcie wrote an article critical of General Brooke's administration, and that the article was published in the "North American Review," and that prior thereto Major Runcie and General Wood had been friends; but General Wood never saw the article, never knew what was in it, and had no part in producing it. Major Runcie had no connection with the Government of Cuba except that he was a member of several commissions engaged in revising the laws. There are no letters indicating that General Wood connived with Major Runcie in any endeavor to undermine General Brooke. In fact, General Wood was appointed Governor-General December 13, 1899, and the article in the "North

American Review" did not appear until February, 1900.

It is not true that General Wood put his relatives in positions of financial profit in Cuba. He once interfered with the ordinary course of procedure, but only to prevent relatives from obtaining such a position. One or more of his brothers-in-law went into a company for furnishing crushed stone for road-making in Havana, and that company had a contract with the engineer in charge of road construction. General Wood sent for this engineer at the time, and told him that he wished no favor shown to his relatives and no contract given to them which could possibly under the law be given to any one else. They received one contract on terms more advantageous to the Government than any one else was willing to make, made no profit out of it, and failed in business.

The Jai Alai Company is not a gambling concern. It is a company which maintains a game of skill belonging to the same class as our game of rackets. This game, which is one of the national games of Spain, requires a large and expensive building. General Wood, who is an athlete, used to play it early every morning with his aids. He did not grant the company any concessions. The company came to General Wood for his formal approval of the contract by which the city of Havana in 1898, before the American occupation, had permitted the company to erect its building on land belonging to and formally leased by the municipality. This lease defined the rules and regulations under which the game was to be played. Under instructions from the War Department, and therefore in obedience to his superiors, General Wood approved the lease. The approval was based upon the fact that under the law the city had the legal right to make such a lease. He simply complied with the directions of the War Department in according to the city of Havana legal rights to which, according to the legal advice of the War Department, the city was entitled. It is true that at the public and professional games of Jai Alai there were legalized betting and pool-selling, as there are at the race-tracks in this

country. It has been said that General Wood should have stopped this pool-selling. Such a prohibition was discussed by the authorities. The American Government had already stopped lotteries and bull-fights and cock-fights, and had been obliged to take severe measures to enforce this prohibition. There was great dissatisfaction among the Spaniards and Cubans over what had been done in this respect, and it was expressed by many remonstrances and petitions. It was believed by the War Department, and concurred in by General Wood, that the American Government had gone as far in enforcing the ideas of an Anglo-Saxon community upon these Spanish-Americans as it was wise or just to do, in view of the fact that the American occupation was temporary and that the Cubans were already restive under the restraints of alien rule. We think that in this decision both he and the War Department were right. The limits within which one community may enforce its moral standards upon another subject community are very soon reached. But, whether right or wrong, it is clear that the responsibility for this decision rests primarily with the War Department, not with General Wood.

The charge that the gift of silver was offered as a bribe to General Wood can hardly be taken seriously. It was given long after the act of the War Department ratifying the lease by the city of Havana to the Jai Alai Company, and just as General Wood was leaving the city and the island at the close of the American occupation. The approach of their longed-for independence filled the people of Cuba with joy and gratitude towards those who had brought it about. Many Cuban citizens individually expressed their feeling by bringing gifts to General Wood and his family upon their departure. The people actually accompanied them to the water's edge with cheers and affectionate farewells. Among the gifts which were brought in this condition of public enthusiasm was one from the gentlemen who composed the Jai Alai Company. It was a service of silver—practically useless for an army officer, and rather a burden to pay storage upon. General

Wood never heard of the testimonial until the day before that on which he was notified to attend the banquet. To talk about this being a bribe is absurd; bribes are not given in that way, nor in that form, nor to such men.

The charges against General Wood he has promptly met, where alone they could with propriety or dignity be met, by giving full information to the War Department. It is, we think, revealing no secret to say that the Military Committee has his statement before it, although this statement is not one of the things that have "leaked" out of the Committee room. He has met frankly and definitely, and to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers, all the charges preferred against him. Then he has gone about his work as a loyal officer should. He has been sent by the President to fill the very difficult dual position of military commander and civil governor in the Sulu Archipelago. This is one of the most trying executive positions in the administration of the Philippine Islands, and he was selected for this post because of his previous record. We may add that his present record is now sustaining the wisdom of the War Department in choosing him for the place.

Such are the facts. The only question the fair-minded reader has to consider is whether these facts would justify the President in refusing to nominate General Wood to a Major-Generalship in the regular order of seniority. For his present nomination is not made by the special and extraordinary act of President Roosevelt, but is in accordance with military routine and the automatic operation of promotion regulations. If General Wood is not now promoted, in order that any promotions may be made, some other officer will have to be "jumped over" his head. The President, therefore, instead of showing favoritism in army promotions, is actually refraining from doing the very thing of which his misinformed critics are now accusing him. It is objected to such nomination that it will put a comparatively young man over his seniors in age, office, and experience. Is this a sound objection? Ought seniority in age, office, and experience to determine

promotions to the higher ranks of office in the army?

In his letter of November 18 to the Hon. Redfield Proctor, Chairman of the Senate Committee, Secretary Root puts, with his accustomed clearness, the principle which, in his judgment, should determine promotion in the army. We quote but two sentences from his statement:

An army all of whose general officers are selected for the purpose of conferring rewards, and thus having at its head a constantly shifting body of general officers, none of whom has more than a very few years to serve, and all, or nearly all, of whom are just closing their careers and resting upon their laurels, cannot possibly reach the highest standard of efficiency. To have a live army, which keeps abreast of the times, in a constant state of preparation and ready to meet emergencies with the greatest activity and force, we must have a reasonable proportion of its general officers selected from the men in the prime of life, with careers to make, with ambition, energy, initiative, and whose service will be long enough to maintain continuity of policy and sustained effort in working out ideas which require time for their accomplishment.

Promotion should not be merely a reward for service rendered; it should rather be an opportunity to render future service. It should therefore be given, in the higher ranks, to ability. And neither age nor experience are guarantees of ability. Napoleon at twenty-seven years of age won his first Italian campaign against the Austrian Alvinczy, who had received his command because of his age and experience. Italy three years later was lost to France because Napoleon was in Egypt and the French army was commanded by Schérer, whose only qualification for commanding was age and experience. Hannibal crossed the Alps at twenty-nine; Cromwell was made Commander-in-chief of the Puritan forces at fifty-one; Napoleon was summoned to command in order to save France at thirty; Washington took command of the Colonial forces at forty-three; Grant was made Lieutenant-General at forty-two. In all these cases other and older men were passed by; age and experience were subordinated to ability. Whether General Wood has the ability which entitles him to command is a question which the country

most necessarily leave to the Commander-in-chief of the Army, that is, the President of the United States, and the Secretary of War. Questions of promotion cannot be determined by universal suffrage. The President *may* make mistakes, but popular clamor is *sure* to make them. If universal suffrage determined military positions, Grant would have been removed from command in the midst of the Vicksburg campaign.

Upon this statement of facts—and we believe that our readers may absolutely rely upon its accuracy—and upon this principle—which we believe history abundantly justifies—The Outlook founds its belief that the charges against General Wood are without a shadow of justification, and that his promotion to be a Major-General should be confirmed by the Senate and will be approved by the people of the United States.



Letters to a Minister

The Sermon

The sermon differs from a lecture in this: the lecture has for its object the impartation of instruction or information; the sermon has for its object the impartation of life. A minister goes into the pulpit on a Sunday morning and takes for his text, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God," and then he proceeds to take twenty-five minutes to explain to the congregation the difference between the first Isaiah and the second Isaiah, and to explain why he thinks this was written by a second Isaiah, or by a Great Unknown; he gives the philological argument, and the historical argument, and the theological argument, and all the rest of the arguments that he has been getting at the theological seminary, and at the end he says, "You ought to be comforted." The poor mother who has been working all day and all week, with troublesome children, with a sick husband, with much to do and little to do it with, is there—and she is not comforted; and she would not come again the next Sunday if she did not have a New England conscience. Another minister reads the same text; then he pictures the time of the Baby-

lonian captivity; the condition of Israel under punishment for their sins; the crushing burdens which rested upon them, and the remorse which tortured them; he shows that the captivity was the result of their own fault, that God had visited it upon them as a punishment; and he says, notwithstanding these facts, though the burdens were as great as they were, though the sin was as great as it was, though the remorse of their own conscience added poignancy to their grief, still the message of the gospel was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." And the woman goes home saying, "If God can save such people as that, I think it is worth while for me to live a little longer and do what I can in the world."

Christ has given us our commission in two familiar passages. The first is that in Matthew xxviii. 18-20: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

This is what we have to do—to bring men into the condition of loyalty to God through Jesus Christ his Son; and then, when we have brought them into that condition of loyalty to God through Jesus Christ his Son, to open up to them the instructions of Jesus Christ and teach them what those instructions mean in all their application to the varied circumstances of this present life.

The second is in John xx. 21-23: "Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained."

This is our mission. It is to take the spirit that God laid on Christ, and to carry that spirit to our congregations. It is to go to them and remit their sins, lift off the burden of their transgres-

sions, impart to them newness of life, set their feet free from the net in which they have entangled themselves, wipe away the tears from their eyes, tell them their Lazarus has risen from the dead. It is to live our life in our little parish as Christ lived his life in his.

And Paul has defined our mission for us: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

The world is like one of those great glaciers, split by great crevasses in a hundred places. What shall unite it? What shall bring the warring sects together into one Church of Christ? What shall bring rich and poor together in one brotherhood of man? What shall bring Indian and Negro and Anglo-Saxon and Hungarian and Italian and Swede and Irishman into one great fellowship? What?—a unity of faith in the Son of God. I remember a figure; years ago I heard it from Professor Mitchell. The planets have left the sun and have wandered off one after another into space; they are going into darkness, and into winter, and into death. How shall these wandering planets be brought into harmony? How shall they be made again to swing around the circle in their

respective orbits? How shall they be made to work together for a common end? How shall they be made again to sing the song which they sang in their first birth? Bring them back to the central sun. Then there will be the harmony between the planets, then there will be the light and life of summer in them.

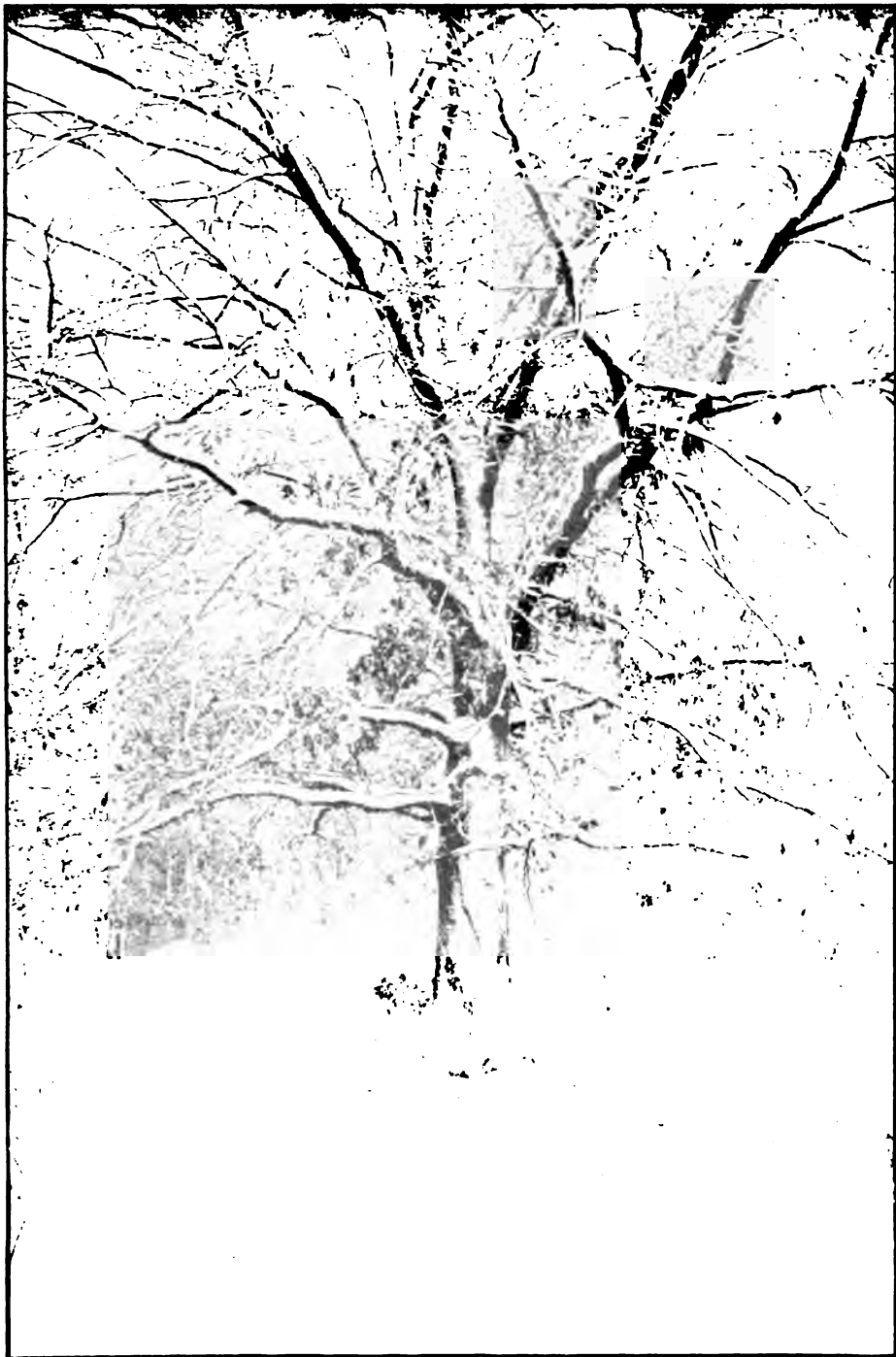
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." It is not our function, primarily, to prepare men for death; it is primarily our function to bring men back to God in order that we may bring them to one another; to teach them how to live loyally to God and so loyally to themselves and to their fellow-men; it is to bring about the brotherhood of man on the earth by bringing about the recognition of the fatherhood of God in heaven. This is our function. And all institutionalism in the church, and all dealing with current questions in the press, and all instruction in political duties, and all artistic quality in our sermons, and all teaching of theology and Biblical criticism, and all our social fellowship and friendship, are to be subservient to that one thing—the baptizing of men into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the teaching of men what it is that Christ asks them to do, the remitting of their sins, the developing in them of the spirit of Christ, until we all come in the unity of the faith unto a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus.

L. A.

January

By Sara Andrew Shafer

The cold sky bends in a solemn bow
Over a world of stainless snow.
In chill brown lines the hedges creep
Past sheltered farms to forests deep.
The steel-blue ice, windswept and clear,
Covers the breast of the lonely mere.
In cedar thickets the blue jays scold,
While snowbirds whirl through the bitter cold;
And tiny, timid, hasty print
On white drift gives of hares a hint.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

JANUARY



HERBERT SPENCER



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN REGENT'S PARK

Herbert Spencer: A Personal Sketch

By George Iles

Author of "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera," etc., etc.

A PHOTOGRAPH of Herbert Spencer, taken about 1850, when he wrote "Social Statics," has a somewhat aggressive look, with a slight touch of insolence about the lips which afterward wholly disappeared. The nose is straight, without the aquiline curve so well defined at a later period. From his father, a schoolmaster, and a Nonconformist of pronounced type, came his strong individuality of character, his passion for freedom of thought and expression. From him also he derived the mold and structure of his face, much accentuated in his own features. He used sadly to declare that his father had given himself up to

go by the board. This faculty for details was in full measure transmitted to the son, whose career his father followed with tender interest. When, in 1865, it seemed likely that the serial publication of the Synthetic Philosophy would have to be suspended, as subscriptions had seriously fallen off, he said: "If Herbert has to give up, it will break his heart." Herbert Spencer inherited from his mother the long upper lip which gave honesty and a certain homeliness to his expression. His affection for her was the deepest feeling of his life; for her comfort, as an invalid, he devised a bed which at a touch she could move in any direction.

In 1850 there flourished in London

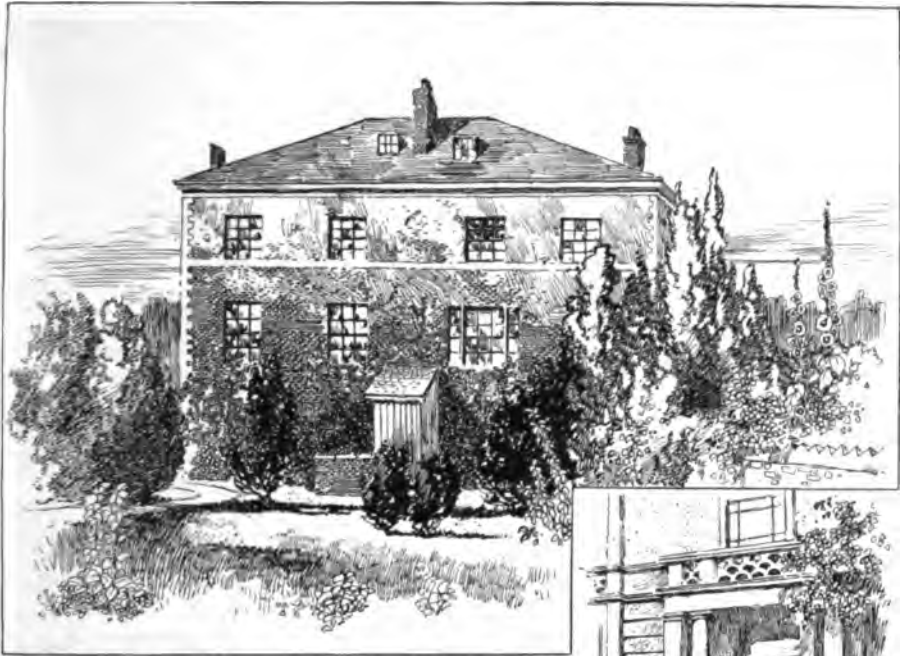
the Whittington Club, founded by Douglas Jerrold. Of its membership fifty-three years ago there is but one survivor. He tells me that Spencer often dined with him at this club; he then looked like a young country gentleman of the sporting farmer class. When he took part in a discussion, he spoke in an earnest, confident way, as one who had thought on the subject and come to clear convictions. Even then he had misgivings about his health, hearty as he seemed. The same friend and Spencer were on the staff of the "Leader," a weekly journal founded by Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt. On Friday nights, at eleven o'clock, on the eve of publication, tea was served at the office. George Eliot, who then lived at Chapman's, the bookseller's, in the Strand near by, was sometimes present, charming everybody with her witty talk and buoyant manners. Spencer, like herself, came at times to read final proofs. From the very first she was greatly impressed by his intellectual power. She must have taken a note of their first meeting, for in the late seventies she gave him a handsome copy of her poems, inscribed with the date as the thirtieth anniversary of their friendship. It was Spencer who presented her to George Henry Lewes, whom she married; and it was Spencer who prevailed upon her to take up the writing of fiction, as a more telling medium for her ideas than essays such as she wrote for the "Westminster."

When the philosopher visited America in 1882, he was in his sixty-third year. His fair, ruddy complexion gave little token of delicate health, or of the sleeplessness which had afflicted him since 1855, when he completed the "Principles of Psychology." In frame he was rather tall and spare. To casual acquaintances his inners were cold and formal, to his friends he was cordial, and on occasion he could be downright jovial, telling and listening to humorous stories with unbounded glee. From his habit of dictating to an amanuensis he had come to talking "like a book;" most of his sentences might well have been printed just as they fell from his lips. Once in my hearing a friend who had not seen him for years congratulated him on his

good health, as evidenced by his ~~rosy~~ cheeks. "Do not," said he, "confuse complete with incomplete relation." Because some healthy people are ruddy, all ruddy people are considered healthy; whereas a red complexion may denote a flabby vascular system." A fair specimen, this, of how he might at any moment drop into generalization. When he was in the critical mood, the schoolmaster in his blood came out plainly, his long, bony hand raised in oburgation seemed ready to wield a ferule, whereat I ever rejoiced that I had learned my rule-of-three under other auspices.

He was a very "set" man. At Montreal I told him that the view from the summit of Mount Royal commands superb stretches of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa valleys. But the view from halfway up the acclivity contented Mr. Spencer. He had found views thus restricted more pleasing than wider vistas, and not one step further would he budge, although twice invited. Not far away a costly mansion was being finished for a multi-millionaire, whose fortune had been won with little scruple. When it was suggested that his carriage should pass this mansion, he was indignant. "It is largely," he said, "the admiring the ostentation of such men that makes them possible. Baron Grant, the fraudulent speculator, sent me an invitation for the inaugural of Leicester Square, his gift to London. Before a party of friends I tore the card in pieces. Such men as Grant try to compensate for robbing Peter by giving Paul what they do not owe him."

Mr. Spencer's conscience was once characterized by a fellow-native of Derby as "tyrannical"—an epithet which tells something about the critic as well as the philosopher. Whatever he believed to be right, that he did, were the matter small or great. One morning in a London omnibus he happened to observe when the passenger next him paid his fare. This payment the conductor forgot, insisting on a second twopence. The passenger resisted, was arrested, and, in seeing justice done, Mr. Spencer without a murmur gave up most of a day. During the early years of his career as an author his books met



HERBERT SPENCER'S HOME IN REGENT'S PARK

with but scant sale; his income was less than five hundred dollars a year, but, frugal as he was, this sufficed. Much as he wished to make his thought known in the world, no pressure could ever prevail upon him to bring himself and his works into notice by indecorous and pushful methods. He deemed the reviews, in England, of his early books to be incompetent, so that none of the succeeding volumes were sent to the English press. It was, however, on the lines of a stirring canvass that he became known and influential in America. His untiring disciple, Dr. Edward L. Youmans, of New York, devoted his life to making friends for the "Synthetic Philosophy." As a writer and lecturer he created a thousand opportunities for preaching Spencer's gospel of evolution. "The Study of Sociology"—a work of particular lucidity and verve—was suggested by Youmans as a volume in the International Scientific Series which he planned and edited. Spencer's friendship for Youmans was much the strongest of his life. And yet two men more contrasted it would be hard to find: Spencer, by nature cool, cautious, and wary to the verge of



THE STREET ENTRANCE

distrust; Youmans, buoyant, sanguine, enthusiastic, and withal clinging to his mission like a bulldog. Youmans died in January, 1887; his closing days were cheered by a succession of most affectionate letters from Spencer. That Spencer himself survived until his eighty-fourth year is to be credited to his conviction that in most cases it is wrong to be ill. In early life he had broken the laws of health; when once he became aware of his folly, he laid down rules to which he rigidly adhered. His hours of toil, of exercise and recreation, were defined; his regimen was simple and abstemious. In his later years, residing in a commodious house at Brighton, his interviews with intimate friends were few and short. Often his guests dined at his table in his absence,



HERBERT SPENCER'S BIRTHPLACE, EXETER STREET, DERBY

as more than a few minutes' conversation wearied him. In fine weather he drove out, sometimes in company with his old friend George Jacob Holyoake, the venerable historian of co-operation, who had rendered him a helping hand in early days of struggle and hardship.

Twenty-four years ago I had a glance at his workshop in Leinster Place in the West End of London. Here were the bulky portfolios in which were amassed for ready reference many thousand extracts from books, reports, periodicals, and pamphlets. Much of this material

went into his "Descriptive Sociology;" the whole store was undergoing constant enlargement as a source of his later books and articles. No author better understood how to direct assistants so as to spare himself for the sole labor of co-ordination, of digesting uncounted facts into a few underlying principles. In some of his books the chapters have much independence one of another. In collating the manuscript for the "Data of Ethics" a chapter went astray and was not missed. It duly appears in the definitive edition of the Synthetic Philosophy. In dictating a paragraph, so thorough was his grasp of fact and argument that he seemed with his mind's eye to be reading what was already written. And yet his verbal memory was poor; he could never quote correctly more than a line or two of verse. Of books apart from those directly needed in his work he read scarcely any. A friend who lived with him ten years knew him in all that time to buy but one book. He greatly admired

Shakespeare, of course, and believed himself to be of the poet's kindred in blood. Among minor poets he gave a high place to Alexander Smith, who is now all but forgotten.

Mr. Spencer was often charged with never having cultivated any branch of positive science. As a matter of fact, as young man he worked so assiduously with a microscope as to injure his eyes. He was deft and dexterous in many ways; he made all his own flies when he went a-fishing, he designed a capital velocimeter for engines, and he suggested composite photography long before Mr. Francis Galton produced his remarkable composite pictures. Mechanical skill and ingenuity were native with him, and as an engineer he would have excelled; but as a young man he conceived a feat of constructive interpretation which dwarfed to littleness any scheme of the engineer. He became possessed by the idea of universal evolution, and with a single heart and unswerving purpose gave his life to its exposition and proof.

Hands of Toil

By Arthur Peirce Vaughn

In the shop of Nazareth
Pungent cedar haunts the breath.
'Tis a low Eastern room,
Windowless, touched with gloom.
Workman's bench and simple tools
Line the walls. Chests and stools,
Yoke of ox, and shaft of plow,
Finished by the Carpenter,
Lie about the pavement now.

In the room the Craftsman stands,
Stands and reaches out His hands.

Let the shadows veil His face
If you must, and dimly trace
His workman's tunic, girt with bands
At His waist. But His *Hands*—
Let the light play on them;
Marks of toil lay on them.
Paint with passion and with care
Every old scar showing there
Where a tool slipped and hurt;

Show each callous; be alert
For each deep line of toil.

Show the soil
Of the pitch; and the strength
Grip of helve gives at length.

When night comes, and I turn
From my shop where I earn
Daily bread, let me see
Those hard hands; know that He
Shared my lot, every bit:
Was a man, every whit.

Could I fear such a hand
Stretched toward me? Misunderstand
Or mistrust? Doubt that He
Meets me full in sympathy?
"Carpenter! hard like Thine
Is this hand—this of mine:
I reach out, gripping Thee,
Son of Man, close to me,
Close and fast, fearlessly."



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From the portrait by John S. Sargent. Photographed by Frances Benjamin Johnston.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN¹

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter V.—The "Fair Play Department"

THE citizens had picked Roosevelt because they needed a young man with fighting grit, a man with a name to trust, a Republican who was not afraid—of the machine for one thing. The machine took him because there was nothing else left for it to do, and it did that. The thing has happened since: evidence that there is life in our theory and practice of government. When such things cease to happen, popular government will not be much more than a name. The machine is useful—indeed, it is indispensable—as a thing to be run for a purpose. When the purpose becomes merely the running of the machine, however perfect that, the soul is gone out of it. And without a soul a man or a party is dead.

Something had occurred in New York fit almost to wake the dead. Henry George had been nominated for Mayor, and the world that owned houses and lands and stocks was in a panic. The town was going to be sacked, at the very least. And, in wild dread of the disaster that was coming, men forsook party, principles, everything, and threw themselves into the arms of Tammany, as babies run in fear of the boggy man and hide their heads in their mother's lap. Nice mother, Tammany—even with Abram S. Hewitt as its candidate. He lived to subscribe to that statement. I have sometimes wondered what the town thought of itself when it came to, and considered Henry George as he really was. I know what Roosevelt thought of it. He laughed, rather contemptuously, married, and went abroad, glad of his holiday.

But he had contributed something to that campaign that had life in it. Long years after it bore fruit; but at that time I suppose people shrugged their shoulders at it, and ran on to their haven of refuge. It was just two paragraphs in his letter of acceptance to the Committee of One Hundred, the briefest of that kind of documents I ever saw.

"The worst evils that affect our local government," he wrote to R. Fulton Cutting and his colleagues (even the names sound as if it were yesterday, not nearly twenty years ago), "arise from and are the inevitable results of the mixing up of city affairs with the party politics of the Nation and of the State. The lines upon which National parties divide have no necessary connection with the business of the city . . . such connection opens the way to countless schemes of public plunder and civic corruption. I very earnestly deprecate all attempts to introduce any class or caste feeling into the mayoralty contest. Laborers and capitalists alike are interested in having an honest and economical city government, and if elected I shall certainly strive to be the representative of all good citizens, paying heed to nothing whatever but the general well-being."

He was not elected, as I said. We were not yet grown to that. Non-partisanship in municipal politics was a poet's dream, nice but so unsubstantial. It came true all the same in time, and it will stay true when we have dozed off a few times more and been roused up with the Tammany nightmare astride of us. Maybe then my other dream will come true, too. It is my own, and I have

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never told even him of it; but I have seen stranger things happen. It is this, that Theodore Roosevelt shall sit in the City Hall in New York as Mayor of his own city, after he has done his work in Washington. That would be an object-lesson worth while, one we need and that would show all the world what democracy meant. I shall never be satisfied till I see it. That year I would write the last chapter of my "battle with the slum," and in truth it would be over. For that which really makes the slum is not the foul tenement, not the pestilent alley, not the want and ignorance they stand for; but the other, the killing ignorance that sits in ease and plenty and knows not that it is the brother who suffers, and that, in one way or other, he must suffer with him unless he will suffer for him. Of that there must be an end. Roosevelt in the City Hall could mean only that.

Witness his plea in the letter I quoted: "Laborers and capitalists alike are interested." Of course they are, or our country goes to the dogs. In that day we shall see it, all of us. He saw it always. When I hear any one say that Roosevelt is doing this, or saying that, for effect, I know I have to do with a man who does not read or reason; or he would have made out how straight has been his course from the beginning. What he said then to the electors of New York, he did as President when he appointed the Coal Strike Commission, when he blocked the way of illegal trust combinations, and when he killed the power of "pull" in the Police Department and kept the peace of the city. He said it again the other day in his labor day speech at Syracuse.

"They will say, most likely, that it is made up of platitudes," he told me when he had finished it, referring to his newspaper critics; "and so I suppose it is. Only they need to be said just here and now."

They did need to. The Ten Commandments are platitudes, I expect; certainly they have been repeated often enough. And yet even the critics will hardly claim that we have had enough of them. I noticed, by the way, that they were dumb for once. Perhaps it occurred

to them that it took a kind of courage to insist, as he did, on the elementary virtues in the dealings of man with man as the basis of all human fellowship, against which their shafts fell powerless. If so, it did more credit to their discernment than I expected ever to have to accord them.

Two years of travel and writing, of working at the desk and, in between, on the ranch, where the cowboys hailed him joyously; of hunting and play which most people would have called hard work; years during which his "Winning of the West" took shape and grew into his great work. Then, in the third, Washington and the Civil Service Commission.

I suppose there is scarcely one who knows anything of Theodore Roosevelt who has not got the fact of his being once a Civil Service Commissioner fixed in his mind. That was where the country got its eye upon him; and that, likewise, was where some good people grew the notion that he was a scrapper first, last, and all the time, with but little regard for whom he tackled, so long as he had him. There was some truth in that; we shall see how much. But as to Civil Service Reform, I have sometimes wondered how many there were who knew as little what it really meant as I did until not so very long ago. How many went about with a more or less vague notion that it was some kind of a club to knock out spoils politics with, good for the purpose and necessary, but in the last analysis an alien kind of growth, of aristocratic tendency, to set men apart in classes. Instead of exactly the reverse, right down on the hard pan of the real and only democracy: every man on his merits; what he is, not what he has; what he can do, not what his pull can do for him. And do you know what first shocked me into finding out the truth? I have to own it, if it does make me blush for myself. It was when I saw a report Roosevelt had made on political blackmail in the New York Custom-House. That was what he called it; and it was meaner than the meanest, he added, because it hit hardest the employees who didn't stand politically with the party in power and were afraid to say so lest they lose their places.

Three per cent. of his salary, to a clerk just able to get along, might mean "the difference between having and not having a winter overcoat for himself, a warm dress for his wife, or a Christmas tree for his children—a piece of cruel injustice and iniquity." It was the Christmas tree that settled it with me. The rest was bad, but I couldn't allow that. Not with my Danish pedigree of blessed

expected; fighting the spoilsman, yes! dragging the sting from his kind of politics; hitting him blow after blow, and with the whole pack of politicians, I came near saying good and bad together, in front hitting back for very life. That was there, all of it. But this other was there too: the man who was determined that the fellow with no pull should have an even chance with his



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS AN ASSEMBLYMAN AT ALBANY

Christmas trees reaching way back into the day of frocks and rag dolls, and my own children's tree to remind me of it—never!

So I overcame my repugnance to schedules and tables and examinations, and got behind it all to an understanding of what it really meant. And there I found the true view of this champion of civil service reform as I might have

rival who came backed; that the farmer's lad and the mechanic's son who had no one to speak for them should have the same show in competing for the public service as the son of wealth and social prestige. That was really what civil service reform meant to Roosevelt. The other was good, but this was the kernel of it, and the kernel was sound. It was, as he said in his

first Presidential message, "as democratic and American as the common-school system itself."

A "first-class trouble job" they called it with reason, and the wise, or those who thought they were wise, laughed in their sleeves when Roosevelt tackled it. For at last they had him where he would be killed off sure, this bumptious young man who had got in the way of the established order in everything. And they wished him luck. President Harrison was in the White House, well disposed, but not exactly a sympathetic court of appeals for a pleader like Roosevelt. In fact, he would have removed him within a year or two of his appointment for daring to lay down the law to a Cabinet officer, had it been expedient. It was not expedient; by that time Theodore Roosevelt had made his own court of appeals—the country and public opinion.

Contrary to the general belief, Roosevelt was never President of the Civil Service Commission, though I am strongly inclined to think that where he sat was the head of the table. Until he came the Board had been in hard luck. Unpopular everywhere, it had tried the ostrich game of hiding its head, hoping so to escape observation and the onset of its enemies. Things took a sudden turn with Roosevelt in the Board. He was there to do a work he thoroughly believed in, that was one thing. In the Legislature of New York he had forced through a civil service law that was substantially the same as he was here set to enforce; hence he knew. And when a man knows a thing and believes in it, and it is the right thing to do anyway, truly "thrice armed is he." The enemies of the cause found it out quickly. For every time they struck, the Commission hit back twice. Nor was the new Commissioner very particular where he hit, so long as the blow told. "The spectacle," wrote Edward Cary in reviewing his work when it was done, "of a man holding a minor and rather nondescript office, politically unimportant, taking a Cabinet officer by the neck and exposing him to the amused contempt of all honest Americans, was what the late Horace Greeley would have called

'mighty interesting.' It was also very instructive."

It was that. The whole country took an interest in the show. Politics woke right up and got the ear of the White House. Mr. Roosevelt respectfully but firmly refused to back down. He was doing his sworn duty in enforcing the law. That was what he was there for. He urged his reform measures once, twice, three times, then went to the people, telling them all about it. The measures went through. Surveying the clamoring crowd that railed at him and his work, he flung this challenge to them in an address in the Madison Street Theater in Chicago in March, 1890, the year after he was appointed:

"Every ward heeler who now ekes out a miserable existence at the expense of office-holders and candidates is opposed to our policy, and we are proud to acknowledge it. Every politician who sees nothing but reward of office in the success of a party or a principle is opposed to us, and we are not sorry for it. . . . We propose to keep a man in office as long as he serves the public faithfully and courteously. . . . We propose that no incumbent shall be dismissed from the service unless he proves untrustworthy or incompetent, and that no one not specially qualified for the duties of the position shall be appointed. These two statements we consider eminently practical and American in principle."

Again, a year later, when the well-worn lies that still pass current in certain newspapers had got into the Senate, this was his answer:

"One of the chief false accusations which are thrown at the Commission is that we test applicants by puzzling questions. There is a certain order of intellect—sometimes an order of Senatorial intellect—which thinks it funny to state that a first-class young man, thoroughly qualified in every respect, has been rejected for the position of letter-carrier because he was unable to tell the distance from Hongkong to the mouth of the Yangtsekiang, or answer questions of similar nature.

"I now go through a rather dreary, monotonous illustration of how this idea becomes current. A Senator, for instance,



COURTESY OF "MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS MULBERRY STREET OFFICE, WHEN HE WAS POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK

makes statements of that character. I then write to him, and ask him his foundation for such an assertion. Presumably, he never receives my letter, for he never answers it. I write him again, with no better results. I then publish a contradiction in the newspapers. Then some enterprising correspondent interviews him, and he states the question is true, but it is below his dignity to reply to Mr. Roosevelt. As a matter of fact, he either does know or ought to know

that no such question has ever been asked."

I wonder now, does any one of the editors who loudly wail over the "weak surrender" of the President these days, to malign forces of their imagination, really believe that of the man who single-handed bade defiance to the whole executive force of the Government, when the knowledge that he was right was his only weapon; or is it just buncombe like the Senator's dignity?

And yet, on the other hand, when he had to do with a different element, honest but not yet persuaded, note the change from blow to argument. I quote from a speech he made to a club of business men in the thick of the fight:

"We hear much of the question whether the Government should take control of the telegraph lines and railways of the country. Before that question can be so much as discussed, it ought to be definitely settled that, if the Government takes control of either telegraph line or railway, it must do it to manage it purely as a business undertaking, and must manage it with a service wholly unconnected with politics. I should like to call the special attention of the gentlemen in bodies interested in increasing the sphere of State action—interested in giving the State control more and more over railways, over telegraph lines, and over other things of the sort—to the fact that the condition precedent upon success is to establish an absolutely non-partisan governmental system. When that point is once settled, we can discuss the advisability of doing what these gentlemen wish, but not before."

Single-handed, I said. At least we heard from him only in those days. I have always supposed that the politicians had bullied his older colleagues into discouragement from which they couldn't recover. Perhaps I am wrong. But afterward there came to join him on the commission a Kentuckian, an old Confederate veteran, a Democrat, and withal as fine a fellow as ever drew breath—John R. Procter—and the two struck hands in a friendship that is for life.

"Every day," said Mr. Procter as we lay on the grass up in the Berkshires

make our work worth while, with him there. When he went away, I had heart in it no longer."

The thing that turned up at regular intervals was an investigation by Congress. Sometimes it was charges of one kind or another; sometimes the weapon was ridicule; always at the bottom the purpose was the same: to get rid of this impudent thing that was interposing itself between the legislator and the patronage that had been to him the sinews of war till then, costly sinews as he often enough had found out, but still the only ones he knew how to use. Mr. Roosevelt met every attack with his unvarying policy of candor; blow for blow where that was needed; at other times with tact so finished, a shrewdness of diplomacy at which the enemy stared in helpless rage. For the country was visibly falling in behind this wholesome, good-humored fighter. I remember yet with amusement the "withering charge," as he called it, which one of the Washington papers brought against him. It published one of his letters in facsimile and asked scornfully if this man could pass an examination in penmanship for the desk of a third-rate clerk in his own office; yet he sat in judgment on the handwriting of aspirants. Now, I have always thought Mr. Roosevelt's handwriting fine. It isn't ornate. Indeed, it might be called very plain, extra plain, if you like. But his character is all over it: a child could read it. There can never be any doubt as to what he means, and that, it seems to me, is what you want of a man's writing. Here is a line of it now which I quoted before, still lying on my table. Squeezed in between lines of typewriting it is not a fair sample, but take it as it is:

I haven't heard a word about it from my superior officers, who have the complete say-so. Good luck on your hunt!

Death to Snuffy - bear cub! Warm regards
to Mrs. R. and all
Cordially yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

last summer and looked out over the peaceful valley, "every day I went to the office as to an entertainment. I knew something was sure to turn up to

However, Roosevelt made no bones about it. He owned up that he couldn't pass for a clerkship, which was well, he said, for he would have made but a poor

clerk, while he thought he could make a good Commissioner. "And," he added, "there it is. Under our system of civil service examinations I couldn't get in, whereas under the old spoils system you advocate I would have had pull enough to get the appointment to the clerkship I wasn't fit for. Don't you see?"

I presume the editor saw, for nothing more was said about it.

In the hottest of the fighting, Mr. Roosevelt executed a flank movement of such consummate strategic skill and shrewdness that it fairly won him the battle. He ordered examinations for department positions at Washington to be held in the States, not at the Capital. When the successful candidates came to take the places they had won—when Congressman Smith met a young fellow from his county whom he knew in Washington, holding office under an administration hostile in politics as he knew, a great light dawned upon him. He felt the fetters of patronage that had proved a heavier and heavier burden to him, falling from his own limbs, and from among the Congressmen who had hotly opposed Roosevelt came some of the warmest advocates of the new salvation. The policy of fairness, of perfect openness, had won. But it *was* a fight, sure enough. Mr. Roosevelt's literary labors in the cause alone were immense. Besides the six annual reports of the Commission during his incumbency—the sixth to the eleventh, inclusive—which were written largely by him, his essays and papers in defense of the reform covered a range that would give a clerk, I was told at the Congressional Library, a good week's work making anything like a complete list of them.

There never yet was a perfect law, and the civil service law was no exception. It did not put saints in office. It gave men a fair show, helped kill political blackmail, and kept some scoundrels out. Sometimes, too, it kept the best man out; for no system of examination can be devised to make sure he gets in. Roosevelt was never a stickler for the letter of anything. I know that perhaps better than anybody. If I were to tell how many times we have sat down together to devise a way of getting

through the formal husk, even at the risk of bruising it some, to get at the kernel, the spirit of justice that is the soul of every law, however undeveloped, I might frighten some good people needlessly. I think likely it was the recognition of this quality in the man, the entire absence of pedantry in his advocacy of the reform, that won the people over to him as much as anything. Some good stories are told about that, but perhaps one he told himself of his experience as a regimental commander in the Spanish war sheds more light on that side of him than anything else. He had a man in his regiment, a child of the frontier, in whom dwelt the soul of a soldier—in war, not in peace. By no process of reasoning or discipline could he be persuaded to obey the camp regulations, while the regiment lay at San Antonio, and at last he was court-martialed, sentenced to six months' imprisonment—a technical sentence, for there was no jail to put him in. The prison was another rough rider following him around with a rifle to keep him in bounds. Then came the call to Cuba, and the Colonel planned to leave him behind as useless baggage. When the man heard of it, his soul was stirred to its depths. He came and pleaded as a child to be taken along. He would always be good; never again could he show up in Kansas if the regiment went to the war without him. At sight of his real agony Mr. Roosevelt's heart relented.

"All right," he said. "You deserve to be shot as much as anybody. You shall go." And he went, flowing over with gratitude, to prove himself in the field as good a man as his prison of yore who fought beside him.

Then came the mustering out. When the last man was checked off and accounted for, the War Department official, quartermaster or general or something, fumbled with his papers.

"Where is the prisoner?" he asked.

"The prisoner?" echoed Colonel Roosevelt; "what prisoner?"

"Why, the man who got six months at a court martial."

"Oh, he! He is all right. I remitted his sentence."

The official looked the Colonel over curiously.

"You remitted his sentence," he said. "Sentenced by a court martial, approved by the commanding general, you remitted his sentence. Well, you've got nerve."

Perhaps the Civil Service Commissioner's "nerve" had something to do with winning his fight. I like to think it had. With that added, one could almost feel like hugging Civil Service Reform.

One phase of this "six years' war" I cannot pass by, since it may serve as a chart to some inquiring minds much troubled to find out where the President will stand in matters of recent notoriety. They may give up their still-hunt for information and assume with perfect confidence that he will stand where he always has stood, on the square platform of fair dealing between man and man. Here is the letter that made me think of it. It was written to the Chairman of the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service of the Fifty-third Congress, in the spring of 1894, the year before he left the Commission :

Congressman Williams, of Mississippi, attacked the Commission in substance because under the Commission white men and men of color are treated with exact impartiality. As to this, I have to say that so long as the present Commissioners continue their official existence they will not make, and, so far as in their power lies, will refuse to allow others to make, any discrimination whatsoever for or against any man because of his color, any more than because of his politics or religion. We do equal and exact justice to all, and I challenge Mr. Williams or any one else to show a single instance where the Commission has failed to do this. Mr. Williams specified the Railway Mail Service in Missouri as being one in which negroes are employed. The books of the Railway Mail Service for the division including South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi were shown me yesterday, and according to these books about three-fourths of the employees are white and one-fourth colored. Under the last administration it was made a reproach to us that we did full and entire justice to the Southern Democrats, and that through our examinations many hundreds of them entered the classified service, although under a Republican administration. Exactly in the same way, it is now made a reproach to us that under our examinations honest and capable colored men are given an even chance with

honest and capable white men. I esteem this reproach a high compliment to the Commission, for it is an admission that the Commission has rigidly done its duty as required by law without regard to politics or religion and without regard to color.

Very respectfully,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"You cannot change him unless you convince him," said Mr. Procter to me, as we got up to go down into the valley, whence the gray evening shadows were reaching up toward us. If you think you can convince Theodore Roosevelt that a square deal is not the right thing, you can look for a change in him when he has taken a stand on a moral question; else you needn't trouble.

President Cleveland was in office by that time, and the Democratic party was in. But Roosevelt stayed as Civil Service Commissioner, and abated not one jot of his zeal. I do not know what compact was made between the two men, but I can guess from what I knew of them both. An incident of the White House shows what kind of regard grew up between them as they came to know each other. It was the day President McKinley was buried. President Roosevelt had come in alone. Among the mourners he saw Mr. Cleveland. Now, the etiquette of the White House, which is in its way as rigid as that of any court in Europe, requires that the President shall be sought out; he is not to go to any one. But Mr. Roosevelt waved it all aside with one impulsive gesture as he went straight to Mr. Cleveland and took his hand. An official who stood next to them, and who told me, heard him say :

"It will always be a source of pride and pleasure to me to have served under President Cleveland." Mr. Cleveland shook hands, mute with emotion.

I learned afterward that among all the countless messages of sympathy and cheer that came to him in those hard days, the one of them all he prized highest and that touched him most deeply was from Grover Cleveland.

The Six Years' War was nearly over when the summons came to him to take the helm in the Police Department in New York City, the then storm-center in the fight for civic regeneration. He

and his colleague, Mr. Procter, had their first and only falling out over his choice to go into the new fight. They quarreled over it until Roosevelt put his arm over the other's shoulder and said: "Old friend! I have made up my mind that it is right for me to go."

Mr. Procter shook him off almost roughly, and got up from the table. "All right," he said, "go! You always would have your way, and I suppose you are right, blank it and blank blank it!" and the grizzled old veteran went out and wept like a child.

The outcome of it all? Figures convey no idea of it. To say that he found 14,000 government officers under the civil service rules, and left 40,000, does not tell the story; not even in its own poor way, for there are 125,000 now, and when the ransomed number 200,000 it will still be Roosevelt's work. President Cleveland put it more nearly right in his letter to Mr. Roosevelt regretfully accepting his resignation.

"You are certainly to be congratulated," he wrote, "upon the extent and permanency of Civil Service Reform methods which you have so substantially aided in bringing about. The struggle for its firm establishment and recognition is past. Its faithful application and reasonable expansion remain, subjects of deep interest to all who really desire the best attainable public service."

That was what the country got out of it. The fight was won—wait, let me put that a little less strongly: the way to the victory is cleared. Just now, as I was writing that sentence, a man, an old friend, a teacher in Israel, came into my office, and to him I read what I had just written. "That's right," he said; "I came in to ask you if you wouldn't help a young man who wants to get into the public employment. He is a fine fellow, has got all the qualifications. All he needs is influence to get him a

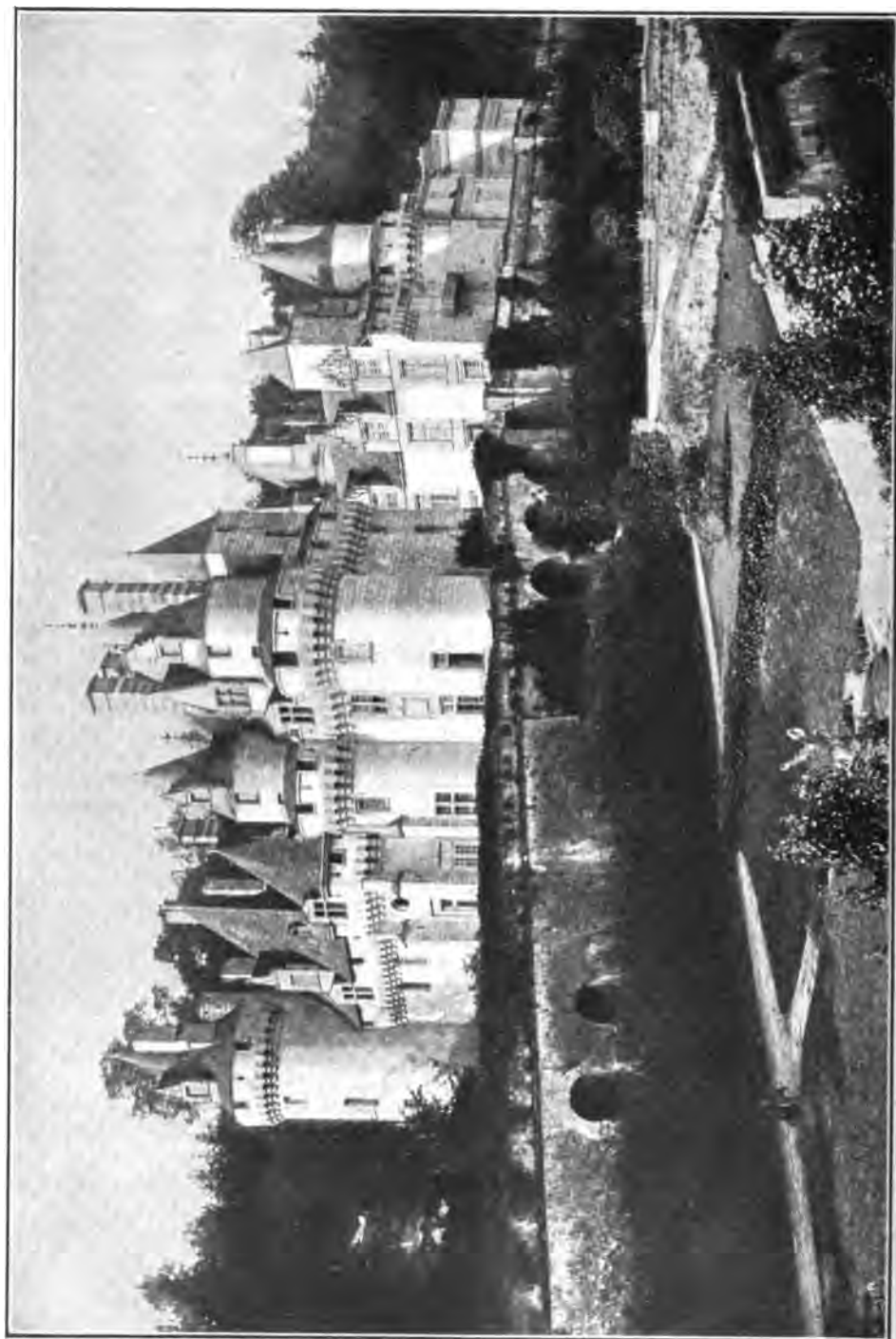
place. Without influence you cannot do anything."

The fight will be over the day the American people get that notion out of their heads, not before. They can drop it now, for it is all that really is left. Roosevelt won them the right to do that. He won his father's fight that he had made his own. I know how much that meant to him.

The country got more out of it: it got a man to whom great tasks and great opportunities were to come with the years, trained in the school of all schools to perfect skill in dealing with men, in making out their motives and their worth as fighting units. The devious paths of diplomacy have no such training-school for leadership as he found in Washington fighting for a great principle, touching elbows every day with men from all over the country, with the leaders in thought and action, in politics, in every phase of public life. He went there, a fearless battler for the right, and came away with all his ideals bright and unsullied. It was in the Civil Service Commission's office the cunning was fashioned which, without giving offense, put the Kishenev petition into the hands of the Czar and his Ministers before they had time to say they would not receive it, and gave notice to the Muscovite world that there was a moral sense across the sea to be reckoned with; of which fact it took due notice.

Still more did the country get out of that six years' war: from end to end of the land the men with ideals, young and old, the men and women who would help their fellows, help their cities, took heart from his example and his victory. Perhaps that was the greatest gain, the one that went farthest. It endures to this day. Wherever he fights, men fall in behind and fight on with new hope; they know they can win if they keep it up. That was worth all the labor and the sweat of the battle.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



THE CHÂTEAU OF USSE

The Châteaux of Touraine

By Hamilton W. Mabie

ONE of the most charming bits of England, and one of the most characteristic, delights the eye of the American coming up from his long voyage as soon as he passes Cowes and Norris Castle comes into view. That stretch of green sward to the edge of the Solent; the great tower, the long, low front of the castle; the gray masonry masked by ivy, mediæval, feudal, but perfectly preserved and harmonious with the modern landscape—how significantly English it is! The change in political and social conditions has been as radical in fact if not in form as in any country in Europe, but there has been no violent break with the past, no abrupt closing of one chapter and beginning of another in the history of the people as a whole. Old England survives in the England of to-day by virtue of the long process of evolution. The extraordinary beauty of the country lies largely in the depth of its verdure; the century-old accumulation of its ivy, its mosses, its heather; the thousand-year spreading of its trees. In like manner much of the strength, dignity, and interest of English social life are due to the long, uninterrupted ripening of ordered and gradual growth.

In France, on the other hand, one feels everywhere the wreck of the great storm, the rending of the social fabric, the destruction of the old order. The visitor is shown through the English castle or welcomed there as a guest, and finds, against a feudal background, the comfort and charm of a modern home. In France, with few exceptions, he finds castles which have become museums or historic monuments half wrecked by the great convulsion of 1793.

He is aware also of other differences between the French and English castles which are significant of radical differences of national temperament and character. The English castle is massive, frowning, apparently impregnable. Windsor, Warwick, Conway, dominate the

landscape with an air of imperious strength. The German castles were, as a rule, less imposing in size and ruder in structure; the Italian castles, whether in the heart of turbulent cities or perched on the steep hillsides, are ominous of environing perils, and hint at sudden and sorely needed refuge. The French castles, on the other hand, show in structure and ornament the genius for social life, the passion for human intercourse, the instinctive command of that delicate and beautiful art of living together which involves urbanity, grace, ease of manner, elegance of dress, splendor of framing, and the resources of talk. Some of the castles, like the Château de Luynes, which crowns a low hill on the bank of the Loire, seem little more than a group of massive round towers; but the majority of the old châteaux wear an open and gracious air; and even those which are primarily strongholds have a lightness of coloring which softens the harsh feudalism of their earlier forms. The English castles have been made friendly and communicative by continuous adaptation and use; the French châteaux wore something of this kindlier air at the beginning.

This was not true of the terrible battlements behind which Louis XI. intrenched himself at Plessis-les-Tours, if the description in "Quentin Durward" is to be trusted; but of that ominous and forbidding pile nothing remains which gives either pleasure or pain to the visitor; nothing except a very commonplace modern structure of small size and no dignity on ancient foundations, and a bit of carelessly kept garden. It was not entirely true of Loches, of which enough survives to give an adequate impression of its great size and of Louis's resources in the way of punishing his enemies and crushing individual initiative in France.

At Loches, if one puts a little history behind the great towers and subterranean

dungeons, the destruction of feudal France is explained. In building up the power of the monarchy the crafty, subtle, resourceful Louis, master of the arts of intrigue and dissimulation, largely destroyed the old nobility. What he left Richelieu tore down, and what Richelieu overlooked the Revolution razed to the ground. Feudal England survives; toned, harmonized, softened, absorbed into the modern landscape. Feudal France survives in a few ruins, or in an occasional castle restored after the manner of Pierrefonds.

The French châteaux express the social genius, the art impulse, of the Renaissance. The royal châteaux are full of the ghosts of elegant women and courtly men who stood in the way of ambitious ministers, or crossed the wills of imperious mistresses, or fell out of the grace of frivolous and fickle kings. Tragedy haunts the rooms of Blois and Amboise, and walks with muffled step beside the visitor as he goes through the old audience-chambers, the living-rooms, the oratories, the closets, and the corridors; the stain of blood is everywhere; for the annals of the French kings from the time of Louis the Eleventh to that of Louis the Fifteenth are a long story of intrigue and crime. But the day of armor, of great nobles intrenched in massive keeps and proudly holding their own place and power, was largely over before these beautiful castles were built.

The beginnings of the modern age, the birth of society in the modern sense, the influence of women, the arts and resources of human intercourse, have left their record in the gardens, the great windows, the long galleries and spacious rooms, the delicate and beautiful architecture of the stately houses which look down upon the Loire. The landscape is in genial harmony with these beginnings of a kindlier and more humane life. There are châteaux in Normandy, in Brittany, in Burgundy, in other old provinces; but Touraine, the heart of old as it is the garden of new France, is pre-eminently the château country. It is a smiling land; open to the sun; with ample plains and low hills; green, fertile, soft in hue; the landscape composed in a large, simple style, abundantly lighted

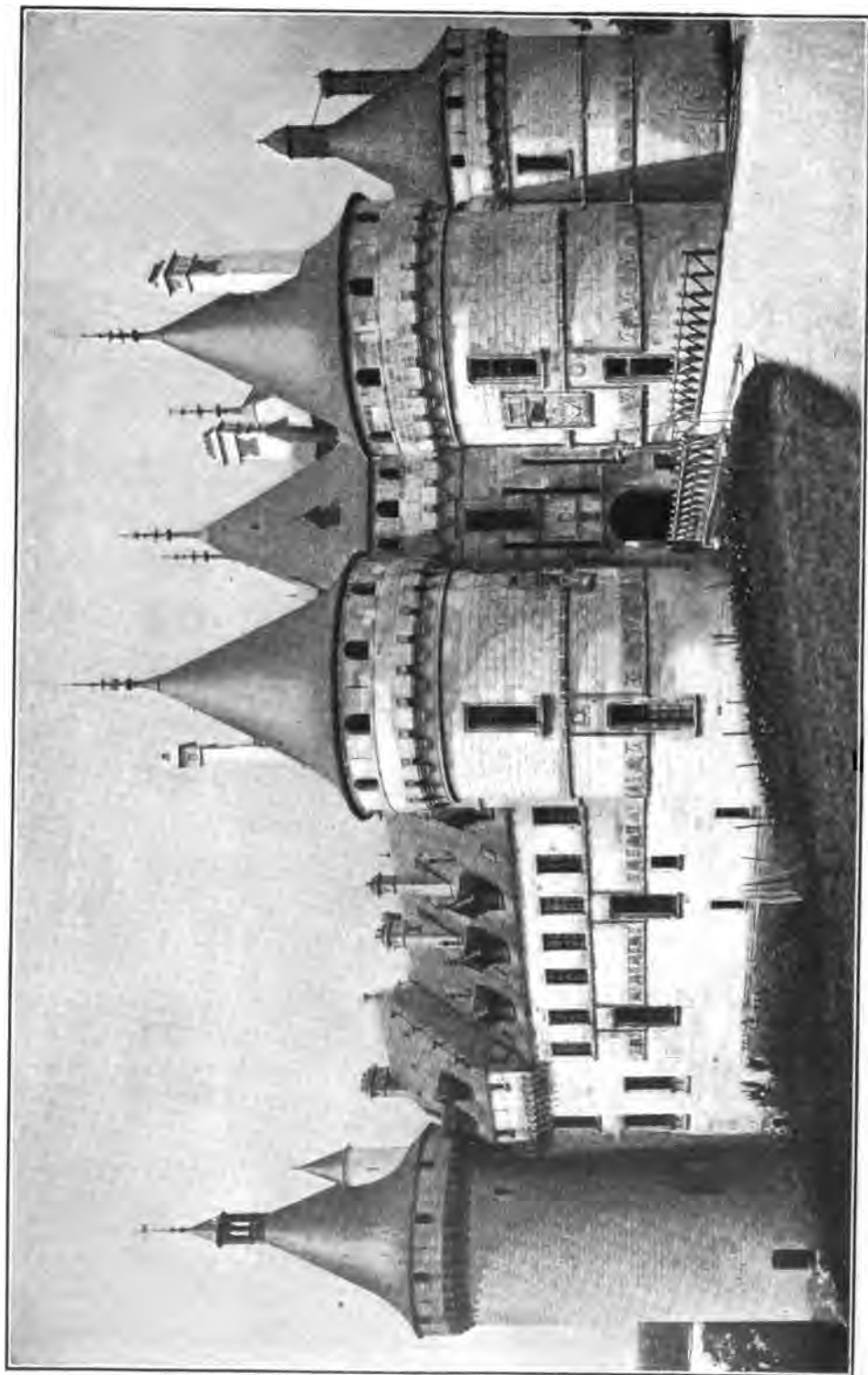
under a sky more cheerful than that of Brittany, less intense than that of Languedoc.

Half the charm of Touraine flows with and from the Loire—a large, slow, meditative stream, shallow for long stretches and then full, tranquil, carrying life into the heart of the landscape and giving back in softened radiance the light of the sky. The breadth of the horizons, the gradual, rich undulations of fertile meadows and green fields, the low-lying hills, the broad arch of the sky—all these elements combine to give Touraine the charm of peace and fruitfulness. As one looks across to the towers of Tours from the battlements of Amboise, where the Huguenots were hung in a long, shuddering line for the delectation of Mary, Queen of Scots, a sense of restfulness and rich reward for the labors of the field seems to rise from the very soil, and one feels that it must be a pleasant country to live in.

And a very pleasant city is Tours, its ancient capital. Coming out of the court of one of the most charming hotels in the world—a hotel with the most pretentious of names and the most delightful air of good manners and genial hospitality—the visitor finds himself on a shaded street, through the center of which run three or four rows of trees with park-like effect, and almost directly opposite the new Hôtel de Ville; one of the many public buildings in modern France which make one realize with what deep feeling the French interpret the dignity and significance of public life in architecture, with what insight and skill they deal with large spaces and great structures with reference not only to their uses but to their surroundings. The little provincial city is a model of cleanness and order; open to the sun and yet escaping the glare which makes many French towns almost unbearable in summer. The narrow streets are often shaded; the little squares and parks are delicious bits of greenness; mysterious gates and doors open into gardens which wave their invitations to silence and seclusion over old walls; there is a massive quay, also sheltered by much foliage, and there are bridges which are a joy to the eye. No lover of French literature fails



THE CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS
The Great Staircase (Wing of Francis First).



THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT

to look at the house in the Rue Royale, now the Rue Nationale, in which the rich, complex, laborious genius of Balzac first saw the light, or to spend a pleasant half-hour behind the cathedral trying to decide which of the old houses that abut on the little *place* was the home of Mademoiselle Gamard, the ominous and fateful central figure in "Le Curé de Tours."

But one thinks of Tours chiefly as the strategic point from which the châteaux may be most comfortably and successfully assailed. These old structures are grouped at convenient distances, traversed by inconvenient trains. As a rule, the trains start too early and return too late, or they start so late and return so early that the traveler must choose between an excess of time or irreverent and undue haste. In any event, the trains may be counted upon to loiter through the rich country and to arrive behind time with a regularity worthy of a better cause. But these are small matters and important chiefly as they furnish material for humorous comment; one of the happiest things about rural Europe for Americans is that the curse of haste is not on it. And if one must choose between too generous or too meager a margin of time, it is wisest to be prodigal.

The Château de Blois is so profoundly interesting, both historically and architecturally, and so full of various kinds of beauty, that it ought to be kept to the very end of the journey. It is the climax of the whole experience, and those who stop off on the way down from Paris and see it first invert the true order of visitation. It is wise to begin with Langeais; first, because it is within easy driving distance from Tours, and, second, because it is a link between the older and the later châteaux, between the feudal castle and the stately Renaissance mansion. No castle has a more severe exterior nor a more massive front. The great gray tower rises across the moat like a menace to the little town, and when the visitor crosses the drawbridge he feels as if he were passing into some ancient keep. Instantly, however, he emerges into a sunny court upon which a hundred windows look down, and behind him a

charming garden overlooks the many-gabled houses and high-peaked ancient roofs. The battlements which face the little town with frowning front mask the elegance of the Renaissance, with its lovely terraces, its formal gardens, its free and buoyant social life. There are very old rooms in Langeais; small, bare, somber, with the diminutive windows which pierced the walls of the old castles without diminishing their strength; but there are also spacious halls and great chambers furnished in the mediæval fashion, with hanging tapestries, canopied beds, hooded chairs, carven chests. The air of a vanished social habit pervades the old château in which Anne of Brittany was married to Charles VIII. the year before Columbus caught the glow of light on the New World. The road upon which one returns to Tours runs for a long distance on the dike which protects the countryside from the encroachments of the Loire when the spring floods go roaring by, and is as charming a drive as one finds in Touraine. The round towers of the Château de Luynes are softened by the late afternoon light, and the ruined castle of Cinq-Mars vividly recalls the brilliant young favorite of Louis XIII., whose tragic story was typical of that age of weak kings, intriguing women, and ambitious and merciless ministers.

The charm of these old houses is felt most deeply at Chenonceaux and Azay-le-Rideau. To the first belong the associations of royalty and the more striking picturesqueness of aspect; to the second the fresher sense of refined domesticity, felt not only within the castle but in the exquisite park which surrounds it. The approach to Chenonceaux through the long avenue of sycamores prepares one for the first glimpse of its delicate façade, full of the grace of a time which knew how to touch the hardest stone with lightness and to make architecture speak the language of sentiment. The high roof, with its hooded windows elaborately carved, is in the key of the façade, and the front conveys an impression of hospitality high-bred, gracious, and open-hearted. The moat is flanked by gardens, and the drawbridge is a device rather than a necessity of the structure,

which is related not to the waste of war but to the most elegant arts of peace.

Two features give this stately château a character all its own. It was originally built on the foundations of an old mill, and rests on piles of solid masonry. Catherine de' Medici, a true child of the Italian Renaissance in her tastes as in her vices, extended these foundations across the Cher, and carried the château boldly across the river; and on these foundations built two galleries. The lower is a long corridor, from the windows of which one looks down into the river flowing under the château; the upper room is an elegant gallery, defaced by much bad modern decoration and many unimportant pictures. The whole structure has a festive air, the atmosphere of a social life which was always *en fête*—urbane, polished, elegant, imparting to trifles the dignity of a harmoniously consistent life of pleasure. It is easy to recall the vanished splendor of that gay, intriguing, elaborately dressed period in these beautiful rooms; to look out of the windows and catch glimpses of courtiers and ladies-in-waiting walking through the formal gardens. Here, as in the most frowning royal château, elegance masked the ever-recurring tragedy of a society which drew its breath only in the favor of kings. From this exquisite retreat Catherine de' Medici drove Diana of Poitiers after the death of Henry II. Here, at a later and happier time, French society was seen at its best in the middle of the eighteenth century. Here, wrote Rousseau in 1747, "we amused ourselves greatly; . . . we made a great deal of music, and acted comedies." Here George Sand visited her grandfather, Dupin de Francueil, long after the château had passed out of royal hands. At sunset, when the soft light lies over the Touraine landscape and the shadows of the beautiful house float on the quiet river which washes its foundations with gentle caressings, there are few places so full of enchantment as Chenonceaux.

The little village, with its white houses standing at every angle on the narrow streets, runs to the very gate of the Château of Azay-le-Rideau, and abruptly stops; within those gates the

France of two hundred years ago lives unspoiled, to the eye at least, by the wasting flood of years. The approach to the sculptured doorway of the château strikes the note of the place—charming seclusion, refined domesticity, the elegance of a society untouched by commercialism; often corrupt but rarely vulgar. The château lacks majesty, but it has great dignity, the atmosphere of ancient association. It is encircled, like Chenonceaux, by a moat; round towers rise at either end and throw their shadows in the tideless waters of the Indre; there is a touch of the age of armor and tournaments as one makes his approach. But this impression is dissipated the moment one sets foot in the old hall or passes to the front. Here all is lightness, grace, hospitality. There is a narrow terrace, a broad pond in which the château must often sleep on summer afternoons, and about the whole a park, well but not too wisely cared for; with those occasional statues which emphasize the ripeness and quiet of old French and Italian gardens.

The château is best seen from the more modern front, where its many windows look down into the motionless waters of the pond as in a mirror, and the greenness of the park environs it. Here one feels its charm most deeply. Between the massive towers and lonely dungeons of Loches and the carved chimneys and delicate traceries on the walls of Azay-le-Rideau lies the great transition from feudalism to the Renaissance; from organized individualism, mailed and entrenched, to that graceful and free life of men and women in society which registers the highest civilization of the French and was their chief contribution to the wealth of the race. Of this château the Abbé Chevalier wrote that it was "perhaps the purest expression of the *belle Renaissance française*." Beyond the richly carved portico there is a beautiful staircase which ascends, under a vaulted roof covered with delicate traceries of heraldic design, with many other symbols and signs conventionalized to give harmonious and rich effect to the most striking feature of the château. There are some fine rooms to be seen, and the interior, although rich



THE CHÂTEAU OF AZAY-LE-RIDEAU

neither in art nor in furnishings, does not lack elegance or interest. But one lingers longest in the park, and invites, by the open imagination, the return of the stately life which once centered there.

Of the Château d'Amboise it is not easy to speak briefly or with due restraint. Many things combine to give the château an almost inexhaustible interest: dignity and beauty of architecture; tragic or brilliant history; enchanting loveliness of situation; a terrace where the splendid day is softened into the most genial and tranquil summer warmth; and a fullness and richness of detail that stimulates the imagination at every turn. The approach could hardly be more effective as a picture: the fine bridge, the broad Loire, the straggling white-walled houses of the town stretched along the left bank of the river, the great ledge of rock rising abruptly behind the town, crowned with the dark

battlements of the castle. Seen from the town it glooms portentous against the sky; approached by the winding road out of the very heart of the village it is gracious, hospitable, open to the sun and with charming outlooks on the fertile countryside. The road passes through a dark arched way, climbs to the upper entrance near the great round tower with its inclined driveway of stone up which Charles V. was driven when he visited the brilliant Francis I., and opens upon a small but beautiful court. There, poised on the edge of the cliff, is the exquisite miniature chapel of Saint Herbert, with its sculptured record of the hunt of that man of prayer—a delicate bit of cameo work among the churches of the world; so richly wrought by the chisel, so tenderly and subtly carven, that one recalls and understands the phrase by which the Florentines described their great sculptors, "masters



THE CHÂTEAU OF CHENONCEAUX
(Eastern View)

of live stone." The château, with its long lines of windows, its great towers, its lofty bastions and galleries which overhang immense depths, is very impressive, but the visitor longs to be out-of-doors; for among the great houses of Touraine none commands such wide horizons or opens to the eye such noble sunlit vistas. The terrace, shaded by rows of densely interwoven *tilleuls*, is a place to dream in. The Loire flows through the heart of the smiling landscape and gives it a light borrowed from the skies; far off, delicate and clear of outline against the soft, pale sky, rise the towers of the Cathedral of Tours.

The castle is crowded with history. The great tower at the northern end, with an inclined plane of the same construction as that within the tower at the entrance, is a mute reminder of the days when kings wore uncertain crowns and found other than ornamental uses for massive battlements. Here, in the sixteenth century, the court found safety and diversion; here Mary Stuart spent part of her brief married life with Francis the Second; here she shrank from the sinister entertainment of Huguenots hanging in a ghastly row from the great balustrade along the face of the north tower. Today, in the sunlight, with the heart of the smiling country open as far as the eye can reach, these sad old stories seem incredible. The world is less picturesque, the feeling for art less sensitive and passionate, than in those older days; but how much kindness has taken from cruelty, and how much gentler human life has become!

And as one looks down on the broad, quiet river, he recalls that other and greater château which rises, towards Paris, out of the center of the ancient city of Blois. Of all the castles, this has the deepest historical and architectural interest. Here the story of the monarchy is most intimately recorded, and here the brilliant French Renaissance reached its culmination. Looking up from the little park, one sees the splendid wing built by Francis I.—one of the few splendid figures in the line of ignoble and ineffective kings—rising out of a mass of foliage, and feels that he is in the presence of a creative imagination

dealing freely and with perfect skill with great masses of masonry; and there comes to one that sense of elation, that deep joy of the spirit, which perfection always evokes and liberates. Francis, Louis XII., and the eminently uninspired Gaston d'Orléans wrought together on this great house, and the incongruities are many; but the total effect is wonderfully gracious and beautiful. Within the court the eye and the imagination are at once filled with the exquisite beauty of the façade on which, under the direction of Francis, the genius of the French Renaissance flowered unfettered by tradition or convention. The rich and delicate sculpture, the balconies wrought with such magical cunning, the pillars and columns so strong and yet so massed and grouped and sunk in the noble plan that all their strength is changed to lightness and grace, the incomparable open stairway climbing like a vine from the court to the roof, the upper windows chiseled with so lavish and sure a hand, the heraldic salamander of the royal builder everywhere, the gargoyles, the statues: what lightness, delicacy, grace they gather and diffuse over the surface of stubborn stone! The interior, with its noble rooms of state, its galleries, its splendid ceilings and fireplaces, shows the uncertain hand of the restorer; but nothing can efface or change the invisible record written in the rooms in which Guise was struck down and Catherine de' Medici watched the awful shadows gather round her death-bed.

In the great houses in Touraine one seems to be re-reading two centuries of French history, with its intricate network of conspiracy and intrigue, its royal splendor and its courtly vice. In the ruins of Loches the story reaches the remote background of feudalism, and gathers volume and softness as it passes on to Blois, to Amboise, to Chenonceaux, and to Azay-le-Rideau. But the impression which survives is not of weak and profligate kings, but of a smiling, sunny land, and of the stately homes of an order of society which has vanished and left behind beautiful memorials in stone of its dignity, its charm, its love of art, and its sense of joy in beauty.



FROM THE REPLICA BY TIFFANY & CO.

THE PURITAN
Statue by Augustus St. Gaudens.



THE OLD HARLOW HOUSE AT PLYMOUTH

The Puritan and the Cavalier

By Henry Hoyt Moore

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

THREE hundred years ago Englishmen were beginning to spy out the land which was to be the future home of both Puritans and Cavaliers in the New World. In 1603 Martin Pring, in his little craft of sixty tons, the *Speedwell*, sailed into Plymouth Harbor, the forerunner of the Pilgrims; and the year before, Captain Gosnold had discovered and named Cape Cod. Within a few years this same Captain Gosnold was to navigate the "ship" *Good-speed*, of forty tons burden, as one of the three vessels that were to establish the colony at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. Virginia was a pretty inclusive term in those days, and a settler almost anywhere from South Carolina to the middle of Maine could have given himself the proud title of "a Virginian, sir." It was the irrepressible John Smith who, in one of those off days when he was neither having hair-breadth 'scapes nor writing about them,

explored the Virginian coast from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod and called it "New England." We are going to have these incidents recalled to us with frequency and iteration in the next few years, for the era of tri-centennial anniversaries is upon us. Jamestown, the forgotten and ruinous, is preparing, or having prepared for her, a resurrection in the shape of a commemorative Exposition; and Plymouth will, when her turn comes, undoubtedly do something as big or bigger to show her regard for the forefathers and her satisfaction with them for having discovered and appreciated her.

It is easy to make parallels between the first two permanent English colonies in America. Both the Jamestown and the Plymouth expeditions started with almost the same number of prospective settlers—about one hundred in each case; both intended to settle in the southern part of "Virginia," the Pil-



"BILLINGTON SEA," NEAR PLYMOUTH

This beautiful lake is now included in Morton Park, belonging to the town of Plymouth.

grims planning to found their colony on the Delaware River rather than in "New England," and only weather and Providence preventing; both lost a large number of their original company by death within the first year; both had a "starving time" for a while; and both had men of sterling quality for leaders, though they had to contend with dissatisfaction among their followers. But points of dissimilarity also readily suggest themselves. The Jamestown colonists were more than half of them "gentlemen," either infected with the spirit of an age of adventure, or seeking to improve their fortunes in a land of gold,

which, alas! when one of their captains returned to England with a shipload of it, proved to be only common mother earth. Nevertheless, they succeeded in a few years in turning that despised dirt into gold through the cultivation of tobacco; whereas the northern colonists landed on comparatively sterile shores, which from that time to this have yielded a living only through the application of the "New England virtues" of thrift, shrewdness, foresight, and hard work. The Mayflower company were poor people coming to a poor land; they were rich only in the sturdy qualities which caused them to emigrate. John Smith

had thought "no motive other than riches would ever erect there a common-wealth or draw company from their ease and humours at home, to stay in New England." He forgot that religion can make martyrs more easily than can gold, and he did not happen to be acquainted with one William Brewster, who in a few years was to write of the little colony on that bleak coast, "It is not with us as with men whom small things discourage, or small things and contentments cause to wish themselves at home again."

Both colonies had their difficulties and setbacks, their heroes and martyrs, their times of trial and of triumph; but it is probably not unfair to say that the southern colony had by far the more favorable environment, such as was indeed sought by the Plymouth pioneers. Yet it was abandoned, while Plymouth has had a steady growth from the beginning.

A Northerner who visits Plymouth and finds it the center of flourishing industries and the home of a prosperous and growing population, and then finds Jamestown a "deserted village" with a total population of fifteen inhabitants, including the caretakers of the ruins, might hastily ascribe the outcome solely to a difference in the characters of the original settlers. But this would not be fair. Though the Jamestown colonists may have been in part "gentlemen," and indisposed to manual labor, they soon threw off their coats and went to work to make the wilderness blossom, and with such a will that they made Jamestown for a hundred years the center of a most thriving colony. The Southern man has always proved himself capable of great outputs of energy when necessary, though the climate perhaps makes him willing to rest pretty frequently. Jamestown's abandonment was due to factitious circumstances which do not reflect on the character of her inhabitants. Plymouth's prosperity might have suffered equally had she been similarly situated. This may be

said while admitting, of course, the differences in the character of the two groups of settlers, which had their effect in the history of the colonies.

One of the things that probably differentiated the Puritan colony from that of the Cavaliers—and it is hardly necessary to say that I use both terms somewhat loosely and for the purpose of making a distinction—was in the religious seriousness of the former. The Pilgrims had suffered for their convictions; they had the willingness to make the best of hard conditions which misfortune and persecution confer on sterling characters; and though perhaps, as has been said, they did not come to the New World to establish religious liberty, they certainly came to get that liberty for themselves if not for others. A company of "gentlemen," on the other hand, is usually characterized by conformity if not conventionality and indifference in religious



THE OLD PLYMOUTH SEA CAPTAIN

matters. So it is in Plymouth that one to-day looks for and sees abundant evidence of the religious ferment of the past, at any rate, in the multiplicity of churches and in the strong denominational spirit. Besides the two "only original" Churches of the Pilgrims, there are those of a dozen sects, including, I was told, a Mormon mission! There seems nothing specially Puritanical, however, either in architecture without or service within, about the somewhat garish-looking and painfully new structure which a stranger, after reading rival inscriptions, concludes is the really-truly Puritan church. There is a popular idea that the Puritans favored extreme simplicity in worship, and objected to such things as responsive readings, choir-singing, musical instruments in the house of the Lord, stained-glass decorations, etc., etc. The introduction of these



THE GREAT HALL AT CARTER'S GROVE
27 feet wide and 40 feet long.

things into the Church of the Pilgrims might surprise and distress an old-time Puritan, but they prove how far has been the drift from early days, and how inevitably the old order changes and churches become unconsciously transformed in outward things at least.

So, sometimes, does the spirit of a community change with changing conditions. During my stay in Plymouth I met a delightful elderly lady of the old school, and she bemoaned the growing indifference to the spirit of old Plymouth on the part of the new generation. This was

not only in thought but in manners. "When I was a child," she said, "everybody went to lectures and to public meetings. We children used to hear the great orators when they spoke on the village green, in outdoor meetings, and we were taught to be courteous to strangers, and to give our seats to them and to our elders if they were needed. Every child knew about 'our ship,' the Mayflower, and was proud of belonging to old Plymouth; and we young people tried to live up to the faith and the spirit of the Fathers. But the things that inspired us in those days seem to be only memories now." An eventful life and many misfortunes had not changed the high faith and optimistic spirit of the sweet-voiced old Puritan lady, and I am inclined to think that the change she spoke of was not altogether in her, but corresponded to an outward reality. For one thing, Plymouth is no longer, as within the memory of living persons it formerly was, a homogeneous community of descendants of the Pilgrims. A century ago a foreigner must have been a great curiosity in Plymouth streets; now nearly half of its population of nine or ten thousand are foreigners or of foreign parentage. Walking along one of its residence streets on Sunday, I asked a question as to direction of a respectably dressed citizen whom I saw approaching. "Excoose mi, I no spik Inglese," was the apologetic answer I received.



THE DINING-ROOM AT CARTER'S GROVE
The black walnut wainscoting has been on the walls for nearly two centuries.



THE APPROACH TO CARTER'S GROVE

This fine old house was built in the year 1730, by Lewis Burwell, who married the daughter of "King" Carter, one of the great landholders of Colonial Virginia.

The foreign element is everywhere in evidence, on the streets and in the factories, and it is indifferent to the glories of old Plymouth. The influences which have made New York and Boston cosmopolitan rather than distinctively American cities are also changing the character of the first American home of the Pilgrims. If the "spirit of the fathers" is to remain the animating principle of the community, it must be conserved in the newer population. No doubt it is still the latent guiding principle of the community as a whole, and can be depended on to exhibit something of its

original quality whenever great occasions call for its manifestation.

Prosperity is having its influence, too, both on the spirit of Plymouth's people and in their attitude toward life. A community which in the early days found the effort to maintain existence so arduous that it could not establish a common school for its children until many years after the landing at Plymouth Rock has at last become well-to-do if not rich. The largest cordage works in the country are at Plymouth; the town brook is lined with busy factories; hosts of summer visitors bring



FROM THE OLD BRIDGE AT JAMESTOWN

Jamestown was originally founded on a peninsula. The river long ago converted the peninsula into an island, which is connected with the mainland by a wooden bridge.



MOONLIGHT ON THE JAMES

A considerable portion of Jamestown's shore-line has been swept away by the river, which is here a noble stream over two miles wide. The cypress-tree seen in the river was on the edge of the island in the year 1834.



BRUTON CHURCH IN OLD WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Five Presidents of the United States have worshiped in this church (built in 1678).

prosperity to the stores and hotels, and everywhere are to be seen comfortable and even elegant homes, the material results of generations of thrift. The old strenuous days are past, the people are beginning to take life more easily, luxury is becoming a virtue where it used to be a sin; social clubs and memorial libraries show that the habit of hoarding, of skimping and saving, which used to be regarded as a characteristic trait of the typical New Englander, has given place to a more liberal idea of the uses of money. The rugged-featured, severe, solemn face, the traditional Puritan physiognomy, is still to be traced on Plymouth streets, but the type is passing and the features are filling out and becoming placid and content as the struggle for existence grows less onerous. The bright-faced, high-bred children are not patterning after the physiognomy of the traditional Puritan, and one finds that they are now permitted really to enjoy life even on Sunday! One does not, indeed, meet the

idealized Priscilla during his rambles about the old town, but then probably she was only an artist's dream, and, anyway, she was an English girl. Neither does a promenade on the main street cause one to recall as appropriate here Thoreau's remark about the women of Cape Cod, "A strict regard for truth obliges us to say that the few women whom we saw that day looked exceedingly pinched up." Pretty faces are not too common anywhere in this plain world, and, with the present tendency continuing, fifty years hence will see as many of them here, probably, as—in the reader's own town, for instance.

Speaking of Priscilla, there is the Rock where she first set her dainty foot. High and dry it is now, but it may have been a convenient landing-place three hundred odd years ago, even though the early records make no mention of landing on a rock, and we are dependent on tradition for the fame of Plymouth Rock. The Rock, after various vicissitudes of travel—for it has been moved

about from place to place in the town, though it has not yet been transported by freight-car through the country, like Philadelphia's Liberty Bell—has been put back in its original position, and, with a huge granite "canopy" above it, is now the Kaaba stone daily of hundreds of latter-day pilgrims, though instead of kissing this holy stone our pilgrims touch it with their feet, in the popular pastime of walking over it. "So that's Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrims first landed in the New World," is the usual comment; and though this popular misapprehension takes no account of the earlier landing at Cape Cod, nor of the exploring party which landed at Plymouth some days earlier than the traditional "landing of the Pilgrims," the Rock and the story about it give us all something for the patriotic imagination to focus upon, and that is a great convenience. Long may the Rock endure! And if it is carefully guarded it may last a good while, in spite of the placard on a neighboring curio shop, "A small piece of the original Plymouth Rock will be given with each souvenir spoon purchased"!

The Rock is undoubtedly the oldest thing in Plymouth. New England thrift has kept rebuilding the old colonial houses until there are few of the ancient landmarks left. "This house contains some of the original timbers, but it has been rebuilt and remodeled," is the discouraging reply one gets to questions about the old houses. The old Doten house, the oldest in Plymouth, was pulled down a few years ago. It was falling to pieces, and it would not "pay" to keep it standing, I was told. That is the practical New England point of view. It certainly keeps things looking spick and span about New England villages, but it causes disappointment to the seeker for the picturesque. So with the interiors of most of the houses. "Where is all your fine old furniture?" a visitor whom I met told me she asked of a Plymouth friend. "Oh, it's all up garret at last; don't you think my new furnishings are lovely?" was the reply. So passes the glory of this world.

Whether it is due to climatic influences, or to a disposition to "take things



IN THE OLD COURT-HOUSE AT WILLIAMSBURG

easy" inherited from their Cavalier ancestors, there is much less of this determination to "keep up the place," to refurbish and rebuild, down in Virginia. There are plenty of old places in the neighborhood of Jamestown that have not suffered from the blight of "change that maketh all things new." Jamestown itself contains some very respectable "ruins," in which America is supposed to be fatally deficient. And in its neighborhood there are fine old places which were built to last longer than most of the Plymouth houses. Take such a place as the old Carter's Grove house, for instance. Its solid brick walls, four feet thick, are as firm as the day when they were finished; its massive foundations might be those of a fortress; its vast hall is larger than the ground plan of an ordinary city house; and its marble fireplaces and black-walnut wainscoting have, thanks to the good sense of its various owners, remained as designed by the original builders.

These fine old houses on the James were built by rich men, in a rich country, when tobacco was king; they were country seats, in which, surrounded by their black retainers, lived the feudal lords of colonial America, wielders of political power, molders of opinion, dispensers of a lavish hospitality in their



UNCLE TOM

A survivor of the old régime. Born in Williamsburg 83 years ago.

great houses. One feels, in visiting these places in old Virginia, that the day of their Cavalier owners is even more irrevocably past than that of the Puritans. The host of retainers have gone, freed by a great war; the political and social power has passed to other hands, in other sections; economic conditions have been revolutionized; only the spirit of hospitality remains. The land and the houses are here, but the soil is in some places exhausted, and there is a dearth of workers to carry on the former activities. The negro population is leaving both field and house service for the excitements and the easier work of the cities; the sons and daughters of their old-time masters are following their example; the Cavalier of ante-bellum times,

if he still survives, seems out of place in his old home. Though he may cheerfully recognize the necessity of the new order of things, he lives in the past; and in the very tones in which he addresses his few negro laborers one can see the impatience with which the sometime "master" views his new position as "employer," and an employer who must be tactful or lose even the few laborers that he has. His sons, indeed, are becoming the makers of the New South, but they do not stay on the old place; they become business and

professional men who live in the cities, and they will not for a moment think of returning to live on the home plantation when the old Cavalier shall finally pass away. His daughters, instead of marrying neighboring plantation-lords, as in the old times, go into the larger world of the cities or the North to win fame for their brains or their beauty. The pathos of a vanished greatness is over the home of the old Cavalier, and one feels toward him something of the regretful pity that one experiences in reading of Napoleon at St. Helena.

While the Puritan of the newer generation is just beginning to learn how to take things easily in his old home, the twentieth-century Cavalier is taking his first lessons in the strenuous life. The young men are building up the cities of the South, and the bustle and business of Norfolk and Richmond are quite in contrast with the easy-going habits of the old days. A city contractor whom I met told me of apartment-houses that he was building in Richmond—something until recently unheard of there—and of the equally strange phenomena of labor unions and strikes, showing how thoroughly modern the place is becoming! With the steady trend of population to the cities, the growth of a new type of Southern gentleman may be looked for; less courtly, perhaps, but

more methodical in his habits; less hospitable, possibly, in his city domicile, but more tolerant of dissenting opinion with a wider acquaintance; less dominant, but more capable of steady application to affairs; not so fond of politics, but equally absorbed in the game of business; less visionary and more practical, accepting the world as it is and planning for what it is to be, rather than dreaming of the past.

One of the places in which even the Northerner, however, finds it easy to dream of the past in Virginia, is the old town of Williamsburg, a few miles from Jamestown, and its successor as the capital of Virginia. Not that the description of it quoted in Ellen Glasgow's novel, "The Voice of the People," that it "dozes in the present to dream of the past and dread the future," is any longer exactly true. Within the last few years a railroad has come to this old capital city or rather village, a factory also, new houses have been built, and business and population have increased. It is the tourist who has reason to dread the future, for progress always mars the picturesque side of an old town. But though there are evidences of change in Williamsburg, they are comparatively slight. A restful feeling comes over one as he gazes from the piazza of the inn at the cows peacefully pasturing on



THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE
Built with money from the private exchequer of Louis XVI. of France.

the village common close by the steps of the old court-house. He remembers that Patrick Henry uttered his famous "Treason" speech in this old town, and that here Chief Justice Marshall matured his wisdom. Up the street stands the church in which five Presidents have worshiped, and in the old graveyard one may find evidence that some at least of the Virginians can lay good claim to Cavalier ancestors, notwithstanding the "mixed cargoes" of some of the emigrant ships. And as one opens the broken iron gate—long may that gate remain unrepaired!—of old William and Mary College, he seems linked with the past of both the New and Old Worlds. For before him is a noble old residence erected by a French King, or with money sent by him for the purpose. Here, one remembers, or more probably learns, the French troops were quartered during the Revolutionary War, and carelessly burned down the college president's house one fine night when they were unusually merry; and Louis XVI. generously accepted the responsibility for their acts and had the house rebuilt. In the quiet old library of the college one sees the portraits of the Cavaliers and their ladies, and hears a son of one of America's Virginian Presidents tell of

the brave days of old. Is it not a place in which to dream of the Cavaliers and their romances? And as, in the delightful September air, one drives over the road to the "deserted village" of Jamestown, seven miles away, through pleasant pine woods and past primitive shanties, over an occasional stretch of corduroy, past a reminder of the war in the shape of overgrown earthworks, or the suggestion of an older time in an abandoned "King's mill," he wonders what is to be the fate of this goodly land, the Cavaliers' heritage. Are rich Northerners coming down to possess the land and renovate these fine old estates, as they have done in some cases? Or are the sons of the Cavaliers, when they have built up a new South, a manufacturing and commercial South, in the cities, and have repaired their fortunes, to return again to the homes of their fathers, when country life shall again become fashionable here as in old England? Or is the "silent bush-boy" by my side, the yellow American, my driver through these pleasant places, to become resourceful and ambitious and to come into possession of this Canaan that is being abandoned for wider careers by the scions of his fathers' masters? There have been ironies of history as strange.



ON THE WAY TO COURT

Mr. Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival

By Horatio S. Krans

MR. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, dramatist, and critic, is now visiting this country. Mr. Yeats's poems, plays, and essays, known to lovers of poetry and good literature all over the English-speaking world, have prepared the way before him, and he is receiving a hearty welcome here. Mr. Yeats is the representative man of the Irish literary revival. Most of us in America know in a general way of the intellectual awakening in Ireland and of the work in drama, poetry, and fiction of a group of Irishmen who have been opening up the life of Ireland, past and present, to the sympathy of the world, and throwing a new light upon Irish human nature. But perhaps few of us are aware how close this literary movement is to the heart of Ireland and how great an influence it is having upon Irish life.

Nothing ever begins, it is said, and this literary revival, or Celtic renaissance as it is sometimes called, has its ancestry. It is, in its poetry, in the line of descent from Callanan and Walsh, and the "Nation" writers, especially Mangan and Ferguson; in fiction it is not unrelated to the Banims, Griffin, Carleton, Miss Edgeworth, Lover, and Lever. Between the time of the "Nation" writers and the fall of Parnell the old literary activity was on the wane. Ireland seemed to have lost all taste for literature and art. After the break-up of Parnell's political ship the stream of national energy, which had poured entirely into the stormy sea of politics, took, in part, another channel. At this moment Ireland seems to have awakened to a realization that, while for years people had been in hot pursuit of political and agrarian reforms and material ends in general, they had forgotten to cherish and cultivate the finer elements of the national spirit.

Filled with this idea, a group of young literary men sprang up in Ireland, resolved to hold fast to the noblest elements of Irish life and character, and to

present them to the world in a worthy literary form.

The first achievement of the literary revival was to bring into poetry written in English an unexhausted mythology, tales from the great cycles of Irish romance, and a wealth of legends and folk-lore. Writers in full sympathy with the Celtic spirit gave themselves to the modernizing of the Irish heroic romances, artfully interweaving the old legends with more universal hopes and traditions. Among those who have done this with success are Dr. Todhunter, Mr. Larminie, and Miss Nora Hopper.

One band of writers devoted themselves to translating from the Irish, and of these Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Hyde, and Lady Gregory must be mentioned. Dr. Sigerson, distinguished as a physician, a scientist, and a historian, has as perhaps his highest distinction the service he has rendered to the literature of the Gael. His book, "Bards of the Gael and Gaul," is an important contribution to the Celtic revival, and indispensable to those who have no Gaelic and are curious to form some idea of Irish versification. It is a book of translations, containing representative examples from over a thousand years of Irish poetry. No contemporary name is better known to the Irish people than that of Dr. Douglas Hyde—An Craoibhin, to give him his Gaelic designation—and none has become more endeared to them than his. Dr. Hyde is, of course, primarily to be identified with the language movement, but he has a place here too. He is the President of the Gaelic League, the organization for the preservation of the Irish language, which now counts its membership by thousands upon thousands, and is having a strong tonic effect upon the life of the whole nation. Notable among his translations are the lyrics in "The Love Songs of Connaught," poems so full of freshness and power, of grace and fire, and of so good a literary quality in general that the lover of poetry will begrudge so fine a

talent to propaganda and mere scholarship. Since the appearance of her "Cuchulain of Muirtemne" all will delight to accord to Lady Gregory a foremost place, to which her book is the title, among those who have helped readers of English to enjoy a share of Ireland's contribution to the literature of the world. The "Cuchulain" is a version of the Red Branch cycle—the great cycle of Irish romance. It aims to do for the mediæval Irish stories what Malory did for the Arthurian tales.

A religious poetry, as Irish in tone as the remakings of Celtic romance and the translations from Gaelic originals, is a phase of the literary revival. This poetry is chiefly Catholic, finding subjects and inspiration ready to its hand in the legendary world of saints and miracles, and in all the stories and passions that have grown up around the antiquity of the Church. The late Lionel Johnson, Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson), and Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter) are among these Catholic poets.

Akin to this religious poetry is the poetry of mysticism, a very important element in the Celtic revival. Some of the most finished work of the Irish poets has mysticism alone for its subject. Of the mystics Mr. William Russell, better known perhaps by his *nom de plume*, "A. E.," is the chief. His work is of rare delicacy and beauty. Underlying it is the thought of Eastern philosophy, with its doctrine that man's highest destiny is to merge the individual self in the larger consciousness of the universe. Mr. Russell is an artist also, and a mystic in his art as in his poetry.

None of the poets of the revival are so sure of an appreciative and wide audience as those who make the humor and pathos in the lives of the poor their subject. All feel the distinctiveness of this Irish poetry, and get from it a special kind of delight to be found nowhere else in literature. This poetry stands apart in the peasant poetry of the nations by its delicacy of sentiment, its freedom from grossness, and its combination of a vital spirituality and strong instinctive morality with pure natural passion and a wholesome sensuousness. It is produced to day by writers of high merit

and general culture. Among those who have done good work of this sort, each in a different way, are Mr. A. P. Graves, Miss Moira O'Neil, Mr. Fahy, and Mr. P. J. McCall.

The Irish novelists are for the most part well known in this country. To this rule, however, Mr. Standish O'Grady is, for reasons not altogether apparent, an exception. He has been a potent factor in the revival, and in this connection Mr. Yeats has somewhere referred to him as "the father of us all." His accounts of legendary Ireland, breathing the bardic afflatus of the hero age, his spirited historical romances, and his histories interesting as romances in their stream of narrative that sweeps through a past full of stirring and picturesque scenes, have had an influence not likely to be overestimated in arousing that widespread and enthusiastic interest in Irish history and tradition which is one great source of inspiration to the young writers. In strongest contrast to the novels of O'Grady are the stories of Miss Barlow, who works in miniature, on contemporary subjects, and with a most delicate touch. It is her peculiar talent to present the peasant nature for the most part as it reveals itself in the trivial incidents of the daily round of domestic life. Her writings are faithful transcripts of the aspects of nature in Connemara, and those who know the country people well accept her work as a true literary expression of their ways of thinking, feeling, and acting. Miss Lawless's "With Essex in Ireland," "Grania," and "Maelcho" should not escape the consideration of any one who would know what is good in recent Irish fiction. And Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) should not be forgotten. She is one of the Catholic novelists. Though lacking the power of the Catholic novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century, she has many qualities they want, and the charm and distinction of her personality is in all her work. Miss Somerville and Miss Ross, the two clever ladies who are best known here by their humorous stories depicting Irish life somewhat in the spirit of Lever, in the spirit of the landowners and professional men who are not especially inter-



COURTESY OF FREDERICK KEPPEL

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

ested in the history or traditions of the country in which they reside—or do not reside—have written, in “The Real Charlotte,” a grim and careful study of provincial life, which has genuine tragedy, humor, and photographic accuracy of observation. There is pleasure to be had from the short stories of the North by Mr. MacManus; and Mr. Shan Bullock’s more carefully studied novels of the same part of the country go deeper and will well repay time spent in their perusal. In the stories of Mr. George Moore and of Father Sheehan may be found pictures taken from opposite points of view of the working effects of Catholicism in Ireland. The reader can hang the pictures side by side and decide as he may as to the lights and shadows. Mr. Moore is the finer artist, and his volume of stories, “The Untilled Field,” is, at least from the artistic standpoint, among the most notable productions of the fiction of the revival.

Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, Miss Templeton, Frank Matthews (notably for his “The Wood of the Brambles”), Buckley (for his “Croppies Lie Down”), and a few other novelists call for a consideration which it is impossible to give them here.

Mr. Yeats is, as has been said, the representative man of the literary revival; he gathers into his work more of its elements and presents them with a finer art than any other. One part of his work finds subjects and inspiration in the heroic literature of Ireland. “The Wanderings of Usheen,” a narrative poem abounding in lyrical passages and enlivened by dramatic dialogue, is a good example of the kind. It tells how Usheen (Ossian), the son of the hero, Finn, under the spell of the beautiful Niam’s love, spent three hundred years in the land of the ever-young, the Celtic Elysium, returning to find a Christian Ireland raised upon the ruins of the glorious paganism he had known, and to feel the weight of his years fall upon him. Usheen is in part the impression left upon the poet’s imagination by the old legend. But it is not on this score that the poem holds its readers; it is because the poet has found a way to weave upon the antique frame of legend a tapestry of rich and beautiful texture

whose pictured story tells of his own longing for a life of the spirit, free from the hard tyranny of time and change and death, and from the chains of custom and convention. It is, in short, an expression of the immemorial revolt of the Celt against the tyranny of fact.

Mr. Yeats is, too, a part of the literary revival in so far as it is an expression of the wave of mysticism that has touched England and visited France and other countries. This mysticism finds a place in much of his prose and poetry. Underlying the mystic work is the phase of thought which holds that spiritual truth and wisdom are not attainable by the processes of thought and reason, nor by scholastic and definitive methods, but in a transcendental fashion, by inspiration, intuition, or some sort of spiritual illumination; that truth is to be arrived at by an extreme development of meditative and intuitive methods, and, by freeing the soul from a troubled restlessness, to smooth it into a quiet water, ready to reflect whatever the heavens will reveal.

To turn from the part of Mr. Yeats’s work that strikes its roots into Celtic literature and mythology, and from the remote and difficult mystic poetry to the short ballads and lyrics that tell of the doings of priests and peasants, of sorrowful old women, and of old men with their praises of past time and their laments over the present, is to realize that Mr. Yeats has variety and a wide range. These lyrics and ballads, with their command of simple objective motion, will, more readily than the rest of his work, make a popular appeal. Concerned largely with the lives of the poor, they offer many of the pleasant delights of poetry, and embody Celtic qualities, and those of the best.

The impression of Mr. Yeats’s versatility is strengthened in passing on to the prose work and to the plays. “John Sherman,” a story of contemporary life, has had, I think, less attention than it deserves. The author’s fixed and characteristic standpoint lends interest and charm to all that occurs in the book. A fringe of thought, sentiment, and culture sets off its unpretentious simplicity and gives it an air of distinction. The sketches

that make up "The Celtic Twilight," Mr. Yeats's second prose work, are interesting for the light they throw upon the atmosphere and surroundings that were to give color and direction to his later work, and have besides a charm that comes from the breath of poetry in them, and from the light touch in the portraiture of the finer shades of peasant character. In "Ideas of Good and Evil," a volume of essays that commends itself by originality and a fine literary quality, the author speaks, in critic's fashion, of symbolism, mysticism, the Celtic spirit in literature, the philosophy of Shelley's poetry, and a number of other subjects more or less related to the theory of poetry which he has exemplified in his own work.

No phase of Mr. Yeats's literary activity has engaged more attention than that concerned with the theory and practice of the drama. Two organizations, the Irish Literary Theater and the Irish National Theater Society, in whose institution Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Mr. Martyn were the prime movers, have given a practical illustration of the ideas about the drama for which Mr. Yeats and his associates stand. These ideas grew out of a contempt for the commercial dramas of the day, in which sham sentiment, shoddy ideals, and melodramatic thrills reigned supreme. The young Irish writers wished to substitute for this drama of commerce a drama of ideas and of genuine emotions, produced in a spirit of disinterested art, and with no thought of catching the pennies of the crowd. Being good Irishmen, they wished to put into the new drama the spirit of their race, and to draw for material on the legends, the traditions, and the contemporary life of Ireland. The reformers had views also as to the production of plays and the training of actors. They held the accepted philosophy of stage effects to be all wrong. Gorgeous costumes and furnishings and the elaborate attempts at the illusion of reality smothered the play itself, they maintained; stage arrangements which ought to center attention upon the main business of the play only served to distract attention from it, and to leave the audience agape at the ingenious crea-

tions of costumers, stage carpenters, and scene-painters. † Stage effects, in the view of these reformers, should be simple, unobtrusive, and such as to mingle with the tone and sentiment of the play. Actors, too, were to be schooled, if possible, into some sort of inner relation to their rôles, to be taught to read their lines so as to please instead of paining people with an ear for verse, and to do their stage business with a propriety that should be something more than mere posturing.

The Irish Literary Theater and the Irish National Theater Society have carried out these ideas with a large measure of success. Some twenty plays have been produced in the last five or six years, and have been received with increasing favor by audiences composed of all classes. The press here and in England, as well as in Ireland, has applauded. Among those plays, which have ranged in subject all the way from poetic handlings of Irish mythology to contemporary satire on the town corporation, Mr. Yeats's "The Countess Cathleen" and Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heather Field" may be especially mentioned.

The work of the Irish literary revival stands entirely apart from the English work of the day. It has found a manner and a melody of its own, and has attained the fine and careful delicacy of art. Already much has been accomplished by this school of young writers. Work of a high order has been done in representing, in original poems, but through the machinery of Celtic romance, the spiritual elements of the modern world from an Irish standpoint. The band of translators has made ready the myths and sagas of Ireland to the hand of future poets. The mysticism that breathes through much of the best poetry of the revival is a part of the tide of feeling that seems now to be setting in strong against externality in life, and to be making for a more spiritual standard in estimating its relative values. Finally, the young Irish drama has formulated a set of ideas that may well prevail, for they are everywhere in the air now, and are finding favor with the cultivated classes, whose influence often turns the scales of the future.

Simon de Vos

By Alice Brown Morrison

THE incarnation of vagrant grace and of immortal laughter, he watches the passing show from his tarnished gold frame in the Antwerp gallery.

No painter has ever better preserved for us the piquant charm of his personality than has Simon de Vos in this portrait of himself, which reveals to us with such utter ingenuousness the man as he was, that it would indeed be a carping critic who could quarrel with him for what he was not.

I know of no other portrait which so instantly and spontaneously brings an answering smile to the lips of those who see it, or recalls so vividly to memory that rare encomium of Dr. Johnson's, "He is such an enchanting dog." Did he paint himself in holiday humor, or is it the every-day face of a man to whose buoyant fancy the Kingdom of Cockayne was ever near which calls out its gay challenge to whatever there is of latent good comradeship in us? If his very unguardedness is not a subtle form of disguise, then surely existence was to him a brilliant adventure with an inevitable end which must be met gallantly.

If one has a thirst for solid information concerning Simon de Vos, he finds himself balked in every direction on account of the obscurity which has so long reigned over the lives of Flemish artists. He was born in Antwerp, October 28, 1603, the son of Herman de Vos and Elizabeth van Opper, and that in 1615 he entered the studio of the celebrated Corneille de Vos (to whom he was not related, as has been claimed). His talent was recognized, for at the age of seventeen he was received as master of St. Luke's Guild, a remarkable distinction for so young a man. In 1628 he married Catherine van Utrecht, the sister of the still famous animal painter, and probably lived in Antwerp until the time of his death, October 15, 1676. A few biographers insist that he was a pupil of Rubens, which the bulk of evidence seems to

disprove, though Rubens must have valued his work, for among his most cherished possessions was De Vos's picture of the Prodigal Son. Van Dyck, too, gave him more than a passing regard, and painted a picture of his friend Simon, which bears the rather curious inscription: "Simon de Vos, in humanibus figuris majoribus et minoribus Antwerp."

De Vos painted, as did the other artists of his time, pictures for churches, for convents, and for guild halls. His facile brush was equally ready at depicting a Last Supper or a riotous banqueting scene. Saints and sinners on a large and small scale, he portrayed them all with cheerful impartiality.

Many of his reputed works are to be seen in the churches and convents of Antwerp and Malines and some of the smaller towns, while in the Berlin and Vienna galleries he is represented by an occasional picture, but undoubtedly many of the religious compositions and hunting scenes attributed to him are the works of Corneille de Vos, and of the animal painter, Paul de Vos.

Some one has said of Simon de Vos that he was "lovable and talented," and this very loveliness may have included a too happy faculty for taking life as he found it—for drifting pleasantly along with the more mediocre artists who had not the courage to find new paths for themselves, or to violate the traditions of the great painters whose fame so closely encompassed them.

The true worth of Simon de Vos as an artist would be a matter of conjecture, were it not for his one superb portrait of himself which represents the sum total of his creative power. One has only to look at it to realize the supremacy of art which might have been his, had he cast aside the conventionality of his training and devoted himself to the painting of the men and women around him who were precipitating the history of the Netherlands.

M. Charles Blanc says of this por-



SIMON DE VOS

trait, "It is quite *sui generis*, of a color, execution, and roguishness that brings to mind those same qualities found among the masters of the *belle époque*;" and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in speaking of Simon de Vos, says, "There is in Antwerp his own portrait painted by himself, in black, leaning on the back of a chair with a scroll of blue paper in his hand, so highly finished in the broad

style of Correggio that nothing can exceed it."

Simon de Vos has left a worthy claim upon our consideration in this single portrait. So alive is it, so captivating, so full of the charm that defies analysis, that, in common justice, we should step aside for a moment from the hurrying throng to burn a candle of grateful admiration before his neglected shrine.



THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

Two Women Temperance Leaders

By Elizabeth D. Shields

THE Countess of Carlisle, who has lately been chosen President of the British Women's Temperance Association, in succession to Lady Henry Somerset, belongs to a family that has for centuries played a varied but always a strenuous and prominent part in the life-drama of their day. The name of Stanley appears frequently in English history, but per-

haps no one bearing the name has been more honored than was Lady Stanley of Alderley, the daughter of Viscount Dillon and the mother of the Countess of Carlisle. Her husband, who was raised to a peerage in his own right before he succeeded to the title of Lord Stanley, held various important posts under Whig Governments, and in 1841 he became the principal Whip of his

party, or, as Lord Palmerston described it, "joint Whip with Mrs. Stanley."

Besides being a power in the political world of her day, Lady Stanley was also one of the main forces in the movement for the higher education of women, which resulted in the opening to them of universities and medical colleges, and in the establishment of Girton and other colleges for women. Almost every one of her children has taken active part in public life, and her liberal upbringing has caused them to choose their own form of religion, the Countess of Carlisle having chosen to belong to the Presbyterian Church of England.

From her Irish mother Lady Carlisle inherits a warm, impulsive nature, great strength of character and personal charm. The Liberalism of the mother has become Radicalism in the daughter; her successful struggle for equal educational advantages for men and women, a militant demand for their political equality. The history of the work of Lady Carlisle would be the history of the woman's suffrage movement in England up to the present time. She has done more than any other woman to create what is now of considerable political importance, the Woman's Liberal Federation, of which she was Presi-



LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS

dent until a year ago, when she resigned in favor of the Countess of Aberdeen.

True to her Radical principles, Lady Carlisle invites to her home people of all classes of society, and one is irresistibly reminded of Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," on seeing at her table two women, say, from a factory, in unhappy contemplation of unknown dishes and prandial implements. It is said that any one with a fad is sure of gaining an entrance to the warm heart of Lady Carlisle. But the fad must be a sincere one, for there is no one shrewder than she to detect a feigned enthusiasm or more quick to resent it.

The Earl of Carlisle, if he had not had the misfortune, as Lady Carlisle might herself express it, to be born a peer, would have made his mark as an artist. His work is above the average, and he is perhaps never so happy as when he is escorting a guest round the valuable collections in his galleries. Although he is believed to be a Unionist at heart, he has eschewed politics, and it must be a good many years since a famous occasion on which he spoke at a political meeting in the North of England. He had just fulfilled the duty allotted to him of proposing a resolution, when Lady Carlisle rose at the back of the hall and proposed an amendment which ran almost counter to it. Her eloquence, her vivid personality, and the arguments used by her so impressed the people that her amendment was carried. She and her husband, however, are in full accord in their interest in temperance.

The new President of the British Women's Temperance Association combines with social prominence and personal ability and charm the quality of being a joyous fighter. Those who work with her speak of her statesmanlike qualities, and her grasp of the detail of

the organization of which she is the head. Just at present the House of Lords is a monument to the power of the brewers and the popularity of their brew, and the wave of reaction which is evident in other departments of political life in England is nowhere more evident than in the determined effort being made to restrain magistrates from refusing to grant or renew licenses to public-houses, when they think them too numerous for the public good. It is a time of anxiety to many in England, and especially to all interested in the temperance cause. Lady Carlisle, who has been in retirement from public work for some years on the advice of her physicians, has, therefore, come forward on behalf of the one hundred thousand women whom she represents, at a time when her services are especially needed by the country.

The relative position occupied in England by the Countess of Carlisle is filled in America by Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens. The Presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a post which Frances E. Willard had held for almost a quarter of a century, passed naturally to Mrs. Stevens, who is a pioneer in the temperance movement, having founded the Maine Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1874, the year in which the teaching of Dr. Dio Lewis brought about the organization of the women of America against the use of intoxicants. Mrs. Stevens is qualified for the responsibilities of her position by wide training and experience, for she has been active in temperance work in her own State, which not unfittingly is one which does not legalize the sale of liquor, has represented it in the meetings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, and was a manager of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago.





SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND

The New British Ambassador

THE Right Hon. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the new British Ambassador to the United States, has had a distinguished career in Asia. He was early attached to the Bengal Civil Service, but later passed over to the political department, becoming in 1879 Political Secretary to Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts, with whom he served through the Afghan War. He was then made Indian Foreign Secretary, in that capacity being present at many important functions,

notably at the conference between Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, and the Amir of Afghanistan, afterwards accompanying the Viceroy to Burma during the progress of the war there. The negotiations with the Chinese on the Tibetan border in 1888 were also the occasion for calling out the resources of the Indian Secretary, who, six years later, resigned his office to become Minister to Persia, and he remained there until 1900, when he was appointed Ambassador to Spain.



FROM THE BUST BY MAX LANDSBERG

ROBERT FRANZ

Robert Franz

By Daniel Gregory Mason

THE conservative, highly fastidious, highly self-critical type of mind makes always an interesting study; and when it appears in a musician, where, since musical expression seems to require a certain genial freedom and impulsiveness, it is something of an anomaly, it is apt not only to be studied with interest, but to become the subject of the most contradictory estimates by various critical temperaments. This has been the case with Robert Franz. He was a peculiarly pure example of the fastidious mind, and his critics have ranged themselves in two hostile camps, one party almost idolizing him as the champion of true art in a period of decadence, the other contemptuously dismissing him as a pedant, a hanger-back, a conservative by limitation rather than by conviction. Those who care for him at all are apt to blink his defects; those who do not care for him, and they are many, have for him no adjectives but "academic" and "dry." To come at the truth about such a man would require a long, an exhaustive study of his life and works; but it will be a comparatively simple undertaking, and one not without human interest, to lay before the reader in summary fashion the essential traits of this curious personality, leaving him to form for himself what seems to him a just estimate of their value.

A clear impression of Franz's individuality disengages itself from Mr. W. F. Apthorp's sympathetic portrait of his friend in his essay on "Two Modern Classicists."¹ Franz was a nature of unusual fineness, fastidiousness, and delicacy; critical of himself and of others, keenly intellectual, uncompromisingly severe in his standards, and of a subtlety of perception, sensuous, intellectual, and spiritual, for which one can find a match in few musicians. He had, indeed, almost more in common with the literary or philosophic mental type than

with the artistic. When we seek for men with whom to compare him, we are apt to think of Henri Frédéric Amiel, the Genevese dreamer, whose nice self-criticism was greater than his impulse toward expression, or of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, whose delicate poetic miniatures are as consummate in beauty as they are slight in caliber. All such natures stand aloof from the crowd, and even from themselves, by virtue of an exquisiteness of taste, an inexorable fineness of feeling, that compels them to seek nothing less than perfection. They shrink from the vulgar ambitions, the facile successes, the crude, ready-made artistic methods, of their fellows. Dominated by a vision that is private and incommunicable, they cannot throw themselves with enthusiasm into the general pursuits. They are committed by temperament to reticence, detachment, solitude. Such fastidiousness must isolate a man in any calling; in the profession of music, where compromise and commercialism are the rule, it makes him stand out, like Franz, in conspicuous loneliness, whether as a mark for praise or for blame.

Such men are always comparatively unprolific. Their taste, developed out of its due proportion with their expressive impulse, embarrasses as much as it assists them. It prompts them, certainly, to produce, but it makes them dissatisfied always with their productions. It is like the morbid conscience that postpones the conduct it should direct. The actual production of Franz consists of something over two hundred short lyric songs, and of additional accompaniments to some of the great choral works left incomplete by Bach and Handel. Not to any indolence or such accidental cause was due the narrow compass of Franz's work; it was the result of conviction, carefully reasoned, conscious, deliberate. Not the least remarkable thing about Franz's peculiar temperament was the belief in which it was reflected in his mind, the sincere belief that all the pos-

¹ "Musicians and Music-Lovers," by William Foster Apthorp. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1894.

sibilities of the art of music had been successively exhausted, and that it only remained for modern musicians to express such personal feeling as might be voiced in small lyrics, and to popularize the great classical masterpieces by making them accessible and intelligible to the public.

We are fortunate in having Franz's own testimony for these strange but honest convictions. In a deeply interesting letter to Mr. Apthorp, he writes as follows :

"Every development has its beginning and its end; the development of the organism of art like the rest. Now, you have only to look at the historical progress of music to descry in it an interrupted chain of perfectionments and retrograde movements. Vocal as well as instrumental music has gone through this process; neither of them could ever rise above a culminating point that was always followed by a rapid decadence. Church music lived to have this fate during and after the period of Bach and Handel; then the opera, before and after Mozart; farther on the epic forms, which culminated in Beethoven; and, finally, we have arrived again at the beginning of all art, the lyric, which seems likewise to have exhausted its springs to the very bottom, in achieving a fusion of poetry and music which can hardly be carried to a higher pitch of intimacy."

In a later letter he gives his conviction even clearer utterance, besides explaining its foundation. "Up to Beethoven," he says, "people held fast by the idea that melody, harmony, and rhythm were the fundamental elements of music; the neo-Germanic school has radically destroyed these, and set up in their stead the absolute freedom of the personal element. Men like Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner could, to a certain extent, compensate for this by the weight of their personality; but the army of those who have followed in their footsteps, not being able to throw such a weight into the scale, have necessarily, in face of this intolerance of all barriers, ushered in universal chaos."

These are curious opinions for a musician to utter at the end of the nine-

teenth century. That they were wholly unaffected, Franz proved by his acts. He suggests in another letter the more positive aspect of his artistic creed, the complement of these negative convictions. "It may at last be high time," he says, "to take in hand the [musical] education of mankind. Trash will be thereby excluded, and what is genuine will come into its rights." It was in accordance with this belief that he devoted so much of his effort to the task of filling out, in a style congruous with theirs, the scores of the great choral works of Bach and Handel, written by them in a sort of musical shorthand, which notes only the bass and the melody. His aim was to complete these great monuments of art in a way that should be at once acceptable to modern ears, which demand fullness of harmony, and appropriate to their own inner spirit. In spite of constant misinterpretation by the pedants and the philistines of the day, who looked at the letter rather than the spirit of his undertaking, he persisted in it with a devotion, an unselfish enthusiasm, and an artistic insight that deserve only the highest praise. "And yet," one finds one's self thinking, "this work to which he devoted so much energy was but the rehabilitating of the work of other men."

The insistence with which such qualifying considerations keep presenting themselves to our minds, in the midst of our homage to Franz's dignity of ideal, reminds us once again how difficult it is to reach a satisfactory, an obviously just and well-rounded, estimate of a man whose qualities and limitations were so subtly interwoven. Was he, after all, we are compelled to ask ourselves once more, a nature too fine to be appreciated by his contemporaries, too noble for paltry ambitions and incomplete performance, too loyal to art to piece out its completed cycle with artificial products galvanized into a spurious vitality; a nature, therefore, worthy our unreserved admiration and our unqualified praise? Or was he, in the last analysis, as it needs but a slight shift in our point of view to make us conclude, a man in whom, for all his fineness, there was some fatal limitation,

some poverty of life, some paralyzing frigidity of blood, that kept him from throwing himself into the seething art of his time and building with it forms of novel beauty and expressiveness—that made him rather stand aside, perplexed, skeptical, embittered, ineffective? Was not his fastidiousness, after all, finical and petty? Did not his aversion to modern art reveal rather a defect in him than a decadence in it? Was he, in a word, an unheeded prophet or a deluded reactionary?

In this quandary we naturally turn for help away from the confusing and fallible evidence of his life, to the direct, infallible, internal evidence of his artistic work. The songs of Franz are the musical expression of his peculiar temperament. All that is vaguely indicated by his words and recorded acts is in them clearly voiced.

A collection of fifty of the best of these songs, recently published,¹ and provided with an introduction by Mr. Apthorp, whose sympathetic understanding of their author makes all that he says helpful, presents the student with the flower of Franz's work. In examining these songs, one is first of all impressed by the reticence, dignity, and purity of their style. They are true lyrics—expressions of personal feeling in simple, well-balanced, musical forms, undisfigured by dramatic episodes, obtrusive climaxes, or any of those other devices of less fastidious song-writers which are as abhorrent to true artistic feeling as they are grateful to the egotism of singers and the sentimentality of listeners. This is a point that deserves emphasis. The modern musical public has been fed on highly flavored food for so long that it can hardly appreciate the incomparable beauty of simple lyrical writing like Franz's. It has grown to desire a type of eloquence that is vociferous rather than persuasive, a musical charm more dependent on profusion of ornament and complexity of effect than on beauty of line, shapeliness, harmony, and chastity of style. "Few singers," says Mr. Apthorp in the introduction to his collection of songs, "can forego that dramatic strenuousness of emphasis with

which they have reaped such rich harvests in other fields, and express feeling as simply as Franz has done in his melodies;" and he quotes in illustration of his meaning a most penetrating comment made by a friend on a rendering of Brahms's "*Ernstes Lied*:" "If they had not been sung with such tremendous expression, there would not have been a dry eye in the house." The characteristic sin of modern art is probably this—the exaggeration of effects, the straining after poignancy of expression, the preference of ornateness and profusion to shapeliness and restraint. In architecture the tendency of the day is toward stucco, plaster, and all forms of ornament that obscure and confuse shape; in sculpture it is away from Greek serenity and towards German symbolism and turgidity; in poetry we too often prefer rhetoric to the ingenuous utterance of feeling; and in music we demand, not harmony, not beauty, not primal emotion embodied in lovely forms, but color, passion, pictorial representation, a feverish and artificial intensity that distorts and disintegrates the tonal fabric it should fuse and weld.

Franz's work is the product of an artistic attitude quite polar to this modern one. He cared primarily, not for luxuriance of decoration, but for structural symmetry and harmony; not for an emotionality bordering on hysteria, but for the calm expression of sincere, simple feeling; not for utter self-revelation, but for a dignified presentation of what was artistically worth presentation, against a background of reticence and reserve. His songs therefore inevitably seem tame to us until, growing familiar with their idiom, we come to feel their fineness, their distinction, their controlled and tempered eloquence. Once the spell is upon us, we find a rare delight in their qualities. Their classical moderation, their aristocratic distinction, their consummate but unobtrusive art, their eloquence never degenerating into hysteria, their ornament never degenerating into ornamentation,¹ at once soothe, interest, and charm us.

¹ "Fifty Songs by Robert Franz." In the "Musicians' Library." Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, 1903.

¹ Thoreau, with his usual fine literary sense, described "ornamentation" as "a word with a dead tail to it." The thing it denotes is equally unvitalized.

This fineness of artistic feeling reveals itself not only in Franz's treatment of melody, which is with him always clear in phraseology, well balanced, and musically beautiful as well as expressive of the mood defined by the words, but also in his part-writing, which is careful and often ingenious, but never over-elaborated, and in his harmony. He was enough a modern to appreciate and utilize the expressive powers of harmony, but he seldom let his interest in harmonic effects run away with him. His general harmonic texture is strong, adequate, and unobtrusive. When he uses special harmonic devices, it is only to emphasize a trait of expression or to create an appropriate atmosphere. At the word "grave," for example, in the line "With thy grave and dreamy sweetness," in the song called "Request," there is an unexpected "flat sixth," as musicians would name it, which enhances much the meaning of the words. Again, in the song called "In Autumn," there is a cadence at the words "Alas, alas," which by its strangeness and somber color greatly deepens the mournfulness of the effect. Such momentary ingenuities, frequent as they are with Franz, seldom degenerate into childish realism, although it cannot be denied that the crude delineation of lightning and thunder in the "Stormy Night" is rather disappointing in one whose artistic sense is generally so keen. For the most part, however, his special touches of effect are governed by a rare instinct for propriety. And wherever the harmonic treatment confines itself to a general suggestion of the fitting mood or atmosphere, as it does for instance in such masterpieces of somber color as "A Churchyard" and "The Runic Rock," it is wholly admirable.

In simplicity and graciousness of melody, in musicianly part-writing, and in legitimately expressive harmony, then, Franz is pre-eminent. To study these aspects of his work is not only to gain a unique artistic pleasure, but to find a valuable corrective for the faults of the musical epoch we live in. And yet, it must now be insisted, in the final effect of his songs something, and something very vital, is wanting. Despite their

distinction, their amenity, their grace, there is about them a thinness, a preciseness, an antique frigidity and formality, that we rightly deplore. They are wanting in fervor, in impetus, in conviction. They hesitate with well bred deliberation after each phrase, they gather no momentum, they rise to no heights of passion or exaltation. To play over the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, or Brahms is to put ourselves thoroughly out of conceit with Franz's. The latter lack the dramatic power of Schubert, the ardor and impetuosity of Schumann, the grace and geniality of Grieg, the manliness and broad nobility of Brahms. They lack, in a word, the impassioned directness and force of the greatest art. Truly great Franz is not, either in largeness of conception or in amplitude of execution. His ideas are little ideas, however genuine, and his skill is the dexterity of the mosaic-worker, not the free power of the draughtsman who stands off from his canvas and sketches in generous strokes. His lyrical instinct could not justly be likened to that of the Elizabethan poets; it is more like that of the French pseudo-classic versifiers. It is more ingratiating than compelling, more correct than fervid, more graceful than profound.

This lack of virility in Franz's music, one cannot but feel, is the analogue and reflection of that indecisiveness, that over-refined fastidiousness and inability to commit himself to vigorous action, which was the peculiar weakness of his temperament. His conservatism was as much negative as positive. It was only in part the fruit of intellectual conviction; the less admirable part of it rested on limitations, on torpidity of blood, on narrowness of interest, on restricted feelings and an unenfranchised imagination. Yet in spite of these shortcomings Franz has an honorable place in music. In the first place, his indirect influence was a wholesome one. Progress requires some full-blooded temperaments, ardent for the novel, careless of the safe; but it also requires cautious conservers of traditions, custodians of the wisdom learned by past experience. "Without the cranks," says Dr. Holmes,

"the wheels of civilization would not turn." It is equally true that without the brakes and belts and cogs they would spin us all speedily into chaos. In the second place, Franz has made a direct and tangible contribution to art in his songs, which are unique in their distinction of style, their purity of feeling, their rare tranquillity and serenity of temper. They cannot compete with the ampler utterances of larger men, but within their own domain they are consummate and inimitable. Franz was one, when all is said, who did a true service to art by his rigorous respect for its highest aims, by his steadfast refusal to lower his standards to conform with popular tastes, by his embodiment in his own work of those fine perceptions and intuitions of beauty which were his, and by his efforts to make known to every one the greater works of

those old masters who had more than his vitality and creative genius.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Those who wish a larger collection of songs than that in the "Musicians' Library," already mentioned, will find in the Peters Edition four albums, comprising one hundred and forty-four songs. The standard biography of Franz is that by R. F. Procházka, published in Leipzig, and not translated from the German. Franz himself wrote an autobiographical letter to Liszt, published in "Briefe hervorragender Zeitgenossen an Franz Liszt," Leipzig, 1895. The best essays in English, after that of Mr. Apthorp already noted, are in Mr. H. T. Finck's "Songs and Song-Writers," New York, 1900, and in F. Hueffer's "Music of the Future," unfortunately out of print. Mr. Finck also published "An Hour with Robert Franz," in the "Century Magazine," June, 1893, and "Robert Franz" in "The Looker-On," October, 1896, and January, 1897. Notable German essays have been written by Liszt, Dr. W. Waldmann, Hanslick, and Ambros.

Sacrifice

By Charles W. Stevenson

She lived for love. Her joys were all in seeing
The smiles that others wear when pleasure's near;
Some fresh delight oft was her mind decreeing
For those whom others held to be most dear.

She worked alone. No thought of fame or fashion
E'er moved her hand in aid of one in need;
Naught but her own low-bending sweet compassion
Prompted the tender and uplifting deed.

She had no doubts. She trusted each to-morrow
Would bring round her the same eternal care;
And o'er conditions spent she little sorrow,
Conscious the Wise One was not unaware.

Her friends were few. Those who with subtle phrases
Draw others to them as with hooks of steel
Gave her simplicity no hearty praises,
Nor sought to gain for her a better weal.

Unknown was she. Yet glad her simple living,—
No fears assailed her, never sin made sad,
She loved the friendless, was to all forgiving,
And morning always found her still more glad.

And when she died, like strains of music ceasing,
Her absence caused a void in many hearts;
For when a soul's pain needs a soft releasing,
Such natures are more than a world's fine arts.



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SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

The Painter of the California Missions

By Pauline R. Bird

With Pictures by Edwin Deakin

TO Edwin Deakin, the "artist-historian," is directly due the inspiration of the many clubs and the History Sections of the several women's clubs that are to-day enthusiastically taking up the subject of the opening and the restoring of El Camino Real, the King's Highway, in California.

About two years ago Mr. Deakin exhibited at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco his marvelous collection of paintings of the twenty-one Missions of California, with an accompanying map showing the positions of the Missions.

The twenty-one Franciscan Missions are strung along El Camino for a distance of nearly one thousand miles north and south, and traversing about three

hundred miles east and west. The road as shown on the map is the original road made by the Franciscan Padres in the establishment of the Missions, which are about one "Spanish day's" journey apart, and it still exists in good county roads for part of the way, though nearly obliterated in some sections. If these roads can be united into a State road for the entire distance, the original King's Highway of California will be restored, making it one of the longest and finest coaching roads in the world.

In the selection of sites for the Missions the Padres showed great discernment and exquisite taste. The Missions, for the most part, lie conveniently near the sea, in sheltered valleys, with the

great Coast ranges behind them, or close to some mountain stream, whose waters keep ever green the rich pasture lands on which their vast herds of cattle grazed. The magnificence and variety of the scenery along the Highway is unsurpassed. Orange and olive groves, vast vineyards and waving fields of grain, miles of pasturage resplendent in spring with the golden eschscholtzia, forests of redwood and the pungent eucalyptus, extensive orchards of apricots, prunes, peaches, and other semi-tropical fruits, are some

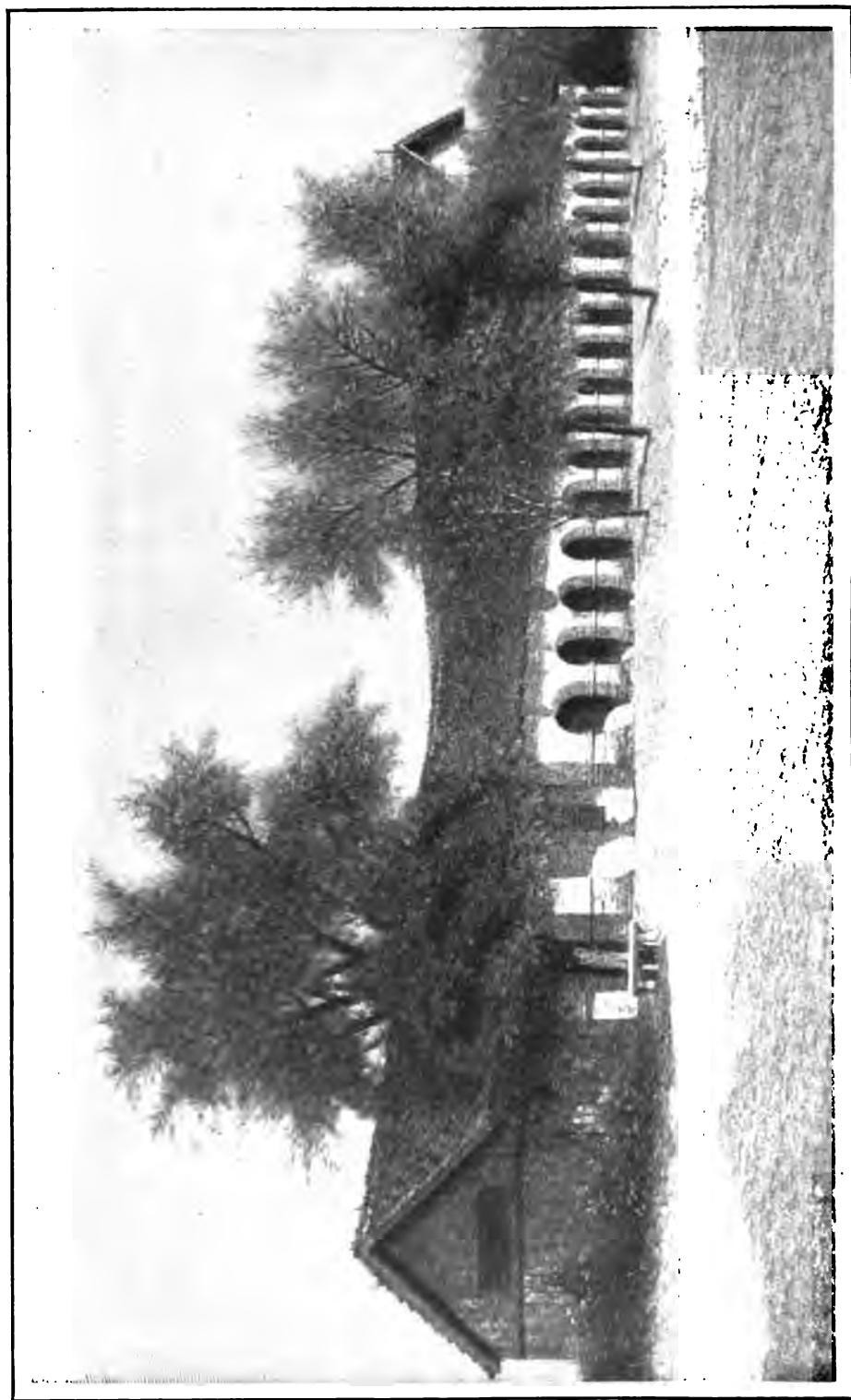
of the sights that will greet the eye of the sightseer with the restoration of El Camino. It is proposed by the several clubs that have at heart the improvement of these romantic and picturesque landmarks of California, not only to reconstruct this Highway, but to restore the twenty-one Missions, and establish at each place a museum of art and curios characteristic of the Indian settlers.

The Franciscans were not only skilled in the crafts, they were versed in the



PHOTOGRAPH BY R. H. FURMAN

EDWIN DEAKIN



elements of the arts, and that they taught the useful mechanical arts and the tilling of the soil, as well as the merely ornamental and beautiful, is evidenced by the weaving, the simple pottery, the intricate basket-making, the work in silver, copper, iron, leather, and wood graving, as they exist to-day, as survivals. When these treasures are collected and classified, the Missions will be found to have had distinct and individual characteristics, as is shown by the paintings in pigments of flowers and clay at San Fernando, the work in silver and leather at Santa Inez, in iron and copper at San Luis Rey de Francia. There will be exhibits of historical weaving and carving at San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, and Santa Barbara. Illuminated missals and book-bindings in old vellum still exist to attest to the artistic skill of the Indians so faithfully, so patiently taught by these simple-living, pious Padres. The Padres taught the Indians the art of peace and civilization, and by every means in their power strove to lift them out of the depths of savage life and thought. How far they succeeded is pitifully told in the few relics that remain to us of the natives' handiwork, and in the ruins of the Missions that are, historically and architecturally, the noblest in the United States.

Seventeen of the Missions as built can be seen to-day only on canvas, and only on one painter's canvas. The four remaining missions were painted from a daguerreotype, an old painting, a photograph, and description. The artist made most careful studies of the sites; Nature supplied the background and atmosphere.

The story of Edwin Deakin's struggles and sacrifices to perpetuate these missions before the destroying hand of time and the vandalism of generations of robbery and abuse had utterly obliterated them is as noble a one and as pathetic as any of the many such stories in the realms of art and letters. Unlike geniuses of other times, Mr. Deakin has not had to die to have his work recognized. His twenty-one Missions as painted might stand as a monument of any artist's life-work, but they by no means represent Mr. Deakin's entire work. Coming a very young man to San Francisco in

1870, he at once began the study of the Missions, and from that time studied and painted at intervals until 1899, except for a period of about two years when he lived in Paris and London, where he was well known in art circles, and where his work received recognition at the Paris Salon. His two pictures submitted, "Mont Blanc" and "L'Église de Chelles, la soir," were hung in the Salon of '79. The paintings since made from his studies and sketches of the Château Cluny, Notre-Dame, the old church at Stoke Pogis, and other historic places, have been prized by art-lovers, and hang to-day in the galleries of connoisseurs.

Love of the old, the picturesque, and the romantic came to Mr. Deakin in his earliest youth, when, as a boy in England, he wandered among ruins of churches and castles, dreaming of valorous deeds of bygone heroes, and, in fancy, weaving stories and pictures to fit the hallowed scenes. It is not to be wondered at that after leaving Chicago, where his professional career began in 1869, the crumbling walls of the Missions, the tender sentiment that clung about them, with their Old-World air of peace and restfulness, should awaken anew his youthful devotion to the historic past. Mr. Deakin went far into the study of the history of the Missions, made numberless sketches of wall and tower, took innumerable journeys to out-of-the-way Missions, and has imparted to us, through his interpretation, the story and sentiment of early California life.

Mr. Deakin's work is far from being finished. He hopes and expects to paint the Jesuit Missions of Southern California, and probably also even those of Arizona and Mexico. George Augustus Sala said of Mr. Deakin's work, "A man who can paint stone like that is a fool to stay in California." It is in California, however, that Mr. Deakin's heart is, and here he has put his very best efforts. He has done with the Missions what no other man has done, what no one else can hope to do, for he began thirty-two years ago, before the Missions, though sadly marred by time, had fallen into the hands of the renovator! The painting of the Missions has covered



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SAN CARLOS BORROME0

a period of thirty years as inspiration prompted, the artist begrudging neither time, study, trouble, nor expense to obtain the best results. It is gratifying to note that the work of recent years, that undertaken by the Landmarks Club of Southern California particularly, is being done along scientific lines by experts, who adhere as far as possible to the original plans and materials used. But the great work of to-day, and one that will facilitate the restoration of the Missions, is the opening up of El Camino. This will lead the sightseer, the visitor, and all lovers of the romantic to the now almost inaccessible Missions, those far from the railways and beaten paths of travel. Then, perhaps, will be revived the old-time custom of the Franciscans of providing horses for travelers at one Mission, to be left at the next, and to be returned in due time by the first return-

ing traveler. Guests were welcome to all that the Mission could provide, as well as to the use of the horses that carried them on their way. But, more than likely, the automobile, at so much an hour, and the modern hotel, will replace the Padres' genial hospitality.

The history of the founding of the Missions, of their beginning in Lower California under the Jesuits, and, later, of their transfer, for political reasons, into the hands of the Franciscans, is too well known to bear repetition here. It is interesting, however, to follow in the footsteps of the Padres from the establishment of the first and most southern Mission, San Diego de Alcalá, in July, 1769, on over the road traversed by the early Fathers. This Mission was built mostly of burnt tile, though stone and adobe, as used in the construction of all the Missions, were also here used. This

Mission, which has been spared the ignominy of the whitewasher's brush, lends itself to the richest, most artistic tints in warm reds, tans, yellows, and browns, and, if not the best, is one of the finest of Mr. Deakin's collection. The olive orchard planted by the Padres in 1770 opposite the church still bears fruit.

The second Mission founded, and about a day's journey from San Diego, was San Luis Rey de Francia, known later as the "King of Missions." Numerically, it exceeded any other Mission, having at one time 869 natives enrolled.

San Juan Capistrano, about two miles from shore, with a noble line of hills for a background, makes one of the most beautiful and striking of Mr. Deakin's pictures. This church was of stone, with a wall five feet thick, and was partly destroyed in the earthquake of 1812. It is a fine example of Byzantine architecture, the most noted illustration of which is the Sophia Mosque at Constantinople, built by Justinian A.D. 532-538. Though the whole front of the building has fallen into decay, the graceful lines marking the dome of the sanctuary are still standing, and the frescoes on the walls are rich in color and plainly decipherable.

San Gabriel Arcangel, because of its nearness to Los Angeles and Pasadena,

is the best known of the Missions, and the one most frequently visited by tourists, who are not slow to recognize in the Missions one of the chief charms of California. San Gabriel, said to be a copy of the Cathedral of Valencia, is still in a good state of preservation, and is of more than ordinary interest with its buttressed walls and picturesque belfry, so unlike any of the other Missions.

At San Fernando, the fifth Mission northward on the King's Highway, the papers of capitulation to Fremont were signed when the United States took formal possession of California. There is little in the ruin of this Mission to tell its early story of peace and prosperity.

San Buenaventura, in the busy town of Ventura, has lost nearly all traces of its former life. Fortunately, the chapel bells have been retained and the original lines of the building preserved, but in other respects the "restorer" has had full sway. Modern shingles have replaced the tilings of the Padres' making; the several buildings that formed the Mission have given way to the bustling, up-to-date life of the town.

Santa Barbara, which is still in the hands of the Franciscan Fathers, is one of the largest and is probably the best-known of the Missions. The church is built of



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SAN GABRIEL

stone, with a wall six feet thick, and has a tiled roof. Two imposing towers rise from the front, in one of which the bells hang. Stretching out on the western side is a low arched corridor, and back of this a charming old garden, which women are never permitted to visit.

Santa Inez, which is forty miles across the mountain from Santa Barbara, was little known until recently. It has a commanding view from the head of a beautiful valley from which forest-covered hills rise on one side, and a long sweep of meadow-land slopes away on the other. When Mr. Deakin painted this Mission in 1875, the nineteen original arches were standing, but to-day only ten of them remain. The lovely carved timbers of the interior are one of the attractions of this otherwise plain building.

San Miguel is one of the few Missions that retain much of the original character, and its church and adjoining buildings are in fairly good state of preservation. The painting of this Mission represents the long line of arches as being of varied widths, and the framework supporting the bells as another distinctive feature. The interior decorations of the church are in the original colors done by the Indians in 1797.

In the fast-decaying Mission of San Antonio de Padua, away from the regular line of travel, little is left to indicate that at one time it was one of the richest Missions, celebrated for its fine quality of wheat and flour. The Mission at that time included seven large farms, each with its own chapel, set amid a park-like country of exquisite beauty.

Unlike San Antonio, the Mission Nuestra Señora de la Soledad was never a thriving one. Its lonely ruins tell a most pitiful tale. A story is told of a friar who labored here with the Indians for thirty years, sharing his last morsel with them, and working on and on, until one morning he fell in a faint while saying mass, and literally died of starvation.

San Carlos Borromeo del Carmel (commonly called Carmel) was built of creamy-white stone in the Moorish style, with a quaint outside stairway leading to the belfry. The fanciful windows and low tiled roof, as depicted in Mr. Deakin's painting of this exquisitely harmonious

structure, have given place to more modern windows and a steep shingled roof, much to the regret of the lover of the beautiful.

A railroad built to one side successfully drew off the population of the once flourishing town of San Juan Bautista. The Mission buildings at one time surrounded the plaza. The church building that remains faces it. The long, massively arched corridor remains as it was in the days of the Padres. Of the chime of nine bells but one is left. Still, there is much of interest, much that is quaint and picturesque, to the student of art and of history. Gorgeous vestments, robes, and laces are laid away in chests in the sacristy. The baptismal font in use to-day, carved from a single piece of sandstone, is the same that was used by the Padres. In a delightful old garden, overgrown with vines, roses, and palms, the same old sun-dial tells the hour; beyond, in the old cemetery, sleep thousands of Mexicans and Indians awaiting the last call.

San Francisco de Assi (Mission Dolores, of San Francisco) has but one of the early buildings left—the church, and that is overtopped by so modern a structure that it looks, as one sightseer remarked, “as if it were built yesterday.” This was the first of the Missions painted by Mr. Deakin.

San Francisco de Solano was the farthest north and the poorest of all the Missions. This Mission marks the burial-place of the father and mother of General Vallejo, for whom the town of Vallejo was named. Solano marks the last and most northerly of the Roman Catholic Missions on the King's Highway, and it is the last and most southerly of the Missions established by the Greek Catholics on this coast.

The faith of the eighteenth century has left as a heritage to Californians these superb Missions, such as no other part of the world has ever seen. With their fascinating handicrafts, they are of the first importance both as art treasures and historic landmarks. Edwin Deakin has opened the eyes of Californians to the urgency of preserving these landmarks, and to this end the Road will doubtless be restored and preserved.

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

By Dorothy Canfield

ENOS HEWLITT came breathlessly to the spot where the boys were playing marbles. He swelled with the importance of news to tell.

"The new kid's come, and he says the place they lived in before this *was* Haverford!"

The boys stopped playing instantly and gathered about Enos. This was news! A chorus of eager questions assailed the messenger.

"No, I didn't ask. I didn't have time to. I just saw him coming along with his folks, and they went in the old Lathrop place. I knew by that *'twas* him, and so I played leapfrog over their hitching-post till he come out, and then I said to him *did* he useter to live in Haverford, and he said 'yes,' and I was just going to ask him about the rest when his father come to the door and says, 'Eli, you come right in.' But he said it kind of cross and he's got an awful big mustache, and so I guess maybe he's like the Haverford fathers our folks tell about."

This was the extent of the bulletin of information offered by Enos, but this was enough to make the boys lay aside their marbles and devote all their energies to discussing every detail of it. They were New England boys in a small village, high and isolated among the mountains. The advent of new people in the town was an exciting event in any case, but when there was a boy in the family, and a boy of their own age, it brought the great change close to them, and they had echoed their parents' speculations about the Bowens during all their waking hours. But the cap to the climax was that the newcomers came from Haverford, commonly called Haverford-over-the-mountain to distinguish it from the large manufacturing town about which they studied in their geographies. For Haverford was the scene of most of the stories told them by their parents about their own childhood.

Haverford had been one of the last

strongholds of the old Puritan spirit, and there the children of the previous generation had been treated with all the strictest Puritan severity. The grumbling of a Ledbury boy over piling wood invariably met with the response, "Well, if you'd been a little boy in Haverford, as I was, you'd think you were lucky to have no more to do than *that*!" And the sight of a child deep in an illustrated children's magazine on a quiet Sunday afternoon always elicited the comment, "I'd just like to have your grandmother in Haverford see you now!"

Not that Ledbury boys were treated with severity. They did odd chores around the house and were made to go to school regularly, but beyond that were as free as boys of non-Puritan ancestry. Perhaps it was this very freedom that made them so eager to hear stories about the Haverford days of their fathers and mothers, whom a small wave of immigration had carried over the mountain to Ledbury. When a boy was sick and could call for whatever story he liked, it was always, "Tell me about when grandfather licked you for going to the turkey raffle," or "I want the meteor story, and how you didn't dare tell grandmother about it because the minister was visiting," or "How many rows of corn to hoe did you have for your stint when you were my age?"

And now, from the dim prehistoric regions of their parents' childhood, Haverford and its discipline were about to spring into real life under their eyes in the person of the new boy.

They started down towards the old Lathrop place, trying to give this concerted movement the appearance of accident by carrying on a disjointed game of ball, pitching and catching it as they walked. As they came in sight of the house they stopped this pretense and gazed at the front yard to see if the new Bowen boy was there. He was not; but as they looked, the father, a tall man with a high nose and a bushy black

mustache, came out of the house, strode down the path with a commanding air, opened the gate with a slam, closed it with a bang, and walked rapidly down the village street. The boys looked at each other with deep comprehension of this incident. He was sure-enough Haverford—*any one* could see that!

At this point the new boy came out of the house and began to explore the yard. He was a boy a little younger than most of the others—perhaps eleven, with large, thoughtful blue eyes and a thatch of tow hair. All Ledbury eyes were fixed on him as the boys came down the walk and all Ledbury feet came to a standstill as they reached the gate. The new boy looked up and saw the little crowd. If his heart failed him at the sight, he did not show it. He came down to the gate with no hesitation and yet with no undue haste. The other boys did not know how to begin. This sort of an interview was new to them.

"What's your name?" asked one of them, finally.

"Eli. What's yours?"

"Did you useter live in Haverford?"

"Yes, I did," said Eli—and with that suddenly the ice was broken and a flood of questions poured forth, all the boys speaking at once.

"Do you have stints of corn hoeing to do when the other boys are all playing? Do they let you play on Saturday evening? Can you read what you want to Sunday afternoon? Does your father think it's wicked to go to the circus?"

Eli looked bewildered. He had scarcely caught the drift of the questions, so rapidly had they been hurled at him. As a lull came and they waited for him to answer, he stood silent, looking a little dazed. One of the smaller boys, resenting the importance which Eli's newness in the town gave him, said, in a shrill and skeptical voice, "Aw, he don't know what we're talking about! I don't believe the fathers in Haverford are so awful cross! I bet he gets let to do things as much as we do." The speaker's father was not a Haverford man, and he was eager to destroy the distinction of the town in the eyes of the others.

But his taunt brought out a response

from the new boy more quickly than all the well-meant questions. Eli turned on him with a new light in his blue eyes. "You don't know what *you're* talking about!" he said, scornfully. "Does your father ever make you dig up a hundred dandelion roots out of the yard in one afternoon?"

The skeptical Nathaniel was obliged to confess that he did not, and this reluctant statement was almost disregarded in a fresh rush of questions. This time Eli was responsive.

"Yes sirree! Five long rows to hoe 'fore I can go to school, and a licking if teacher sends back word I'm late." "Well, I should say! A hundred sticks to pile every evening before I have a bite of supper, less'n sometimes m' mother sneaks me out a little." "No, he's just fightin' mad if you so much as speak circus to him, an' once I ran away and went, and gee whillikens!—when I come home—if it hadn't been for m' mother!"

The boys hung on his words, and he stood talking to them as though he had always known them till a heavy step sounded on the stone walk. "There he comes, and I haven't piled a stick!" He darted around the house, and the boys in a delicious panic fled away in every direction, so that when Eli's father came striding along the yard was empty.

Eli's arrival in Ledbury proved to be as important an event even as the boys had anticipated. In fact, it changed the entire current of boy life in the village. Not only was he a never-failing source of Haverford stories, but the exciting nature of his daily hairbreadth escapes from alarming punishments added an element of adventure to their hitherto so prosaic lives. At any other boy's house the signal for a rally to a baseball game was an open halloing and whistling before his door. "Hi there! Nat! Come on and be fielder. We're going to play in front of the blacksmith shop." No such commonplace and obvious securing of Eli! The boys crept up the alley back of the house, gave a low whistle which they flattered themselves might be taken for a bird-note, and stood, eye to knothole, to await develop-

ments. Eli then came out of the house in a casual manner and absent-mindedly whistled one stave from Money-Musk. Then, taking up a hoe, he started towards the little field of sweet corn near the house, breathlessly watched by the crowd on the other side of the fence. Once in the shadow of the corn he dropped his hoe, and, doubling over like Uncas in "The Last of the Mohicans," he ran along, completely concealed. At the end he must climb the fence, and the quick dash with which he did this, after a hasty scrutiny of the windows, always made an exciting moment for the watchers. Once in the street he was safe, and joined them in the alley, breathless and red, but with his blue eyes gleaming with the spirit of adventure. Scouts were then sent out to make sure that the way was clear, and the whole party, hiding Eli in their midst, swept across the village thrilling with excitement at every big black mustache they saw.

They scarcely noticed that Eli could not play baseball very well, once he was safely in the game. Merely to have him, after the elaborate precautions that were necessary, added zest to the performance. Some of the smaller boys were set as pickets to watch for the approach of the enemy, and if he were seen, the boys would disperse to the four winds with a clatter and whirl like a covey of partridges. They were almost persuaded that they, too, must hide from Eli's father.

There was no longer any need to play Indian or train-robber or hunter, or to have imaginary enemies lurking in the bushes. A very real one walked the streets. Every faculty was strained in getting Eli safely away to play and safely back again. They made a table of his father's probable movements, and the older boys elaborated various schemes for diverting his attention if he should ever come upon Eli enjoying forbidden fun. Enos Hewlitt was very bold in his statements. "I sh'd just tell him right out he was a left-over—nobody's father is like that any more!" The boys all assured Eli many times that they would stand by him in case of necessity. At such moments Eli looked very uncomfortable, as though the very idea of being

found out by his father were overwhelming to him, in spite of his supporters.

There were times, of course, when even the astonishing care and strategic skill of the boys did not avail to shield Eli's exits and entrances from the watchful eyes over the black mustache. Once he was almost at the end of a long maneuver, connected with weeding the flower-bed, which was to land him on the street and in an expedition up the side of the mountain, when a loud voice had called, "Eli, where are you going? Come back here a minute."

Eli had disappeared in the house, and *had not come out!* The boys went on up to the hole in the rock they called Mammoth Cave, but there was little savor in their excursion and much suppressed excitement among them. They were inanifestly relieved when Eli appeared at school the next morning, as usual. Enos asked, "What 'd he do?" but this elicited no response from Eli but a melancholy rolling of the eyes, as though speech were inadequate. The boys rallied around him now, more than ever, and in the unity of this common feeling forgot to oppress the little boys. It was indeed a happy time for these latter. Scorned and ignored before in games of Indian and horse-thief, they were admitted into this new and fascinating game as participants of real value. They were especially useful as spies, for nobody would think of suspecting them. They were delighted when set to watch Eli's father, and felt deliciously important and mysterious when their prosaic-minded fathers and mothers asked what they were doing hanging around the barber-shop. Little did they guess that the boys were keen-eyed spies watching the lather removed from around the black mustache with no less acuteness and patience than Chingachgook showed in watching the fires of a hostile Indian village. As for the main body of which they were the scouts, that was engaged in playing marbles with a new sense of the value of the game when it must be secured with such efforts, and with a keener relish in all innocent amusements now that they were no longer innocent.

Eli's courage was invincible through

all these nerve-racking experiences, and he did not hesitate before the boldest schemes proposed. Not even when Enos in careless bravado dared the other boys to go in swimming in the Ice-hole—a basin in the river whose name leaves nothing to be said for the temperature of its waters, and where several Ledbury boys of past generations had been drowned—not even then did Eli draw back. He even egged on the other boys, who had all been forbidden to go near the dangerous spot.

"Aw! 'fraid-cats! Come on! What do you think your folks'll do? Why, my father'd *kill* me if he caught me there, but I'm going! *What's* a licking?" This was coming home from school on a hot day, and Eli's taunts and the thought of the cool water gathered quite a crowd together.

This was a most exciting adventure, for not only must Eli exercise the most catlike caution in getting away, but all the boys must invent excuses for being out of sight for some time. But finally they were all assembled on the brink of the pool, still glowing with excitement over a masterly performance of Eli's in swinging himself along from tree to tree in the orchard till he reached the wall and then dropping exactly behind the lilac-bush and making off on all fours.

The water of the Ice-hole was as still as glass and as black as ink; cold, deadly water where there lurked an undercurrent which had carried away the bodies of the lads lost in it before. The boys were in no hurry to go in now that they were there, and the mocking voice of Nathaniel was soon raised in his usual sneers. "Aw, you're afraid, you Eli! Whyn't you go in? I bet you're afraid to dive from that stump."

Eli had his ever-present answer to any doubts as to his courage.

"I guess you never lived in Haverford! I guess your father never licked you till you couldn't walk just for gettin' to school late!"

The other boys were against Nathaniel, as usual. No special feats were to be demanded of Eli, whose whole life was a succession of brilliantly executed proofs of courage, skill, and forethought.

"Go in yourself, Nat!" they answered.

"I guess if you was Eli you'd think you'd done enough to come swimmin' at all, 'thout divin'!"

There were times when they thought Eli almost ostentatious about his father, but as a rule they supported him.

Nathaniel was no coward, although one of the smaller boys, and he was about to dare the others to dive from the stump backwards when he noticed the bushes near him softly part, and his terrified eyes fell on the formidable black mustache of Eli's father! Paralyzed with horror, he stood perfectly still, his white body showing like a statue against the gleaming black water. His voice died away weakly in his throat as he tried to call to Eli to run, and he grew colder and colder as the bushes opened wider and wider and Eli's father, with a large stick in his hand, stood revealed. His silence and strained attitude called the attention of the other boys to him, and they had just turned his way when, casting aside all pretense, their enemy stepped out on the little pebbly beach.

He was between them and their clothes, between them and the only way out, or they would have made a dash for it. As it was, they felt utterly helpless and despairing. Their nakedness removed any vestige of self-possession they might have had. They were all in a frozen panic. Eli was utterly forgotten. Enos Hewlitt, the dauntless, could not take his eyes from the threatening figure approaching, although he grew faint and sick with its every step.

Then Eli's father opened his lips and spoke.

"Hello, sonny! Going in swimming? Well, now, I'm glad of that! Every boy ought to know how to swim well. I wonder if you can swim as far under water as your dad used to at your age?"

These were the words that fell on the uncomprehending ears of the frightened boys. They took in the sense of them at first as little as though the man had spoken in Choctaw. They were still crouching in strained attitudes as their visitor looked about him, when a crashing in the bushes was heard and the pale face of Enos Hewlitt's father appeared, looking distractedly for Enos.

"Enos, Enos, are you crazy? Your mother's wild about you. Come here instantly and put on your clothes! Oh, you're here, Mr. Bowen," catching sight of the other man. "I suppose you're after *your* boy. I heard accidentally the children were off down here, and my wife was almost crazy. Her brother was drowned here. Enos! You hurry!"

Mr. Bowen answered in his loud voice. "Why, no, I didn't even know what the boys were up to. I just happened to be down here to look up some points in surveying. I don't keep very much track of what Eli does, to tell the truth. I believe in letting boys alone. I was brought up in Haverford, and *you* know what the discipline used to be there. I never forgave my father and mother, and I always vowed that when I had children of my own they should do everything they wanted to. I want 'em to have what I didn't! My wife says I'm too slack, and she *does* make Eli mind—once in a while." This with a loud laugh. "But, as far as I'm concerned, the boy does about as he pleases. How about that, Eli?"

A great change had taken place in the group of boys during the conversation between the two men. They had heard and partially understood, and now with one accord were looking at Eli. Nathaniel's incorrigibly skeptical voice was raised.

"Why, Mr. Bowen!" he said, "Eli says you lick the stuffin' out of him if he does the least thing, and that you'd just kill him if 'tweren't for his mother."

Mr. Bowen's face assumed an expression of infinite astonishment. "What are you talking about?" he demanded, in an incredulous tone. "Eli, what's he talking about?"

Eli stood perfectly still in the midst of his fellows, his small white body almost visibly shaken by the storm of emotion that possessed him. Overpowering shame before his comrades was the feeling most vividly shown by his attitude. He was absolutely crushed by this sudden awakening out of his imaginary unreal world, and there was no room for any other pain.

There was a long silence as the father faced the son and waited for an explana-

tion. Eli shrunk more and more together, and hung his head lower and lower. Then Mr. Bowen spoke again, and the loud voice was soft and the big black mustache trembled a little.

"*Why, Eli!*" he said in a low tone.

A sudden reaction of feeling swept over the boy. He rushed towards his father, trembling with the strong emotion of the imaginative child, half crying with remorse and eagerness to explain and set himself right.

"Paw!" he gasped, "oh, Paw! If I could just tell you so's you'd see. Paw, I didn't *mean* to do it. Paw, I *didn't* mean to do it!" The child's better nature rose. It was to clear himself before the father he had wronged that he struggled and choked. The scorn of his playfellows was forgotten.

"Paw, it was this way! Over in Haverford, where we lived on the farm, I never had anybody to play with, and I got so tired of playing Indian all by myself, and I began playing you were like Grandfather—you'd told me how he was—and I'd pretend you wouldn't let me do things, and then it was so much more fun to do them. And then, when we used to go to town, all the other boys' fathers wouldn't let them do things, and you kept letting me do everything, and I was so different from 'em, and I wanted to be like 'em"—he was clinging to his father's knees as he uttered this wail of the primitive gregarious animal—"and then when we came to live here all the boys thought everybody in Haverford was like those stories. *They* all had to do things around the house, and you never made me do a single thing!—I said it all pretend—just *pretend*—at first and set myself stints to do, an' then—an' then—it got so real—oh, Paw! I didn't mean to do it! Oh, Paw! if you could only just see!"

He was hysterical, crying and laughing as he reached this stage in his astonishing explanation. He was cut short by being lifted by strong arms and held close. His agitated little body shook with sobs, and he could but half hear his father's voice saying, "There, there, sonny. Don't worry about it! If you're sorry, it's all right. Go get your clothes on and I'll take you home."

He lay still for a moment, limp with the reaction from his excitement. Then, raising his swollen, tear-blurred face, he uttered with a sigh of perfect trust the

following tribute to Mr. Bowen—some-what remarkable under the circumstances: "I just *knew* you'd understand, Paw!"

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Acquisition of Political, Social, and Industrial Rights of Man in America. By John Bach McMaster. Western Reserve Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Cleveland, Ohio. 5x8½ in. 123 pages.

An unfortunately limited edition of four lectures delivered by Professor McMaster before the Western Reserve University last spring, upon the political, social, educational, and industrial rights not possessed by the less privileged classes of colonial times, but now enjoyed by all men in most of our States. Professor McMaster's luminous survey of movements by which these rights were extended—often partly visionary agitations backed only by workingmen—ends with the liberalization of the suffrage in Rhode Island after the Dorr rebellion, the more recent extensions of rights, particularly to the slaves, being regarded as too familiar a field to promise equal enlightenment from further examination. The lectures are exceptionally full of human interest, because most of the matters with which they deal touch closely the every-day lives of men as distinguished from remote questions of National finance or international diplomacy. Much of the material is new, even to people well informed upon our National history. It is surprising, for instance, how many teachers are unfamiliar with the struggle it took in some States to establish the principle of free schools except for children willing to be graded as paupers.

Addresses to Boys, Girls, and Young People. By T. Rhondra Williams. James Robinson, Manchester. 5x7½ in. 232 pages.

The twenty sermons which comprise the Rev. Mr. Williams's volume are simply written, and contain religious counsel, practical, helpful, and entirely free from any touch of cant.

Alexander in the Ark. By Francis Russell Burrow. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼x8 in. 199 pages.

Alexander is a little English boy who, falling asleep over his playthings, discovers in dreamland that his favorite Noah's ark has grown large or himself small, and accordingly pays it a visit. He meets with many surprising experiences; for, as the reader will find to his amusement, helped materially by the excellent portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Noah and Messieurs and Mesdames Shem, Ham, and Japhet, the wooden inmates of the ark are really a very animated company

Beginnings of Maryland, 1631-1639. By Bernard C. Steiner, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies on Historical and Political Science. Series XXI., Nos. 8, 9, 10.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6x9¾ in. 112 pages.

Book of American Humor. Vol. I. Prose. Vol. II. Verse. Composed by the Best Known American Writers. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4½x7 in.

There are many old favorites here. The preponderance of fantastic spelling in the earlier and of slang in the later prose selections may be ascribed to the character of American humor or to the collator's taste, as one likes.

Century of Expansion (A). By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D. With Maps. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 316 pages. \$1.50, net.

An account of the successive expansions of the authority of the American people, first over the territories to the West and South, which they themselves have tilled and developed, and finally over the newly acquired islands already well peopled by other races. The author believes that all these expansions are the same in essence and will prove alike beneficial in their results.

Christ and Progress: A Discussion of Problems of Our Time. By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 267 pages. \$1.20, net.

Colomba. By Prosper Merimée. Edited by Hiram Parker Williamson. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 220 pages.

Critical and Historical Essays. By Thomas B. Macaulay. Edited by F. C. Montague, M.A. In 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7¾ in.

These three volumes are the latest addition to Putnam's Library of Standard Literature, and are furnished with an introduction and notes by Professor Montague, of University College, London, who has wisely refrained from overloading his volumes with explanations, but has left the Essays largely to tell their own story, with the exception of an occasional bit of information elucidating a historical or personal allusion. No essays more completely render their meaning to intelligent readers without the aid of an interpreter. The books are well made in excellent library style.

Elements of Political Economy. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8¾ in. 538 pages.

Not a mere condensation, but also a revision

of the author's larger work on the Principles of Political Economy. It is admirably adapted to the uses of a text-book, Professor Nicholson's work being always searching in its analysis and authoritative in its judgment.

Expansion of Russia, 1875-1900 (The). By Francis Henry Skrine, F.S.S. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 386 pages.

An admirable piece of work both in plan and in execution. The author keeps his attention on the events which shaped after events, and by keen analysis of their moral and political significance has been able in this compact volume to explain the growth of Russia. If he has any pronounced bias, it is his disposition to defend the Russian Government against the sweeping denunciations of Russophobists, both radical and reactionary. But even where the reader fails to share his view, he recognizes that they are the views of an eminently judicial mind, guided by conscience and not by passion.

Faust: A Dramatic Mystery. By Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by John Anster, LL.D. (Newnes Pocket Classics) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3¼x6½ in. 250 pages. \$1, net.

Another prettily bound, thin-paper, small-volume edition of a classic. Dr. Anster's blank verse translation is adequate if not especially poetical.

Five Little Peppers at School. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 453 pages. \$1.10, net.

The "little Peppers'" young friends will find this record of their school days quite as interesting as any previous volume of this popular series.

Forging Ahead. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½x7½ in. 369 pages. 90c., net. (Postage, 12c.)

A juvenile of a familiar type, in which the poor but honest hero distances the evil rich man's son in every competition, fathoms the malicious schemes of maturer wrongdoers, outwits brilliant lawyers, foils burglars, prevents the machinations of unworthy trespassers on an aged relative's bounty, and finally comes into the reward of so much virtue through being made heir to this gentleman's fortune.

French and English Furniture. By Esther Singleton. Illustrated by H. D. Nichols. (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 7x11 in. 394 pages. \$5.

Inevitably one notes first the great physical beauty of this extremely handsome and finely illustrated volume. Nothing but praise may be said of its strong but elegant binding, its good paper, and its scores of well-rendered pictures of typical specimens of furniture. The author's method is to treat her subjects by distinctive styles and periods. Thus, a chapter each is devoted to the periods of Louis XII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., and the Empire, to the Jacobean, Queen Anne, and Early Georgian periods, and (by makers) to those of Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton. More-

over, the text describes not merely the furniture, but to some extent the social and artistic traits, of the period under discussion, and notes many things indirectly connected with the main topic. From the book a reader may gain an intelligent idea of the history of artistic design in furniture and decoration.

From Empire to Republic: The Story of the Struggle for Constitutional Government in Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll. With Map and Portraits. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5x8 in. 336 pages. \$1.10, net.

An admirable political history of Mexico—compact but presenting with great clearness the significant events, philosophical but teaching its philosophy by means of a spirited narrative. The volume is happily given an exceptional interest at the present time by reason of the enforced prominence of Spanish-American politics in our own political discussion. Mexico, of course, is not Colombia, but the race elements among its population and the questions upon which its parties divide are essentially the same, so that Mr. Noll's discriminating account of the politics of the one country gives an insight into that of the other. His connection with a Southern university does not lead him in the slightest degree to minimize the sympathy between the aristocratic party in Mexico, which defended the foreign rule of Maximilian against the champions of Mexican independence, and the Southern Confederacy, which was fighting for the principle of sectional secession against the supremacy of the Union. So far as political principles went, this sympathy was most inconsistent; but class feelings go deeper than political platforms, and more often determine the attitude of men and parties toward the concrete issues of political life.

From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond. Edited and Arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 313 pages. \$2, net.

Readers of Stevenson's letters know his delight at having his mother with him in Samoa. Her letters, mostly written to relatives in Scotland from the South Seas, but with some from the Adirondacks, not only give pleasant additional glimpses of the romancer's home life, but disclose in the writer a woman of rare strength of character and real charm. Her portrait has a strong resemblance to her famous son, and it is clear that he inherited from her more than physical traits.

George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, 1628-1687: A Study in the History of the Restoration. By Winifred, Lady Burghclere. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x9 in. 414 pages. \$6, net.

Many little-known sources have been exhausted to make this life story of the second and baser Villiers complete and accurate. The author's view is not at all that of an admirer of the Buckingham or even of the Stuarts. She makes a careful study of the follies and vice of the Restoration. The book is well printed and illustrated.

Greek Primer (A). By Clarence W. Gleason, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 349 pages.

Hermit's Wild Friends (A). By Mason A. Walton. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½x8½ in. 304 pages. \$1.50, net.

This volume by the Hermit of Bond's Hill, who has lived nearly a fifth of a century in a hut in the woods near Gloucester, Massachusetts, is a book that will delight all nature and animal lovers. It is very fully and beautifully illustrated.

History of Classical Scholarship (A): From the Sixth Century B.C. to the End of the Middle Ages. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 671 pages.

It is the tradition that Cambridge is more devoted to mathematics and science, Oxford to classical studies; but in this volume Cambridge is at the fore of her rival. It is a work of immense research in a vast field explored only by specialists, but important for its relation to modern educational systems. By "classical scholarship" is meant not mere erudition, but "the accurate study of the language, literature, and art of Greece and Rome, and of all that they teach as to the nature and history of man." In this field the historian passes from one seat of learning to another; from Athens to Alexandria and Pergamon, thence to Rome, and thence to Constantinople. The Byzantine period of the history is the longest of all, some eight centuries, till at the dawn of the Renaissance new homes of learning appear in the West. A vast amount of historical and critical detail is packed into a volume that is small in comparison with the amplitude to which it might have been extended. Not merely the grammarians, lexicographers, and critics, but the great masters of literature, the schoolmen, and the monks to whose copy-work we owe the preservation of ancient classics, move in long procession through these pages under critical survey. Dr. Sandys's work is a thesaurus for all students of his subject. It is well indexed, and contains many illustrations. A subsequent volume is intended to bring the history down to the present time.

History of Egypt. By Ross G. Murison, M.A., B.D. (Bible Class Primers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3¼x5½ in. 110 pages.

History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. By R. W. Carlyle, C.I.E., and A. J. Carlyle, M.A. Vol. I. Second Century to the Ninth. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½x9 in. 314 pages.

It is not popularly supposed that any continuity of political thought exists between Cæsar's contemporaries and our own. Yet Mr. Carlyle is warranted in saying that "the theory of government which the jurists of the old world handed down to the new was a theory in which all authority in the State is conceived of as coming from the people." This holds true, at any rate, from the Augustan age of Rome to the French Revolution. The break between ancient and modern political theory occurred earlier than the first century B.C., when the doctrine of the

natural equality of men, as held in Cicero's time, displaced that of natural inequality taught by Aristotle. When Christianity rose to power, it found a political theory established which it modified only in detail. The Teutonic nations that subverted the throne of the Cæsars brought in their own political and social traditions, but tried to harmonize these with those accepted by the Church fathers. There is no lack of political theorizing in the Middle Ages, and its history is largely that of a conflict on the source of political authority. While anything like systematic political thought is not found there, Mr. Carlyle shows that even in the disorderly ninth century three principles are plainly asserted: the equality of human nature, the sacredness of government, and the responsibility of the ruler to the nation. The historical and critical work embodied in this volume is indispensable to a correct estimate of the political theories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to which a succeeding volume is devoted.

In Happy Hollow. By Max Adeler (Charles Heber Clark). Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 337 pages.

A jumble of farce, caricature, and melodrama are these "annals of a quiet neighborhood," the precise locality of which it would be difficult for any one but the author to determine.

Ivanhoe: A Romance. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Edited by Carrie E. Tucker Dracass. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½x7½ in. 551 pages. 60c., net.

Izaak Walton and His Friends. By Stapleton Martin, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 263 pages. \$3.50, net.

The author of this notably handsome volume writes chiefly, he tells us, to bring out the spiritual side of Walton's character, and it is surprising to find how much there is on record as to this point that has not heretofore been generally known. Among Walton's friends were Thomas Fuller, Ken, Holdsworth, Pearson, and a dozen other famous divines, while he himself wrote biographies of Donne, Wotton, Herbert, Hooker, and Sanderson, and his religious verse is worthy of preservation.

John Maxwell's Marriage. By Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 355 pages.

An Irish romance of the last century, interesting in plot and action, and able in its presentment of the manners and morals of that time and place.

Laws of Imitation (The). By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the French by Elsie Clews Parsons. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 404 pages. \$3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Life and Adventures of "Jack" Philip, Rear-Admiral United States Navy. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. Assisted by Barrett Philip. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6½x10 in. 280 pages. \$2.50.

"Don't cheer, men; those poor fellows are dying," was the echo of a sailor's spirit of compassion, charity, and Christian charac-

ter. That spirit, as shown by Admiral Philip, not only at Santiago but at many another place over the world's surface, and at many another time in his virile career, is worthily set forth in the pages of this memorial. But we see no reason why a nickname should appear on the cover and on the title-page of a dignified biography. Admiral Philip was a hero in a naval record already rich in such examples. While the biography throws light on recent history, it is specially to be commended to the reading of boys and young men; they will find in it an inspiration towards Christian manliness.

Little Lady of the Fort (The). By Annie M. Barnes. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 377 pages. 90c., net.

This story of the year 1572 relates to Louise La Pierre, daughter of the French commandant of Fort Ribant, in the territory now known as South Carolina. How she befriended a soldier of the enemy, was herself taken prisoner, and after many perils escaped through his aid, are some details of her adventures, which are all set forth by the romance in a very entertaining manner.

Little Masterpieces of American Wit and Humor. Edited by Thomas L. Mason. In 6 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4x6 in. Per vol., 75c. Per set, \$4.50.

This series of volumes edited by Mr. Thomas L. Mason contains an intelligent and very full selection of representative pieces of American wit and humor from the works of a long list of American humorists from Benjamin Franklin to Mark Twain, with special attention to contemporary humorists. The selection is valuable not only because it is a little library of extremely readable literature, but also because it brings out the richness and variety of humor among American writers. The books are simply but tastefully made.

Mamzelle Fifine. By Eleanor Atkinson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 396 pages. \$1.50.

A vivid and charming picture of the Empress Josephine's early life in the West Indian plantation home of her father, Joseph de Tascher, Sieur de la Pagerie.

Manor School (The). By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. The Mershon Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 337 pages.

Militarism: A Contribution to the Peace Crusade. By Guglielmo Ferrero. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5¼x9 in. 320 pages. \$3.50, net.

A brilliant and profound argument that in our day militarism is an anachronism, since industrial struggles, not military, are to-day the sure basis of national prestige and power. An important contribution to the literature of the great peace crusade which, despite temporary discouragements, is winning recruits in every part of Christendom and promises, in the author's view, "a Pax Christiana . . . of longer duration and more glorious than the Pax Augusta."

Misunderstood. By Evangelist H. D. Kennedy. William Briggs, Toronto. 5x7 in. 105 pages.

Napoleon the First: A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Margaret Bacon Corwin and Arthur Dart Bissell. Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 836 pages.

A biography of Napoleon the First in one volume is written, it is to be presumed, for one of two purposes: either as a text-book for the historical student in school or college, or as a popular account, in compact form, of one of the most dramatic and one of the most influential lives in modern history. We judge that this book might serve the first purpose very well; we do not think it serves the second. It is careful, painstaking, we judge accurate, clear in narration, and fair-minded in its spirit. This is all that is necessary for the student; it is not all that is necessary for the general reader. For his use it should also be interpretative. The writer should either have the dramatic imagination, so that he can see clearly and depict vividly the characters of his story, make them live before his readers as human characters, and thus interpret the story vitally and dramatically; or he should have the philosopher's mind, see what relation the episode he treats bears to the general development of human history, and so order his narration of events as to make his reader perceive their significance as a part of the evolution of human society. August Fournier has no dramatic imagination. His characters are not living men and women. If they were on the stage, we should call them "sticks." He has some sense of the relation of the Napoleonic episode to the development of the human race, but not much; it can hardly be said that his book is philosophically interpretative. To a student of history who wishes to get in compact form a simple statement of the events of Napoleon's career this book will be useful. But this, in our judgment, will be the limit of its usefulness. We may add that it ought to have been accompanied with maps. Without maps the military career of Napoleon is scarcely intelligible to one not exceptionally familiar with the political geography of Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Odes of Anacreon (The). Translated by Thomas Moore. With Designs by Girodet de Roussy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼x7¼ in. 166 pages.

Moore's versified rendering of Anacreon is peculiarly happy because the two poets had not a little in common. Roussy's designs are a little startling for modern taste, but are in their very nude way classical. This edition is handsomely printed.

Old Testament History. By Rev. O. R. Barnicott, LL.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x5½ in. 138 pages. 30c., net.

Outline of the Science of Study. By James G. Moore. Hinds & Noble, New York. 5x7½ in. 275 pages. \$1.

Path of Stars (The). By Margaret Crosby Munn. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 289 pages. \$1.50.

Another musical novel of the present day,

with New York for its background. The story is told by the heroine, who is very frank and outspoken on the subject of her personal appearance and gift of song, but a trifle confused in the matter of tenses, and vague concerning the nature of her hero's wonderful power of healing. She leaves, however, no room for doubt as to the intensity of their mutual and eventually reciprocal feeling, dealing it out to the reader in generous measure, pressed down and running over at the conclusion in an "Afterword" and "L'Envoi" of transcendental emotion.

Petronilla Heroven. By U. L. Silberrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 319 pages.

A book of considerable story interest, told in an original way. Miss Silberrad's people, however, here as in her other books, are rather vivid than natural, and some of their actions are inconsequent and even puzzling.

Poems of Philip Freneau (The): Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. II. The University Library, Princeton, N. J. 6x10 in. 407 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Poems of Tennyson. Chosen and Edited by Henry van Dyke. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 341 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Religions of India (The): Brahmanism and Buddhism. By Rev. Allan Menzies, D.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x5½ in. 103 pages. 30c., net.

Reynard the Fox. Adapted by E. Louise Smythe. Illustrated. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 122 pages.

Rose of Holly Court (A). By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5¼x7¼ in. 183 pages.

Rosie Dolan is almost "too good to be true" in a tenement district or any other where, yet in some respects the author has made this little Irish girl a very real character, and her story is a pretty one, in spite of some exaggeration and forced sentiment. Also, it offers an interesting suggestion for juvenile settlement work.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (The). Newly Paraphrased by Ruel William Whitney. With a Slight Foreword by C. C. M., Jr. The Miner Studio, Cleveland, Ohio. 5x7 in. 44 pages.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: A Revised Text and Translation, with Exposition and Notes. By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x9 in. 314 pages. \$3.

For fresh commentaries on this book—a favorite with all who are attracted by its emphasis on the idea of corporate religion, that is, of the Church as the continuing embodiment of the life of Christ in the world—the strong current that sets to-day toward the reunion of the divided Church offers ever fresh inducement. This seems to be

the *motif* of Dean Robinson's work in exposition of a truth "never more needed than it is to-day." In two divisions he gives, first, the English text with full commentary; next, the Greek text with critical notes. Theologically, as in interpreting such phrases as "children of wrath" and "the blood of Christ," Dean Robinson is more conservative than his great predecessor, Dean Stanley. The question of authorship, whether the Epistle is Paul's own, or whether, as maintained by his fellow-churchman, the late Dr. E. P. Gould, in his "Biblical Theology of the New Testament," it is the work of an Alexandrian Jew of the second century, upon a basis of Pauline material, he does not touch. The critical and philological portion of the work is done with the fine finish that is the boast of English university training.

Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 6¼x9¼ in. 130 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Scientific Tone Production: A Manual for Teachers and Students of Singing and Speaking. By Mary Ingles James. C. W. Thompson & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 99 pages. \$1.

Spencer Kellogg Brown: His Life in Kansas and his Death as a Spy, 1848-1863. Edited by George Gardner Smith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 380 pages. \$1.35, net. (Postage, 12c.)

This biography of a young soldier on the Union side in our Civil War acquaints the reader with a character interesting and heroic, and in his latter days deeply religious. Many incidents, and especially facts relating to occurrences and conditions connected with the early settlement of Kansas, are stated with a too evident bias; but in the main historical information is quietly given and authentic.

Tocsin (The): Our Children in Peril. By Elizabeth Strong Worthington. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 102 pages.

True History of the Civil War (The). By Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x8 in. 421 pages. \$2, net.

In his preface the author wins the reader's sympathy by explaining that he is not responsible for the arrogant title. The respect in which he endeavors to make his history of the Civil War more nearly true than most short accounts of it is by presenting more fully the Southern view of things as a supplement and corrective of the Northern. The work is fairly well done, but hardly more than this. A curious typographical error is a reference to the hostility in England toward the "moral" tariff adopted by the North—referring, of course, to the tariff enactment introduced by Congressman Morrill.

What Shall We Eat: The Food Question from the Standpoint of Health, Strength, and Economy. By Alfred Andrews. The Health-Culture Co., New York. 5¼x7 in. 119 pages. 50c.

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The Chicago Calamity

The Iroquois Theater disaster in Chicago on Wednesday afternoon of last week is unparalleled in the history of this country not only in the number of the victims of fire and panic (estimated at about 590 dead and not very far from 140 injured), but more particularly in the distressingly large proportion of children gathered to witness a holiday spectacle and almost instantaneously given over to death by flame or trampled ruthlessly under foot by the maddened crowd. The nearest approach in extent to this disaster in America was the burning of the Brooklyn Theater in 1876, when over 275 lives were lost, while the highest recorded loss of life by a theater fire was that of the Vienna Ring Theater in 1881, when nine hundred deaths occurred; in both of the latter-named calamities the fire was caused by the upsetting of a lamp on the stage, and in both cases the theaters were badly constructed and had insufficient exits. Precisely what happened at the Iroquois Theater may never be certainly known; accounts by those in the audience and on the stage differ materially. The probability, however, is that some defect of insulation in the electric wires by which the effects in a beautiful moonlight scene were produced caused a flash of fire from which the inflammable scenery which crowded the stage caught instantly. Attempts to put out the flame by portable extinguishers failed—the extinguishers were worthless, it is said. A leading actor tried to allay the fears of the audience, but in vain. The asbestos curtain (said by some witnesses to have been of the cheapest and flimsiest kind) was bellied out like a sail by the sudden draught caused by the opened doors and rush of the audience

and became caught fast. In an instant a great body of flame and gas swept over the part of the parquet near the stage and up and through the balcony and gallery. An explosion of some kind followed. Although the theater was new and expensively built, and architect and owners aver that they had spared no pains to make it safe, yet some at least of the emergency exits were locked, while one or more exits which appear on the plan did not exist. The panic was indescribable; the scenes of suffering and horror heartrending. Instances of heroism were not wanting, but there were also proofs of inhuman brutality in the fierce rush for safety. The city of Chicago became at once one vast place of mourning; the improvised morgues were filled with despairing men and women seeking their dead; New Year's festivities were instantly abandoned; a ten days' truce was declared in the existing strike of drivers and teamsters to allow the men to help in the emergency; a universal cry for the rigor of the law led to the arrest of the managers and owners of the theater, and a thorough sifting of evidence before the Coroner's Jury will probably be followed by criminal proceedings. One commendable result of the excitement was the order by Mayor Harrison closing peremptorily eighteen Chicago theaters which have not complied with the ordinances as to asbestos curtains, exits with red lights, and other precautions. Many of these theaters were evidently very much inferior in their construction and arrangements to the burned Iroquois Theater. In an editorial in another place we discuss the general problem of precautions against such frightful disasters by fire, and the duty of municipal officers, inspectors,

and of the people themselves, who, in the last resort, have the power of compelling managers to furnish safeguards by refusing to patronize unsafe theaters. In New York City the laws seem, on the whole, to be rather unusually stringent, yet Fire Commissioner Sturgis complains that the courts have not sustained him in trying to prevent managers from allowing the passages to be blocked by "standees" (one thousand more tickets than there were seats were sold lately for a "Parsifal" performance, it is said), and that the ordinances are defied in the construction and arrangement of many theaters.



**Not a Representative
Southerner**

The New York "Tribune" has a curious article entitled "The Rake's Progress," in which it quotes Mr. Lamar as saying in 1876, "in one of his greatest speeches," "You have given the black race the most delicate, the most dangerous, as well as the most sacred of all privileges. Let that privilege be maintained inviolably; but give him real freedom, and do not make him the janizary of party tyranny." And it quotes ex-Governor Russell, of North Carolina, as saying a week or two ago:

The truth is, the negro is going to fare best and be happiest when his position is most subordinate. Financial and industrial equality is as bad in the eyes of the whites as social equality. The negro who gets very prosperous is to be pitied, for straightway he is in a situation where danger confronts him. Let him but own a fine farm, blooded horses and cattle, and dare to ride in a carriage, and if I were an insurance agent I wouldn't make out a policy on his life. In plain English, to get above his ordained station in life is, generally speaking, to invite assassination.

The "Tribune" implies that the South has progressed since 1876 from the position of Mr. Lamar's speech to that attributed to the South by Mr. Russell. But it does not accompany these reports with a statement of the significant fact that Mr. Lamar had been a secessionist and was to the last hour of his life a typical Southerner, and that Mr. Russell was elected Governor of North Carolina by a combination of Republican and Populist votes, that he owed his election largely to the votes of negroes, and that he is still designated as

"Republican." To quote the statement of such a man as representing correctly public sentiment in the South is about as legitimate as to quote the sentiments of Lucy Parsons as the representative of the social and industrial opinions of the city of Chicago. Indeed, what ex-Governor Russell says regarding the standing of the prosperous negro in the South is exactly contrary to the facts. If the New York "Tribune" wants to give its readers the public sentiment of North Carolina, it should quote from some of the speeches of Charles B. Aycock, who was elected Governor of that State in 1901, as the result of a campaign conducted by him in which he advocated equal educational privileges for black and white.



General Longstreet The death last Saturday of General James Longstreet removes the most distinguished of the survivors among the Confederate commanders. It is true that his exact merits as a soldier had been in later years somewhat questioned among his own people, but, on the other hand, the claim has been made by General Longstreet's friends that this was the result of his political action after the war. Mrs. Longstreet, indeed, has quite recently (and we think since General Longstreet's death) made public a statement in which she says that the charge that General Longstreet was responsible for the loss of the battle of Gettysburg and the ultimate fall of the Confederate cause was an outcome of political enmity. She adds:

He was a West Pointer, a professional soldier; he had never cast a ballot before the Civil War; he had no politics; its passions and prejudices had no dwelling-place in his mind. The war was over, and he quietly accepted the result, fraternizing with all Americans. It was no great crime. But the peculiar circumstances favored the conspiracy to make Longstreet the long-desired scapegoat for Gettysburg. There was an ulterior and deeper purpose, however, than merely besmirching his military record. Shortsighted partisans seemingly argued that the disparagement of Longstreet was necessary to save the military reputation of Lee. But Lee's great fame needed no such sacrifice.

James Longstreet was born in South Carolina eighty-two years ago. His first

active service after graduating at West Point was in the Mexican War, in which he distinguished himself in several battles, commanded a company at Monterey, and was wounded at Chapultepec. Promotion followed, and he had the rank of major when the Civil War broke out. Like General Lee, General Longstreet believed that his cause was with his State, although he had never been a radical secessionist. He soon rose to prominence as a commander on the Confederate side, was made major-general in 1862, and took part in such important engagements as the two battles of Manassas or Bull Run, Yorktown, Malvern Hill, and Gaines's Mill. At Antietam he commanded the Confederate right wing, at Fredericksburg the left. When the Confederate invasion into Maryland and Pennsylvania took place, one of the three corps engaged was assigned to General Longstreet, and at the critical battle of Gettysburg he opposed General Sickles's forces for two days with brilliant courage and firmness. Later on he was sent by General Lee to reinforce General Bragg in Tennessee, and arrived just in time to support the Confederate forces at Chickamauga. When it is added that General Longstreet fought Burnside in East Tennessee, was wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness, commanded the defenses at Richmond north of the James, and was present at General Lee's capitulation, it will be seen that his part in the battles of the Civil War was extraordinary in the number of important actions at far removed points included. After the war General Longstreet declared that for him reconstruction took place with the surrender of his sword, that he believed the cause of secession was irrevocably lost, and that the best way for him to aid in the re-establishing of desirable conditions in the South was to enter into sympathy with the General Government. The fact that General Longstreet acted with the Republican party and accepted an appointment as an internal revenue agent made him, for a time at least, extremely unpopular; but he is on record as saying that as time went on he saw continually more and more indications that "freedom of thought and freedom

of suffrage" were gaining ground. General Longstreet was appointed Minister to Turkey by President Hayes, while President Garfield made him United States Marshal for Georgia, where he had resided for some years after the war, and later on he was appointed United States Commissioner of Railroads, to succeed General Wade Hampton.



Faithful Service The recent death of Henry Livingston Thomas, for twenty-eight years chief translator to the State Department, with which he had been connected in all thirty-four years, calls attention to the fact that there are in the public employ a not inconsiderable number of men absolutely unknown to the public, quite removed from the sphere of politics, who render faithful, expert, even indispensable service. We hear so much of rogues in office, of place-seekers and time-servers, of sensation-mongers and political plotters, that it is refreshing to turn to the record of a man like Mr. Thomas, and to award him, and those like him, the praise due to a scholar, a gentleman, and in a true sense a patriot. Mr. Thomas had made a life-study of languages, says a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," and knew nearly all except Chinese, Japanese, Russian, and Hungarian—knew them, moreover, as a scholar in literature and grammar, with power to write as well as to speak. An instance of his reputation as an expert is found in the fact that a court once accepted his definition of a rare modern Greek word, on the meaning of which a criminal charge hinged, although several Greeks declared he was wrong; while once he detected an important error in a treaty because his knowledge of Spanish was better than that of the South American envoy who drafted the treaty. As a classical scholar of the old-fashioned type also, Mr. Thomas was exceptionally cultivated, and his private collection of books in all languages was extraordinary both in quality and quantity. In many ways a man of such attainments could make himself almost indispensable in the dealings of our State Department with the nations of the earth. And if

he did not have the meed of popular applause and political reputation, he certainly had the satisfaction of quiet and modest usefulness.



A Good Example The New York "Sun" is our authority for the statement that the Schuylkill County courts have decided to raise the educational standard for applicants for naturalization papers, to refuse such papers to any applicant who took part in the riots during the miners' strike last year, and to instruct them that it is their duty never to interfere with men who want to work. This appears to us an excellent example for other courts to follow. Men who league together to break laws are not men to be intrusted with the authority to make laws. It would be entirely legitimate to provide by legislation that any man convicted of taking part in a riot should be disfranchised, and that no man so convicted should receive naturalization papers. It is also clear to us that it would be legitimate to establish a higher standard both of moral and educational qualification than has been maintained in the past, before admitting aliens to the privileges and prerogatives of citizenship.



R. H. Thurston Dr. Robert Henry Thurston, Director of the College of Mechanical Engineering of Cornell University, who died at his home in Ithaca on his sixty-fourth birthday, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1839. He spent much of his childhood and youth in the workshops of his father's establishment, devoting himself especially to the building of steam-engines. He was graduated from Brown University in 1859, entered his father's firm and spent some time as designing engineer. Two years later he joined the Engineer Corps of the United States Navy, serving on various fleets during the war, was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the United States Naval Academy from 1866 to 1871, became Professor of Engineering at Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, and eighteen years ago resigned that position to become Director

of Sibley College of Mechanical Engineering in Cornell University. Dr. Thurston was an expert of very high standing in his department. He was employed on many Government commissions, was a member of American and European societies, and had held many positions of distinction and honor in his profession. He had mechanical insight and skill in high degree, was enthusiastic in his chosen field, a prolific writer on many technical subjects, and combined with these qualities unusual power of organization. Dr. Andrew D. White, during whose administration at Cornell University Dr. Thurston went to that institution, said of him that, of all men he had ever met, Dr. Thurston had the most astonishing ability for work. In addition to his duties as college director he put forth a large amount of admirable matter in the form of books, magazine articles, and contributions to reviews. Dr. Thurston achieved very high distinction in his profession, and will be greatly missed by his associates, the University, and a host of friends.



A Notable Priest The death of Father Deshon, Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul at Columbus Avenue and Sixtieth Street, New York City, removes a man not widely known outside his own communion and the section in which he worked, but very widely honored by all who knew his personal qualities and his services. Educated at West Point, in the class with General Grant, and for ten years an officer in the regular army, Father Deshon's soldierly qualities commanded the attention of General Grant, who predicted for him a notably successful career. He left the army, however, to study for the priesthood, was ordained in 1855, and began his ministerial work in the mission service of the Redemptorists. When the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle was formed, also primarily for mission work, Father Deshon joined the new order, and on the death of Father Hewit, a distinguished Paulist, became the Superior-General of the Paulist Fathers. The Church of St. Vincent de Paul holds a strategic point

in the city. The parish to which it ministers numbers about twelve thousand souls, and constitutes a community by itself. To that community the Paulist Fathers have dedicated themselves, and have become a religious and moral force of the highest importance in the religious and civic life of the city. They have greatly modified the character of the community in which they work, constituting themselves, by direct and by indirect influence, a force for law and order of the very highest importance. If the church were Protestant, it would be known as an institutional church. Its work is carried on in a devotional atmosphere, its sermons are preached to great congregations, and it touches intimately the life of a host of people. Father Deshon had cast in his fortunes with the little group of Paulist Fathers who are working for religion and practical righteousness on the West Side of New York City at a point of strategic importance; and, as the head of that group of men, he has rendered a service which the city ought not to forget.



**Mayor McClellan's
Appointments**

The minor appointments of Mayor McClellan first announced indicated that he was distributing his official patronage between the two elements in the New York Democracy pretty much in proportion to their size—making two or three appointments satisfactory to the machine to one satisfactory to the independent Democrats. His more important appointments, however, and particularly those announced just before he entered upon his office on January 1, showed in at least two cases a higher regard for the demand of public opinion that the men appointed to public office should possess the confidence of the entire public. The first of these welcome appointments was that of ex-Secretary of the Navy McAdoo to succeed General Greene as Police Commissioner. Here, the public felt, was a man of proved efficiency, who had shown his independence of party by twice voting for President McKinley, and who could not afford to tarnish his own reputation by having his administration

marked by a revival of graft. Unfortunately, these high anticipations have already been lowered by Commissioner McAdoo's action in appointing as his first deputy a former inspector (McAvoy) who was retired under charge of grafting after the famous Lexow investigation. But other appointments of Mayor McClellan to the highest positions under his control have given better promise of a desire not to revert to Van Wyck standards of administration. For the Tenement-House Commissionership, the post in which reformers most feared a disastrous abandonment of the gains made under Mayor Low, Mayor McClellan has appointed ex-Chamberlain Crain, the best of the Tammany candidates for the position. In the Charities Department, where Commissioner Folks's retirement is a great public loss, Mr. Tully has yet to prove his fitness, for of him the most that is known is that he has shown executive ability as a sub-leader in Brooklyn politics. The appointment of Mr. Best as Bridge Commissioner is hardly promising, in view of the fact that Mr. Best is without experience, is believed to owe his position to the influence of street railways, and displaces an experienced and highly educated engineer. For Street Commissioner, despite insistent clamor and protest from the Tammany machine, Mayor McClellan continued in office Dr. Woodbury, whose pronounced Democratic preferences in selecting his subordinates under Mayor Low's administration had made him peculiarly acceptable to Mayor McClellan. Though Dr. Woodbury's record may not have been one of the triumphs of the Low administration, it was creditable enough to make his continuance in office regarded generally as a distinct gain for the right principles of city administration. For Commissioner of Health to succeed Dr. Lederle Mayor McClellan has selected Dr. Thomas Darlington, who has been surgeon to the New Croton Aqueduct and connected, as member of the Board, or as consulting, attending, or visiting physician, with various hospitals, and in the community in which he lives is esteemed a public-spirited man, pre-eminently worthy to fill the position. Best

of all, however, in strengthening confidence in the new Mayor were the just words he addressed to Mayor Low when welcomed at his new post: "If I be spared to live out my term of office, I can wish for no better fortune than that I should leave the City Hall held in as high and affectionate esteem as you are."

**Social Pride and
Race Suicide**

The vital statistics recently published in Massachusetts show a lower birth-rate than ever before, but, happily, a lower death-rate also. The birth-rate has slowly fallen from 29 per thousand people in 1855 to 24½ in 1902; the death-rate more slowly, from 18¾ in 1855 to 16 1-6 in 1902. The population is still increasing nearly one per cent. a year (apart from immigration), but this natural increase, as has been observed for many years back, is among the families in which the parents are of foreign birth. This year's figures, according to an analysis made by Mr. Prescott F. Hall, of the Immigration Restriction League, show that the same tendencies that have so long asserted themselves among the old American stock are now becoming similarly pronounced among the Irish-Americans. Mr. Hall acutely observes that the controlling factor in this matter seems to be less one of race than of social position. So long as native Americans performed the manual labor of their respective communities, their families were large. When the Irish pushed in to perform these tasks, and many forms of manual labor came to be looked upon as in some sense menial, the size of the native American families decreased. With one or two children to educate, American parents were able to keep them above the so-called menial occupations. With large families, their children would be obliged to work with their hands more than was thought respectable. During the present generation, the new immigration from Canada and Continental Europe has pushed the more enterprising of the Irish up in the social scale in the same way that native Americans had been pushed up when the Irish came in to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Far more

than any other immigrants, as a recent State census clearly showed, the Irish are making their way forward into the ranks of contractors, merchants, and professional men—even outside of politics. With this social advance the size of their families has fallen. The number of children in Irish families of the second and third generation is not nearly so great as it was in the first. The conclusion drawn from the whole matter seems to be that while the flood of immigrants from the more backward races has brought material gains to a considerable part of the old Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Celtic population, yet the preponderance of these race elements in American civilization is being weakened in the process—even more than the mere number of the new immigrants would indicate.

**The Australian
Elections**

The Commonwealth Parliamentary elections in Australia recently did not give the expected verdict upon the policy of preferential trade with Great Britain, for instead of proving a sharply defined contest between protectionists and free-traders, the signal feature of the campaign's close was the great strength developed by the labor party, which practically ignored the fiscal issue. Its demands were for the exclusion of Chinese and other so-called "alien" labor from Australia, and for the extension of State control of industrial activities along the lines of limiting hours, preventing disputes, and securing State competition or even monopoly in easily monopolized lines of business. The gains of the labor party were largely at the expense of the protectionists, but this, it appears, was almost wholly due to the fact that the labor party naturally developed its strength in the industrial centers where protectionism has been strongest. According to a cablegram from Melbourne the labor party is strongly protectionist, and "its attitude in regard to preferential trade will be to heighten the wall against the foreigner without lowering it in favor of Great Britain." The gains of the labor party are the more surprising because it is

only a short time since it distinctly lost its previous hold on public confidence by its untenable demand for the complete unionization of the employees on the State railroads. Last week's gains are accounted for in one widely printed despatch by the alleged radicalism of the women's vote. This explanation may be correct, but it is not to be relied upon without confirmatory evidence. Woman's suffrage has been established in parts of Australasia for nearly a decade, and hitherto, according to both Conservative and Liberal testimony, it has been strikingly difficult to determine in what way women's votes have affected the elections.



The Dreyfus Case

Last week the Commission appointed by M. Vallé, Minister of Justice in the French Cabinet, to determine upon the advisability of reopening the Dreyfus case reported in favor of such reopening. This news will be greeted by all friends of law and order, not only in France, but throughout the world. It is not too much to say that no case before a court martial was ever followed with more intense interest than was that of the French captain accused of betraying the secrets of his profession to the enemy. Much of the supposed evidence for his conviction has been shown to be worthless, and the real culprit has long since been discovered. In the face of the facts produced at the second court martial, the prisoner of Devil's Isle was recondemned, not again, it is true, to the incarceration in which he had suffered tortures of body and mind, but to another sentence of "guilty," which continued his degradation from army rank. Fortunately, the case is now in civil, not military, hands. It is before the Court of Cassation, which requires three months' time to pass on the appeal to it.



The Eastern Chinese Railway

A Russian merchant who has recently come from eastern Siberia through Manchuria reports that the Eastern Chinese Railway has not proved, thus far, to be a paying investment. Although Dalny, its eastern terminus, is a free port, the goods brought in there for the

Manchurian market are not sufficient in quantity to make a profitable business, and the road is not earning enough to pay its fixed charges. In view of this fact, the Russian authorities have recently been permitting imported goods in large quantities to go duty-free from Dalny not only into Manchuria, but into eastern Siberia, where they come into competition with similar goods imported by way of Nikolaevsk and Vladivostok. As the two ports last named are not free, foreign commodities landed there must pay duties; and the merchants who own them must sell them at a ruinous sacrifice in order to compete at all with goods brought in duty-free by way of Manchuria. Thus, in order to develop the commerce of Dalny, and make freight business for the railway, the government is sacrificing—temporarily at least—the interests of its other Pacific ports, and ruining the trade of merchants in the valley of the Amur, whose goods have paid customs duties at Nikolaevsk or Vladivostok, and therefore cannot successfully compete with similar goods brought into the same market duty-free by way of Dalny and the Eastern Chinese Railway. If the facts are as stated by the Russian merchant, they furnish a curious and interesting illustration of Russian administrative methods, and of the way in which private interests in one place are sacrificed, without right or justice, in order to promote a policy that is regarded as more important in another.



Russia and Japan A well-known Russian officer, who has spent most of his life in the Far East, who has had intimate personal relations with Admiral Alexiev, and is in a position to know the real views of the higher Russian authorities with regard to Manchuria, Korea, and Japan, said recently, in reply to questions put to him by a friend, "No; we did not intend to evacuate Manchuria; and who ever supposed that we would? We made certain conditional agreements, it is true, but they were only diplomatic promises, and never really amounted to anything. Our interests in the Far East are too important to be sacrificed at this stage of the pro-

ceedings, and we shall stay there, even at the risk of war with Japan. The Japanese lost their best chance two years ago. They were then much stronger than we were, both at sea and on land, and if they had attacked us at that time they might have made us a lot of trouble; but now the conditions and chances are more equal. We do not, however, underestimate their offensive power. I saw the Peking campaign; I know the Japanese well, from long intercourse with them, and it is my judgment that they surpass us in every respect except one. In organization they are far ahead of us; their commissariat, their transportation facilities, and their hospital service are much better than ours; they are equal to us in fighting capacity, and they excel us in quickness of movement and mobility generally; but they haven't our endurance and staying power. They will fight splendidly at first, but they won't last, and if it comes to a struggle we shall wear them out. Do we want Korea? Of course we want it, but whether we shall get it now or not remains to be seen. Dalny is not a satisfactory port, and we hope to obtain a better one further south; but we can wait a while for it if necessary. We shall not fight now unless we are forced to do so by an aggressive movement on the part of Japan."



**The Roman Catholic
Cathedral at Westminster**

By the dedication of the new Cathedral at Westminster in London on December 29 the Roman Catholics of England have emerged from what has been to them, as it were, an era of homelessness. To people who are surrounded with ancient buildings, abbeys, cathedrals, and churches, which in their opinion were wrested from the see of Rome, the existence of this new cathedral, the first of its kind to be erected in the archdiocese since the Reformation, is a source of pride incomprehensible to minds unacquainted with the position of English Roman Catholics. The dedication was celebrated with great pomp; nobles and gentlemen, robed priests and monks, and a great multitude of people of all

classes filled the new edifice; the service of dedication was, of course, in Latin, but it followed the ritual of the Church in England before the Reformation; the music was the ancient plain-song, and was chosen from old manuscripts in the British Museum. The dedication was accompanied by the enthronement of the new Archbishop, the Most Rev. Francis Bourne, successor of Cardinal Vaughan. The Cathedral is not Gothic, as might be expected, but Byzantine in architecture. In marble, granite, and onyx it is lavish; in color, unlike the neutral tints of the English cathedrals generally; in dimensions, spacious and symmetrical. Nevertheless, the impression which it makes is rather of display than of beauty.



**The Prussian Church
on Dueling, etc.**

Apologies for dueling could hardly have been expected from a church synod in our time, but in the recent General Synod of the State Church of Prussia a resolution condemning dueling as "sinful" was opposed by a large minority, both lay and clerical. Count Storch, while reprobating murder, vindicated dueling from the Scriptures. He is said to have referred to Exodus xxi. as condoning homicide under certain conditions. Some clergymen regarded dueling as a measure of self-defense which may be lawful under great provocation. To this it was rejoined that such arguments played into the hands of the enemies of Christianity. The resolution was carried by a good majority, but the opposition it encountered has caused wide regret in Germany. It is thought that political considerations were involved, as the Kaiser is known to stand by this relic of barbarism. The Synod is professedly an orthodox body, and its division on a theological question was scarcely less remarkable than on the question of dueling. Men who are alleged to be "agnostics" have been appointed, time after time, to theological professorships in the universities, and protests have been heard that could not be ignored. Accordingly a resolution was introduced intended as a compromise between the strict adher-

ents to creed statements and the claimants of unrestricted liberty for critical thought. In this resolution the Synod unanimously professes faith in Jesus Christ the Son of God, crucified and risen for us, the only hope of salvation; and hopes that only men so believing will be nominated to theological chairs. But nearly one-third, thirty-one per cent., of the votes cast were in the negative, a result which can hardly bring peace of mind to the preponderating party.



Robert College.

The value of Robert College in Constantinople to the cause of civilization has often been recognized in *The Outlook*. This power has been in large measure due to the courage, wisdom, and tact of its President, Dr. Washburn. It was eminently proper, therefore, that the Trustees of Robert College, in recently accepting the resignation of Dr. Washburn of the presidency, should express their appreciation of his services in developing the institution from a small school of precarious existence into a college known and respected all over the world. As the Trustees say, Dr. Washburn's faith has never wavered, and he has met repeated and formidable opposition with diplomacy and has won the confidence even of those who were at first the enemies of the College. It is now over thirty-five years since Dr. Washburn first became connected with Robert College, and in this time the number of students has increased from a mere handful to considerably over three hundred. Among these students are to be found Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, and even the recent troubles in Macedonia have not kept away the Bulgarian teachers and students. Dr. Washburn is to be succeeded by a man he himself chose for the work, the Rev. Dr. C. F. Gates, who was formerly President of the Euphrates College at Harpoot. Dr. Gates has not only had experience as an educator, but is particularly well acquainted with the conditions of Eastern life and with the circumstances of Robert College, its sources of strength and its long-continued policy of moderation and wisdom. Under his administration the prospects of the College are of the best.

A Charming Play Among the plays now being presented in this city a first place must be given, in point of interest and quality, to Mr. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." If all plays were as wholesome, as witty, and as refreshing as this, much of the criticism of the theater would be groundless. Unfortunately, very few plays are at the same time so entertaining and so wholesome. The play is, like many other things which Mr. Barrie has done, an extravaganza; but it is not, as most stage extravaganzas are, a burlesque touched with vulgarity; it is one of those charming creations which express the playing mood of the imagination. It is a reversal of social conditions, and, by means of the gentlest and most indirect satire, touches lightly but surely some of the absurdities, inconsistencies, and a great deal of the snobbishness of society as now ordered. The family of an English nobleman, by the wrecking of a yacht, is cast on an island with no other companionship than that of two servants. In the course of three years one of these servants, the butler, shows himself the only man who has the force, the intelligence, and the inventiveness to deal with the situation. He becomes the supreme man of the island, and the others become his attendants. The pathos of the situation is instantly borne home when the gun of a steamer is heard at the end of three years and touch with civilization restores the old conditions. Mr. Barrie, who is always unexpected and often witty, fills his play with charming lines, with those surprises and that by-play of the imagination which are always refreshing. Such plays as this, like its predecessors, "The Little Minister" and "Quality Street," by no means represent the highest dramatic achievement or the breadth of interest which the stage ought to serve; but they suggest the quality which interests and amuses, while at the same time it refreshes and stimulates.



Women in German Universities

The opening of the University of Munich to women is an important event because it marks the first concession to women of full student

rights in Germany. Hitherto no women have been permitted to matriculate. It is true that in several universities women have been allowed to attend lectures and in rare cases have even been permitted to take degrees on examination with the special consent of the faculties concerned, this award, of course, being a very exceptional thing in the general system of German university education. The action of the rector and Senate of the University of Munich, therefore, is radical and may be far-reaching. Women, whether Germans or foreigners, are to be received at Munich on precisely the same terms as men—that is, by regular matriculation to such as possess the *abituria* of the German gymnasia, but in the case of foreigners credit for degrees received at home and special work done there will be given. The latter are to be admitted only as hearers, and, with consent of the faculty, they may finally come up for a degree, but they will not be conceded the rights accorded to that class of German women students having the gymnasial *abituria*. This notable step in German education will probably have the effect of attracting to Munich many women students from foreign countries, America, Switzerland, and Russia in particular. But the principal importance of the Munich decision is in the elevation of German women themselves to an educational status which they have never before enjoyed.

Syro-Americans Syrians discovered America in 1876 at the Philadelphia Exposition. Their hard conditions—political, economic, and religious—under Turkish rule have stimulated a large immigration of the Christian population of Syria, of whom in the last two years about 9,000 entered the port of New York. Syrians are found in all parts of the country, especially in cheap retail business, but they are most numerous in the North Atlantic States—nearly 2,500 in Greater New York. The first scientific study of any of the foreign populations of the city is a portrait of the Syrian colony contributed to "Federation" by Mr. Lucius Hopkins Miller, for three years a resi-

dent of Syria, and now of Union Theological Seminary. Summarizing its general features, it appears that the Syrian is a thoroughly desirable immigrant. The police have no fault to find with him, teachers praise his children as good and diligent pupils, and business men commend him as reliable in his dealings. While largely occupied as peddlers and factory operatives, Syrians show capacity for administrative work and wholesale business. Some become very prosperous financially. Many are well educated, and facile in modern languages. "The average New York Syrian is more religious than the average New York American." Eight sects exist among them, mostly Catholic, with four churches. A small number of Protestants, some of whom are connected with city churches, hold Sunday evening services in Arabic at 95 Washington Street, Manhattan. Considerable missionary work among Syrians is done by Protestants, and there is need of a campaign of education, though the lowest Syrian homes average better than those of the lowest Italians, Irish, and Polaks.

The President on the Panama Affair

President Roosevelt's special Message on the Panama Canal Treaty, laid before Congress at its reassembling on Monday, January 4, ought to be read carefully by all citizens of the United States who desire to get an accurate, full, and judicial history of the events which, partly owing to the fragmentary way in which they have necessarily been reported, partly owing to the partisanship which has misinterpreted them, have been in some quarters so greatly misunderstood. His message appears to us to answer adequately all the questions asked by Senator Hoar in the resolution presented by him and still pending in the Senate. He gives explicit denial to the charge that the United States Government had any complicity in promoting the Panama revolution, explains fully how it acquired its knowledge that a revolution was impending,

describes the proceedings which it took to protect the free transit of the railroad and the lives and property of American citizens, fully justifies the charge that Colombia in her rejection of the treaty was scheming to confiscate the property rights of the French owners of the Canal, and confirms the suggestion made by Assistant Secretary Loomis in his recent address, that, if the United States had allowed this plan to be carried out, serious entanglements with France would have inevitably ensued. In the main, this message gives the history of events as *The Outlook* has given them, but with a continuity impossible to us in successive weekly issues, and with a completeness impossible to us in the imperfection of our knowledge.

We have already called the attention of our readers to the fact that as long ago as August 22 *The Outlook* foretold the possibility of a revolution in Panama. The President quotes from successive articles in the Washington "Post," the New York "Herald," and the New York "Times," in different issues from August 31 to November 2, not only foretelling the impending revolution, but describing the measures which were being taken to prepare it. It was in anticipation of this impending revolution that instructions were given to naval commanders in the vicinity to prevent the landing of any armed force with hostile intent, *either government or insurgent*, at any point within fifty miles of Panama—an order in the line of orders given at previous times in anticipation of disorder on the Isthmus, but certainly carrying intervention further than it had ever before been carried. It was in consequence of the telegram to the Associated Press in Washington stating that a revolutionary outbreak had occurred that Acting Secretary Loomis cabled to the consuls at Panama and at Colon for information, before the uprising actually occurred. It was in accordance with general orders received from Washington that Commander Hubbard landed troops for the protection of Americans at Colon, and recalled them when that protection was no longer required; that he refused to allow troops of either party to be moved in

either direction on the railroad; that he prevented a body of the revolutionists from landing at Colon; that—and this fact is new to us—he prevented the passage of Government troops from Colon to Panama, when the Panamense desired the permission to be given, because they had at Panama a force of insurgents more than double the number of the Colombian forces and expected to take them prisoners. In short, the attitude of Commander Hubbard throughout was, to quote his own words, "strictly neutral as between the two parties, my only purpose being to protect the lives and property of American citizens, and to preserve the free and uninterrupted transit of the Isthmus."

The President characteristically gives full credit to Commander Hubbard for the promptness of his action, and assumes full responsibility for its results. The action of the Administration is thus summed up by the President in a few brief sentences:

We, in effect, policed the Isthmus in the interest of its inhabitants and of our own National needs, and for the good of the entire civilized world. Failure to act as the Administration acted would have meant great waste of life, great suffering, great destruction of property; all of which was avoided by the firmness and prudence with which Commander Hubbard carried out his orders and prevented either party from attacking the other. Our action was for peace both of Colombia and of Panama.

So much for the history. As to the principles involved, the President affirms, as *The Outlook* has affirmed, the validity and propriety of the general rule "that a State should not be recognized as independent until it has shown its ability to maintain its independence;" but also, as *The Outlook* has maintained, that "the rule is subject to exceptions, and there are clear and imperative reasons why a departure from it was justified and even required in the present instance. These reasons embrace, first, our treaty rights; second, our National interests and safety; and, third, the interests of collective civilization." Our treaty rights make it our duty to protect the free transit of the Isthmus, and, if necessary for that purpose, to protect the Isthmus itself from the disturbances

of civil war. Our National interests require the construction of an inter-oceanic ship canal, without further indefinite delays, such as the action of Colombia threatened. A quotation from a report of the majority of the Panama Canal Committee to the Colombian Senate, October 14, gives an official verification of the statement which The Outlook has heretofore made, that Colombia was seeking to confiscate the property of the French canal owners and secure that property for itself. The interests of civilization quite as much as our National interests demand the construction of this interoceanic canal, and the action of foreign governments makes it clear that it is the duty of America to undertake this work for the civilized world, as our interests make it clear that we can allow no other civilized government to undertake it. Finally, Panama has now been recognized as an independent government by most of the great world powers—France, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Nicaragua, Peru, China, Cuba, Great Britain, Italy, Costa Rica, Japan, and Austria-Hungary. The question before this Government, therefore, "is not that of the recognition of Panama as an independent republic; that is already an accomplished fact. The question, and the only question, is whether or not we shall build an Isthmian canal."

Both with the history of the Panama affair, as given so fully by the President, and with the arguments based thereon for the justice of our National action, readers of The Outlook are reasonably familiar. We find nothing in this Message which does not confirm our weekly narrative, nor anything in it which is really necessary to make that narrative complete, though much of added interest. When the newspaper criticisms, written in such haste, of public action charged with being hasty are forgotten, this state paper will remain a notable contribution to American history and a convincing demonstration that in its action in Panama the Administration has acted alike with justice and with discretion. It is to be hoped that Congress will follow the example which has been set, and that the Senate will promptly ratify the treaty

for the construction of a Panama canal with the only power which is competent to make such a treaty, and thus show itself as ready as the President to serve the interests of the people of the Isthmus, the people of the United States, and the people of the whole civilized world.

Japan and Russia

The seizure last week by Japan of the Seoul-Fusan railway, crossing two-thirds of Korea, the assembling of the Japanese fleet ready to sail for Korea, and the hasty purchase of foreign battle-ships in England and Italy, are events which, while they do not necessarily mean war, are distinctly warlike.

As in 1895, Korea is the subject of conflict. The Chino-Japanese war nine years ago, undertaken on account of the challenging of Japanese interests in Korea, meant that a small nation, in territory and population, which had only recently clothed itself with a modern and popular form of government, was measuring its apparently slender strength against a vast empire of four million square miles and four hundred million people. To the world's surprise, the Japanese defeated their foe promptly, brilliantly, decisively.

The Russo-Japanese imbroglio of the present year means that the same small but determined nation of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand square miles and nearly fifty million people is ready, if need be, to measure its strength against the largest of land empires, which is also a sea-power of no mean strength—with over eight million square miles of territory and over a hundred and forty million people. It is a case of David and Goliath, and it may have a similar ending. For, first of all, vastness of territory is a decided disadvantage when one considers the necessity for compactness in the disposition of soldiers and supplies. Secondly a struggle for Korea would be largely a sea-fight, and Japan's sea-strength consists first in a splendid strategic position geographically, next in an abundant base of supplies (especially coal) close at hand, and lastly in superior displacement.

ment, tonnage, speed, equipment, and marksmanship to the Russian navy. As Russia is proportionately powerful on land, the result of an armed Russo-Japanese conflict might go far to determine which of the two departments of defense—the army or the navy—is the more vital to any nation.

The chief result of the present conflict, whether of diplomacy or arms, will, we confidently expect, be commercial. Both the Russian and the Japanese ambitions regarding Korea are legitimate. Certainly neither may be set down, we think, as abnormal land-hunger; they are primarily for the enlargement of spheres of trade influence rather than for the annexation of territory.

If Russia's progress across Europe and Asia has been unhasting, it has been unresting. There is no more impressive exhibition of a glacier-like encroachment than Russia's slow but seemingly resistless expansion. Yet it has been and is lamentably incomplete. What shall it profit Russia to gain all the Asian hinterland but lose the ports? Who can blame Russians for dissatisfaction as they regard Scandinavia blocking the way to Atlantic harbors, Constantinople checking egress to the Mediterranean, Anglo-Indian strength supporting Persia in keeping the Russians away from a port on the Persian Gulf, and, finally, China and Korea, backed by Anglo-Japanese influence, as obstacles to acquiring ice-free ports on the Pacific? For, in getting control of Manchuria, Russia has not realized her expectation of holding such ports on the Pacific coast. It is said that the new breakwater at Dalny, for instance, has choked that port with ice. It is not surprising, then, that the Russians long more than ever to go further south, that they covet the Chinese ports of Taku and Chifu, above all, the Korean ports of Yongampho, Chemulpho, Mokpho, Masampho, Fusan, and Gensan, as giving not only valued opportunities for trade, but also for defense against Japan, and as affording a continuous line of coast fortifications between Vladivostok to the north in Siberia to Port Arthur on the tip of the Manchurian peninsula.

But the aggressions of Russia in Manchuria have brought her in direct collision with those who want to have a hand in deciding whether freedom or exclusion of trade is to prevail in that peculiarly potential domain of international trade. Japan and America, for instance, recently demanded the opening of new treaty ports in Manchuria and Korea, not alone for their own trade, but for that of all nations on equal terms with themselves. Russia resists these demands, first in the Chinese province of Manchuria, over which she now holds practical sway, ignoring her promise to evacuate, on the plea of non-pacification—a plea which undoubtedly seems, we suppose, just as valid to many honest Russians as it seems invalid and specious to many Japanese, Englishmen, and Americans. The Japanese have not receded, so far as is definitely known, from their claim that, owing to the preponderance of their trade in Manchuria and their ignominious expulsion in 1895 from that province, conquered by them in war, they possess now the right to a voice in the settlement of questions connected with the Russian occupation.

It is probable, however, that the Japanese claim as regards Manchuria could be adjusted, but for the astonishing fact that Russia resists the Japanese demands also in Korea, an independent country which she expects one day to make practically her own as is Manchuria now. Moreover, according to persistent and uncontradicted reports, Russia would even close Masampho and Mokpho, Korean ports already assured by treaty to international trade. In this commercial rivalry the sympathies of England and America are of course with Japan in the conflict, which quickly became grave as soon as Russia's magnificent movement eastward crossed the Korean boundary. Japanese trade ideals are necessary to world commerce. Russia's are contrary to its development. Hence the Powers could calmly see the absorption by Russia of Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, Kansu, Shansi, Shensi, and even of the metropolitan Chinese province Chili—a total territory twenty times as great as Korea, but which is not vitally necessary to

Japan—rather than the absorption of Korea, which is vitally necessary. When Russia wrung from the weak Korean monarch a vast lumber concession covering the valleys of the Yalu and its tributaries, Japan naturally took alarm. For many generations Japanese commercial and political influence has dominated Korea. Japan proposes to retain that influence, and thus resists a concession which puts all North Korea at Russia's mercy. In addition, Korea is necessary to Japan for the latter's overflow population. By far the greater part of Japan is unproductive of food, yet there are fifty million people to be fed.

Thus, to compact the issue into a sentence: Japan needs more and better room, and Korea is the nearest and most natural country to supply it; Russia needs more and better ports, and the Korean suit her as do no others. Thus the two interests have come into collision.

True to the Oriental side of her nature (which has helped her so well to understand and get on with Asiatic nations with the least friction), Russia always demands more than she expects to get, and makes no stand from which she cannot recede if desirable. In the present instance, however, Japan may not give to the Russians the long time demanded for straightening out the tangle. The Japanese may suddenly decide for themselves that diplomacy can never settle the matter, but that war can.

In such a war the Japanese would have the crowning advantage of fighting as men do who are warring, not for conquest, but for existence. With Korea Russian, we should see but another province to be Russianized as drastically as Poland, Finland, and Transcaucasia have been, and nothing left for the giant eastward wave to engulf but Japan herself. Therefore, in the ultimate analysis, the Japanese are contending by every resource of diplomacy, or, if that fail, of arms, not only for their continued supremacy in Korea, for an overflow country, for a new open-door region; they are also contending for their national right to live. As to the rights and interests of the people of Korea and Manchuria, neither Russia

nor Japan appears to be giving much consideration to that aspect of the case.

Religion in Our Schools

We publish on another page some letters called out by the recent responses of college presidents to our inquiry whether their experience indicated that the effect of our public schools was to produce godless and immoral pupils. Their answers were substantially a unanimous negative.

Three of our correspondents think that these letters should be thrown out of court, one because the appeal to them is "obviously fulsome," whatever that may mean, one because a large majority of common-school children never go to college, and one because these presidents are interested in defending the public schools. We think their character is a sufficient reply to the first and the last criticisms. As to the second, it is certainly true that these letters from these college presidents are not conclusive; but it is equally true that they are very significant, and that they indicate, indeed in our judgment they demonstrate, that our public schools are not amenable to the charge of being godless or the inspirers of crime, immorality, and anarchism.

Let the reader of these criticising letters turn again to the letters of the college presidents and consider whether they ought to be "thrown out of court" because only a minority of public-school scholars go to college. Is that a reason for disregarding the substantially unanimous testimony that the public-school students who do go to college exhibit as high a type of character as those who come from private or church schools? Is it a reason for disregarding the testimony from New York State that for the most part "God-fearing men and women are in charge" of these public schools, and that "earnest religious character is one of the strong qualifications considered in engaging teachers;" from Iowa, that in her high schools "for the most part they have a daily general exercise which is devotional;" from California, that "our public schools, from the primary school to the university, are

sending out a body of sturdy, self-reliant, clean young people, who have in the main the essentials of sound life;" from Michigan, that "the personal and civic virtues are cultivated by the normal discipline of the schools and also by direct instruction;" from Minnesota, that "the training they [the pupils] have received in the public schools tends very strongly to fit them for patriotic citizenship;" from Tennessee, that "in no church or family are Christian principles more fully recognized than in a good public school taught by a Christian man or woman;" from Louisiana, that "the spirit that is in it [the public-school system], while it is a freedom-loving spirit, is also a spirit that fosters respect for law and positive love for the State and its institutions;" from Cornell University, that 65 per cent. of the pupils coming from the public schools are church members, while the church members coming from private and denominational schools are only 56 per cent. of the entire number furnished by such schools? To these testimonies we may add one received from Princeton University since the presidents' letters were published, saying that "one-quarter of our students come from the public schools. This one-quarter wins about one-half the places on our honor lists; and it is a rare occurrence that a high-school graduate is guilty of an act which subjects him to serious discipline." We may also add some testimony from other college authorities, sent to us by a correspondent since our publication of the presidents' letters. He writes:

To this testimony [of the college presidents] might be added that of President King, of Oberlin, who, in his address to the Religious Education Association at Chicago last February, said: "The religious teacher may well recognize the very great service rendered in just this respect by the public schools. In this broad sense, it is a genuine religious service—a service that cannot be rendered with anything like the same effectiveness by any select or private school, however religious. . . . An agency that so completely embodies and teaches the democratic spirit as do our public schools, with whatever defects, is in this broadest sense soundly religious and even Christian." Again, Professor Coe, of Northwestern, in his book, "The Religion of a Mature Mind," says: "When we talk of the secularization of the schools, we almost always contrast the

school of to-day with the church of yesterday, the so-called secularism of the present with the monastic ideals of generations that are past. If, however, we compare the ideals of the new education with those of progressive Christianity, we discover no such gulf as is commonly supposed to exist."

If such testimonies as these to the moral and religious effect of our public schools on character are to be thrown out of court, it is difficult to imagine what kind of testimony the court will listen to. Their effect may be better weighed, perhaps, by conceiving what the effect would have been if the testimony had been the reverse; if all these college presidents had united in testifying to the lack of moral character and self-restraint in the students who come to their colleges from the public schools. We leave the reader to compare this testimony of what the public schools actually do accomplish in the way of character-building with what our correspondent, Mr. W. J. Osgood, hypothetically imagines that they accomplish.

As to the criminal statistics so forcibly presented by Dean Hart, of Denver, Colorado, our readers should remember the difference between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. We have public schools; we have crime; it does not follow that public schools produce crime. The same thing may be said respecting most of the questions so effectively massed together in the letter of the Rev. Mr. Geer. It may be true that "a direct and vigorous inculcation of the fundamental and indispensable social sentiments should be deliberately made a part of the discipline of every school and college in the country;" that "many of them [the people of New England] are very near the level of heathenism;" that "the foreign-born population furnishes only two-thirds as many criminals as the native-born;" that there is an ominous "increase of crime," and even an "epidemic of crime;" and yet it may not be true that our public schools are turning out a host of anarchists and criminals. The fault may be in our homes, or in our churches, or in our public press, or in our social and industrial organization, or in all combined. We have public schools and we have criminals; it does not follow that we have criminals *because*

we have public schools. We also have Protestant churches; and a factory system; and saloons; and a free press; and universal suffrage; and live in a commercial age. The supposed effect must be traced to the alleged cause; and the testimony of the college presidents indicates that whatever "epidemic of crime" may exist must be traced to some other cause than our public schools; certainly it cannot be charged to them alone.

The Outlook is not engaged in a campaign for the defense of the public-school system. We believe that it is, on the whole, the best system in the world for the education of the common people. But we also believe that, good as it is, it is capable of improvement. It is the right and the duty of the State to furnish all the education that is necessary for good citizenship, and the development of the moral nature is at least as necessary to good citizenship as the development of the intellect. The old attempt to draw a sharp line between secular and religious education, to leave secular education to the State, and relegate religious education to the Church, is founded on a false conception of religion. Religion is the art of life, and must pervade every department of life. The public-school system must be definitely, positively, constructively, avowedly, a means for education in the fundamental principles of right and wrong. We shall hereafter take occasion to point out some of the ways in which the public-school system may undertake more systematically than it does at present this work of moral training.

But that work will not be better done by transferring the work of education to the Church. The experience of the world has shown that education carried on by the Church has been far less efficient in the development of good citizenship than education carried on by the State. That to-day the public schools furnish, on the whole, a higher and better grade of citizens than the parochial or church schools is indicated, if not demonstrated, by the testimony of the college presidents which we have published. No evidence is offered by our correspondents, none, so far as

we have seen, has ever been offered by the critics of our public-school system, that the public schools are nurseries of vice and crime. How they can be made more effectual nurseries of truth and honor, integrity and righteousness, is a question of the first importance. But no light is thrown on this question by failing to understand and appreciate the good work they are now doing. They can be improved; but even with their present constitution they are the true foundations of our free commonwealth.



On Editorial Fair Play

What does a journal like The Outlook owe in the way of justice and fair play to those who differ with it in matters of public importance? It owes it to itself to present fairly and with reasonable fullness the views which it controverts; it owes it undoubtedly to its opponents to correct any accidental misrepresentation of fact concerning them; it owes it to the readers to give a judicial presentation of both sides of a controverted point under discussion. But all this does not mean that it is to devote equal space to both sides of a question, that it is to open its columns without restriction to general debate, nor that it is to satisfy to the full the argumentative propensities of everybody. To do this would be to abandon once and for all the reins of editorial direction, to hand over to others the control of the paper. If such an absurdity is imaginable, it would not only imply a complete surrender of all the available space to dissenting friends, but it would make necessary a council of conciliation among those friends for a proportionate division among them of the inadequate pages. We doubt if this would suit the dissenters; we know it would drive away the readers. There is a sense in which it may be said that The Outlook never prints "all the facts" on any subject: its basal principle is selective and therefore exclusive, to omit the trivial and unimportant, to give the vital and significant, to ignore details and include interpretation.

Two or three recent instances have suggested this statement of The Outlook's

position, and the inevitable corollary that, while the editors must continue to edit the paper, some correspondents will surely continue to remain dissatisfied. In one case, a writer whose sharp-cut expression of a certain opinion had been in a way made the text of a group of articles, courteously intimated that he should be entitled for reply to exactly as many columns as the combined group of articles occupied! The facts with regard to Miss McCracken's article on Women and the Suffrage in Colorado will be remembered. Not only were the motives of the writer and the editor totally misrepresented, and the absurd charge made that The Outlook had prevented Miss McCracken from giving her real views (the truth being that the article was one of a series written only under general instructions to present vividly the writer's actual impressions and observations), but the fact that an able and well-written reply to Miss McCracken by an admittedly representative Colorado woman was printed with pleasure in The Outlook is scoffed at by the "Woman's Journal," on the ground that the first article was longer than the second and because the editors of the "Woman's Journal" are quite sure (from their own intuitions, apparently) that if Miss McCracken's article had been in favor of woman's suffrage, The Outlook would not have printed it—the inference being, again it will be observed, that a paper should print anything which anybody thinks it ought to print.

A third recent case in point is that of Dr. Newman Smyth. It will be remembered that Dr. Smyth in a Thanksgiving sermon charged in effect that The Outlook was suppressing facts in regard to Panama; that he was asked to specify those facts; that he sent us a letter with twelve specifications; that we printed the letter in full, referring under each specification (except where the statement was too general to admit of specific reply) to the date and page of The Outlook in which the fact alleged to be omitted might be found; that The Outlook devoted in one issue over six columns to Dr. Smyth's charges and its reply. Now, it was perfectly natural and proper that Dr. Smyth should wish to

write a rejoinder to our reply, and if we wrote in rebuttal he might quite properly wish to write in sur-rebuttal; but even with so able and earnest a writer as Dr. Smyth discussion must end somewhere, and we respectfully submit that it is within the editorial province to determine when that time comes. Dr. Smyth is quite sincere in believing that The Outlook has not presented all the essential facts in the Panama case and that our editorial deductions are erroneous; we are equally confident that we have told the story correctly in our usual form—in broad outline, that is, not in minute detail; and while we regret that Dr. Smyth differs with our editorial conclusions, we naturally are obliged to continue to offer those opinions because they are ours. But is not fairness from correspondents to editors of equal value with the converse? And is it fair or even ingenuous for Dr. Smyth to present his controversy with The Outlook in a letter to another journal—the New York "Evening Post"—without a line or a word to indicate that he had had a hearing in The Outlook? What reader of the "Evening Post," not already conversant with the facts, would draw such a conclusion from this statement:

It [The Outlook] has not met—it has failed to state squarely and fully—this charge now brought against the honor of this Nation. It has affirmed that all the facts, to which in a communication to it I had referred, are mentioned in its columns; it has since decided that it is "inexpedient" for it to publish a list which I have sent it, containing very material facts, no specific and definite report or discussion of which can I find anywhere given to its readers.

We might reply that some of the "facts" adduced are arguments; that others are quotations of historical precedents; that others have in fact been printed in The Outlook; that we have printed also and conspicuously a clear, strong argument of several columns, prepared by a writer who opposes the American policy and conduct in Panama as strongly as does Dr. Smyth; that Dr. Smyth himself has also had an opportunity of pointing out omitted facts; and that we have never told him that we thought it "inexpedient" to publish anything, as one might certainly infer from his quoted phrase,

But we are referring to this case not to continue a controversy, but to illustrate by specific example how futile it is for any journal to allow itself to be edited out of its own office, or to allow its correspondents to determine what is and what is not news.

The Chicago Tragedy

It would seem as if no element of tragedy had been omitted from the calamity which has struck Chicago to the heart and thrown a gloom over the entire country. The Iroquois Theater was burned in the happiest week of the year; the audience was very largely made up of women and children; many of those present were members of holiday parties; they were all there in the holiday spirit. There could hardly have been a more tragic contrast than the atmosphere in the theater a brief five minutes before the flames broke out on the stage and the same scene a brief half-hour later. So swift and so terrible in all its aspects was the disaster that it will be remembered as one of the greatest modern tragedies. The city has borne it, as it has borne all of its calamities, with undaunted courage; but it is as impossible to measure the extent of such a grief as it is impossible to sound the depths of such a sorrow. The heart of the whole world has turned towards Chicago, and the quick response, not only of America to Americans in affliction, but of men of all races, is another evidence of the growing sense of the kinship of the race.

The chief concern of those outside Chicago is to discover the conditions which made such a disaster possible and to make such conditions impossible in all other public structures. In another column will be found the story of the tragedy, and a report of those conditions in the Iroquois Theater which in a brief quarter of an hour involved the death of nearly six hundred persons. Already in Chicago, in New York, and in many other cities at home and abroad the first result of the disaster has been an examination of the laws providing for the construction and inspection of theaters and an examination of places of public amusement

to discover how far those laws have been obeyed. It will probably be found that in many places the regulations are sufficiently thorough and intelligent to safeguard the audiences, but we venture to predict that it will be found that in most places they are not vigilantly enforced. There are still great advances to be made in the art of protecting crowds; but the best system in the world is useless if it is not thoroughly and vigilantly applied. If the lifeboats cannot be lowered because the apparatus is out of order, the ship is as helpless as it would be if not a lifeboat were on board.

The first necessity is to provide adequate means of protection; the second necessity, which is really a part of the first, is to make sure, by constant and impartial inspection, that those means are usable on a moment's notice. The Chicago calamity will set all the world to examining its places of amusement, but in six months the Chicago calamity will be forgotten save by those to whom it has brought lifelong sorrow, and then there is danger that inspection may become as perfunctory and careless as it has been for months past in many cities. What is needed is a strict and stern enforcement of the law by strict and stern men who can neither be hoodwinked nor purchased, and whose prime interest will be the enforcement of the law. The time is not far distant, and it is much nearer by reason of this calamity, when the proprietors of theaters will be held criminally responsible for any neglect of compliance with the law for the safety of their audiences; and any neglect of supervision or inspection either in construction or the running of theaters ought to be relentlessly visited on the authorities who are responsible for such neglect. Thoroughness of inspection is the first condition of safety, because the most careful regulations are useless if they remain unenforced; and thoroughness of inspection cannot be secured until adequate powers are placed in the hands of local authorities and those local authorities are held to a rigid account.

In the light of this terrible tragedy a number of specific precautions have

been forced upon the attention of the community, and where provision is not made by local regulation to provide these precautions the laws ought to be changed at once. First, it ought to be made a misdemeanor in any place of entertainment to sell more tickets than there are seats. The sign "No Standing Room" ought to be printed on every ticket sold by any theater. Second, there ought to be in every theater exits in proportion to the seating capacity, so that every public place where crowds assemble can be safely emptied of its occupants in from three to five minutes. These exits ought to be distinctly marked, they ought to be solidly and properly built, easily accessible, and always in order for use. An exit which is locked so that it cannot be used until the usher is found is worthless. The suggestion that at the close of every performance all the exits should be thrown open so that audiences may become accustomed in every place of amusement to all the ways of egress ought to be given a trial. Third, no wood should be used in the building of any structures in which audiences are to be assembled. All scenery, ropes, and other apparatus on the stage should be fireproof. This is easily done, does not involve great expense, and would prevent the great majority of fires in theaters. Fourth, inspection ought not only to be impartial and exacting, but regular and frequent, so that the responsible department will know from day to day the condition of every theater under its supervision. This will avoid the possibility of the failure of the safety apparatus to work. If the asbestos curtain is let down every day, there will be no trouble about lowering it in an emergency. Fifth, there is now on the stages of most theaters a fireman who watches the scenery and is ready to help in case of emergency. In many French theaters two firemen are in view of the audience with hose in hand, ready to turn a stream of water at a second's notice on any part of the house. This is a precaution which might well be adopted in American theaters. Sixth, in every place of public assembly there ought to be an organization which should instantly take charge of the crowd in case of danger.

The great peril is not fire but panic, and panic is the result of absence of leadership. A panic can almost always be arrested in its initial stages by one commanding voice. It is the absence of any organization which makes the panic possible. There ought to be in every place of public assemblage an organization which could instantly take charge of the crowd in case of danger. This might be done by the firemen who should be regularly stationed at the exits, by police detailed for every theater, or by trained ushers who would instantly throw open every egress and direct the crowd. Lastly, there ought to be no possibility of adding the horror and danger of darkness to the perils of fire. Hundreds perished in the Chicago disaster because they were caught in narrow passages in total darkness. The red lights which indicate the exits ought to be provided for by an independent circuit, and some other form of light ought to be always burning in every theater to provide against the emergency of the cutting off of electricity.

To adopt and use these precautions will involve a considerable expenditure of money, but nothing is too expensive which prevents the possibility of such tragedies as that which has visited Chicago. It is a reflection on civilization that such tragedies can occur; they are preventable. The first function of municipal government is to care for the bodies and the morals of its citizens. It is a very rudimentary conception of municipal government in this country which has made it a prize for political fights. A city government is simply a house-keeper on a large scale. Its function is to provide clean and well-kept streets, a scientific sewerage system, pure water, adequate lighting, adequate and reasonable methods of transportation, proper school buildings and good teaching. It is the first business of a city to make such a calamity as that which happened in Chicago impossible; and if this terrible tragedy brings this lesson home to Americans and opens their eyes to the disregard of the primary duties of municipal government and the absurdity of carrying politics into such government, the sacrifice will not have been in vain.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE CITIZEN¹

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter VI.—In Mulberry Street

A DOZEN years had wrought their changes since Roosevelt took his legislative committee down from Albany to investigate the Police Department of New York City. The only change they had brought to Mulberry Street² was that of aggravating a hundredfold the evils which had then attracted attention. He had put an unerring finger upon politics as the curse that was eating out the heart of the force once called the finest in the world. The diagnosis was correct; but the prescription written out by the spoilsmen was more politics and ever more politics; and the treatment was about as bad as could have been devised. With the police become an avowedly political body with a bi-partisan instead of a non-partisan Board of Commissioners, there grew up, primarily through the operation, or non-operation, of the Sunday saloon-closing law, a system of police blackmail unheard of in the world before. It was the disclosure of its slimy depths through the labors of Dr. Parkhurst and of the Lexow Committee which brought about the political revolution out of which came reform and Roosevelt. But in Mulberry Street they were hailed as freaks. The "system" so far had been invincible. It had broken many men who had got in its way.

"It will break you," was the greeting with which Byrnes, the Big Chief, who had ruled Mulberry Street with a hard hand, but had himself bowed to "the system," received Mr. Roosevelt. "You will yield. You are but human."

The answer of the new President of

the Board was to close the gate of the politicians to police patronage.

"We want," he said, "the civil service law applied to appointments here, not because it is the ideal way, but because it is the only way to knock the political spoilsmen out, and you have to do that to get anywhere." And the Board made the order.

Next he demanded the resignation of the chief, and forbade the annual parade for which preparations were being made. "We will parade when we need not be ashamed to show ourselves." And then he grappled with the saloons.

Here, before we go into that fight, let me turn aside a moment to speak of myself; then perhaps with good luck we shall have less of me hereafter. Though how that can be I don't really know; for now I had Roosevelt at last in my own domain. For two years we were to be together all the day, and quite often most of the night, in the environment in which I had spent twenty years of my life. And these two were the happiest by far of them all. Then was life really worth living, and I have a pretty robust enjoyment of it at all times. Elsewhere I have told how we became acquainted; how he came to my office one day when I was out and left his card with the simple words written in pencil upon it: "I have read your book, and I have come to help." That was the beginning. The book was "How the Other Half Lives," in which I tried to draw an indictment of the things that were wrong, pitifully and dreadfully wrong, with the tenement homes of our wage-workers. It was like a man coming to enlist for a war because he believed in the cause, and truly he did. Now had

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² The Police Headquarters of the city is in Mulberry Street.

come the time when he could help indeed. Decency had moved into the City Hall, where shameless indifference ruled before. His first thought was to have me help there. I preserve two letters from him, from the time between the election in 1894 that put Tammany out and the New Year when Mayor Strong and reform moved in, in which he urges this idea.

"It is very important to the city," he writes, "to have a business man's Mayor, but it is more important to have a workingman's Mayor, and I want Mr. Strong to be that also. . . . I am exceedingly anxious that, if it is possible, the Mayor shall appoint you to some position which shall make you one of his official advisers. . . . It is an excellent thing to have rapid transit, but it is a good deal more important, if you look at matters with a proper perspective, to have ample playgrounds in the poorer quarters of the city, and to take the children off the streets to prevent them from growing up toughs. In the same way it is an admirable thing to have clean streets; indeed, it is an essential thing to have them; but it would be a better thing to have our schools large enough to give ample accommodation to all should-be pupils, and to provide them with proper playgrounds."

You see he had not changed. His was the same old plan, to help the man who was down; and he was right, too. It was and is the essential thing in a country like ours: not to prop him up forever, not to carry him; but to help him to his feet so he can go himself. Else the whole machine won't go at length in the groove in which we have started it. The last letter concludes with regret that he had not seen his way clear to accept the street-cleaning commissionership that was offered him by the Mayor, for "I should have been delighted to smash up the corrupt contractors and put the street-cleaning force absolutely out of the domain of politics." No doubt he would; but it was well he didn't, for so Colonel Waring came into our city's life, and he was just such another, and an engineer besides, who knew how.

As to the share he wanted me to take

in it, we had it out at that time over that; and, though we had little tugs after that, off and on, it was settled then that I should not be called upon to render that kind of service—to Mayor Strong's rather bewildered relief, I fancy. I think, to the end of his official life he did not get quite rid of a notion that I was nursing some sort of an unsatisfied ambition and reserving my strength for a sudden raid upon him. I know that when I asked him to appoint an unofficial Small Parks Committee, and to put me on it, it took him a long time to make up his mind that there was not a nigger in that wood-pile somewhere. He was the only man, if I am right in that, who ever gave me credit for political plotting. For when, afterward, as I recorded in "The Making of an American," I marched the Christian Endeavorers and the Methodist ministers to the support of Roosevelt in the fight between him and his wicked partners in the Police Board, that was not plotting, though they called it so, but just war; a kind of hold-up, if you like, in the plain interests of the city's welfare.

But "the system" Roosevelt was called to break up. I shall not attempt to describe it. The world must be weary of it to the point of disgust. We fought it then; we fight it now. We shall have to fight it no one can tell how often or how long; for just as surely as we let up for ever so little a while, and Tammany, which is always waiting without, gets its foot between the door and the jamb, the old blackmail rears its head once more. It is the form corruption naturally takes in a city with twelve or thirteen thousand saloons, with a State law that says they shall be closed on Sundays, and with a defiant thirst which puts a premium on violating the law by making it the most profitable day in the week to the saloon-keeper who will take the chances. Those chances are the opportunities of the politician and of the police where the two connect. The politicians use the law as a club to keep the saloons in line, all except the biggest, the keepers of which sit in the inner councils of "the Hall;" the police use it for extorting blackmail. "The result was," said Roosevelt himself,

when he had got a bird's-eye view of the situation, "that the officers of the law and the saloon-keepers became inextricably tangled in a network of crime and connivance at crime. The most powerful saloon-keepers controlled the politicians and the police, while the latter in turn terrorized and blackmailed all the other saloon-keepers." Within the year or two that preceded Roosevelt's coming to Mulberry Street, this system of "blackmail had been brought to such a state of perfection, and had become so oppressive to the liquor-dealers themselves, that they communicated first with Governor Hill and then with Mr. Croker." I am quoting now from a statement made by the editor of their organ, the "Wine and Spirit Gazette," the correctness of which was never questioned. The excise law was being enforced with "gross discrimination." "A committee of the Central Association of Liquor-Dealers took the matter up, and called upon Police Commissioner Martin (Mr. Roosevelt's Tammany predecessor in the presidency of the Board). *An agreement was made between the leaders of Tammany Hall and the liquor-dealers, according to which the monthly blackmail paid to the police should be discontinued in return for political support.*" The strange thing is that they did not put it on the books at headquarters in regular form. Probably they did not think of it.

But the agreement was kept only with those who had "pull." It did not hurt them to see their smaller, helpless rivals bullied and blackmailed by the police. As for the police, they were taking no chances. They had bought appointment, or promotion, of Tammany with the understanding that they were to reimburse themselves for the outlay. Their hunger only grew as they fed, until they blackmailed everything in sight, from the push-cart peddler in the street, who had bought his license to sell, but was clubbed from post to post until he "gave up," to the brothel, the gambling-house, and the policy-shop, for which they had regular rates: so much for "initiation" every time a new captain came to the precinct, and so much per month for permission to run. The

total ran up in the millions. New York was a wide-open town. The bosses at "the Hall" fairly rolled in wealth; the police had lost all decency and sense of justice. That is, the men who ran the force had. The honest men on the patrol posts, the men with the night-sticks as Roosevelt called them when he spoke of them, had lost courage and hope.

This was the situation that confronted him in Mulberry Street, and with characteristic directness he decided that in the saloon was the tap-root of the mischief. The thing to do was to enforce the Sunday-closing law. And he did.

The storm that rose lives in my memory as the most amazing tempest—I was going to say in a teapot—that ever was. But it was a capital affair to those whose graft was at stake. The marvel was in the reach they had. It seemed for a season as if society was struck through and through with the rottenness of it all. That the politicians, at first incredulous, took the alarm was not strange. They had an interest. But in their tow came half the community, as it seemed, counseling, praying, beseeching this man to cease his rash upturning of the foundations of things, and use discretion. Roosevelt replied grimly that there was nothing about discretion in his oath of office, and quoted to them Lincoln's words, "Let reverence of law be taught in schools and colleges, be written in primers and spelling-books, be published from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative houses, and enforced in the courts of justice—in short, let it become the political religion of the nation." He was doing nothing worse than enforcing *honestly* a law that had been enforced dishonestly in all the years. The Sunday arrests shrank to one-half of the record in the evil Tammany days. Still the clamor rose. The yellow newspapers pursued Roosevelt with malignant lies. They shouted daily that the city was overrun with thieves and murderers, that crime was rampant and unavenged. Every thief, cut-throat, and blackmailer who had place and part in the old order of things joined in the howl. Roosevelt went deliberately on, the only one who was calm amid all the

hubbub. And when, after many weeks of it, the smoke cleared away; when the saloon-keepers owned in court that they were beaten; when the warden of Bellevue Hospital reported that for the first time in its existence there had not been a "case," due to a drunken brawl, in the hospital all Monday; when the police courts gave their testimony, while savings banks recorded increased deposits and pawnshops hard times; when poor mothers flocked to the institutions to get their children whom they had placed there for safe-keeping in the "wide-open" days—then we knew what his victory meant.

These were the things that happened. They are the facts. Living in this cosmopolitan city, where, year after year, the Sunday-closing law turns up as an issue in the fight for good government—an issue, so we are told, with the very people, the quiet, peace-loving Germans, upon whom we, from every other point of view, would always count as allies in that struggle—I find myself impatiently enough joining in the demand for freedom from the annoyance, for a "liberal observance" of Sunday that shall rid us of this ghost at our civic banquet. And then I turn around and look at the facts as they were then; at that Sunday which Roosevelt and I spent from morning till night in the tenement districts, seeing for ourselves what went on; at the happy children and contented mothers we met whose homes, according to their self-styled defenders, were at that very time being "hopelessly desolated by the enforcement of a tyrannical law surviving from the dark ages of religious bigotry;" and I ask myself how much of all the clamor for Sunday beer comes from the same pot that spewed forth its charges against Roosevelt so venomously. It may be that we shall need another emancipation before we get our real bearings: the delivery of the honest Germans from their spokesmen who would convince us that with them every issue of family life, of good government, of manhood and decency, is subordinate to the one of beer and beer only.

Blackmail was throttled for a season; but the clamor never ceased. Roosevelt shut the police-station lodging-rooms, the

story of which I told in "The Making of an American." Greater service was never rendered the city by any man. For it he was lampooned and caricatured. He was cruel!—he who spent his waking and sleeping hours planning relief for his brother in distress. So little was he understood that even the venerable chairman of the Charter Revision Committee asked him sternly if he "had no pity for the poor." I can see him now, bending contracted brows upon the young man who struck right and left where he saw wrong done. Roosevelt answered patiently enough, with respect for the gray hairs, that it was poor pity for the tramp to enable him to go on tramping, which was all the lodging-houses did; and he went right ahead and shut them up.

We had a law forbidding the sale of liquor to children, which was a dead letter. I stood in front of one East Side saloon and watched a steady stream of little ones with mugs and bottles going through the door, and I told Roosevelt. He gave orders to seize the worst offender, and had him dragged to court; but to do it he had to permit the use of a boy to get evidence, a regular customer who had gone there a hundred times for a bad purpose, and now was sent in once for a good one. A howl of protest arose. The magistrate discharged the saloon-keeper and reprimanded the policeman. Like a pack of hungry wolves they snarled at Roosevelt. He was to be legislated out of office. He turned to the decent people of the city. "We shall not have to employ such means," he said, "once a year, but when we need to we shall not shrink from it. It is idle to ask us to employ against lawbreakers only such means as those lawbreakers approve. We are not playing 'puss in the corner' with the criminals. We intend to stamp out these vermin, and we do not intend to consult the vermin as to the methods we shall employ." And the party managers at Albany he warned publicly that an attack upon the Police Board, on whatever pretext, was an attack upon its members because they had done their duty, and that the politicians must reckon with decent sentiment, if they

dared punish them for declining to allow the police force to be used for political purposes, or to let lawbreakers go unpunished.

Roosevelt won. He conquered politics and he stopped lawbreaking; but the biggest victory he won was over the cynicism of a people so steeped in it all that they did not dream it could be done. Tammany came back, but not to stay. And though it may come back many times yet for our sins, it will be merely like the thief who steals in to fill his pockets from the till when the storekeeper is not looking. That was what we got out of having Roosevelt on the Police Board. He could not set us free. We have got to do that ourselves. But he cut our bonds and gave us arms, if we chose to use them.

Of the night trips we took together to see how the police patrolled in the early hours of the morning, when the city sleeps and policemen are most needed, I told in the story of my own life, and shall not here repeat it. They earned for him the name of Haroun-al-Roosevelt, those trips that bore such sudden good fruit in the discipline of the force. They were not always undertaken solely to wake up the police. Roosevelt wanted to know the city by night, and the true inwardness of some of the problems he was struggling with as Health Commissioner; for the President of the Police Board was by that fact a member of the Health Board also. One might hear of overcrowding in tenements for years and not grasp the subject as he could by a single midnight inspection with the sanitary police. He wanted to understand it all, the smallest with the greatest, and sometimes the information he brought out was unique, to put it mildly. I can never think of one of those expeditions without a laugh. We had company that night: Hamlin Garland and Dr. Alexander Lambert were along. In the midnight hour we stopped at a peanut-stand in Rivington Street for provender, and while the Italian made change Roosevelt pumped him on the economic problem he presented. How could he make it pay? No one was out; it did not seem as if his sales could pay for even the fuel for his torch that threw its

flickering light upon dark pavements and deserted streets. The peanut-man groped vainly for a meaning in his polite speech, and turned a bewildered look upon the doctor.

"How," said he, coming promptly to the rescue—"how you make him pay—cash—pan out—monish?"

The Italian beamed with sudden understanding. "Nah!" he said, with a gesture eloquent of resentment and resignation in one: "W'at I maka on de peanut I losa on de dam' banán'."

Did the police hate Roosevelt for making them do their duty? No, they loved him. The crooks hated him; they do everywhere, and with reason. But the honest men on the force, who were, after all, in the great majority, even if they had knuckled under in discouragement to a system that could break them, but against which they were powerless, came quickly to accept him as their hope of delivery. For the first time in the history of the department every man had a show on his merits. Amazing as it was, "pull" was dead. Politics or religion cut no figure. No one asked about them. But did a policeman, pursuing a burglar through the night, dive running into the Park Avenue railroad tunnel, risking a horrible death to catch his man, he was promptly promoted; did a bicycle policeman lie with broken and bruised bones after a struggle with a runaway horse that meant his life or the lives of helpless women and children if he let go, he arose from his bed a roundsman with the medal for bravery on his breast. Did a gray-haired veteran swim ashore among grinding ice-floes with a drowning woman, he was called to headquarters and made a sergeant. I am speaking of cases that actually occurred. The gray-haired veteran of the Civil War had saved twenty-eight lives at the risk of his own—his beat lay along the river shore—had been twice distinguished by Congress with medals for valor, bore the life-saving medal, and had never a complaint against him on the discipline-book; but about all the recognition he had ever earned from the Police Board was the privilege of buying a new uniform at his own expense when he had

ruined the old one in risking his life. Roosevelt had not been in Mulberry Street four weeks when the Board resolved, on his motion, that clothes ruined in risking life on duty were a badge of honor, of which the Board was proud to pay the cost.

That the police became, from a band of blackmailers' tools, a body of heroes in a few brief months, only backs up my belief that the heart of the force, with which my lines were cast half a lifetime, was and is all right, with the Deverys and the Murphys out of the way. Led by a Roosevelt, it would be the most magnificent body of men to be found anywhere. Two years under him added quite a third to the roll-of-honor record of forty years under Tammany politics. However, the enemy was quick to exploit what there was in that. When I looked over the roll the other day, I found page upon page inscribed with names I did not know, behind one of a familiar sound, though I could not quite make it out. Tammany or Toomany—either way would mean the same thing: it was no longer a roll of honor.

These were some of the things Roosevelt did in Mulberry Street. He did many more, and they were all for its good. He did them all so simply, so frankly, that in the end he disarmed criticism, which in the beginning took it all for a new game, an "honesty racket," of which it had not got the hang, and could not—confounded his enemies, who grew in number as his success grew and sat up nights hatching out plots by which to trip him. Roosevelt strode through them all, kicking their snares right and left, half the time not dreaming that they were there, and laughing contemptuously when he saw them. I remember a mischief-maker whose mission in life seemed to be to tell lies at headquarters and carry tales, setting people at odds where he could. He was not an official, but an outsider, an idler with nothing better to do, but a man with a "pull" among politicians. Roosevelt came upon some of his lies, traced them to their source, and met the man at the door the next time he came nosing around. I was there and heard what passed.

"Mr. So-and-so," said the President of the Board, "I have heard this thing, and I am told you said it. You know, of course, that it is a lie. I shall send at once for the man who says he heard you tell it, so that you may meet him; because you know if you did say it we cannot have you around here any more." The man got out at once and never came back while Roosevelt was there.

It was all as simple as that, perfectly open and aboveboard, and I think he was buncoed less than any of his "wise" predecessors. There was that in his trust in uncorrupted human nature that brought out a like response. There always is, thank heaven! You get what you give in trust and affection. The man who trusts no one has his faith justified; no one will trust him, and he will find plenty to try their wits upon him. Once in a while Roosevelt's sympathies betrayed him, but not to his discredit. They laugh yet in the section-rooms at the police stations over the trick played upon him by a patrolman whose many piccadilloes had brought him at last to the "jumping-off place." This time he was to be dismissed. The President said so; there was no mercy. But the policeman had "piped him off." He knew his soft spot. In the morning, when the Commissioner came fresh from his romp with his own babies, there confronted him eleven youngsters of all ages, howling dolefully. The doomed policeman mutely introduced them with a sorrowful gesture—motherless all.

Mr. Roosevelt's stern gaze softened. What, no mother? all these children! Go, then, and take one more chance, one last chance. And the policeman went out with the eleven children which were not his at all. He had borrowed them, all but two, from the neighbors in his tenement.

But there is no malice in the joking at his expense, rather affection. It is no mean tribute to human nature, even in the policeman's uniform, that for the men who tricked Roosevelt in the Police Board—his recreant colleagues—and undid what they could of his work, there survives in the Department the utmost contempt and detestation, while Roosevelt is held in the heartiest regard that

is not in the least due to his exalted station, but to a genuine reverence for the man's character as Mulberry Street saw it when it was put to the severest test.

I shall have, after all, to ask those who would know him at this period of his life, as I knew him, to read "The Making of an American," because I should never get through were I to try to tell it all. He made, as I said, a large part of my life in Mulberry Street, and by far the best part. When he went, I had no heart in it. Of the strong hand he lent in the battle with the slum, as a member of the Health Board, that book will tell them. We had all the ammunition for the fight, the law and all, but there was no one who dared begin it till he came. Then the batteries opened fire at once, and it is largely due to him and his unhesitating courage that we have got as far as we have. And that means something beyond the ordinary, for we were acting under an untried law, the failure of which might easily involve a man in suits for very great damages. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt was sued twice by landlords whose tenements he destroyed. One characteristic incident survives in my memory from that day. An important office was to be filled in the Health Department, about which I knew. There were two candidates: one the son of a janitor, educated in the public schools, faithful and able, but without polish or special fitness; the other a college man, a graduate of how many foreign schools of learning I don't know, a gentleman of travel, of refinement. He was the man for the position, which included much contact with the outer world—so I judged, and so did others. Roosevelt had the deciding vote. We urged our man strongly upon him. He saw the force of our arguments, and yielded, but slowly and most reluctantly. His outspoken preference was for the janitor's son, who had fought himself up to the point where he could compete. And he was right, after all. The other was a failure; he was over-educated. I was glad, for Roosevelt's sake as well as for my own, when in after years the janitor's son took his place and came to his own.

One incident, which I have told be-

fore, I cannot forbear setting down here again, for without it even this fragmentary record would be too incomplete. I mean his meeting with the labor men who were having constant trouble with the police over their strikes, their pickets, etc. They made me much too proud of them, both he and they, for me ever to forget that. Roosevelt saw that the trouble was in their not understanding one another, and he asked the labor leaders to meet him at Clarendon Hall to talk it over. Together we trudged through a blinding snow-storm to the meeting. This was, at the beginning of things, when the town had not yet got the bearings of the man. The strike leaders thought they had to do with an ambitious politician, and they tried bluster. They would do so and so unless the police were compliant; and they watched to get him placed. They had not long to wait. Roosevelt called a halt, short and sharp.

"Gentlemen!" he said, "we want to understand one another. That was my object in coming here. Remember, please, that he who counsels violence does the cause of labor the poorest service. Also, he loses his case. Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now, gentlemen!"

There was a moment's amazed suspense, and then the hall rang with their cheers. They had him placed then, for they knew a man when they saw him. And he—he went home proud and happy, for his trust in his fellow-man was justified.

He said, when it was all over, that there was no call at all for any genius in the work of administering the police force, nor, indeed, for any unusual qualities, but just common sense, common honesty, energy, resolution, and readiness to learn; which was probably so. They are the qualities he brought to everything he ever put his hands to. But if he learned something in that work that helped round off the man in him—though it was not all sweetness or light—he taught us much more. His plain performance of a plain duty, the doing the right because it was the right, taught us a lesson we stood in greater

need of than of any other. Roosevelt's campaign for the reform of the police force became the moral issue of the day. It swept the cobwebs out of our civic brains, and blew the dust from our eyes, so that we saw clearly where all had been confusion before: saw straight,

rather. We rarely realize, in these latter days, how much of our ability to fight for good government, and our hope of winning the fight, is due to the campaign of honesty waged by Theodore Roosevelt in Mulberry Street.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Story of a Labor Agitator' The Last Appeal'

By Joseph R. Buchanan

I HAVE been asked what event in the twenty-five years of my connection with the labor-reform movement made the most lasting impression upon me. My answer is, the amnesty movement on behalf of the so-called "Chicago Anarchists" in 1887. Fifteen years have passed since the execution of four, the suicide of one, and the imprisonment of three men convicted of complicity in the Chicago Haymarket bomb-throwing riot, which occurred on the night of May 4, 1886. Let us hope that time has tempered the prejudice and cooled the passion which were so rampant during the two years that the case was prominently before the people, and that it, or one of its phases at least, may be discussed with the placidity and good feeling that wait upon the review of any other memorable episode in the history of our country. In fact, I have no desire to discuss the case as a whole; but, in view of what I am about to relate, I feel impelled to say that I was one of the millions who thought, and will ever think, that four men were unjustly executed in the Cook County jail-yard on November 11, 1887. I am not, nor have I ever been, a supporter of the propaganda of Anarchism—the "scientific" brand or any other kind—but I realized that Parsons, Spies, and their associates were devoted to the cause of the poor and lowly, however mistaken they may have been in their methods,

and I knew that the Haymarket meeting, which resulted so terribly, grew out of the attempt of organized labor to establish the eight-hour work-day. Parsons and Fischer were members of the labor organization to which I belonged—the Typographical Union. I knew personally seven of the eight condemned men. Add to these claims upon me the greater claim—my belief that the men had not been given a fair trial—and there will be found the explanation of my activity in the attempt to secure executive clemency for the condemned men.

When the Supreme Court of the United States refused to interpose its strong arm, the friends of the condemned men realized that there was but one thing left that they might do; that was to appeal to the Governor of the State of Illinois. The work of securing signatures to petitions to present to the Governor was taken up by hundreds of men and women in Chicago, and, to some extent, in other cities. Though less than a week remained until the day set for the execution, in that short time, in the city of Chicago alone, over forty-one thousand signatures were secured to the petitions asking for executive clemency.

Of the seven men condemned to die, but three had signed the petition to the Governor; the other four refusing in any manner to ask for commutation of sentence. The three who signed were Samuel Fielden, Michel Schwab, and August Spies. The latter affixed his signature to the petition only after being urged to do so by relatives and friends. I was one of those who besought him to

¹ Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

² Articles on "The Trials of a Labor Editor" and "Labor Politics" will be found in *The Outlook* for October 17 and December 12, 1903. Mr. Buchanan's book, "The Story of a Labor Agitator," from which these chapters are taken, is published by the Outlook Company, New York.

sign. He said, as he placed his name to the paper, "I believe I am making a mistake," and subsequent events proved the correctness of his belief.

The four who refused to petition each addressed a letter to the Governor. Lack of sufficient space prevents me from giving these letters in their entirety. The first to write to the Governor was Albert R. Parsons. He wrote:

I am aware that petitions are being signed by hundreds of thousands of persons addressed to you, beseeching you to interpose your prerogative and commute the sentences of myself and comrades from death to imprisonment in the penitentiary. You are, I am told, a good constitutional lawyer and a sincere man. I therefore beg of you to examine the record of the trial, and then to conscientiously decide for yourself as to my guilt or innocence. . . . I am guilty or I am innocent of the charge for which I have been condemned to die. If guilty, then I prefer death rather than to go "like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon." If innocent, then I am entitled to and will accept nothing less than liberty. The records of the trial made in Judge Gary's court prove my innocence of the crime of murder. But there exists a conspiracy to judicially murder myself and imprisoned companions in the name of and by virtue of the authority of the State. . . . I speak for myself; I know not what course others may pursue, but for myself I reject the petition for my imprisonment, for I am innocent, and I say to you that under no circumstances will I accept a commutation to imprisonment. In the name of the American people I demand my right, my lawful, constitutional, natural, inalienable right to liberty.

Adolph Fischer, after explaining the occasion of his letter to the Governor, continued:

As a man of honor, as a man of conscience, and as a man of principle, I cannot accept mercy. I am not guilty of the charge in the indictment—of murder. I am no murderer, and cannot apologize for an action of which I know I am innocent. The question is, Am I responsible for the death of the policemen at the Haymarket? and I say no, unless you assert that every abolitionist could have been held responsible for the deeds of John Brown. Therefore I could not ask or accept "mercy" without lowering myself in my self-estimation. If I cannot obtain justice from the authorities, and be restored to my family, then I prefer that the verdict should be carried out as it stands.

George Engel's letter to the Governor was not as lengthy as those written by the others. I quote its main features:

I am not aware of having violated any laws of this country. In my firm belief in

the Constitution which the founders of this Republic bequeathed to this people, and which remains unaltered, I have exercised the right of free speech. The "powers that be" may murder me, but they cannot legally punish me. I protest against a commutation of my sentence, and demand either liberty or death. I renounce any kind of mercy.

Louis Lingg, who could speak only a few words of English and whose knowledge of the language was almost nothing, sent to the Governor a translated copy of his letter, but he also forwarded to him, by registered letter, the original manuscript, which was in German. Following are excerpts from his letter:

I feel impelled to declare with my friend and comrade, Parsons, that I demand either liberty or death. . . . A mere mitigation of the verdict would be cowardice, and a proof that the ruling classes, which you represent, are themselves abashed at the monstrosity of my condemnation, and, consequently, of their own violation of the most sacred rights of the people. Your decision in that event will not only judge me, but also yourself and those whom you represent. Judge then!

Samuel Fielden and Michel Schwab also sent letters to Governor Oglesby, but their tone was the antithesis of those from which I have quoted. While both of these men protested their innocence so far as the throwing of the bomb in the Haymarket was concerned, they admitted that they had been indiscreet in their utterances at times when addressing meetings of workingmen. Fielden had been notoriously the most violent in his speeches of all the advocates in Chicago of revolution by force. In his communication to the Governor he said: "I can now see that much that I said under excitement was unwise, and all this I regret. . . . I humbly pray relief from the murderer's doom." Schwab also recanted all of his previous radical utterances, and appealed for executive clemency.

In compliance with the wishes of the friends of the condemned men, not only in Chicago but throughout the Nation, made known through the officers of the defense association, Governor Oglesby appointed Wednesday, November 9, as the day when he would receive, at the State House in Springfield, all who desired to present appeals for clemency. The Governor told me personally that he had received thousands of appeals

from all over the country, and that the number had been so great during the last week that it had been impossible for him to consider even a small portion of all that came to his office. Under these conditions, the plan of a public hearing, therefore, met with his earnest approval.

At about the hour of eleven, on the morning of November 9, several hundred persons assembled in one of the large rooms of the Capitol. Most of them were from Chicago, but there were one hundred or more whose homes were in other cities and other States, every part of the country being represented. Governor Oglesby received this large body of petitioners with the dignity and courtesy which were characteristics of his official life, and gave patient and thoughtful hearing to all that was said. Mr. George A. Schilling introduced to the Governor those who had been selected by the amnesty association or other organizations, as well as those who had come of their own initiative, to present arguments and pleas to the Governor. Among those who spoke were Captain William P. Black, of counsel for the condemned, General M. M. Trumbull, Cora L. V. Richmond, Senator Streeter and Representative Dixon, Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and a dozen others representing labor and other organizations in Detroit, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities.

As all the proceedings of the public appeal were printed in the newspapers at the time, it is not necessary that I should recount them here. I took no part in the public appeal, for reasons which I will explain.

As soon as it became known to the radical German element, of which August Spies was the leader in Chicago, that Spies had signed the appeal asking the Governor for clemency, a cry went up that he had disgraced his countrymen by showing himself a coward. This feeling was intensified by the fact that Albert Parsons, the only American among the condemned men, had positively refused to sign the petition or in any manner to give his assent to the clemency movement. Spies had been conscientious

in all he had done, and had signed the petition because his counsel and his friends had told him it was his duty to show that much consideration for the efforts that were being made in his behalf; he was not a coward. When he learned of what was being said about him by those with whom he had been associated, he resolved at once to undo, so far as possible, what he had done. He wrote a letter to the Governor. That letter was placed in my hands the night before the amnesty party started for Springfield, and a promise was exacted from me that I would not leave the Governor until he was made acquainted with every syllable the letter contained. To keep that promise I believed I would have to read the letter to Governor Oglesby. After consulting with a few conservative, discreet friends, to whom I read the letter in our hotel at Springfield, I decided to ask the Governor for a private audience, as there was a possibility that a public reading of the letter might create a disturbance in an otherwise orderly and impressive proceeding. As the public hearing was drawing toward a close I approached Governor Oglesby, and made a request for an interview at which only a small number should be present. When I had explained the matter to him and answered his very natural inquiries to his apparent satisfaction, he granted my request, and fixed the time which he would allow me at twenty minutes.

I then requested Mr. Schilling to select four or five of the most radical Chicago Germans present, and to bring them to the Governor's private room at the time appointed. Of course the object was to show the men who had denounced him that August Spies was not the coward he had been branded. When Mr. Schilling returned with the five men selected as witnesses, he said there were two other gentlemen who very much desired to be present during my interview with the Governor. These gentlemen were Mr. Henry D. Lloyd and Professor William Salter, of the Chicago Ethical Society. I had no objections, and the two gentlemen joined our little party as it filed into the Governor's private office. Just as I was about to enter the Governor's room

Captain Black came up to me and, handing me a folded sheet of letter-paper, said: "Read this also to the Governor. It is from Parsons."

Every man who has passed the half-century mile-post has stored away in his memory-cabinets pictures which illustrate important events—mayhap crises—in his past life. At will he draws forth and sets up before his mind's eye canvases invisible to all save himself. Sometimes they steal out from their hiding-places unbidden, and lead the thought procession back to other days, instead of awaiting a signal to fall into line at the proper place. In the small cabinet where I have stored the few pictures that I call my tragedies there is one that depicts the scene I am about to describe. Singular, isn't it, that you can remember the scene of some event, even to the pattern of the floor rug and the figures on the wall-paper, and that of another time you can recall nothing but words and actions? And yet you may be unable to see wherein the incidents were greatly different.

The room into which I was shown for my interview with the Governor was long and narrow. It was lighted at one end by a large double window. Opposite the door through which we entered was a desk, so placed as to receive the light from the window. By the side of this desk I, upon invitation, took my stand. At the extreme rear of the room, opposite the window, sat Mr. Lloyd and Professor Salter; Mr. Schilling and the five witnesses he had secured sat along the wall facing the desk; and Robert Oglesby, the Governor's son, stood at the door to insure privacy. And the Governor? He was the last to enter the room. As his son closed the door behind him he stepped up to me and said: "I am ready to hear you now, Mr. Buchanan." With a few explanatory remarks, in which I tried to make each word do the usual service of two, as my time was so short, I read the following letter aloud. As I started to read the Governor began to pace the long and narrow room, though so softly did he tread the heavily carpeted floor that, had I not observed his movements, I would not have known that he had stirred since addressing me. This was August Spies's letter;

his last word to the Governor and to the world:

Chicago, Nov. 6, 1887.

To Governor Oglesby:

Dear Sir—The fact that some of us have appealed to you for justice (under the pardoning prerogative), while others have not, should not enter into consideration in the decision of our cases. Some of my friends have asked you for an absolute pardon. They feel the injustice done them so intensely that they cannot conciliate the idea of a commutation of sentence with the consciousness of innocence. The others (among them myself), while possessed of the same feeling of indignation, can perhaps more calmly and dispassionately look upon the matter as it stands. They do not disregard the fact that, through a systematic course of lying, perverting, distorting, and slandering, the press has succeeded in creating a sentiment of bitterness and a hatred among a great portion of the populace that one man, no matter how powerful, how courageous and just he be, cannot possibly overcome. They hold that to overcome that sentiment or the influence thereof would almost be a psychological impossibility. Not wishing, therefore, to place your excellency in a still more embarrassing position between the blind fanaticism of a misinformed public on the one hand and justice on the other, they concluded to submit their case to you unconditionally.

I implore you not to let this difference of action have any weight with you in determining our fate. During our trial the desire of the prosecution to slaughter me and to let my co-defendants off with slighter punishment was quite apparent and manifest. It seemed to me then, and to a great many others, that the prosecution would be satisfied with one life—namely, mine. Grinnell in his argument intimated this very plainly.

I care not to protest my innocence of any crime, and of the one I am accused of in particular. I have done that, and I leave the rest to the judgment of history. But to you I wish to address myself now, as the alleged arch-conspirator (leaving the fact that I have never belonged to any kind of a conspiracy out of the question altogether); if a sacrifice of life must be, will not my life suffice? The State's attorney of Cook County asked for no more. Take this, then; take my life. I offer it to you that you may satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob, and save the lives of my comrades. I know that every one of my comrades is as willing to die and perhaps more so than I am. It is not for their sakes that I make this offer, but in the name of humanity and progress, in the interest of a peaceable, if possible, development of the social forces that are destined to lift our race upon a higher and better plane of civilization.

In the name of the traditions of our country I beg you to prevent a sevenfold murder upon men whose only crime is that they are idealists; that they long for a better future

for all. If legal murder there must be, let one, let mine, suffice. A. SPIES.

As the reading was concluded a deep sigh, to which apparently every one in the room contributed, marked the depth of the feeling aroused by the message of the "arch-conspirator" who stood within the shadow of the gallows. I raised my eyes from the paper in my hands and saw Governor Oglesby standing directly in front of me; on his face there was a look of deep sorrow, and his eyes were filled with tears. He did not speak, and I realized that there was nothing for him to say at that time. To break the silence that was oppressive, to the others as well as myself, I took from the desk the sheet of note-paper that Captain Black had given me as I entered the room, saying: "Governor, here is something else I have been requested to read to you." Hurriedly glancing over this note, which I had not seen before, I read it aloud, while the Governor stood with his tear-stained eyes fixed upon me.

It will be noticed that I had no time to make a copy of the note from Parsons; the original was, of course, left with Governor Oglesby. The communication was, however, very short, and now, after fifteen years, I believe I could repeat it almost word for word, but I will not presume to do so. The purport of Parsons's note to the Governor (and I employ in the main the actual language) was that, if he was guilty and must be hanged because of his presence at the Haymarket meeting, then he hoped a reprieve would be granted in his case until his wife and two children, who were also at the meeting, could be convicted and hanged with him.

"My God, this is terrible!" cried the Governor, and every person in the room felt with him and for him. I was not wholly prepared for the contents of Parsons's note, as I had been for that of Spies, and I could not have read many more such sentences; the signature saved me from a complete breakdown.

In half a minute I had myself again under control, and proceeded to present my third and last document. This might have been presented at the public hearing with others of its kind, but,

with a mind full of the matter to come up at the private hearing, I had forgotten it. Nearly fifty representatives who were in attendance upon the meeting of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, at the session held in Minneapolis during the preceding month, had signed an appeal to the Governor on behalf of the condemned men, and had asked me to present it. This I did.

Thanking the Governor for his unusual consideration, I withdrew from the room, accompanied by Mr. Schilling and the men who had come to learn that August Spies was not a coward. Mr. Lloyd and Professor Salter remained, as they had a matter they wished to lay before Governor Oglesby.

This is the account, given without embellishment, of my first interview with Governor Oglesby on behalf of the "Chicago Anarchists." Let us see if I can give as calm a recital of the second meeting.

With the other residents of Chicago I returned to that city Wednesday night, as it was understood that the Governor would not render his decision until late on the following day. At 5:20 P.M. Thursday word came to the city from the Governor. It was just 5:22 when a reporter employed on the "Mail" rushed into my office with the information that the sentences of Fielden and Schwab had been commuted to imprisonment for life; the others must die. I hurried over to the office of Captain Black, three blocks away, to discuss with him the advisability of making one more effort by using the following telegram, which had been received about two hours before the report of the decision:

New York, N. Y., Nov. 10.

Captain W. P. Black, Chicago:

I have proof showing Anarchists to be innocent. Guilty man in New York—located. Have telegraphed to Governor Oglesby. Proof is under oath. How shall I communicate it?

AUGUST P. WAGENER,
Counselor-at-law, 59 Second Avenue.

I here were in the Captain's office when I arrived there ten or twelve persons, nearly all of whom were relatives of the doomed men. More than half of those present were women and girls. They had heard the awful news from

Springfield, and a sadder group I have never seen, and I hope I may never see the like again.

As I entered the room Captain Black stepped up to me, saying, "Just the man I wanted to see. We must make one more effort, Buchanan, desperate though it may be. Come with me," and he led me into his consultation-room. Seated in this room was a man I had never seen before. In what the newspapers printed of the last effort to secure help through the Governor, though they did not get hold of much to print, this man was mentioned as "the stranger from New York." Not to my knowledge has his real name ever been printed in connection with the Anarchist case. I can see no reason for longer keeping it secret. The man was Mr. William Fleron, a New York newspaper man. He knew the New York radicals, and appeared to have faith in the statements of the telegram quoted above. He knew the sender intimately, and believed that the meaning of the message was that the man who threw the Haymarket bomb was in the hands of the Anarchists in New York. It will be remembered that the bomb-thrower was never placed on trial.

As soon as he had introduced me to Fleron the Captain spoke of the telegram, explaining the situation briefly, and then asked me: "Will you go with us to Springfield to-night? We will place this matter before the Governor."

"I will go," was my reply. We did not waste many words in those trying days.

The Captain sent his clerk to the depot to secure railroad accommodations for three men on the Alton night train to Springfield, while we proceeded to make such arrangements as were necessary for our trip, concluding with a light supper at a quiet little restaurant, where we talked over our plans. On the way to the restaurant, the Captain sent a telegram to the Governor informing him that we would call upon him early the next morning to present new and important matter. Yes, it was a "nervy" proceeding; but you must remember that four lives were at stake. Did I say four? Yes, but four were left to struggle for. Two of the seven had received commu-

tation of sentence from the Governor, and one had killed himself. Five minutes before nine o'clock that morning, Thursday, Louis Lingg had committed suicide in his cell in the county jail. He had discharged a fulminating cap in his mouth, and half his head had been blown off by the explosion. How he obtained possession of that cap will probably never be known. Why he had taken his life was not so hard to understand, though, of course, there is nothing sure on that head, as the poor fellow left nothing behind him to positively settle the question. However, he had said frequently that he did not want his sentence changed to imprisonment; that he would prefer death to life without liberty.

We arrived at Springfield at seven o'clock Friday morning. It was 8:35 when we presented ourselves at the door of the executive mansion. A company of militia was on guard in the grounds of the Governor's official residence, but a few words from Captain Black carried us by the sentries. We were admitted to the mansion by an old negro servant and shown into the library. In a few minutes the Governor entered the room and greeted us in a friendly manner. Mr. Fleron was presented, and then the Governor said, "Let's have something to steady our nerves as we go along, gentlemen." Taking a box of cigars from a convenient sideboard, he passed it to each of us in turn. Fleron and I each took a cigar. Captain Black was not a smoker; how his nerves stood the awful trials of that week was and always will be a puzzle to me.

As soon as the Governor had his cigar well lighted, he said, "Well, what is this new matter you have to present?"

Without a word Captain Black placed the telegram from New York in the Governor's hand.

"Yes," said the latter, "I have also received a telegram from that man. Do you place any reliance in what he says?"

"This gentleman, Mr. Fleron, knows Mr. Wagener well," said Captain Black, "and he also knows the men in New York in whose custody undoubtedly is the man referred to in the despatch. From what Mr. Fleron has told us and

what we have learned from other sources, we feel justified in saying we believe that there is a strong probability that the telegram states the truth."

"Admitting for the moment that you are right, what do you propose in the matter?"

"We thought of asking you for a reprieve of sixty or ninety days, to allow time to bring the alleged bomb-thrower back to the State, so that his testimony—which certainly is important—could be taken. We know that you are willing to give the men in jail, sentenced to be executed to-day, every just and legal chance for their lives, and we assume that you desire the apprehension of the bomb-thrower. Surely there is sufficient ground to justify the request we make of you, Governor."

The Governor walked the length of the room, spoke a few words to his daughter, who had entered a few moments before and had been moving noiselessly about with apparently no other object than to be near her father, then he came back to where the Captain and I stood and said:

"If I grant your request for sixty days' reprieve, will you deliver the man who threw the bomb to the authorities of the State?"

"We will do our best, and we firmly believe we will be able to turn the man over within forty-eight hours," said the Captain.

"And if I refuse to interfere with the execution of the sentence, what will you do with this man in New York?"

"In the event of your refusal we can do nothing."

Governor Oglesby turned to me and, in a voice that had in it the suspicion of a threat, said:

"Captain Black is a lawyer and understands the full import of the answer he has just given me; what is your reply to the same question, Mr. Buchanan?"

"The Captain has made the matter perfectly clear to me, and I answer as he did," was my reply.

"We presumed to consider this a confidential matter, Governor; but, in any event, we should have done what we conceived to be a duty," remarked the Captain.

"Well, let it stand that way for the present. I admire your fidelity, though I question your discretion. I must be alone to think your proposal over for a few minutes; I will not be long, as I realize that the moments are very precious;" and the Governor withdrew from the room, followed by his daughter.

When he had gone, it occurred to me that the Governor had not asked a question of Fleron. I marveled at this, but probably he thought the time was too short to go into the matter deeply, and it may be he had made up his mind before we reached Springfield.

While waiting for the Governor's return, we walked through the large open rooms on the first floor of the mansion, but we spoke not a word to each other. On the walls were large portraits of all the Governors of Illinois, but though I looked at them, it seemed to me afterward that I had not seen one of them; my thoughts were elsewhere, and my mind took no note of what my eyes beheld. I could think of nothing but the four men who sat in the cells of the Chicago jail awaiting the death which was only a little over an hour off. So, unlike the interview of two days before, my memory to-day of that second meeting with the Governor is clouded and indistinct in so far as the scene and surroundings are concerned. This I remember, however, that there was a deathlike stillness throughout and about the mansion.

Twenty minutes after the Governor left the room he returned. I looked at the little clock on the mantel as he re-entered the library; it lacked twenty-four minutes of ten o'clock.

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting so long, gentlemen," said the Governor. "I was called into my wife's room. She is very ill, and two physicians are with her. The strain of the past few days has been too much for her nerves."

His face wore a pained look, and his tones were full of sorrow and sympathy as he went on. "I regret very much that I must say to you I cannot interfere further with the sentence of the court in the cases of your friends. After careful thought, I fail to find grounds for any other decision in the matter you have

placed before me this morning. While my sympathies are with the condemned men, I must regard my obligation as Governor of the State and must perform my duty. But it will be a comfort to me hereafter to remember that in the last hours of this awful tragedy the friends of the unfortunate men were by my side," and he extended one hand to Captain Black and the other to me.

The last decision was made; the hangman must do his terrible work. I am unable to portray what were my feelings at that moment. No doubt there come times in all men's lives which they cannot command words to describe; such a moment was that to me.

There were tears in the Governor's eyes as he walked with us to the door and bade us good-by. With bowed heads and aching hearts we left the executive mansion and turned toward our hotel.

Here I feel impelled to say something of my impressions of Governor Oglesby and his attitude toward the four men who were executed. I had taken prominent parts in two special attempts to secure his aid and had failed in both. It may be thought that my disappointment caused a feeling of resentment, if not worse, against the man who might have cheated the gallows of its prey but did not. In the fifteen years that have passed I have not changed the opinion expressed by me in my own paper in its first issue after the execution. I make the following excerpts from the Chicago "Enquirer's" editorial columns, issue of Monday, November 14, 1887:

What was said by the three petitioners and the Governor has not been given to the other newspapers, and it would not be fair for 'The Enquirer' to relate it. But it is not unfair to state that Governor Oglesby was exceedingly kind and courteous at this interview, as he had been at all others, and the writer was deeply impressed with the belief that there was not on this continent a man more desirous of preventing the execution than was Richard J. Oglesby, had it not been that a stern belief of duty in the Governor stood before and barred the impulses of the man. . . . Twelve jurymen, one criminal judge, seven State supreme judges, and eight Federal judges must sometime feel a weight of woe, for any of them alone could have turned the current. The whole huge mistake was shifted to the shoulders of an old man two hundred miles from the scene, whose function is executive rather than ju-

dicial, and who had a right to trust in the ability of the courts.

Mr. Fleron left us to join an immense crowd of persons assembled in front of one of the newspaper offices, but the Captain and I went on to the hotel. When we reached the hotel, the Captain said he would go to a room and lie down for a while, and advised me to do likewise, but I declined to do so. There were but two persons in the lobby of the hotel when I entered. One of these was the proprietor, who sat upon a high stool behind the office counter at one end of the large room, with the telephone receiver in his hand. The other was a young newspaper woman from Cincinnati, who had been "doing" the Anarchist case in Springfield during the week. Her name was McLean; her paper was the Cincinnati "Commercial."

As I dropped into a chair near the office end of the lobby, Miss McLean came up to me and, in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper, asked, "What is the Governor's decision?"

"Against us," I replied.

The sympathetic little woman dragged one of the big chairs up to where I sat and, seating herself, began to talk of the "awful thing that is about to be done." I was conscious of very little she said, though I knew that sometimes her voice and manner were all tenderness and sympathy, and that at other times she seemed to be a fiery little bundle of indignation, and that all the time she was weeping. How long we sat there thus I do not know. It was in one of her quieter moments that Miss McLean was interrupted by the voice of the hotel proprietor.

"Would you like to hear the bulletins?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" answered my little friend.

"The one I have just received says, 'The men have left their cells and are mounting the scaffold.'"

I hear a sob near me and then the hum of the woman's voice begins again.

"The caps and nooses are being adjusted," announces the man at the phone.

Silence for a moment, then the man's voice again:

"Spies is speaking. He says, 'There will be a time when our silence will be

more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day.'"

A deep sigh from the woman in front of me. My eyes are fixed upon the clock which hangs from the wall at the other end of the lobby.

"Fischer cries, 'This is the happiest moment of my life!' Engel shouts, 'Hurrah for Anarchy!'"

Deathlike stillness now in the room. The little woman has ceased her sympathetic chatter.

"Parsons is speaking, 'Will I be allowed to speak, O men of America? Let me speak, Sheriff Matson! Let the voice of the people be heard! Oh'—

"The trap has fallen!"

The hands on the big clock pointed to 12:02. A woman screams. I can hold up no longer. Grown man though I am, my face is deluged with tears. But an ocean of tears could not wash from my memory the recollections of that week and that hour.

The Stars

The Tale of a Provençal Shepherd

Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by Edith A. Sawyer

WHILE I was guarding the flocks on Lubenon Mountain, sometimes I remained whole weeks without seeing a living soul, alone with my dog and my sheep. Occasionally the hermit of the mountains passed by, hunting for herbs, or perchance I saw the black face of a Piedmont charcoal-burner; but these were simple men, silent through force of habit, men who had lost the liking for speech and who knew nothing of what went on down in the villages and towns.

I was indeed happy, therefore, when every fortnight I heard coming up the road the bells of our farm-mule, and when I saw the jolly face of the little farm-boy or the red head-dress of old Aunt Norade appearing from under the hill with my provisions for the next two weeks. I made the messenger tell me all the news of the countryside, the baptisms, the marriages; but what interested me more than anything else was to hear about my master's daughter, Stepanette, the fairest maiden for leagues around. Without appearing to take too much interest, I inquired if she attended the fêtes and the village gatherings, if there were always new admirers; and to those who asked what this mattered to me, a poor mountain shepherd, I answered that I was twenty years old, and that Stepanette was the most beautiful maiden I had seen in all my life.

One Sunday, as I awaited the fort-

night's provisions, I began to realize that they were late in arriving. At ten o'clock I said to myself, "It is because of the high mass." Then, when toward noon there came a great tempest, I thought the mule was not able to make the journey on account of the bad state of the roads. Finally, however, at three o'clock, the sky grew lighter, the mountain gleamed under sudden sunshine, and I heard, amidst the rain dropping from the leaves and the overflowing rush of the swollen streams, the bells of our mule, as clear and gay as a great chiming of church bells on an Easter day.

But it was not the little farm-boy, nor yet the old Norade, who was driving the mule. It was my master's daughter herself, flushed and rosy with the fresh mountain air, seated between the willow baskets.

The farm-boy was ill, Aunt Norade away on a holiday with her children. The beautiful Stepanette told me all this as she descended from the mule, also that she was late in coming because she had lost her way. To see her dressed in her flowered ribbons, soft laces, and bright petticoat, one would think she was arrayed for some fête rather than for finding her way in the thickets. Oh, the charming creature! I could not keep my eyes away from her. True, I had never seen her so near before. Sometimes in the winter, when the flocks had come down from the mountain and I was

at the farm for supper, she—always richly dressed and a little proud—would pass through the hall quickly, without deigning to speak to the servants. Now she was here alone with me. Was this not enough to make me lose my head?

When the provisions were taken out of the baskets, Stepanette looked around her curiously. Lifting a little her gay Sunday petticoat lest it should be frayed by the branches, she entered the sheep-fold, wanting to see my shepherd's crook, my gun, my great coat hanging on the wall, my straw pallet with its sheep-skin covering. All these things amused her.

"So it is here that you live, my poor shepherd? How lonely you must be! What do you think about?"

I had difficulty not to reply, "About you, mistress!" And it would have been the truth. But my agitation was so great that I could not utter a word. I believe, indeed, that she saw this, and wickedly took pleasure in increasing my embarrassment.

"And is there not some good friend, shepherd, who comes to see you at times? The sheep with the golden fleece ought to come, or the fairy Esterelle, who visits only the mountain tops." She herself, as she said this, with a dainty toss of her head, turning to depart, might have been the fairy Esterelle.

"Adieu, shepherd!"

"A safe return, mistress!" I answered; and she was gone with the empty baskets.

As she disappeared down the pathway it seemed to me that the pebbles, rolling from under the feet of her mule, fell one by one on my heart. I heard them for a long, long time; and even until nightfall I remained as if dazed, not daring to move, lest the dream of her visit should vanish.

Toward evening, as the depths of the valley grew blue and the sheep came, bleating, running against one another, to get into the fold, I heard some one call me from the dim pathway, and, lo! Stepanette appeared, no longer laughing, but trembling with cold and fear.

Down in the valley she had found the river swollen by the rainfall, and, trying to cross, had been almost drowned. It was too late to think of her being able to reach the farm, for the road which she

must needs traverse she could never find alone, and I could not leave my sheep. She was terrified at the idea of passing the night on the mountain. But I reassured her. "In July the nights are short, mistress."

I quickly lighted a great fire to dry her feet, and her dress, all soaked as it was with water. Then I placed milk and cheese before her. The poor little lady, however, did not wish to warm herself or to eat. Seeing the great tears come into her eyes, I had difficulty not to weep myself.

The night had now fallen. On the mountain-crest alone a glow remained from a cloud of vapor lighted by the setting sun. Having spread a beautiful new skin over some fresh straw in the sheep-fold, I begged my lady to try to sleep, and bade her good-night, seating myself outside the door. God knows that, stirred as my heart was, no other thought came to me than one of great pride that in a corner of the sheep-fold, surrounded by the curious flock who watched her sleep, my master's daughter, herself a lamb whiter and more precious than all the others, reposed, confident of my care. Never had the heavens appeared to me so profound, never the stars so brilliant.

Suddenly the door of the sheep-fold opened, and Stepanette appeared. She could not sleep: the foolish sheep rustled the straw or bleated in their dreams; she would rather be nearer the fire. Seeing this, I put my goatskin over her shoulders and stirred the fire. Then we sat, one near the other, without speaking.

If one has ever passed a night under the stars, one knows that during the hours when most people sleep a mysterious world awakens in the solitude and the silence. It is then that the streams sing more clearly and the pools give back the starlight. All the mountain spirits come and go freely, and the air is full of light touches, almost imperceptible sounds, as if one could hear the branches growing, the grass springing forth. The day is the life of beings, but the night is the life of things. When one is not accustomed to it, one is afraid.

So my master's daughter trembled, and leaned against me at the least noise. Once a long, melancholy cry arising from

a pool which glistened lower down came toward us in waves. At the very instant a falling star glided over our heads in the same direction, as if the cry carried a light with it.

"What is that?" asked Stepanette in a low voice.

"A soul entering Paradise, mistress." And I made the sign of the cross. She also crossed herself and looked up meditatively for a moment.

"Is it true that you are wizards, you shepherds?"

"Far from it, mistress. But we live nearer the stars, and we know what happens better than the people on the plains."

She was still looking up, her head resting on her hand. Surrounded by the goatskin, she looked like a little celestial herdsman.

"How beautiful the stars are! I have never seen so many. Do you know their names, shepherd?"

"Oh, yes, mistress. See! just above us is the Path of St. Jacques,¹ which leads from France to Spain; it was St. Jacques de Galice who pointed out the road to the brave Charlemagne when he was making war on the Saracens. Farther beyond is the Chariot of Souls, with its four splendid wheels. The three stars in front are the three steeds, and the lit-

tle one behind is the Charioteer. Do you see all around the Chariot that rain of falling stars? Those are the souls whom the good God will not admit to heaven. A little lower down is the Rack, which serves us shepherds as a clock; looking at it now I know that midnight has passed. But the most beautiful of all the stars, mistress, is ours, the Shepherds' Star, which lights us at daybreak when we go forth with the sheep, and at nightfall when we return to the fold. We call this star Magnelonne—the beautiful Magnelonne, whom Pierre de Provence followed and married after seven years."

"What, shepherd? Are there marriages among the stars?"

"Oh, yes, mistress!"

As I went on explaining the stars, I felt something delicate fall lightly on my shoulder. It was her head, freighted with slumber, which leaned against me with its charming burden of ribbons and waving hair.

Stepanette rested thus, without stirring, until the stars paled in the sky before the coming day. I watched her sleeping, moved to the depths of my soul, protected by the clear night. Around us the stars continued their silent march, obedient as a great flock; and for the time I imagined that one of the most brilliant, most exquisite stars, having lost its way, had alighted on my shoulder to sleep.

¹ All these details of popular astronomy are from the *Provençal Almanac*, published in Avignon.

Recent Volumes of Verse¹

THE season has not been rich in poetry; no recent season has been. In the past decade some finely turned and genuine poetry has come from Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Woodberry, Dr. van Dyke, Mr. Moody, Mr. Carman, Mr. Roberts, and a little group of young

writers; but the total production has been small in mass, however admirable in quality. It is, of course, philistinism of the rankest kind to measure poetry by its bulk; but it is also true that when poetry of a high order is produced there is usually a good deal of it; as it is true that writers of great force and originality are almost without exception prolific writers as well. It may be suspected that the moment is not favorable to the poetic temperament, and that the poetic mind gets very little inspiration from the air of the time. There are evidences, on the other hand, that there is a deep craving for poetry of a profoundly human if not of a highly artistic kind; and that

¹ *The Five Nations*. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

For England. Poems Written during Estrangement. By William Watson. John Lane, New York.

In the Seven Woods. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Castalian Days. By Lloyd Mifflin. Henry Frowde, New York.

Poems. By Josephine Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Pipes of Pan. Number Three. Songs of the Sea Children. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Sappho. One Hundred Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

much of the verse of the time appeals to few readers, not because it is too good in quality, but because it does not touch the heart of things and the hearts of men. A good deal of delicate, deeply felt, and carefully wrought verse is produced which goes to the few who understand its content and speak its language. It is true poetry, but it is not of the kind which stirs and moves and passes into the mind of the age by its own vibration.

Now, of this elementary power, this command of the forces which move the age and which are part of every man's life, Mr. Kipling's verse has had an unusual share. His limitations and faults are obvious: he does not habitually penetrate to the soul of things; his instinct does not guide unerringly to the seat and secret of spiritual power; he does not put a torch to the imagination and kindle a light in which we catch a glimpse of remote horizons; he is often hard, materialistic, devoid of the higher vision; he feeds the hates and nourishes the prejudices of his time with barbaric frankness, until he seems to be simply a resonant drummer marching at the head of the army of workers and builders and fighters, without a thought for the thinkers, the lovers, the dreamers, the idealists of the race. He is at times as hard, brilliant, uninspiring as a military band which sets the pulses beating and leaves the soul cold. These are some of his faults; to which must be added that he is often a heedless and sometimes a very indifferent workman.

But this is not all of Mr. Kipling; he shows the quality of the true poet in three notable aspects: he feels and sees one great movement of his time; he grapples boldly with the instruments and materials of his age and portrays them; and he gives words fresh and searching power. These are the marks and signs of the true poet, and they must not be obscured by the fact that Mr. Kipling is often dangerously near the standards and taste of the music-hall singers, and that the blaze which he kindles diffuses heat rather than light.

The higher leadership he has so far, except in rare moments, refused to take; the nobler vision he has declined to see;

there is no room for him yet with the great singers. But his age has neither cowed nor silenced him; he has seen and felt the profoundly human, if he has often failed to recognize the spiritual side of the irresistible movement of the active and dominant races to subdue the earth and make it fruitful. He has often been called the poet of rampant imperialism, the laureate of the modern version and practice of the gospel of force; but he is more than this, or he would not have set the pulses of his age beating: he has caught the rhythm of a great tide in human affairs and again and again he has flung its music into the tumult and surf of the rushing sea with masterly audacity and power. More than this: he has revealed at times extraordinary force and penetration of imagination; witness his rendering in terms of human experience of the organized skill and power of the steamship and the locomotive. One of the tests of the true poet is his ability to find the material of art under his feet. Mr. Kipling has spent no time bewailing the undramatic and unpoetic character of his epoch; he has searched for and found the stuff of which art is made. He cares little for abstract ideas, and so his poetry rarely rises to a high plane; but he has a tremendous grip on realities, and so his poetry arrests, stirs, and will not be set aside.

"The Five Nations," like "The Seven Seas," is a significant title; it makes us aware that we are not in feudal England or even in the England of Mr. Gladstone, but in the world-wide domain of present English activity and energy. It suggests the noblest truth in Mr. Kipling's verse—that the world has become one great field of common endeavor, and that it is to be mastered by heroic toil, sustained by heroic sacrifice:

Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught us somethin' new:
The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye—good luck to you!"

There is a good deal of the familiar beating of drums, the well-worn slang of the camp, the unabashed barbarism of the primitive man who carries a club and takes what he wants, in this volume; there are lines in which rough energy

makes a clean sweep of imaginative power and poetic beauty; there are loud echoes of the music-hall; but there are also touches of noble imagination, and the rush and compelling power of lines that seem to rise like the crest of the wave out of the deeps of life. Such audacity of imagery, such bold, free handling of verse form, as one finds in "The Bell-Buoy," "The Destroyers," "The White Horses," are not found in the work of any other contemporary English poet. No recent collection of verse has shown a greater gift or more frequent misuse of it than "The Five Nations;" in none has there been more of the force which sets words in a fresh order and makes them live with a deeper vitality; in none has genius so clearly revealed and so often withdrawn itself; in none has there been so great a poetic force fed with such inadequate spiritual ideas. Mr. Kipling has done much; he can do much; it is still an open question whether he is to be the laureate of a great movement in human affairs and to take his place with the singers who have been, as Heine wished to be, soldiers in the war for the liberation of humanity; or to be counted in the end a brilliant, uncertain, half-inspired celebrator of the material victories of the age.

Mr. Watson interprets English ideals from another standpoint, and his volume, "For England," may be placed side by side with "The Five Nations" as its complement. These poems, as the sub-title tells us with perhaps a touch of egotism, were "written during estrangement." The event which called them forth was the struggle with the Boers for the possession of South Africa; but they have a wider scope and a higher significance. They express in no uncertain tones the duty of England to the weaker races and the old English passion for freedom. Whatever may be thought of the questions involved, no one can read these poems without recognizing their sincerity and the passion for justice in the poet's mind. Mr. Watson's genius is not, however, quite in sympathy with his convictions and his heart, and though these poems contain many strong lines, they do not rise to the level, as poetry,

of his earlier work. He is essentially a poet of meditation, and although the fire sometimes burns in the veins of the singer of the quiet life, as it did more than once in the veins of Wordsworth, the lyric fervor and freedom do not descend on Mr. Watson in protest as they did on Mr. Watson meditating at the grave of Wordsworth. The lines are often impressive because of the nobility of their purpose, but they fall short of inspiration; they lack the final fusion of passion with speech. One of the most successful poems in the collection bears the title "Rome and Another:"

She asked for all things, and dominion such
as never man had known.
The gods first gave; then lightly, touch by
touch,
O'erthrew her seven-hilled throne.

Imperial Power, that hungerest for the
globe,
Restrain thy conquering feet,
Lest the same Fates that spun thy purple
robe
Should weave thy winding-sheet.

The passage from England to Ireland is short, but a world of history dissolved into temperament and rising in dissimilar ideals lies between these two books of verse by representative English poets and Mr. W. B. Yeats's slender volume "In the Seven Woods." To Mr. Kipling the seven seas are the open highways in which men strive for mastery with the elements and with one another; to Mr. Yeats the seven woods are the haunts of ancient shapes, blown about by mysterious fates, and of such dreams as lurk in vague and shadowy places where reality fades into elusive images and the things that have been mingle with the things that are. Last week The Outlook gave its readers some account of this very interesting Irish poet and of the movement for the revival of the Celtic language and literature and the creation of a Celtic drama, of which he is a conspicuous leader. How far that movement will go and how effective it will be remains to be seen; at this moment it is interesting chiefly as an expression of the Celtic temperament and of a new channel through which the Irish genius may influence the modern world. One of the Irish leaders in Parliament, in conversation with the writer

of this comment some time ago, said that the Irish were ineffective politicians, and that their best approach to England would be along the lines of their peculiar genius.

That genius, so sympathetically interpreted by Renan and Matthew Arnold, is disclosed with as much definiteness as so elusive a quality permits, in Mr. Yeats's two volumes of essays, "The Celtic Twilight" and "Ideas of Good and Evil," and still more deeply if less clearly in his books of verse, of which "In the Seven Woods" is the most recent. Here are to be found the love of nature for herself and the deep sense of her mystery and magic, the vague but deeply felt kinship between nature and man, the brooding sense of fate, the vein of melancholy, the extreme sensitiveness of the imagination, the consciousness of the infinite enfolding life on every side, issuing in the "reaction against the despotism of fact" which gives Celtic myth, tradition, legend, poetry, and oratory their distinctive and appealing qualities.

The poems in this volume deal chiefly with stories and characters of the Irish heroic age, and, like all Mr. Yeats's work, are notable for delicacy and refinement rather than vigor of touch, for sensibility rather than force of imagination, and for that quality of atmosphere which is one of the most subtle expressions of temperament. The reader of Mr. Yeats does not always receive definite impressions, but he is aware at all times that he is in a world in which poetry is a natural form of speech, in which dreams are indistinguishable from realities; a world, in a word, which is a refuge for a race the genius of which has not greatly succeeded in dealing with the actualities of life, but has never lost possession of its rich heritage of imagination, sentiment, and feeling.

It is still another world into which one passes when he opens Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's book of sonnets, "Castalian Days." The title is as significant as any that have been quoted in this comment; it discloses the point of view of the poet. For poetry, which is a song of action to Mr. Kipling and of protest to Mr. Watson, is to Mr. Mifflin, as to Mr. Yeats, a refuge from the tumult and money-get-

ting of the age. He does not seek to pierce and seize what is behind the rush and uproar, but to escape from them. In this volume, as in its predecessor from the same hand, there is deep-seated longing for an atmosphere in which beauty is at home and love finds the first place. To regain for himself these qualities, Mr. Mifflin turns to places and times which are clothed in poetic association. He has not the classical touch, for he excels in mellifluous flow rather than in clear-cut outline of speech; but he loves the classical background and mood. He handles the sonnet form, as The Outlook has said before, with ease and grace but not with fresh and individual power, and he conforms to its somewhat rigid requirements without betraying any sense of restriction. His work reveals the poetic temperament without disclosing any notable individuality of poetic gift. It is always musical, refined, high-bred, and suggestive of the first poetic associations. A sonnet taken almost at random will make its quality clear:

WITH A GREEK HERDSMAN

Still doth the shepherd on the mountain-chain

Follow his flock along the thymy hills
Of Arachova, where the foamy rills
Carol their music to the Delphian plain.
As from some jutting bluff where he hath lain
Prone with his herd among the daffodils,
Seaward he stares, the nightingale's rich
trills

Greet him with rapture of a wild refrain.
Behind him stand the twin Phædriades
That in the blue of Hellas shadowy soar;
Sleeps to the south the far Corinthian bay,
And dimly blooms, adown the western way,
The Acarnanian and Ætolian shore,
Past capes of Elis to the Ionian seas.

In Miss Daskam's "Poems" another note is sounded; the note of intimate experience, of close touch with sweet, familiar things, of the mystery and wonder of childhood, of the fairyland that lies at the door. The poems which make up this slender volume are full of feminine tenderness for helpless and forlorn things, of feminine sympathy with unfulfilled hopes and baffled longings, of intimations of love and loss. They are songs of the heart and of the fancy; short, unhackneyed in image and phrase, and not lacking those unexpected associations, turns of thought, variations of

well-worn phrase, which are part of all true poetry. Miss Daskam has written much that is clever, quaint, original; she has shown unusual knowledge of the heart and mind of childhood, and the children of her fancy have borne the stamp of distinct individuality. Her work has been varied and uneven in quality and workmanship, and she has sometimes forced the note; but she has revealed a distinct talent both in prose and verse; and in this book of verse she is at her best.

In the rearrangement of Mr. Carman's poetical work "Songs of the Sea Children" is the third volume, and finds its motives and themes chiefly in pictures, hints, and glimpses of the sea. The lyric note, so characteristic of Mr. Carman's verse, is struck continually, and often with a strong, sure hand. Of his unusual talent, his sensitive, responsive imagination, quick to feel the charm and mystery of the world, and to give it back in fresh imagery and free, unconventional speech, there has long ceased to be any doubt. It is easy to question his methods, it is no longer possible to question his poetic insight and fire. His verse is touched again and again with that freshness of feeling and of phrase which only the elect command, and he is continually coming upon those great pieces of good fortune in subject and turn of speech which the muses put in the paths of their children. Not all the work in the world can overtake these happy "finds" if one pursues them of set purpose; but if one has the talisman, they spring up in the highway as four-leaf clovers seem to lie always under the hand of the lucky. Mr. Carman's range is not great, if his work to this time fully reveals it; nor is he greatly concerned with some of those problems which haunt the consciousness of the greater poets, though he has more than once touched them; he contents himself, for the most part, with lyric transcriptions of nature seen in her most intimate and elusive moods, by a poet who has been called pagan because he gives himself completely to the free, wild, joyous movement of things. Of this free movement, this vitality which justifies itself by its overflowing and

streaming power, which witnesses to itself in the vagrant fragrance of the flower, the wandering of the wind, the shining of the star indifferently splendid over waste plans or crowded towns, the surge and roll of the sea on its vast and solitary playgrounds, Mr. Carman is pre-eminently the singer. There is no hint of a commercial age, of tidal movements of population, of the strife and tumult of the time, in his verse; he is as much and as far outside of these things as if he lived on another planet. In such verse as his one gets the full reaction from some contemporary conditions against which the imagination vehemently protests. Mr. Carman sometimes touches his notes with a careless hand and mars the rhythm; he is sometimes mystifying without the excuse of profundity; he is too careless, at times, of his workmanship; but he has notable gifts, and this volume is full of insight and charm. One little song reveals his individuality of diction:

O wind and stars, I am with you now;
And ports of day, Good-by!
When my captain Love puts out to sea,
His mariner am I.

I set my shoulder to the prow,
And launch upon the pebbly shore.
The tide pulls out, and hints of time
Blow in from the cool sea floor.

My sheering sail is a swift white wing
Crowding the gloom with haste;
I scud through the large and solemn world,
And skim the wan grey waste.

O stars and wind, be with me now;
And ports of night draw near!
No sooner the longed-for sea mark shines,
Than the very dark grows dear.

The attempt to reproduce, from fragments and unrelated lines, the lost poems of Sappho is an audacious undertaking relieved by one great element of safety: there is no possible way of judging of its success or failure. In the beautifully made small quarto which presents the one hundred lyrics in which Mr. Carman has made this heroic venture he gives us his conception of the lost work of a poet whose greatness is attested chiefly by the reflection of her radiance upon her contemporaries and the poets who succeeded her. Since the question cannot be settled, the fidelity of these imaginary renderings is

unimportant; what is important is the quality of the verse in which they are cast. It may be suspected that this verse does not flame with Sappho's passion, but it is touched throughout with great beauty of thought and phrase. A single example will convey an impression of the quality of the collection:

When in the spring the swallows all return,
And the bleak, bitter sea grows mild once
more,
With all its thunders softened to a sigh;

When to the meadows the young green
comes back,
And swelling buds put forth on every bough,
With wild-wood odors on the delicate air;

Ah, then, in that so lovely earth wilt thou
With all thy beauty love me all one way,
And make me all thy lover as before?

Lo, where the white-maned horses of the
surge,
Plunging in thunderous onset on the shore,
Trample and break and charge along the
sand!

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

After Sunset. By Rosamund Marriott Watson. John Lane, New York. 4½×7 in. 110 pages.

Apologetics, or the Rational Vindication of Christianity. By Francis A. Beattie, B.D., Ph.D., D.D., LL.D. In 3 vols. Vol. I. **Fundamental Apologetics.** The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. 6×9½ in. 605 pages. \$2, net. (Postage, 25c.)

Under this title Dr. Beattie presents the first installment of a work designed to cover the entire field of his subject more completely than any of the now existing treatises in our language. In vindication of the fundamental grounds of Christian belief the present volume is devoted to an exposition of theistic philosophy, or theism, as the rational basis of Christianity. Theism is well defined as the belief in infinite personal Spirit as the ground of the universe of being. The argument for this is presented, first, in the "psychology of theism"—the nature and origin of religious and theistic belief; next in the "ontology of theism"—the various proofs of the existence of God, not as demonstrations of the fact, but as vindications of the rationality of the belief. The substance of the whole argument involves an exhaustive critique of the positions held by theistic and anti-theistic writers. Dr. Beattie's general treatment of his subject is masterly. It reminds one, however, of Dr. Flint's remark that an entirely satisfactory statement of theism must absorb all the truth there is in pantheism. It is a question whether Dr. Beattie has done this. If the immanence of God, which in terms he fully recognizes, is to be discerned in full effect, the evolution of divine revelation from within would seem a natural consequence. This Dr. Beattie does not admit, but postulates a primitive external revelation of God to men "in a more personal way" than now. Another principle of an adequate theism inseparable from the idea of divine immanence, but not reckoned in by Dr. Beattie, is the idea of the infinite as

the self-limiting as well as the limitless. Dr. Beattie thinks that the existence of evil, especially of moral evil, "presses hard on the theistic theory." One may think rather that his view of moral evil as "abnormal" in the universe betrays the inadequacy of a theism that so regards it. Original chaos as antecedent to ultimate cosmos is not abnormal in the physical view of things. Why, then, abnormal in the spiritual view? The making of man, the evolution of moral nature now in progress, involves a process of reducing chaotic conditions to order similar to that involved in the making of this once uninhabitable planet the abode of men. In these points the theistic philosophy presented by Dr. Beattie, while elsewhere admirable, seems still to lack completeness.

Atonement and the Modern Mind (The). By James Denney, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×8 in. 159 pages. \$1, net.

A question now dividing opinion in the Church is, What is the central truth of Christianity? The Evangelicals of a century ago held it to be the Atonement. Many present-day Christians hold it to be the Incarnation, some limiting the word to the person of Christ, others taking it in the general meaning that man is the child of God, and with the consequent thought of the essential oneness of the divine and human. Dr. Denney in this thoughtful monograph pronounces for the Atonement. It is "the focus of revelation . . . it is Christianity in brief." He does not ground its truth in the Scriptures, though finding it there, but rather on the basis of "incontrovertible experience" attesting itself in Christian consciousness. The Scripture teaching, thus attested within, is that the forgiveness of sins has been mediated through the death of Christ. Dr. Denney reviews the tendencies and temper of modern thought toward this statement with the purpose of enlisting the best thought to accept his proposition—mainly

the two characteristically modern demands for an experimental basis of belief and an ethical construction of religious tenets. His argument is persuasive. To many it will carry the conviction which it breathes. But analysis finds a flaw in it. It is, as he says, the incontrovertible experience of multitudes that forgiveness has been mediated to them through the death of Christ. Their consciousness testifies that, but for this, they would not have come into peace with God. The Christian consciousness here appealed to is so far conclusive. But beyond this, into the *why* and the *how* of the fact it attests, consciousness cannot go. It is quite inadmissible to cite consciousness as a witness for such propositions as that evangelic repentance is impossible except in view of the dying Christ—a statement which Christian biography from the time of Justin Martyr till now repeatedly contradicts. Inferential theology must be discriminated from the simple data of conscious experience. These raise but cannot answer the question, Was the hindrance to forgiveness which, in a given case, the Cross of Christ served to remove, in God, or was it in one's self? Dr. Denney holds that there was an objective hindrance in God, as well as a subjective hindrance in self, and that the death of Jesus provided "the only way in which God could forgive." Whether this be true or not, it is certainly true that no such proposition can be logically based on "incontrovertible experience."

Bishop Butler: An Appreciation, with the Best Passages of his Writings. Selected and Arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 223 pages. \$1.50.

Though the argument of the "Analogy" has been antiquated by the outgrowing of deistic modes of thought common alike to skeptics and Christian apologues in the eighteenth century, the fame of its great author is secure in the history of philosophic and ethical thought. In his "Appreciation" Dr. Whyte has dealt impartially with his merits and defects. The anthology of Butler's best passages here collected is opportune for those lacking leisure or inclination for the continuous reading of his "Analogy and Sermons" in Bohn's Standard Library.

Brief History of the Indian Peoples (A). By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. (Twenty-third Edition.) The Clarendon Press, Oxford, England. 5x7½ in. 260 pages.

This history dates from the time when "an early gifted race, ethnically akin to our own, welded the primitive forest tribes into settled communities." It concludes with the coronation darbár of 1903. The author's hope is that it will teach "young Englishmen and young natives of India to think more kindly of each other." It embodies in small compass the latest results of historical research and scrutiny of official records, with the figures of the census of 1901. That it has been translated into five languages, and been adopted for use in English and Indian schools and colleges, is its sufficient commendation to American readers.

Builders of the Beautiful. By H. L. Piner. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x8¾ in. 303 pages. \$1.50, net.

Readers of this book will see that some conceptions of what it is to be "spiritual" are narrow. It does not mention St. Paul, but applies his saying, "Ye are the temple of God." The divinest art is the soul's building of the body. "We grow like the thoughts we think." Apish, foxy, swinish characters, and the characters of the pure, sincere, and kindly, stamp themselves upon face and form. Dr. Anderson, director of gymnastics at Yale, is quoted for the truth that degenerate mental states create corresponding degeneration in physical fiber and tissue. All real beauty is moral, and all true art is spiritual. Mr. Piner writes in a graceful style, pointed, often epigrammatic and quotable. He has thought profoundly on his subject, and read to good purpose. His margins are enriched with the choice sayings of many writers apposite to the thoughts he would inculcate. However high the ideal he presents, it does not seem beyond realization: time is an important element, and Dr. Holmes's saying comes to mind, that for the ripest result the beginning must be made with one's grandfather. The master force of religion is not left out of account in Mr. Piner's estimate: "You cannot leave the Christ spirit out of your life if you would be truly beautiful. Hold fast the idea of your oneness with God."

Cæsar's Gallic War. Edited by Harry F. Towle and Paul R. Jenks. (Gildersleeve-Lodge Latin Series.) Illustrated. The University Publishing Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 556 pages.

Christus Victor: A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. (Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4x6 in. 200 pages.

Connoisseur's Library (The). In 20 vols. Vol. XV. Mezzotints. By Cyril Davenport. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 7x10½ in. 208 pages. Per vol., \$6.75, net.

The new Connoisseur's Library appears in sumptuous paper, print, illustration, and binding. The volumes are to comprise histories and descriptions of bookbindings, books, bronzes, coins and medals, enamels, engraved gems, etchings, glass, goldsmith's and silversmith's work, illuminated manuscripts, ivories, jewelry, mosaics and stained glass, furniture, seals, miniatures, and mezzotints. The volume comprising the history and description of mezzotints is now before us, and is a well-nigh ideal specimen of the bookbinder's art. Though the fifteenth in the series, it is the first to be published. It is the work of Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum, who is acting as the general editor of the series. Mr. Davenport is an acknowledged authority in his particular subject, and is connected with a museum which has the finest collection of mezzotint engravings in the world. The present volume has a double value: first, because it comprises a detailed catalogue of mezzotints, and, secondly, because it should be an incentive to the taste for them. Its first value

will appeal to collectors, its second to the general reader. The latter may remember that of all styles of engraving, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's opinion, mezzotinting is the one best calculated to express a painter-like feeling.

Donatello. By Lord Balcarras. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 21 pages. \$2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Essays and Criticisms. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 267 pages. \$1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Essays of Leigh Hunt (The). Edited by Arthur Symonds. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 368 pages. \$1.25.

Everyday English: Book II. Language Lessons for Grammar Grades. By Jean Sherwood Rankin. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ in. 342 pages. 60c.

Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay). By Austin Dobson. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 216 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Force of Mind (The); or, The Mental Factor in Medicine. By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 309 pages. \$2.

Fruit of the Spirit Poetically Interpreted (The). Selected by Alice Jennings. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 235 pages. \$1, net.

Selections full of freshness and vigor, and centering about the qualities which St. Paul tells us are the fruits of the spirit, comprise this volume, which is well adapted for the use of those who like to take some thought or verse with which to begin the day.

Gentle Art of Making Enemies (The). By James McNeill Whistler. (Third Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 340 pages. \$3.75.

The discussions following Mr. Whistler's death have made it appropriate and interesting to publish this new edition of his whimsical and satirical attack on all who differed with him in the canons of art, and more particularly upon Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Hamerton. The special matters in dispute have long passed into the realm of the forgotten and futile, but Whistler was "a bonny fighter," as Alan Breck says, and his joy in the combat still entertains, while his title has become a "familiar quotation."

Great Optimist and Other Essays (The). By Leigh Mitchell Hodges ("Mitchell"). The Dodge Publishing Co., New York. 6×9 in. 35 pages.

Mr. Hodges has effectually disposed of "The Cynic" in a Philadelphia paper by his rival column entitled "The Optimist." In the present volume his particular type of optimism shines forth with double impressiveness to those who at this holiday time like to have books served up to them in very remarkable style as to paper, print, and binding. They can find no fault with this volume in these respects. It is sufficiently striking to be differentiated from any other publication, and immediately to attract attention, while the text is worthy of such

treatment. For the soberer reader, we hope that another edition may one day appear in somewhat more compact size and in a plain cloth binding. For Mr. Hodges's little essays deserve widest circulation. They are good to read, and they will be of benefit wherever they are read. Not only are they good in themselves, but each has that highest merit of all art—suggestiveness.

Hannah and Her Seven Sons: An Incident of the Persecution of the Jews by the Syrian Monarch Antiochus Epiphanes, 167 B.C. By Minnie Dessau Louis. Illustrated. Published by the Author, 102 W. 75th St., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 31 pages.

History of Painting in Italy, Umbria, Florence, and Siena: From the Second to the Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Langton Douglas. Assisted by S. Arthur Strong. Illustrated. In 6 vols. Vol. I., Early Christian Art. Vol. II., Giotto and the Giottoesques. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. Sold only in sets. \$36, net.

Both Sir Joseph Crowe and the Cavaliere Giovanni Battista Cavalcaselle passed from the scene of their earthly labors some years ago. Before these events took place, however, there had been rumors that a new edition would shortly appear of their great work, "The History of Painting in Italy," a work long and justly recognized as a standard. Two volumes of the second edition have now appeared. We do not find in it a mere revision; in a large degree it is a new work. It is true that at the time of their deaths the distinguished Englishman and Italian had rewritten much of the text and had collected great store of materials relating to later periods. This revised text and these notes are republished, Messrs. Douglas and Strong, the present editors, merely making ordinary proof-reader's corrections. The new edition, however, is not so remarkable because of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's revision as because of the addition by the present editors, in specially marked notes, of the results of their own researches, together with some genuine discoveries recently made by other students in Italian art. The differences between the former and the present writers are especially observable in the treatment of Cimabue, but many a note and comment serves to show how much archivists and connoisseurs have done to elucidate the history of art during the forty years which have elapsed since the work first appeared.

How to Make a Flower Garden. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ in. 370 pages. \$1.60, net.

A welcome addition to the list of excellent nature books published by this firm. Its several chapters have been prepared by specialists, its pictures are fine and true to nature, and the practical help afforded to the would-be home-gardener is valuable.

Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (The). By James Boswell. In 2 vols: (The Caxton Thinline Paper Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. Per vol., \$1.50, net.

The latest addition to the Caxton Edition is printed, like its predecessors, from large type on very thin but opaque paper and

bound in red leather, with effective gilt stamping.

Mechanical Engineer's Reference Book (The). By Henry Harrison Supplee, B.Sc., M.E. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x7 in. 834 pages. \$5.50, net.

Memorial of Horace Tracy Pitkin. By Robert E. Speer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 310 pages. \$1, net.

The subject of this memoir, a member of the Yale class of 1892, entered into missionary work in China in 1897, and perished with his associates at Paotingfu, July 1, 1900, in the Boxer fury. No nobler type of manhood has sprung from our soil. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." The newly instituted Yale mission in China draws inspiration from Pitkin's short but noble life, whose rare influence will exhale from the pages of this memorial wherever read.

Metre of Macbeth (The): Its Relation to Shakespeare's Earlier and Later Work. By David Laurence Chambers, A.M. Published by the Graduate School of Princeton University. The Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 5½x9¼ in. 70 pages.

Natural Number Primer (The). By David Gibbs, S.B. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5¼x7¼ in. 107 pages.

Optimism: An Essay. By Helen Keller. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 76 pages. 75c. (Postage, 8c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Our Own and Other Worlds. By Joseph Hamilton. Illustrated. William Briggs, Toronto, Canada. 5x8 in. 203 pages.

Plea for the Children (A). By Mina Price. Frank Vieth, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 3¼x5 in. 16 pages. 5c.

Primer of English Literature (A). By Abby Willis Howes. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½x7 in. 190 pages.

Psychology of Child Development (The). By Irving King. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5x7¼ in. 265 pages. \$1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

In our opinion, the real interest in child-study lies in the light to be gained concerning the functions of growth and, by contrast, concerning the arrest of growth and how that is effected. The functional is necessary to complete the genetic. The reading of such a book as this, therefore, should greatly help us to answer the daily arising questions: How does the growth of a human being proceed? What helps it? What hinders it? How are these results brought about? Mr. King's volume is valuable to parents, teachers, and psychologists alike, making them not only more sympathetic with children but more artistic in the education of children.

Russian Advance (The). By Albert J. Beveridge. With Maps. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼x8½ in. 86 pages. \$2.50, net.

Senator Beveridge's book well deserves a place alongside the interesting and worthwhile late publications on Russia and Siberia by Mr. Gerrare and Mr. Shoemaker. Mr. Beveridge may not be as picturesque a

writer as the last named, nor as authoritative as is Mr. Gerrare, but his book seems to us one of the most notable contributions yet made to the better understanding of the greatest of the Slav races. We have been too much in the habit of thinking of this race as only one of many, but after reading these pages we can put ourselves in the position of the many Russians who regard their country as the world, or at least so much of the world that the rest may be neglected. The faith of the Russians in their country as "Holy Russia" is little less than sublime. It explains to a certain extent the indomitable way in which they have moved with resistless if slow advance. Senator Beveridge tells us a great deal about this advance. He has studied it from many points of view. He has talked with many eminent Russians who are making history. He has dipped beneath the surface with infinitely more acumen than does the ordinary traveler. His book would have value in any event as the report of a remarkably interesting journey, but it has a far higher value: it is a book of reference. Especially in the present crisis will his chapters on Korea and Manchuria be read and re-read, and, at any time, those chapters which deal with the author's investigation of Russian conditions as compared with those in the United States will be of permanent merit.

Samuel Pepys: Lover of Musique. By Sir Frederick Bridge, M.V.O., Mus.Doc. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7¼ in. 126 pages. \$1.50, net.

Music looms large in the pages of Pepys's immortal Diary, but in the thirty-three years which elapsed between the close of the Diary and the death of the diarist, music became a still more important subject. Pepys was a many-sided man, as we all know from the one work inseparably associated with his name. If the present volume treats of but one side of his character and inclinations, it treats of a particularly valuable side when we remember that its viewpoint is a corrective to the ordinary estimate of him. At this bicentenary of Pepys's death, Sir Frederick Bridge's volume makes a peculiar appeal.

Sketch of Chinese History (A). By Rev. F. L. Hawks Pott, D.D. Kelly & Walsh, Limited, Shanghai, China. 5¼x8½ in. 219 pages. \$1.50, net.

Some Famous American Schools. By Oscar Fay Adams. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 341 pages. \$1.20, net.

Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century: St. Margaret's Lectures, 1903. By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 265 pages. \$2, net.

Canon Henson holds a prominent place among the Anglican divines who would restore to England the national religious unity that was destroyed by Archbishop Laud. He takes English religion in the seventeenth century for the field of these lectures, because that paradoxical and irrational age determined the now existing "religious constitution" of the nation. While

the Act of Uniformity passed at the Restoration remains binding, "the National Church is in some important directions unable to advance or develop." Canon Henson's exhibition of the religious facts and forces of that

fateful period, and his sketches of the men who bore an influential part therein, constitute a volume of religious history of many-sided interest to men of other churches as well as of his own.

Religion and the Public Schools¹

The Public Schools and the Colleges

By the Rev. W. Montague Geer

"There are coming out of the public schools to-day a great mass of Anarchists." (Principal Campbell, of the Wentworth School, Chicago, New York "Sun," December 7.) Here on the firing line in Chicago we have practice in support of theory; for after this my fateful words, as sent to the college presidents, are almost an anticlimax: "We are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions."

Of all the presidents, Dr. Snyder alone sinks his shaft down to fundamental educational principles. He speaks in highest terms of the abiding moral influence exerted by "private" and "denominational" schools (greater even than that of country public schools) as compared with city public schools; and he concludes: "I despair of the public-school system attaining to anything like this under present methods." (This letter has received disingenuous treatment at the hands of some editors of daily and religious papers, who have found the path of least resistance too tempting.) The witness of the presidents, therefore, does not agree together. Let us now listen to other presidential testimony. President Eliot, in the November "Atlantic Monthly," reveals serious misgivings: "It is high time that a direct and vigorous inculcation of the fundamental and indispensable social sentiments should be deliberately made a part of the discipline of every school and college in the country." Ex-President Woolsey (Yale) says: "If this [non-religious education] should be the course of opinion growing out of the doctrine of personal and family rights, will not one of two things happen—that all the churches will become disaffected toward the common schools, as the Catholics now are, and provide teaching for themselves, while the schools will be left to the *fax infima populi*; or that some kind of compromise will be made between

the sects and the State, such as all of them with one exception would now disapprove?"

President Tucker (Dartmouth), in the New York "Evening Post" of November 28, writes of the necessity of taking action "to prevent the people [of New England] from becoming actual heathen. Really many of them are very near the level of heathenism already. Religiously, the decline extends into the larger cities as well as to the small towns." The article is headed: "New England's Degeneration. Marked Evidence of Decay in the Rural Sections. Yankee Stock Losing Ground. Reinvigoration due to New Foreign Element. That is Honest, Industrious, and Moral." What does this mean, coming from the birthplace, the cradle, and the crib of the common-school system? And the only hope of reinvigoration is from the "effete civilizations" of Europe, where the pernicious system of Christian education still holds sway! (It is shown in the November "American Journal of Sociology," from the census returns, that "the foreign-born population furnishes only two-thirds as many criminals as the native born.")

President Butler (Columbia) shows scant respect for the moral and religious instruction given in Sunday-school, Church, and Home. "One of the most pitiful sights is our Protestant Sunday-schools, disorganized and taught by teachers not themselves capable of thorough teaching." "So little is the Bible read in these days that the present generation doesn't even understand the Biblical references of secular text-books." And what could be neater or completer than this: "The family has abdicated"?

President Hadley (Yale) writes in the New York "Independent," December 31: "Few of us who have looked into the statistics of education and crime are optimistic enough to deny that they are quite disappointing. . . . I confess that I share some of the apprehensions of these advocates of Church schools; but I am far from agreeing with them as to the proper remedy."

President James (Northwestern University) says in the New York "Churchman," January 2: "These higher institutions might reasonably be left by the State to the initiative of individual beneficence and of the Church." This seems to betray the cause of the children of the poor, who know no higher education.

¹In The Outlook for November 14 we published letters from fourteen college presidents in answer to our question whether their experience justified the published declaration of the Rev. W. M. Geer, of New York City, that under our system of public-school education "we are bringing up a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions." The following letters have been received in reply to these letters of the college presidents. The subject is treated editorially on another page.—THE EDITORS.

These opinions hopelessly complicate the situation from the presidential point of view, especially when we consider the real value of the opinions of the presidents whose witness does agree together, and when we remember that nearly all colleges are far from the centers of population, where these evils are greatest.

Of the 16,000,000 children in our public schools, very few seek admission to our colleges, and these, presumably, are the best, and quite as apt to be the expression of the highest order of home and church life as are the graduates of private and church schools. "Confession and Avoidance" is the proper plea in answer to the presidents. The facts are admitted, and many of the conclusions drawn therefrom; but their value, and their applicability to the present discussion, are respectfully denied.

One of the greatest difficulties presented by this perplexing question, which has escaped the attention of editors and presidents, is that the man, not the boy, is at the focal point. The man is the storm-center. That truth is guarded by the words, "Who, sooner or later, they or their children." Hence the clear hopelessness of looking for statistics. The probe must be put in far deeper, after the manner of President Snyder. Many immoral boys come out of church schools. Many of the best boys make the best use of State schools. But this is the vital question: After the sloughing-off process has been gone through with (for boys outgrow boyish vices), what remains to the grown man? What has he taken a firm hold of, and who and what have taken a firm hold of him? What are his moral and spiritual possessions as a father and a citizen? If he was educated by the State, his love for the Church has been diluted to that extent; and that is bad for both Church and State. Here we have serious waste on the highest levels. When the time of trouble comes, and the strongest passions are aroused on industrial questions of high importance in governmental and family life, will the State most need to draw upon men's limited stock of non-theistic science and history, or upon those rich spiritual possessions which are the resultant of men's loyalty to their Church and its ministry, and of the Church's strong hold upon their imagination, their conscience, and their heart? In the evil days to come, who will "make the men sit down"? No, it is not the policy, much less is it the right or the duty, of the State to force itself any farther than absolutely necessary between the Church and her children. Agnosticism, thus established and endowed, cannot do good work for the State. Nor can any branch of the Christian Church, worthy of so calling itself, amiably acquiesce in such irretrievable injury to the children of the poor, leading on to National suicide.

"Lusty young pagans," a fair description of the pure product of the public schools. What a Christian or Jewish Home or Church does for the child cannot be credited to our

well-nigh Godless schools. (The Supreme Court of Nebraska has just decided that reading the Bible in public schools "as a portion of religious exercise, or of itself a religious exercise," is unconstitutional.) Moral monstrosities! What else can the pure product be? But this characterization reflects upon the system, not upon the concrete boy, nor upon the home, nor upon the teachers—men and women of whom the country may well be proud.

"Will make havoc of our institutions." Sermons, editorials, political speeches, magazine articles, abound in such dismal forebodings. "Under these problems ["Religion in the Public Schools"] there lurks the most tremendous and imminent danger to which the interests of our people will ever be exposed, in comparison with which the issues of slavery and of intemperance shrink into insignificance." "Every intelligent Protestant ought to know by this time, in the light of the terrible Socialistic revolutions which are threatened, that the danger to our country in this age is infinitely more from skepticism than from superstition." "In view of the entire situation, shall we not all of us who really believe in God give thanks to him that he has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools, and from which they have been so madly perverted?" "The system of public schools must be held, in their sphere, true to the claims of Christianity, or they must go, with all other enemies of Christ, to the wall." (Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge, Princeton Presbyterian Theological Seminary.)

"An education without religion will be the ruin of all we hold most dear" (Rev. Thomas S. Preston).

Bishop Johnston (Protestant Episcopal), of Texas, writes of "the trying days to come, when we are threatened with the overthrow of all we hold dearest, because of the influence of a godless education upon the rising generation."

If the Church and the home are sound at heart, and doing their work without need of assistance from the schools, then where do all our alarming problems come from; and why, in this year of grace, "An Appalling Epidemic of Crime in the United States," cotermious with our common-school system (see the Rev. Dr. Buckley's article in November "Century," "The Present Epidemic of Crime." Also "Increase of Crime in Chicago," "Literary Digest," December 19)? Can all this be charged to the Zeitgeist and forgotten?

In 1870 Birmingham (England) shut out religious instruction from the Board Schools. Crime increased so alarmingly that it was reinstated with good results. Later on the Australian commonwealth had the same experience.

There is a striking parallel between our times and the heroic age. "Civilization, divorced gradually from religion and relig-

ious morality, for a time upheld society, but lay at last a hopeless wreck, until it was rebuilt upon the enduring basis of Christianity; because it could derive no life from an atmosphere which had become hopelessly impure and corrupt."

Does State education, becoming yearly more and more secularized, help or hinder us in the safe solution of our disturbing National problems: (1) the necessity of humanizing and Christianizing the negro; (2) of saving our homes from the rapidly darkening blight of divorce; (3) of harmonizing the interests of capital and labor; (4) of turning men's minds from the pernicious heresy of Socialism; (5) of stopping the increase in the number of those who sell their votes; (6) of keeping down the number of those who are discouraged or made desperate by over-education; (7) of keeping up the number of candidates for the ministry and of attendants upon religious services by compelling the churches to place their children under conscious obligations to them for their education. The writer has charged that State education touches all these problems for harm (see letters in the "Sun," October 1 and 25). Bishop Randolph, of Virginia, said recently: "He [the negro] is dependent upon parish schools. What a pity to suffer little *pagans* to pass all the educational opportunities of childhood without the Bible, the hymns, the blessed old creeds!" Where, then, in all Church history do we find such highly organized self-sacrifice among poor people as is being shown by the Roman Catholic Church, for the highest spiritual welfare of her children and for the good of the country? We cannot learn wisdom in these high relations until we have the clear-sighted manhood to look facts in the face, troublesome and perplexing though they be, giving credit where credit is due. Here we have questions full worthy of treatment by college presidents and by our best educational experts; *because our system of public schools is a new thing, "absolutely without precedent in the history of the human race."* "All nations of all past ages have confessedly founded their States upon their religion. This is true of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; of China, Japan, and all else within the purview of history. The precedents of the few short-lived atheistic States of history are alike exceptional and appalling" (Dr. Hodge).

No! Christians cannot compromise Christ and his Church and the Bible out of the daily school life of Christian children; and Jews compromise the one true God and the Old Testament out of the daily school life of Jewish children; and pagans compromise pagan ethics out of the daily school life of pagan children, without imperiling our institutions and the very fabric of society. Nor in this year of grace should it be necessary for a Christian minister to emerge from obscurity to give solemn utterance to such ethical as well as Christian commonplace.

Is it not remarkable that parochial schools

do such good work in spite of being under-sold? What would be the success of private enterprise in groceries to-day, if the State during the last fifty years had placed on every block splendid stores in competition?

If State education is so essential, how does it happen that Herbert Spencer, "the foremost intellectual observer and sociologic authority of modern times," was earnestly opposed to both compulsory education and public schools?

If it be the function of the State to educate, she neglects an obviously imperative duty. No systematic effort is made to acquaint the children with the criminal law of the land. The State punishes for all kinds of crime, perjury, theft, murder, bigamy, and adultery; but she does not adequately teach the importance of truth-telling, the sacredness of life and property, the necessity of personal purity, and the holiness of the marriage tie. In short, she ignores the last six of the Commandments, as well as the first four.

There is a certain somewhat called "the Blessing of God," a stranger to the crucible, and not yet a negligible quantity even in the United States of America, without which governments have not been able to sustain themselves. Do Protestant Christians think that much-needed Blessing will continue to descend upon our country, if we persist in striking hands with Jews and infidels to compromise all that the religion of Christ stands for out of the daily nurture of the children of our poor?

Rome allowed each conquered nation to retain its own religion, and placed its gods in her Pantheon; and all were contented, or at least gratefully accepted the wisely offered consolation. But we are dishonoring every form of religion known to our people by our colossal and well-meant, but, in great measure, mistaken, meddling with the nursery of the Nation. To the minds of some of us, it may be said of the Ship of State that

"Alone, in desperate liberty,

She forges on. . . .

Her helm obeys no firm control;

She drifts—a prey for storms to take."

Teach the Ten Commandments

Your mode of estimating the effect of professedly non-religious education in comparison to that containing a modicum of religious instruction by appealing to the experience of heads of colleges is obviously fulsome. One would think that the result of declining to give to the children of the Nation any definite moral training would naturally and indisputably increase their chances of becoming immoral. If any one is so prejudiced and purblind as to doubt that this natural result of a system of public education which ignores any definite moral instruction has not come to pass, let him consider these facts:

Mr. McDonald, the specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, in his

statistics of crime for 1902, says: "In the last thirty or forty years there has been an increase (relative to the population) in crime." . . . "the proportion of crime committed by children is very great," . . . "forty-five per cent. of those convicted of larceny were under twenty-one," . . . "suicide among children has greatly increased," . . . "the proportion of crime from sixteen to twenty-one is much higher than at any age." That is just after they leave school. The judge of the Juvenile Court in Denver avers that fifty per cent. of the boys of this community are dishonest; that out of a generation of ten thousand boys two thousand have been in jail. In 1899, before boys were drafted to reformatories, in Chicago there were 17,300 prisoners under sixteen. Some twenty-five years ago the French secularized their public-school education; at once juvenile crime began to increase. In 1886 there were in Paris 5,606 prisoners under sixteen; in 1888 they had increased to 7,651. The following year M. Guillot, one of the best-known French judges, called public attention to the fact that this increase was coincident with the secularization of the public instruction. One would think that "a way-faring man, though he be a fool," would have been assured of this; and yet this Nation, "the 'cutest on earth," is blind to the fact that if you do not train the moral faculties, if the education by which you seek to mold the plastic character of a child does not create a principle of energy which shall enable him to resist his passions and unlawful desires, then of a surety that child will be immoral; unless his environment happens to be such as supplies this glaring defect, he cannot be otherwise than a menace to himself and society.

One would think a casual glance at this table would startle our educators:

In 1850 there was one criminal to every 3,442 of the population.

In 1900	1,647
In 1870	1,021
In 1850	837
In 1850	715

(The census tables of the last census have not, as far as I know, yet appeared.)

Or take this table of murders, which was given in a charge of Judge Colver to the Grand Jury at St. Joseph two or three years ago:

In the United States in 1886 there were	1,146 murders.
7	2,335
8	2,884
9	3,176
1890	4,290
1	5,906
2	6,791
3	6,613
4	9,800
5	10,121
6	14,000 nearly.

Suicides have increased in the same way; until now one death in every sixty-five is either a murder or a suicide.

And, for the sad want of teaching moral

restraint and personal responsibility, the suicides of women and children are rapidly increasing.

Sir, why not teach the Ten Commandments in the public schools? They contain no ecclesiasticism; they are the only invariable standard of righteousness mankind has ever possessed; and they carry with them a mighty incentive to keep them. If the child of an infidel should say, "My father don't believe God ever said 'em," let the master reply to him, with a cane in his hand, "Well, I say them, and if you break any of them I will mark the number of it on your bare back with this cane, and multiply the strokes by the times you repeat the offense," and juvenile crime would stop increasing and so would all crime.

Denver, Colorado.

H. MARTYN HART.

Throws the College Presidents Out of Court

Should not the "testimony" given by the nineteen college presidents in the last issue of your magazine, which states that our public schools are not irreligious and do not tend to irreligion and immorality, be thrown out of court? What value is any testimony based upon an extremely small minority of the products of our public schools, especially when that minority is selected and the best? It is well known to all persons interested in our public schools that a large majority do not reach our high schools, not to mention the colleges, and so go out into the life of the world strangers to our college presidents. I ask you and your readers to compare President Eliot's "testimony" with an address he delivered at New Haven, Connecticut, on October 17, 1902, and then each to decide for himself how much such "testimony" is worth.

EDWARD H. KEENS.

Norwell, Massachusetts.

Eulogizes Denominational Schools

I notice in this week's issue of *The Outlook* the statements of nineteen college presidents to the effect that public-school pupils are the equals if not the superiors of those educated in private schools. I fail to see how these answers can have any weight upon the subject, since the presidents might jeopardize their future enrollment by condemning so many future applicants to their colleges as irreligious and lawless. Then, again, irreligion or lawlessness does not show itself in the tender years of young manhood on a college campus, where certain rules are laid down, and all matters systematized so that no one man can show his individuality to any extent.

It is a well-known fact that irreligion and know-nothingism is the bane of these days, and where else can you find the source of it but in the institutions where our young are trained? In the public school the Jew sits alongside the Baptist, the Baptist by the Roman Catholic, the Roman Catholic by the

¹ The year of the panic.

Protestant, etc., which is of course a good method to inculcate religious toleration in our young, but again they cannot avoid the quibbling or coarse jesting of each other on their different beliefs, and this jesting finally breeds a contempt for all religious forms in the minds of the jester and his victim, with the result that he grows up indifferent to God and a scoffer of all things supernatural; then there is no teaching to offset this unfortunate state of affairs. Now, how different in the denominational school. The pupil knows that all in the room are endeavoring to secure divine favor by a certain sectional teaching; they admire, love, and respect that teaching; they stand by one another, for they are taught that there is but one aim in life—that is God; that to secure that end they must be honest, truthful, just, and respectful. Every day they receive little religious exercise, which teaches them to know God and respect him; their whole atmosphere is goodness and morality, with the result that they grow up God-fearing men and good citizens.

I do not denounce the public schools, but simply the methods of conducting them. In my mind a certain time should be set aside for religious training, different denominations should be given certain parts of the school-house at a certain time each day for the purpose of giving that instruction necessary to gain eternal life and honorable citizenship to our children, for nothing can be better for the preservation of our Union than to teach men to love and fear their God.

New York City.

W. J. OSGOOD.

Value of Denominational Schools Questioned

Are not quite a little money and a great deal of effort foolishly expended by the Congregational people on their denominational academies? Why should Christians be exhorted and coaxed to give, and even threatened with ecclesiastical censure if they do not give time and thought and money to support an academy situated under the shadow of high schools? By looking at the last report of the Congregational Education Society I find that the expense of running two academies in Wisconsin last year was \$6,788; one in Illinois, \$12,655; one in Minnesota, \$9,021; two in Iowa, \$11,031; two in Missouri, \$6,415; making a total of \$45,910. Is it possible that there are no first-class public schools in Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri—possibly not within walking distance in every case, but within a reasonable traveling distance? Why not spend our time in trying to induce the boys and girls in the isolated districts to

leave home to attend the public schools instead of leaving home to attend the denominational schools which we maintain with such heroic effort and great expense? I also find that the Education Society last year gave part of the nearly \$4,600 expended on the denominational academies referred to. How can the National Society justify any such expenditure of \$2,500 if the public schools produce as high or even a higher grade of pupils morally and religiously as the denominational schools? It seems to me that we ought to do one of two things: either decide that the public schools have as good an effect upon character as the denominational schools, and close up some of our academies, or that the public schools are not doing the work we desire and do more for the academies in the way of students' equipment and endowment. For, as President Thwing has said, "It [the academy] should have an equipment and force of instructors equal to that possessed by the best high schools in the large cities." We ought to do either less or more for our academies. In order that we may act wisely, will the Education Society tell us which to do? Possibly The Outlook has an answer.

B. H. BURT,

Pastor First Congregational Church.

Ludington, Michigan.

A Course in Morals

I have read with much interest the article in The Outlook of November 14, "Our Public Schools," by nineteen college presidents. I am glad to note that you are interested in moral training in the schools. Under separate wrapper I am sending you a copy of the Illinois State Course of Study, and wish to call your attention to the work in "Morals and Manners" beginning on page 161 of the State Course. This edition of the State Course came from the press the first of July, and to date more than thirty-eight thousand copies have been sold. It is placed in the hands of the country school teachers of Illinois, and with some slight changes has been adopted by the State Superintendent of Kansas, and by individual county superintendents in a number of other States.

C. M. PARKER.

Taylorville, Illinois.

[This course includes instruction in such themes as Cleanliness and Neatness, Gentleness, Kindness, Truthfulness, Obedience, Respect and Reverence, Forgiveness, Confession, Honesty, Courage, Humility, Temperance, Industry, Patriotism. No text-book is prescribed; but under each general theme subdivisions are suggested.—THE EDITORS.]

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Congress: The Panama Debate

The event of last week in Congress was the thing that did not happen. No further step was taken to secure a caucus agreement among Democratic Senators binding them to oppose the pending Panama treaty unless instructed by their State Legislatures to support it. Indeed, the action of the Mississippi Legislature last week, instructing Mississippi Senators to support the treaty, made it still clearer than before that most of the Gulf State Democratic Senators will support the Administration's policy of hurrying forward the canal at Panama, no matter how sharply they may attack some of the steps already taken. The idea that a Democratic party caucus will defeat the treaty has been practically abandoned. In the Senate debate last week public interest centered in Senator Lodge's defense of the Administration's Panama policy, and Senator Morgan's reply. Senator Lodge's address was in the main a review of the principles of international law and the precedents of American diplomacy touching the recognition of the independence of other countries. Senator Lodge maintained that such recognition was an executive function, and when Senator Bacon interposed the statement that Senator Lodge had supported the Congressional resolution declaring the independence of Cuba, Senator Lodge replied that this Congressional resolution had not carried with it any recognition of the Government of Cuba. The recognition of new Governments, he maintained, had always been left to the Executive. In some instances, as when France in 1870 and Brazil in 1889 changed their forms of government from empires to republics, the new Govern-

ments were recognized within two days of their establishment. Of Senator Lodge's citations from legal authorities regarding the extent of the President's power in all international negotiations the most striking was the following extract from Pomeroy's "Constitutional Law:"

All foreign relations are thus confided exclusively to the President or to him in connection with the Senate. . . . The President cannot declare war: Congress alone possesses this attribute. But the President may, without possibility of hindrance from the legislature, so conduct the foreign intercourse, the diplomatic negotiations with other Governments, as to force a war, as to compel another nation to take the initiative; and this step once taken, the challenge cannot be refused.

Senator Morgan, in his reply to Senator Lodge, took the ground that while the President may recognize a *de facto* government, he has no right to make facts to give him the right to recognize such a government. Colombia, he said, had a right to consider the recognition of such a *de facto* government before she had relinquished her sovereignty an act of war.

Democratic Policies and Candidates

As the Presidential campaign draws nearer, Democratic voters naturally look to the past leaders of the party to define the issues or to reaffirm old platform principles. The dinner last week in honor of Mayor McClellan of New York City, and the utterances of Mr. Bryan upon his return from his trip abroad, were expected to throw light on these points, but although some interesting expressions of opinion were made, it can hardly be said that there is as yet presented a basis for united action. Mr. Bryan, at the reception tendered

him, expressed his appreciation of the courtesy shown him abroad by Republican officials, forcibly declared that his belief in American ideals and aspirations had been increased by what he saw there, and in general terms asserted that a party has no claim to public respect if it works for a sectional cause or regulates its doctrines by the effect on the pocketbook rather than the growth of the Nation. He disagreed with those who, he said, thought we should have a navy so great as to terrify other nations, and he wished our flag to typify "the biggest and bravest and most enlightened Nation, with the highest type of civilization, until the people of any land would say to their monarch, 'Don't touch that flag, it stands for our rights and your rights.'" Of specific issues he did not speak, but it is possible he may do so in a public address to be made this week. At the McClellan dinner, ex-Secretary of State Olney, Mr. Hill, Mr. Cockran, and Governor Montague were among the speakers. The first caused some sensation by his warm eulogy of Mr. Cleveland as "the man of all men most thoroughly representative of the National policies" which Mr. Olney regarded as essential to Democratic success; and this, despite Mr. Cleveland's recent clear-cut and positive refusal to be regarded as a possible candidate, has been by many regarded as an indication that Mr. Cleveland's admirers still hope that he will change his mind under pressure. Mr. Olney argued that ours is a government by party, that a strong opposition, founded on principle, is essential to prevent corruption, and that the Republican party would have been spared many follies and the country many calamities if there had been recently such a united and patriotic opposition as he believed there would be in the future. The Democratic party, he affirmed, would stand in foreign policy for "international morality, . . . for observance of treaties, . . . for refusal to take by stealth or robbery what we have no right to get except by the consent of the owner, for continuing our traditional rôle as defender of the weaker States of this hemisphere instead of becoming their spoliator, for minding our own busi-

ness generally." In matters domestic, he said, it would stand for economy in expenditure, tariff revision in the interest of the country at large, the removal from trusts of a protection that enables them to sell cheaper abroad than at home, for the supremacy of law, and an administration free from "graft." Mr. Olney came nearer than any other speaker to a definite enunciation of political principle. Mr. Hill, it is true, touched many apparently specific points, but his recommendations were vague and general, and he took refuge more than once in the broadly evasive statement that every one knew where the party stood on this and that question—which is exactly what remains to be known. Mr. Cockran and Mr. McClellan both spoke eloquently, and vigorously asserted that the party had stood and would stand for the public good, but neither entered into the questions upon which Democrats are supposed to differ, except that both censured the Administration on the Panama question. The fact that all four of the Northern speakers put the Panama question to the front, while Governor Montague, of Virginia, the only Southern speaker, ignored it, seems significant of a sectional division in the party on this point.



Porto Ricans Not Aliens

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that citizens of Porto Rico are not aliens of the United States, and are therefore entitled to enter this country without obstruction. It seems that a Porto Rican woman was refused admission to the port of New York, on the ground that she was likely to become a public charge. The Supreme Court holds that she is not an alien, and therefore not subject to the restrictions imposed by the Act of 1891. Apparently, the decision would be equally applicable to native Filipinos and Hawaiians. We do not see how, justly, any other decision could have been rendered. The Porto Rican is not a citizen of any other nation. If he is not a citizen of the United States, he has no citizenship anywhere. He is a waif and an estray, holding allegiance to no government,

and having a right to call on none for protection. This decision does not affect, either directly or indirectly, the question of the Porto Rican's right to suffrage, nor the relation of Porto Rico itself as a community to the United States, to which it is subject, but of which previous decisions of the Supreme Court have held that it is not a part. It simply goes to show that a subject of the United States, who is not a citizen of the United States in the sense in which citizens of States and organized Territories are under the Constitution, is nevertheless a citizen of the United States in the sense that he is amenable to its laws and entitled to its protection.



The Postal Frauds

Two cases were passed upon by the courts last week of men accused of participation in the postal frauds outlined in the report of Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. In one case a conviction was obtained. In the other the accused went free; and, singularly enough, the point on which the two cases appear to have turned was precisely the same. As, therefore, the United States Courts in New York and Nebraska have rendered diametrically opposed judgments on the same point, it seems evident that a decision of the United States Supreme Court must be awaited for its final settlement. In Brooklyn the conviction of ex-Congressman Edmund H. Driggs on the charge of accepting compensation or commissions for effecting contracts between the Post-Office Department and a business concern was accompanied by a recommendation to mercy, the judge declaring that Mr. Driggs violated the statute unwittingly, as he did not know of its existence. The jury found that the facts were as alleged, and the court refused to admit as a valid technical defense the allegation that at the time when these transactions took place Congressman Driggs was not a member of Congress but only a member elect, as he had not taken the oath of office. In the Nebraska case, on the other hand, Judge Van Devanter, of the United States Circuit Court, held that Senator Dietrich was not a member of the Senate at the

time the alleged cases occurred, because he had not at that time taken the oath of office, and the charges against him were dismissed without any examination into their truth. The District Attorney naturally pointed out the fact that by raising this technical point Senator Dietrich deprived himself of the opportunity of securing a vindication, if he were confident of his innocence, through a trial of the case on its merits.



Drastic Action by Colorado's Governor

The attitude of Governor Peabody, of Colorado, toward the strikers in the labor struggles which have been going on in that State during the past few months has attracted unusual attention and a good deal of criticism, some favorable, some adverse. The principle underlying his action has been so to protect business interests that work can go on in spite of strikes. Adherence to this principle led him to send troops to the Cripple Creek district without the request of the county authorities, and in the face of their statement that such assistance was not needed. He believed that an outbreak was imminent, and the mine-owners assured him that if protection were afforded the mines could resume operations, as many workmen were anxious to be at work. The troops were sent, and the mines were at once reopened and are running to-day at their full capacity. Other acts of the Governor have been severely criticised. On one occasion, at Cripple Creek, the commanding officer refused to recognize a writ of *habeas corpus*. The Governor sustained this position for a few hours, but finally ordered the officer to turn his prisoner over to the court. The "Victor Record," a newspaper which devoted two or three columns of each issue to criticism of the militia and other attacks upon the authorities, was suppressed for a time, and finally was allowed to go on only under military censorship. Then the Governor declared that Cripple Creek was in a state of insurrection, and put into effect a modified form of martial law. The principal object of this action was to hold in jail, until the excitement was over, a number of char-

acters who could not, in his opinion, be safely trusted to the sheriff and his deputies. Cripple Creek was policed by soldiers, but otherwise there was no interference with the civil administration. At Telluride there had been no violence perpetrated, but the mines had to shut down because the workmen were intimidated by the strikers who picketed the hills. The mine-owners wanted to reopen the mines, and troops were sent to protect them. The crisis was quickly passed, conditions are rapidly improving, and the troops are being steadily withdrawn. Legal criticism of the Governor's course has been indecisive; able lawyers are ranged on both sides of the question as to whether or not he has exceeded his constitutional powers. The Supreme Court of the State has now under advisement whether the Governor or the Legislature has the right to declare a community in a state of insurrection. The Western Federation of Miners and its sympathizers, among whom are the sheriff and others of the Cripple Creek officials, are, of course, a unit in the condemnation of the Governor. But the business men, owners of property, taxpayers, and many of the laboring men, judge of the Governor's acts by their results. They want the opportunity to carry on their business, and they heartily support the Governor who has secured for them the conditions in which they can work. Whether he has stretched the law or not, the Governor accomplished his purpose, and the labor situation has wonderfully brightened under the influence of his firm attitude. Whether his drastic course has more deeply embittered the deplorable class feud which prompted it cannot yet be determined.



Governor Odell's
Canal Plan

The most important and most widely discussed portion of Governor Odell's message to the New York Legislature concerns the financing of the canal improvement authorized by the popular referendum last fall. He proposes that the State, instead of issuing long-time bonds, should have recourse to what are practically assessments on the counties. By assuming that if the citizens

use their own capital instead of borrowing money they save the whole amount of interest they otherwise would pay, he figures out a great gain. By the issuing of certain bonds, which he confesses "might not prove attractive to investors" and therefore would have to be issued to the counties in return for levies, he suggests that money for the improvement could be borrowed, comparatively little interest paid, and yet the payment of the indebtedness deferred for many years. To describe the plan in detail is hardly necessary, for whatever possible value it might have as an ingenious financial scheme is vitiated by the fact that, according to Governor Odell's own admission, one constitutional amendment would be required for its consummation, that probably two other amendments would be necessary, and that, in the Governor's own words, "still other constitutional objections might be raised." Like his proposal regarding educational matters, of which we speak in another column, this plan, if it is seriously considered by the Legislature, can have no other effect than to prolong discussion when action is necessary and to defer perhaps indefinitely an undertaking that the State has set its mind on.



San Domingo The troubled condition of affairs in San Domingo does not decrease in seriousness, and there is grave reason to fear that it may be necessary for the United States to take stringent measures to protect American life and property. It is quite probable that such action might be taken jointly with the representatives of Great Britain and possibly of Germany. A despatch received at the Navy Department in Washington last week declared that anarchy was prevailing in the vicinity of Porto Plata, and that business is practically at a standstill. Commander Dillingham, of our cruiser the *Detroit*, succinctly characterizes the revolution as one, not of principle, but between factions. At present the Jiménez faction is so far in power that it is collecting duties and dues; Jiménez himself is at Santiago. Commander Dillingham

reports that he has forbidden fighting or the presence of an armed force of any party within certain limits necessary to protect the lives of United States citizens at Sousa. A British naval captain has joined Captain Dillingham in a note to the Governor of Porto Plata, holding him responsible for any disaster, and declaring that prompt action will be taken by the American and British commanders in case of disorder. The Navy Department fully indorses Commander Dillingham's action and attitude, but hopes that out of the present chaos in the island (at one time, if not now, four separate movements, which might perhaps by courtesy be called revolutions, were going on independently of one another in the island) a form of self-government will be established. Fighting before the capital—San Domingo—took place as lately as January 9, and feeble and spasmodic attempts have been made by President Morales to bombard Porto Plata and to blockade the port of San Domingo.

Russia and Japan Last week both Russia and Japan made noteworthy preparations for war, but these preparations were probably to some extent attempts on the part of the two countries to frighten the other by showing an entire readiness to back up diplomatic arguments by force of arms. Perhaps the most picturesque event of the week was the departure from Genoa of the two new Japanese cruisers, the Niasin and Kasaga, especially after it became known, first, that some persons had attempted to set the Niasin on fire by tampering with the electrical appliances, and, secondly, that two Russian battle-ships and seven torpedo-boat destroyers from the Baltic were lying in wait in the Mediterranean on the presumable line of a voyage from Italy to Japan. The Russian army preparations last week include the despatch of more troops into Manchuria, the strengthening of the fortifications at Port Arthur, and the ordering of additional contracts for army supplies. To counterbalance this the Japanese Government has allowed it to become known that thirty thousand troops can be landed

in Korea in one day if necessary. Additional evidences of the Japanese navy's superiority to the Russian are also at hand. As an indication of American interest, both the Russian and Japanese legations have received applications for commissions in the Russian and in the Japanese army and navy, a very large proportion of those offering their services being former American army and navy officers, and privates who have been in actual warfare in Cuba and the Philippines. The unvarying answer of the Japanese officials to these applications is as follows:

Of course we greatly appreciate the kindly sentiment expressed by those who wish to fight in our army, but there is no volunteer army in Japan, and all the soldiers are Japanese; so I am compelled to decline their services with the expression of our deep gratitude.

The Americo-Chinese Treaty

The recent Russian reoccupation of Mukden in the Chinese province of Manchuria was only one of a number of instances which at first hardly seemed to point in the direction of fair play by that Power towards China, but which may all be explained by the unrest among the inhabitants. It was expected by some observers that Russia's movement would intimidate China and prevent her from ratifying the treaty obligations pending between Japan and China and America and China—obligations which only required ratification by the Emperor to become law. As these must be signed with the Great Seal, however, and as it is only on certain days in the Chinese hierarchical calendar that the Great Seal is taken out, the delay was supposed by our Department of State to be due to the fact that one of those days might not have arrived. This theory may have been correct, for on Saturday of last week the welcome news was telegraphed from Peking that the Emperor had actually ratified the American and Japanese treaties. The American treaty will be forwarded to the United States from Peking, and should be in Washington six weeks hence. The exchange must take place in Washington between Secretary Hay and Sir

Chentung Liang Cheng, the Chinese Minister. The treaty will then be proclaimed by the President, and a date set for its provisions to take effect. It is announced that not the slightest difficulty is expected at the State Department in putting into operation those sections of the treaty providing for the opening to American commerce of the new ports of Mukden and Antung. Preparation for this has been made by submitting estimates to Congress for the salaries of consuls, whose nominations will soon be sent to the Senate. On their confirmation the consuls will proceed to Peking, present credentials, secure exequaturs, and open consular offices, ready to clear American merchant ships at Mukden and Antung. This will make a test case of Russia's intentions as to the carrying out of the promises made by her representatives concerning freedom of trade in Manchuria, and repeated on Monday of this week to all the Powers, that "it will respect fully the rights which any nation has in Manchuria under treaty with China, a declaration made without reservation."



"The Yellow Peril" In the event of a Russo-Japanese war, now regarded on both sides as inevitable sooner or later, an alliance between China or Korea and Japan—Kaiser William's "yellow peril"—is not feared by Russian diplomats, for they declare that Korea and even China may henceforth be regarded as "negligible quantities." "We should immediately occupy Mongolia and what is left of Chinese Turkestan," they say, "thus not only protecting our Siberian border, but also keeping a check on the four northern provinces of China proper, over which, in any case, our influence is already preponderant." Some Chinese admit that China might not be called a Power within the meaning of the Franco-Russian Convention, hence France would not be called upon to interfere; they rather resent, however, any imputation that their possible aid to Japan should be construed as that of a "negligible quantity;" they say that it would prove a strong temptation

towards the more than counterbalancing aid to Russia by France. In reply to this it will be urged that the consequent aid by England to Japan, made necessary by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance (providing that if Japan be attacked by more than one Power, England shall come to Japan's assistance), would, in its turn, more than counterbalance any aid that could be afforded to Russia by France.



Armenian Affairs **Advices from Erzerum,** in Turkish Armenia, report that the people of Sasun are in a state of semi-panic, fearing a repetition of the awful events in that town and district of ten years ago. The local governor and other officials are said to have fled, and many Armenians would be glad to escape across the Russian frontier but are prevented by detachments of Kurdish cavalry, which have been stationed at all the villages along the frontier to check the passage of revolutionary bands from Russian Armenia into Turkish Armenia, and also the passage of the Sultan's terror-stricken inhabitants into the Czar's domains. However, it is said that no less than a thousand armed Armenians are now operating in the district of Sasun, commanded by a chief named Antranik. The Turkish General, Tewfik Pasha, with several battalions of troops and six guns, has arrived at Mush, seventeen miles from Sasun, where the feeling of anxiety is intense. The French Journal "Pro Armenia" (directed by such eminent men as MM. Clemenceau, Pressensé, Jaurès, and Anatole France) throws some light on this situation in its recent reports from Van, Bitlis, and Harput. According to these reports, Kurdish violence against the Armenian people, especially in the region between Segherd and Bitlis, is continually increasing in arrogance. For example, Ali-Muso, Kurdish chief of the village of Kergamo, recently shot and instantly killed an Armenian who was peaceably passing by; the chief gave as his only explanation, "I have an imperial command to kill 'foreigners' whom I think to be rebels, no matter where I find

them." In this connection it is interesting to note that the Patriarchal Vicar of Mush has just been decorated by the Sultan. Mush is the diocese in which the slow extermination of the Armenians has been prosecuted with greater apparent success than elsewhere. The more intelligent young men are vigilantly watched or thrown into prison as suspects, but the Government is taking great care lest news of its high-handed proceeding should reach the outer world, especially through the American outpost of civilization at Harput, to the west of the disturbed district.



Macedonia and Bulgaria

Last week a strong force of Turkish troops was sent to Kumanova, near Uskub, where a Bulgaro-Macedonian band had invaded Turkish territory. Fighting is also reported to have occurred at Kochana, fifty miles southeast of Uskub, the Bulgaro-Macedonians losing about a hundred killed. Some of the leaders of the insurrectionary bands, operating from Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, as headquarters, have now reached London, with the object of enlisting English sympathy. They repeat their assertion that autonomy under a Christian Governor, who himself acknowledges the suzerainty of the Sultan, will satisfy them and lead at once to the pacification of European Turkey; that they have no faith either in the original or the revised scheme of Austro-Russian reforms; that they are convinced of the existence of a secret understanding between the two Powers by which inaction is maintained until the Turkish northern and western provinces can be divided between them; that they distrust Russian diplomacy, and are confident that Austria-Hungary, with its confederation of races invariably pulling in opposite directions, will never intervene with energy; that they are not anxious to have a big Bulgaria, although they are constrained to admit that the principality may be drawn into war with Turkey next year, and that Russia may be dragged after it by the force of Pan-Slav sentiment. They want a self-governing Macedonia under conditions

analogous to those prevailing in Crete, and they are confident that this can be done under the leadership of Great Britain, with the support of France and Italy.



Macedonia and the Powers

Last week Mr. E. F. Carson, secretary of the Macedonian relief committee of Philadelphia, presented to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations arguments favorable to the passage of the resolution introduced by Senator Penrose, requesting the President to use his good offices toward the reconvening of the representatives of the nations that took part in the Berlin Congress of 1878. The reason for another Congress lies in the necessity for the execution of the international agreement signed in 1878 to protect the lives and property of Christians in the Ottoman Empire. Mr. Carson asserted that none of the reforms provided for in the Berlin Treaty, which he said were to be carried out under the supervision of the signatory Powers, had been executed. The principal reason of this failure was that the measures necessary to carry the reforms into effect had not, as required by Turkish law, received the approval of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the interpreter of the Koran. The sacred law forbade equality and protection to the Christian population of the Empire, and therefore it was impossible to carry the reform into effect. Mr. Carson pointed out three instances in which the American Government had taken action similar to that suggested. It was a recognized principle of international law, he added, that no Government had the right to rule or misrule its people so as to jeopardize the lives or property of citizens of other nations. Exactly this has occurred as a consequence of Turkish misrule in Macedonia.



The Pope on Church Music

Pope Pius X., whose interest in church music when he was Cardinal Sarto was well known, has uttered his protest against the frivolous character of the music prevalent in the Roman Catholic churches of Italy and France. He has

urged a return to the simple Gregorian chant as a means of avoiding inappropriate music and of encouraging congregational singing. There is nothing unprecedented in this effort of the Pope to elevate the music of his Church. The name of Gregory the Great, the thirteen hundredth anniversary of whose death is to be celebrated this year, owes its eminence as much to his promotion of music as it does to his furtherance of the mission to Britain and the reform of clerical practices. So it has been in later times. The intrusion into the services of the Church of dance music, love songs, and even the music set to lewd ballads, which the congregation often sang to their original words while the choir were singing the religious words, came to be so pronounced that a commission of cardinals was created by Pius IV. to carry out a resolution of the Council of Trent on the subject. The tendency which the present Pope is opposing is the same that his predecessors have opposed. Similar tendencies have also appeared in Protestant churches, though neither in them nor recently in the Roman Catholic Church have these tendencies gone to the extreme that they reached when the great composer Palestrina checked them by his genius. The question is a fundamental one whether music is to be to the church what molasses is to a fly-trap, something to lure people into church, or whether, like the prayers and the sermons, it is to be a direct instrument for moral and religious elevation. Whether it is the operatic airs of Italian Catholic churches or the trivial "gospel" tunes of Protestant churches, music in worship which, though it attracts numbers, degrades taste and banishes reverence, is, as a Western professor calls it, immoral. Such music is immoral because in the name of religion it coarsens the mental fiber of worshippers and deprives them of that sense of awe, the "fear of God," upon which religion itself depends.

Gérôme
the French Painter

Jean Léon Gérôme died suddenly on Sunday in Paris. He was one of the most widely known among modern French painters. His pictures have had

a popularity that is due more to their striking and even sensational qualities than to any great artistic merit. In certain matters of technique Gérôme was undoubtedly clever, and as a teacher of these he had a wide and lasting influence. He was brilliant as a colorist, and was ingenious in catching characteristic poses. But his pictures almost totally lack tone and never express a mood of mind. They frequently tell a story in a graphic fashion, and for that reason have a wide appeal among people who care little or nothing for the artistic value of pictures. His works have commanded very high prices. During the later years of his life Gérôme largely abandoned his painting for sculpture, and the day before he died exhibited to his friends a statue which, except for the coloring, he had finished. Had he lived until May 11 he would have been eighty years old. Among the pictures that come to mind at the mention of Gérôme's name are the "Cock Fight," an early work which is now in the Luxembourg, "Anacreon, Bacchus, and Love," "The Arab and His Steed," and "Golgotha." The latter pictures the scene of the crucifixion, but the three crosses are indicated only by their shadows on the rocks. One of his most effective and characteristic pictures, "Son Éminence Grise," is in the Boston Museum. Another, "Cæsar Dead," is in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington. Other pictures of his are in this country.



Francis Wayland On the retirement of Dr. Francis Wayland from the position of Dean of Yale Law School last year The Outlook commented on his delightful personality, his devotion to his work, and his success in building up, materially and educationally, the law department of Yale University. After an active life of more than seventy years, Dr. Wayland had been partially incapacitated from work by severe illness and retired to a well-earned rest. Born in Boston in 1826, the son of the most distinguished President that Brown University has ever had, Dr. Wayland was graduated from Brown University in 1840; took his M.A. degree from Yale

in 1872; began the practice of law in Worcester, Massachusetts; removed in 1858 to New Haven; became Judge of Probate six years later, and in 1869 Lieutenant-Governor of the State. In 1872 he was appointed Professor of English Constitutional Law and Dean of the Yale Law School. His interests were manifold. He was for several years President of the American Social Science Association, and he was greatly interested in all prison work and in organized charities. As a writer, his attention was given chiefly to sociological and charitable topics and to criminology. His death at his home in New Haven last Saturday afternoon ends a long and honorable career. Dr. Wayland was a man of unusual personal charm, eminently companionable, a born storyteller, with a genius for friendship.



A Veteran Reformer

Parke Godwin, the last of the old Brook Farm group of idealistic communists, died in New York last week, at the age of eighty-seven. Mr. Godwin was never a resident in the Brook Farm community, but was one of the young men who ardently supported it from without, and was made the editor of its paper, "The Harbinger," when that was removed to New York. His first volume also was "A Popular View of the Doctrines of Charles Fourier," which championed many of the collectivist ideas of Fourier. Of the brilliant group of people who were connected with the Brook Farm community, the leaders—George Ripley, William H. Channing, Margaret Fuller, and Theodore Parker—long since passed away. Of the younger men in the movement, who, as a rule, became equally distinguished in later life, Mr. George William Curtis died twelve years ago, and Mr. Charles A. Dana within the last decade. Mr. Dana, it will be recalled, became an arch-enemy of every socialistic idea long before his death; but Mr. Godwin, like Mr. Curtis and the rest, held to their old humanitarian ideals long after it was proven that a community interested only in philosophy could not make a practical success of farming. In the struggles for freedom

of trade which brought idealists into the Democratic party during the middle years of the last century, Mr. Godwin bore a conspicuous part, and when, a little later, the question of slavery came into the front rank among American political issues, he was among the organizers of the Free Soil wing of the Democratic party and afterward of the new Republican party. His devotion to human freedom was so much stronger than his devotion to commercial freedom that his separation from the Democratic party at this period was an easy one; but when the slavery issue was settled by the results of the Civil War, and the reconstructionist policy gave the negro equal political rights, Mr. Godwin returned to the Democratic party and cordially supported it whenever the primary issues seemed to him to be freedom of trade and the international co-operation which would result from it. He succeeded Mr. Bryant as editor of the "Evening Post," and afterwards became the owner and editor of the "Commercial Advertiser." In his later years he devoted himself more distinctively to the writing of books and essays. His interest in public affairs, however, never flagged, nor his sympathy with the struggling classes. When the Federation of Labor took up the advocacy of the eight-hour day, the "Commercial Advertiser," under his guidance, was practically the only New York daily which warmly championed the movement. Very nearly to the time of his death he retained his old appearance of strength and vigor. One of his volumes of essays, "A New Study of Shakespeare's Sonnets," was published less than four years ago. Among his other works was an edition of William Cullen Bryant's complete works, with a life of Mr. Bryant, whose daughter was Mr. Godwin's wife.



The New York State School System

For some years the educational interests of New York State have suffered because they have been under a double-headed control, exercised, part of it, by the Board of Regents, part of it by the State Superintendent. The former body is provided for in the

Constitution, and cannot be abolished by the Legislature. The tenure of its members is at present for life. The Board thus possesses age and experience, but lacks that infusion of new blood from time to time which is always necessary to the most efficient and skillful organization. It has control of the higher institutions of learning. The Superintendent of Education is elected by the Legislature for a relatively short term, and is almost necessarily, therefore, in so far a politician that he is, on the one hand, dependent upon politicians for support, and, on the other, is compelled to work in harmony with them and under temptation to use his patronage for party ends. The jurisdiction of these two, the Superintendent and the Board of Regents, overlaps, and has caused of recent years considerable confusion. Two plans are proposed for the purpose of avoiding this confusion in the future. The first is submitted by a committee of educational experts, with the approval of Superintendent Skinner. This plan proposes to reduce the Board of Regents by selecting nine from the present nineteen by lot, and to do away with the life tenure by having the length of their respective terms determined by lot, one for nine years, one for eight, and so on, after which one term would expire every year, and the vacancy would be filled by a new election. Under this system the majority of the Board could be changed only by five successive annual elections, a sufficient guarantee against sudden changes for political ends. The Board of Regents thus reorganized is to select a Commissioner of Education, answering to the present State Superintendent, who is to have general supervision of all educational interests, and it shall also have power to adopt such rules and regulations as are necessary to carry into effect the educational measures of the State Commissioner of Education, who shall serve during the pleasure of the reorganized Board. That Superintendent Skinner has no purpose in this plan to secure a permanent position for himself is evident from the fact that the plan further provides that neither the present State Superintendent nor any member of the present Board of Regents

shall be eligible to the office of Commissioner of Education. Another plan is proposed by Governor Odell in his message, which provides for the continuance of the present double-headed arrangement, simply marking sharply the lines of demarcation between the two, leaving primary educational affairs in the charge of the State Superintendent, and academic educational affairs in the charge of the Board of Regents.



The Right Plan In every way the first of these plans is the better. It would take the State Superintendent of Education out of politics. It would intrust the educational interests of the State to a body of educational experts, which the Legislature is not and cannot be. It would infuse into the Board new life from time to time, but without sudden revolutionary changes. There are only two arguments alleged against it. The first is that it cannot be carried in the Legislature, that the party leaders will not surrender to the Regents the election of the Superintendent or Commissioner of Education, and that, therefore, no genuine unification of the educational interests of the State can be brought about at the present time. This is pure assumption, for which as yet there is no evidence. It exaggerates the power of political interests, and underestimates the power of public opinion. The plan is supported by six college presidents, including those of Columbia, Cornell, Union, and Rochester Universities, and many of the School Superintendents. If the Board of Regents and their friends would give to it their hearty support, it would also enlist the support of the press of the State, and could probably be carried through the Legislature, in spite of apathy or even hostility in certain influential quarters. The other objection alleged against this plan is that it is unconstitutional, because it would legislate out of office ten members of the Board. But there is nothing in such legislation inconsistent with the terms of the Constitution, which only provides that the Board of Regents shall consist of not less than nine members. We do not think that the courts have ever held

that an office is a private and a personal perquisite in such a sense that the Legislature cannot abolish the office or reduce the number of those jointly occupying it. Every consideration derived from the well-being of the State appears to us to demand the substantial adoption by the Legislature of what is called the Skinner plan, and we hope to see the press of the State, irrespective of party or locality, unite in urging this plan upon the Legislature at the present session.



Theaters as Fire-Traps

The coroner's investigation of the circumstances connected with the terrible loss of life at the Iroquois Theater disaster in Chicago has already established the fact that the danger to the audience through lack of proper precaution and through improper construction was greater even than was first supposed. Exit doors were locked and barred. One particular locked door cut off the escape of hundreds; ventilators over the roof of the stage, which are required by law to prevent a direct draft carrying the flames into the auditorium, were nailed down and evidently had not been operated even experimentally. Exits were not marked; there was no fire-alarm box on the premises; there were four standpipes in the building, but only fifty feet of hose. When an attempt was made to lower the asbestos curtain, the regular act curtain also was lowered. The first caught fast near the top. The latter fell and immediately burst into flames and scattered the fire into the auditorium. The investigation as we write is incomplete, but such evidence as that already recorded is conclusive as to the criminal negligence of those responsible. It has become more and more evident that this new theater was put into use before it was anything like ready, while work was still proceeding on it, and without anything like adequate inspection. It is not for the press to forestall the judgment of the authorities or to suggest what that judgment should be, but if the public is to have any kind of protection, permanent and satisfactory methods must be employed for inspecting all theaters, and the law must be enforced systematically rather than sporadically, and without

exception or lack of continuous rigor. City authorities all over the country are just now enforcing the laws, and in several cities theaters have been closed because the law has not been complied with. It is to be hoped that this activity will not be sporadic but continuous. In New York there have been reports indicating that the law was fairly well complied with, but it is thought that it is inadequate in certain cases. Mayor McClellan has procured reports of the fifty-nine places of amusement in the city, and has required the theater managers to call on him and receive his instructions as to the safeguarding of their halls. In connection with this subject it may be pointed out that not alone theaters in great cities should be watched, but that attention should be given to the small halls to be found in towns and villages everywhere and also to some extent in the cities. While these halls do not hold large audiences, they are in many cases frightfully neglected as to inspection, and not infrequently are nothing more or less than death-traps.



Soldier and Gentleman

When General John Brown Gordon, who died at Boynton, Florida, on Saturday evening last, was inaugurated Governor of Georgia for the second time, the writer of these lines happened to be in the capital, and by invitation of General Gordon attended the exercises. The little procession from the Governor's room came up the hall and paused at the doors of the Assembly Chamber, which the usher or marshal of the day threw open and, standing at the end of the gallery, with great impressiveness said: "Gentlemen of the Legislature, the Governor elect, the gallant John B. Gordon." This introduction, so characteristic of the section, was the best possible characterization of General Gordon's spirit and life. He was conspicuous for that quality of gallantry, so often credited to Southern men and so often deserved, but sometimes the expression of a conventional tribute rather than the recognition of the real quality. The grandson of a Revolutionary soldier,

born in Georgia, educated at the University of Georgia, studying law in his own State and entering upon its practice in Atlanta, General Gordon was engaged in coal-mining when the war broke out. He promptly organized a company of miners and farmers called the "Raccoon Roughs." He soon became major and rose to the command of the regiment; had many narrow escapes at Seven Pines, for he at once displayed conspicuous daring and dashing qualities of leadership; was made Brigadier-General; severely wounded at Sharpsburg at the head of the Georgia brigade; took part in the fighting about Chancellorsville, and in the decisive battle of Gettysburg, where he bore himself with conspicuous bravery and of which he has written one of the best accounts that our literature is likely to possess. In 1864 he had become a Major-General. He drove back the Union forces at Spottsylvania, led a daring charge at Cedar Creek, and in the final conflict which ended at Appomattox he commanded a wing of the Virginia army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. He had risen in a brief four years to the highest position in the Confederate army below that of General-in-Chief; he bore the scars of eight wounds received in battle, and he had made a reputation for undaunted courage and for brilliant personal qualities.

At the close of the war, like the brave, true man that he was, he buried every particle of animosity. Henceforth for him the sections did not exist. He loved the South and was loyal to its interests and its spirit, but he rose completely above the plane of sectional feeling. He was one of the most eloquent and persuasive advocates of reconciliation between the sections. He resumed the practice of his profession, declining to accept the nomination for Governor, but in 1871 he was elected to the United States Senate, re-elected, and resigned in 1880 to embark in railroad enterprises. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Georgia, served for two terms, returned in 1890 to the United States Senate, and at the expiration of his term returned to private life. During the last fifteen years he had acquired a National reputation and popularity on the lecture

platform; his frankness, humor, courtesy, and the charm of his personality winning all audiences and making friends for him in every quarter. He was perfectly frank, but he was also perfectly friendly.

No man, probably, has done more to heal the wounds of old antagonisms and to destroy ancient prejudices than General Gordon.

His "Reminiscences of the Civil War," which appeared during the past autumn with the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is not only one of the most important contributions yet made to the literature of a great period, but one of the most fascinating and charming books that has come from the hand of an American man of action. As one of the ablest of General Lee's lieutenants, casting in his fortunes with the Confederacy at the beginning of the war and fighting continuously until the surrender at Appomattox, General Gordon had a right to speak as had few men who have talked about the Civil War. His book is one of the most interesting personal narratives and one of the most vivid and picturesque accounts of the war that has been written, but it is also a beautiful "human document." Nowhere else can there be found so clear, so frank, and so intelligible an interpretation of the Southern position. In its recognition of the courage of the North and the South, of the equal sincerity of both sections, of the kindred qualities of self-denial displayed by both armies, and in its frank statement of the weaknesses, the passions, and the misconceptions of both sections, this book will hold a place of its own. It ought to be read everywhere as an example of the way in which a great story, full of the passion of tragedy, can be told without a touch of partisanship or a trace of old antagonisms. General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War" is a monument to his memory more beautiful than any that will be built by those who loved and honored him, a tribute more eloquent than any that can ever be paid by those who knew him best.

Men of such courage, nobility, and charm are rare in any country and at any time; for General Gordon was not

only a man of honesty, he was also a man of honor; one whose essential integrity was touched with a passion for the finest and the best; a chivalrous gentleman in the old sense of the term. Never sheathing his sword in time of war; in time of peace burying every animosity and holding out the right hand to every man; a man born to honor and idealize woman, as every chivalrous man is; a charming companion, one of the best story-tellers of his time, eloquent of speech, instinctively choosing the side of integrity in all public matters, General Gordon leaves behind him a memory which will enrich the best traditions of American character.

Three Possible Courses

Whatever may have been the right or the wrong of our National action at the Isthmus, Panama is now an independent republic, recognized as such by substantially all the world powers. Shall we make a treaty with Panama for the construction of an interoceanic canal through her territory? If not, what shall we do? The Outlook has been looking with interest to see what alternative plan or plans those who are opposed to the ratification of the proposed treaty have to suggest. So far as we have seen, no one, either in Congress or out of Congress, has had any alternative to suggest, until last Friday, when the New York "Evening Post" offered for the consideration of the Nation three possible courses, as follows:

It is absurd to say that Congress may not yet adopt any one of several alternative courses. It might direct the President to build the canal at Nicaragua, and he would have to obey. It might request him to withdraw the pending treaty and negotiate one less objectionable in both manner and substance. It might vote to postpone the whole project for a year, and meanwhile refuse to appropriate the money for troops on the Isthmus.

Here is a definite plan, or rather three definite plans to choose from.

I. Congress "might direct the President to build the canal at Nicaragua, and he would have to obey." True. That is, Congress may abandon the route which substantially all the experts

declare to be the most feasible, economical, and advantageous, and where a considerable work has already been done, and take up a route which the experts all agree would be more expensive and less advantageous, and which some of them regard as of at least doubtful practicability. That is the first proposition.

II. "It might request him to withdraw the pending treaty and negotiate one less objectionable in both manner and substance." It might. But its "request" would have no more legal effect than a similar request coming from a mass-meeting composed of any other body of citizens. Congress has nothing to do with the negotiating of treaties or the suggestion of them. The Senate can reject the proposed treaty or amend it, and we judge from newspaper reports that it is considering without prejudice amendments seriously proposed for the purpose of improving it. But any attempt by the House of Representatives to intervene, by request in the treaty-making powers of the Government would probably receive scant attention from the Executive, and would certainly be resented by the Senate.

III. "It might vote to postpone the whole project for a year, and meanwhile refuse to appropriate the money for troops in the Isthmus." That is, it might refuse to appropriate the money necessary to enable the Executive to fulfill our National obligations. For indirectly by our attitude toward the rest of the civilized world for half a century, directly by our negotiations with the owners of the Panama Canal property, and still more directly by our treaty with New Granada, we are under obligation to protect the transit across the Isthmus from all interference. A refusal to appropriate the money necessary to enable the President to furnish such protection would be a refusal to fulfill this triple obligation. But if it is to be fulfilled at all, the manner of fulfilling it is necessarily left to the President, for that is an executive, not a legislative, function. It is the duty of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy to determine how the military forces of the United States shall be employed,

whenever that employment becomes necessary to enforce Federal laws or fulfill Federal obligations. By refusing appropriations Congress can prevent the Nation from fulfilling its obligations; but if they are fulfilled, Congress cannot direct the military steps to be taken in order to fulfill them.

We do not believe that any Senator or Representative would be willing to stand in Congress as sponsor for either of these propositions, except that possibly Senator Morgan might be willing to be sponsor for the first.



No Backward Step

The difference of opinion between the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in New York City and the Board of Education in regard to the amount of money to be spent in support of the school system in Greater New York for the coming year has attracted wide attention, and will be a matter of prime importance if it results in any diminution of the efficiency of the public schools or any contraction of their work. There has been a good deal of rather unnecessary sharp talking on both sides. The fact seems to be that there has been a lack of clear understanding between the two bodies and that the divergence of view is due rather to a misapprehension than to any real difference in regard to the importance of the work of the Board of Education.

Under the administration of Mayor Low the schools were more generously cared for and their interests more carefully guarded than under any other administration in the history of the city. During the two years of Mr. Low's service as Mayor, more than \$40,000,000 were appropriated for the running expenses of the schools, and more than \$18,000,000 were expended for new buildings; a record quite unprecedented in the history of New York and probably in the history of any other city. The expense of conducting the school system has steadily and naturally increased, as it ought to and must increase, and the demands of the Board have been as steadily acknowledged and provided for. In 1902 the total increase in appropria-

tions was \$710,000; in 1903, \$840,000; and in 1904, \$850,000. One point of misapprehension appears to be with regard to the returns from the three-mill rate of taxation which was adopted on Mayor Low's recommendation in place of the four-mill rate. It is claimed that this reduction in the rate of taxation was too drastic and has cut into the resources of the Department, and it has been suggested that the rate should be increased to 3½ mills. The notable increase of revenue which has been secured on the reduction to the three-mill rate by the new valuation adopted under Mayor Low's administration seems to have been overlooked. In 1903 the four-mill rate produced \$15,428,190.87; in 1904 the three-mill rate will yield \$16,287,196.75—an increase of almost \$870,000. The average annual increase in taxation values in Greater New York is about \$150,000,000. On the old basis this increase would have been assessed at \$100,000,000, and the four-mill rate would have produced about \$400,000. On the new valuation this increase would be assessed at \$150,000,000, and the three-mill rate would produce about \$450,000. It seems clear, therefore, that the change in the method of assessment and in the mill rate has worked rather to the advantage of the schools than to their disadvantage. This point ought to be made clear as a matter of justice to Mayor Low, whose interest in the schools has been from the first pronounced, intelligent, and efficient.

The difficulty of the situation has been created by the fact that for the current year the Board of Education asked the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to appropriate \$23,260,472.30, an increase over 1903 of about \$2,950,000, basing its claim for this large increase on the great expansion which had taken place in every department of the school system and the certainty of the continued increase during the present year. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment did not accede to the full request of the Board of Education by an amount equal to about ten per cent. of the total demand; it granted an increase of \$850,000, but it reduced the

amount asked by something more than \$2,000,000. A special committee appointed by the Board of Education, which met on December 19 to consider the situation, has prepared a careful report embodying the views of Superintendent Maxwell. It is the opinion of the Superintendent and of the Committee that an additional number of teachers must be appointed during the present year in the elementary, high, and training schools, in order to care for the largely increased attendance in those schools; that the recreation centers, the vacation schools and playgrounds must be discontinued unless additional funds can be obtained by an appeal to the city administration or to the Legislature. The work accomplished by these various instrumentalities now carried on under the direction of the Board of Education is indicated by the fact that the average daily attendance in Manhattan at recreation centers during the past year has been 5,180, an increase of about 100 per cent. on the previous year; at the vacation playgrounds the average daily attendance in Manhattan during the past year has been 53,565, an increase of nearly 12,000 over the previous year; the attendance of the vacation schools in Manhattan during the past year was 10,138, an increase of 2,807. During the past year there has also been marked increase in attendance at the evening elementary and high schools. The increase in Brooklyn in these various departments is fully as notable as that in New York. In Manhattan during the past year nearly 5,000 students have been in attendance on the evening high schools, and on the evening elementary schools nearly 30,000. In view of these facts, the Committee of the Board of Education urge that an appeal shall be made to the Board of Aldermen for a grant of the amount required to meet the deficiencies which the Department now faces in its running expenses for the present year. The Committee also believes that an appeal should be made to the Legislature for an increase of the statutory allowance, applicable to the General School Fund, from three mills to three and one-half mills.

These suggestions of the Board of Education raise a question of the first importance, and one in which every New Yorker must take a profound interest. There is no city in the world in which popular education is more necessary than the metropolis, fed as it is by great streams of foreign immigration, and made up so largely of a foreign-born population. There are many school districts in the city in which a child who speaks the English language with ease is very rare. On the East Side, where there is a school population as large as that of a second or third class city, the vast majority of the children who go to our schools are foreign-born. This means that they need immediate and thorough elementary education if they are to become even safe citizens. The proposal, therefore, to discontinue at the close of the present month many of the recreation centers, the vacation schools and playgrounds for the year, if carried out, not only would greatly reduce the working area of the School Board, but would strike at the very best interests of education. Whatever may be the outcome of the present situation, one thing may be laid down as fundamental: there must be no diminution either of the area over which the Board of Education is working or of the efficiency of its work. If there must be economy in the city finances, that economy must not be effected at the expense either of our children or our charities. The work of the Board of Education ought to be enlarged instead of being contracted, and there could not be a more irrational economy than that which might be secured by any cutting off of those influences which are working on the fundamental problem of good citizenship in New York.

The Board of Education must find some other way. The closing of vacation schools and recreation centers and the abolition of the playgrounds is not a way out of the present situation. Across any such exit the public of New York will write, "No thoroughfare." What ought to be done is not at the moment easy to say. New York is fortunate in having in Dr. Maxwell, the Superintendent, a man of absolute integrity,

whom it implicitly trusts, of expert professional knowledge and great working power. Some charges of extravagance have been made against the management of the Board of Education, and it is possible that some money may be saved in some directions, but the present question is, "How shall the immediate situation be dealt with?" There is no doubt about ex-Mayor Low's deep and solicitous interest for the welfare of the schools. The good faith of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in their reduction cannot be questioned, nor can the zeal and devotion of the Board of Education be questioned. Under these circumstances the miscalculation which has probably been made, the misunderstanding which has certainly developed between these two bodies, ought to be remedied by conference. There are, it is believed, various ways in which the situation can be relieved without appealing to the Legislature. Those ways ought to be tried. If they fail, then appeal ought to be made to the Legislature. But, in the meantime, any idea of closing a single school door or locking the gates of a single playground ought to be dismissed.



The Religion of "Parsifal"

"Parsifal" perhaps better than any other one of Wagner's operas illustrates his fundamental conception of the musical drama in which the arts of painting, poetry, acting, and music combine in the expression and interpretation of human life. "Parsifal" interprets the most passionate and the profoundest life of the human soul, the life of religious experience. It is not didactic, nor homiletic; it teaches no theology and preaches no sermon; but it interprets through painting, poetry, acting, and music the religious life of humanity. It may be not inaptly called an allegory. An allegory is defined by the Century Dictionary as "a figurative treatment of a subject not expressly mentioned, under the guise of another having analogous properties or circumstances." "Parsifal" is a dramatic portrayal of religious truth

and life; they are not expressly mentioned, but they are vividly represented by scenic symbolism, dramatic action, and vocal and instrumental music. What is it that is thus portrayed? What is the religion of "Parsifal"?

The Holy Grail, the cup of the first Lord's Supper, emblem of that communion with God in which the right and true soul ever "findeth strength anew," and the Sacred Spear by which the wound was made in the Saviour's side, and by which alone can the wounds made in the heart of humanity be healed, are both in the castle of Montsalvat, that is, the Mount of Salvation. Near by dwells Klingsor, spirit of evil, master of magic. He has sought admission to the holy mountain and been refused, and in his wrath has registered a vow to gain possession of both the Holy Grail and the Sacred Spear. He has, to aid him in his purpose, Kundry, a beautiful woman, whose tender sympathies represent the better side of human nature, but who has fallen under the dominion of the spirit of evil, and is compelled, despite the resistance of her noble impulses, to do his evil will. Amfortas, son of the King of Montsalvat, has gone forth armed with a knightly purpose to do battle with Klingsor, has been seduced from his purpose by Kundry's enticements, the Sacred Spear has been taken from him, and with it Klingsor has inflicted upon him a wound in the side which can never be healed but by the same spear in the hands of a "guileless one." In vain does Kundry, tortured by remorse, strive to give relief to him whom by her enticements she has brought to a living death; until she is herself redeemed from the power of the evil one she cannot succor another. At this juncture Parsifal appears, a youth, innocent because ignorant. He neither understands the sin in the simplest act of cruelty, nor the sacredness in the supreme hour of divine companionship. In mere careless wantonness he shoots one of the sacred swans of Montsalvat nor sees the evil of the deed until it is explained to him; then he breaks his bow and arrow in pieces and flings them away in disgust. He is conducted to the hall of Montsalvat, hears the knight

below and the boys in the dome above chanting antiphonally a hymn of praise, sees the Holy Grail uncovered and a holy light streaming down upon it from heaven and illumining it, and the knights gathered about it joining in the Sacred Supper of bread and wine, but understands nothing of the holy meaning in the scene, and is driven out by the irate knight as a "guileless fool" whom it were hopeless to endeavor to enlighten. And yet already enlightenment has begun through his pity for the sufferings of another. He has learned from it that Amfortas can be cured only by the spear by which he was wounded, that

"Naught can avail, but only one sure thing,
The healing touch of that thrice-sacred
Spear,"

and, with heroic though childish resolve, he starts in quest of this Spear. He comes to the boundaries of Klingsor's domains, scatters the esquires who resist his approach, and scales the castle walls to find himself in a magic garden, surrounded by maidens. The wondrous beauty of the scene attracts him. With song and dance and bewitching invitations, they endeavor to stay him from the fulfillment of his mission. Puzzled, perplexed, but hardly tempted, so soon as he really comprehends their invitation he rejects it, and, spurned by him, they retire with mocking laughter. Then Kundry appears upon the scene. She joins sympathetically in Parsifal's condemnation of these "wondrous evil things." "Surely," she says, "thou seest I am not as these." Then she recalls to him his childhood, and his mother and "her sweet kisses on thy loving lips," and tells him that, heart-broken at his absence, this "dear mother, gentle Heartsrue," died. Then, when he falls fainting at Kundry's feet, she proffers him caressing comfort for the wounds she herself has inflicted, and prints upon his lips a loving, lingering kiss. Her subtler charm of womanly sympathy awakens in his soul

"The awful madness of tormenting love."

It is at this moment that, without yielding to temptation, he feels, as if by personal experience, the power of Amfortas's sin. But the memory of the Holy Grail

and of Amfortas's words, "whom I must redeem," recalls him to his mission. He will no more abandon it for the love of Kundry than for the sensual charms of the flower maidens, and in the reassertion of that resolve she is revealed to him as the "destroyer of men's souls." One more effort she makes to divert him from his purpose. She tells the story of her sin and her remorse, and pleads her need of him.

"Be pitiful and be a Saviour to me,"

she cries. No! not even this last and supremest plea of a sorrowing woman's need to a man's chivalric pity can divert him from his high and holy resolve. Then, angered by his refusal, she curses him, and in her cursing calls on Klingsor to come and make him captive; and Klingsor, coming at her call, seeks to thrust Parsifal through with the Sacred Spear; but though invincible against evil, it is powerless against victorious virtue; it hangs suspended in midair; Parsifal seizes it, and with it makes the sign of the cross; and instantly the magic castle and the magic garden wither

"into desert waste
Strewn with flowers, faded, desolate."

Armed with the Sacred Spear, Parsifal goes forth, but to use it

"For healing wounds, not making them."

At length, after long wanderings,

"Through many failures and through countless woes,"

he finds his way again to Montsalvat, Mountain of Salvation. The spirit of evil has perished with his magic castle. Kundry, redeemed by Parsifal's refusal to yield to her seductions, has one wish left, and only one—the wish to serve; one joy, and only one—the joy of serving. At the touch of the Sacred Spear in the hands of the "guileless one," the wound in the side of Amfortas is healed.

"Body and soul are cleansed by God's free grace,"

and he is restored to hope and life. And so the story ends—Amfortas scored from his wound and Kundry delivered from her captivity, and brought "within the service and within the glory of the Holy Grail."

"Parsifal" may be regarded as a

scenic drama, in which all that modern dramatic art can do is done with wonderful mechanic artifice and artistic skill to entrance the eye and quicken the pulse of wonder. It may be regarded as a musical drama, in which the greatest master of the music of human passion employs all the resources of his art to interpret the deepest emotions of the souls of men. It may be regarded as a literary drama, in which the treasure-house of ancient legend has been ransacked by one enthusiastically familiar with its contents, and from its lore woven a new story, ancient in its literary pattern, mediæval in its spirit, but universal in its expression of human life. It may be regarded as a religious drama, in which scenic symbolism, vocal and orchestral music, and ancient story are made a vehicle for the expression of a truth of life as old as humanity and as perpetually new. That drama The Outlook has heretofore spoken of as a work of art; here we seek to embody in a paragraph its religious significance, only reminding the reader that the truth which is of necessity here expressed in intellectual terms is in the drama interpreted as a deep, passionate life.

Innocence is powerless; only virtue is strong. And the innocence of childhood can be transformed into the manhood of virtue only by victorious struggle with temptation. When a man is thus transformed by the power of resisted temptation from guileless innocence into victorious virtue, all the strength and all the seductive beauty of the evil one shrivel into nothingness before him; the temptation, instead of dragging his soul down, lifts him into the place where he can bear the sins of others; the experience of sin resisted inspires in him the desire to cure the sin of others as if it were his own; the very forces which were potent in the hands of evil for harm and death become in his hands forces for healing, health, and life; humanity, tempted, struggling, doing the things it would not do and abhorring the things it does, is rescued from its hateful captivity; the wound that evil has inflicted in the heart of suffering humanity is healed; through the service and the suffering of enduring love "body

and soul are cleansed by God's free grace," and the door to divine communion, long closed to the children of men, is reopened to them: such is the religion of Parsifal, presented with great beauty of form and color and scenic symbolism and interpretative music—an allegory in action.



The Spectator

The Spectator fears that he is falling behind the times. Of old he was wont to pride himself upon his sympathy with all out-of-doors. But the new Nature-cult is beyond him. Never to have met a fox face to face—never, that is, outside the bars of the Park Zoo; to boast no speaking acquaintance with hoot-owl, coyote, or laughing loon; to know, in fact, more of books than of beasts, and more of the way of the world than of the secrets of the wild—is not this to argue one's self far from Nature's heart? Yet such is the Spectator's pitiable plight. Some feeble attempts he has made to right himself, rising in the chill dawn to sneak about after cheeping birds with opera-glass and kodak, or trying to worm himself into the affections of elusive silver squirrels. But to no purpose. When the fancy seized them, his furred and feathered friends took French leave, and the Spectator went home without a vestige of clue to their finer feelings or their little philosophies of life.



It is with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that the Spectator sits down to write these paragraphs upon a new approach to the study of bird character. The plan is not of his own invention, but a gleaning from the experience of an unliterary friend. None the less it leads to bird knowledge so intimate as to challenge comparison with the discoveries of Thompson Seton or William J. Long. And its findings are not, like theirs, open to discussion, but demonstrable before a court of law. It may be as well to state without further circumlocution that the Spectator has made the acquaintance of that amiable gästroligist known in Washington as the Bird-Stomach Man. It was in a little tucked-up

office in the Department of Agriculture that the Spectator discovered him, surrounded by all the unsentimental paraphernalia of his craft. Bottles, unnumbered bottles, glittered upon the shelves which lined the walls. And in each there floated a little gray bag, something like a sea-cucumber—the worshipful stomach of a bird.



That Romance could hover over such grim trophies as these the Spectator was loth to believe. Yet a half-hour's chat with the Bird-Stomach Man convinced him that poetry lurks between forceps and scalpel, and that the true nobility of bird-nature is not visible to the naked eye. The evil that a bird does, and for that matter the good too, he does with his busy little bill. If his taste runs to grasshoppers and noxious worms, he is a good birdling and worthy of all encouragement; if to sprouting corn, or cherries, or honey-bees perchance, he is a bold thief and a bad. To settle his character, no way is so sure as to investigate the tell-tale contents of his crop. But while the Bird-Stomach Man, in the interests of the United States Department of Agriculture, is thus surgically employed, his heart is wholly with the winged proprietors of the stomachs. The Spectator has met bird-lovers in his day. Your ornithologist loves birds, but he loves them to classify them, and mount them on perches, and collect their dainty eggs. Your Thompson Seton loves birds, but he loves them to sentimentalize over them and make copy of them. Now, the Bird-Stomach Man is a practical friend. He believes in his client's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He aims to throw the strong arm of the law between all birdkind and the farmer's vengeful gun.



That his task is a delicate one the Spectator soon had occasion to observe. The expert spread before him a vast assortment of strange objects, among which he recognized tiny bones, insects' wings, the glittering wing-covers of beetles, seeds galore, and small stones. Among the pebbles were pretty little

disks from the stems of fossil crinoids, and four little nuggets of gold! Selecting a minute bone, the naturalist declared it to come from the fore foot of a frog, remarking that in his business it was necessary to know the skeletons of every fish, frog, reptile, or mammal ever preyed upon by the great hawks and owls. As for insects, the minutest part of their anatomy is of vital importance to the nice work of identification. The veining of a crumpled, gauzy wing may determine whether the insect owner was friend or foe to agriculture, and so the virtue or culpability of the bird that devoured him. As for caterpillars and grubs, all that is left of them when they come to the hands of the Bird-Stomach Man is their little hard mouth-parts. By their mandibles alone he knows them. Among dozens of scraps upon a card before him the naturalist indicated the jaws of the ant, the grasshopper, and the cutworm, the gleaming eyes of a spider, and the "clicker" of a click-beetle.



By this time the Spectator's eyes were open to their widest. But the naturalist was by no means at the end of his rope. "Incidentally," he remarked, "this office acquaints itself with the look of every seed ever swallowed by a bird. Properly speaking, that is the province of the botanist. But it's amazing how little they know about seeds. You can confound the best of them with weed-seeds. Yet the identification of weed-seed is of prime importance, for no argument tells better with the farmers than that birds help to rid their fields of weeds. Why, we estimate that the tree-sparrows devour over a million and a half pounds of weed-seed yearly in Iowa alone."



Before the Spectator could catch his breath he found himself contemplating a series of minute specks. "These," the naturalist was saying, proudly, "are our problems. Those little black, club-shaped bodies have been officially repudiated by every branch of the service in turn, kicked out of all the kingdoms of matter. But one day, in dissecting a poison-ivy berry, we ran upon some

bits of bitumen like these. The bird had eaten poison ivy." The Spectator had been puzzling for some moments over some tiny brown objects the shape of a baby's ear. He inquired what they might be. The Bird-Stomach Man explained that those brown specks had once "stumped" the Department of Agriculture, Biological Survey, Division of Ornithology. Nobody could conceive where they came from. One day an assistant found them gracing the kneecaps of a fat grasshopper. Enigma three, a shining, concave pocket, big enough for a rain-drop, turned out to be the nursery-wall of the grub at the heart of a gall-nut. The bird had swallowed grub, nest, and all. Such findings as these lead the scientists of the Division of Ornithology to keep their eyes open when afield. "The world is so full of a number of things," and there is no knowing what a bird may swallow next.



The microscope showed the Spectator yet stranger things. He saw how, after many years, you can identify partly assimilated fruit or grains by the varied epidermis cells, or the peculiarity of the starch-grains; how you can tell what species of butterfly or moth has gone to make a long-dead birdling's holiday by the character of the toothed wing-scales, which are all that remains of the insect; and how you know the earthworm, when no apparent trace of him remains, by certain amber-colored, S-shaped spicules which are the earthworm's hall-mark. Verily, inscrutable are the ways of the scientist!



The Spectator was shocked to hear what unpoetic things the daintiest of song-birds will eat. The cuckoo, for instance, dines largely upon the nauseous, thorny caterpillars of the Io moth, getting his interior stuck full of stinging spines. The Spectator saw a cuckoo's stomach turned inside out, and it was set so thick with spines that it looked like a little fur wallet. He saw the hand of an assistant in the laboratory swollen by accidental contact with a poison-ivy berry in a bird-crop he was investigating. Yet that bird died of a

gunshot wound. They tell of a bird which was offered a beetle so hot as to its juices as to blister the hand that crushed it. Birdie gobbled down the fiery insect, and then stood with his mouth stretched open, swaying about in agony, while the gobbled beetle took its revenge inside. The department assembled to close the rash bird's eyes. But he got over it, though he never accepted that particular sort of beetle again.



These were the side-shows of the laboratory. The main exhibit was bird-virtue on a pedestal. The Spectator heard so much of the industry and self-sacrifice masquerading under feathers that he has since been almost ashamed to look a chickadee in the face. The gastrologist expatiated upon the tons of weed-seed, the myriads of devouring worms, of which birds annually rid the earth. As for their sins, for fourteen years the gastrologist has been at work; he has examined the internal evidence against more than thirty-four thousand birds; and of all that host he finds scarce one which is not more good than bad. One-half the charges are pure libel. As for proved peccadilloes, they are heavily overbalanced by good deeds. In spring Jim Crow pulls up your sprouting corn; but when the cutworm comes, his death-dealing bill repays the theft a thousandfold. The cherry-stealers only take fair toll of the fruit they saved by early worm-hunts among the blossoms. The Spectator was moved almost to tears at hearing of the noble feats of birds in the face of a plague of insects. Even birds of strictly vegetarian principles fall to upon the invaders, eating from morn to dewy eve. It is recorded of one robin that he sacrificed himself to the extent of one hundred and sixty-five worms in a single day! If this be not touching enough, hear the tale of a plague of grasshoppers, how birds both small and great taxed themselves to the bursting point to keep down the invasion, and even the least among the humming-birds slew and ate a pair of monstrous hoppers all himself. The Spectator blushes that he ever owned a shotgun.

Russia and Japan Face to Face

From a Staff Correspondent at Washington

Conversations with a dozen diplomats in Washington, representing every grade in the service, have elicited the following statements concerning the Russo-Japanese conflict.

The Russian Side

"America is sadly in need of information about the Russian Government and the Russian people," justly says **The Czar** a particularly well-informed diplomat. "Take the statement repeated made, for instance, that the Czar has given a free hand to Admiral Alexiev, the Governor of the Amur provinces, in dealing with the Russo-Japanese situation. Doubtless the Admiral does enjoy the special privileges of his position, but only one person in Russia has a free hand—the Czar. He is supreme, and he is for peace. If you could better understand his real purpose—the upholding of peace throughout the world—you would not misjudge Russia."

"You have but to look at the face of Nicholas II.," says another authority on Russia, "and be convinced that a man more inclined to the peaceful settlement of every dispute never lived; the Czar is indeed the 'Little Father' in holding back those of his subjects who might without him go too far." Still another official, well accustomed to the manner of Russian governmental operations at home and abroad, added, "Why, if the entire Council of Ministers were bent on war and the Czar not, the entire Council would have to walk out of the door and be dismissed, but the Czar would have his way. His army is

Peace a guarantee of peace and not a menace of war. We claim with justice that our mighty borders compel us to keep 1,100,000 men under arms in active service, while, should war break out, we are ready quickly to mobilize an army of several millions more if necessary. Even these forces are far from being as large proportionally to territory as are those of the Japanese army. Furthermore, we have given proofs of our desire to maintain peace with all men. During the present reign, as during others, opportunities have occurred

where we might have been justified in making war, but we have refrained. Let me remind you, too, that it was the Czar and no other ruler who instituted the Hague Peace Tribunal.

"Why should Americans be pro-Japanese?" he then inquired. "You want peace. We want peace. The Japanese people do not want peace. They are urging their Government more and more towards war." According to some Russian observers the Japanese are a self-conscious, "vain, bumptious little yellow people," and are in no need of being reminded by America of their strength; in the interests of the world's peace, America should rather refrain from applauding the Japanese. "You are pre-eminently a commercial people. As such you will seek peace," say they. "Yet you also think that you are showing some appreciation of the chivalrous in backing up little Japan against Russia. You call it a case of David *versus* Goliath. Yes, but, after all, you are backing the disturber of peace against the conservator of peace. A nation of 140,000,000 people and nearly 9,000,000 square miles does not go lightly to war, yet at the same time it must preserve its reasonable interests."

With the spread of the Russian wave eastward across Siberia, the necessity of **Manchuria** Russian access to the Pacific was increasingly emphasized.

It was first realized in 1850, when, at Count Muraviev's instance, the Russian flag was planted on Chinese territory at the mouth of the Amur River. By the treaty of 1858 China relinquished the entire northern bank of the Amur and also a strip of coast territory as far south as a port which the Russians renamed Vladivostok, or "the Dominator of the East." When the Trans-Siberian railway across Siberia and down to Vladivostok was planned, it was intended to

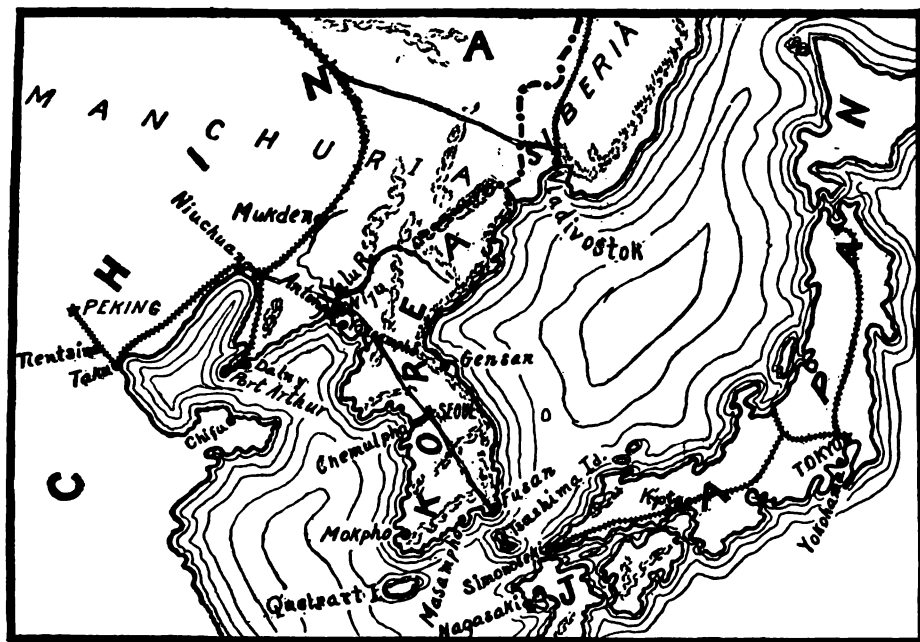
lie wholly within Russian territory ; but it was seen that a much shorter line could be built through Manchuria. Hence Count Cassini, then Russian Minister to China, made a compact with that country by which nearly a thousand miles of railway should be constructed across Manchuria. Now that vast province has always been a somewhat disturbed region, and since the Boxer Rebellion more so than ever. It was found necessary that Russian guards should be maintained along the railways to the east and south to Port Arthur, and that Russian methods of sanitation and civilization should be introduced, "much as America will have to act along the Panama Canal route," as a Russian diplomat cleverly added. "Russian influence has grown in Manchuria as everywhere in Asia, and this," said he, "has been for the benefit of the whole world in general and of America in particular. Certainly American railway builders and equippers have no reason to complain!"

While it is presumable that in Manchuria the claims of the Japanese can be satisfactorily adjusted, when the Russian wave moves on across the Korean border, the case, as every Russian admits, is different. Two spheres of influence have definitely overlapped. The question is, Which will remain permanently? "The Russian," is the reply, because Russia insists upon a Russian control of the interests which she has acquired in Korea, and also of those interests which are being acquired in the course of the natural development of *contiguous territory*. Of course Japan can make no such claim, because her territory is not contiguous. "The Outlook has called Japan 'the England of the East,' said a distinguished Russian authority the other day. It is true that Japan and England are each insular empires, one occupying the same relative position to the Asiatic continent as the other does to the European. Now, an insular empire can permanently retain distant colonies, as England does, but never a mainland territory close at hand. Powerful as England is, she had finally to abandon Normandy. Even if we suppose that Japan should acquire the pos-

session of Korea, she would never be able to hold it permanently, nor, in the Russian opinion, for any great length of time. Sooner or later the mainland power must absorb it, just as France reabsorbed Normandy."

As to the Japanese and American claim of open ports in Manchuria and Korea, the Russian reply is: "Are not the ports open now? Do you not know that we also need open ports there to secure a world's trade, and not for a few years only, but for a much longer time? Whatever our Government has pledged to the Japanese and American Governments it will faithfully perform, and of course this includes any pledges given to respect the open door. But let us at the same time call your attention to the fact that the request for river ports is peculiar. Both Japan and America have asked that Mukden be opened. Now, Mukden is a city on a small river at a long distance from the sea. There may be some reason in the foreign demand that Niuchuang should be continued as an open port, but there is none as regards Mukden. American trade and Japanese trade do not need the latter. What would you think if Russia were to demand the right to sail her ships up the Hudson River to Albany, or up the Mississippi River to St. Louis? Yet this is what has been done in China in the case of Hankau, hundreds of miles up the Yangtse from the sea, and it is what you now propose to do with Mukden in Manchuria, and with Wiju in Korea, both of them towns far from the coast. You would not dare to send your ships up the Neva past Petersburg into Lake Ladoga, nor up the Seine to Paris, but you do dare to pursue this policy with weak nations like China and Korea. If Japan and America would not treat a powerful nation like ours, for instance, in this way, we do not like to see them so treat two weak nations over which our influence happens to be great."

"The historic friendship which has existed between Russia and America, founded on Russia's aid in America's need forty years ago, should exist now more than ever, when Russia's name is clouded



JAPAN, KOREA, AND MANCHURIA

by misrepresentations. At least Russia should count on American neutrality. But instead we find a marked pro-Japan-

ese attitude on the part of some newspapers, an attitude, we hope, not that of the people at large."

The Japanese Side

Mr. Kokuro Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington, said: "My country is not seeking territorial expansion. Nor has Japan ever had any intention of taking advantage of the misfortune of her neighbors in seeking mere territorial aggrandizement. The sincere desire of our Government and people is to have all the neighboring countries realize that mutual interest can best be promoted by the maintenance of peace, the promotion of commerce and industry, and the strengthening of ties of interdependence."

With every Chinese war and insurrection there has been a Russian expansion of territory in Asia. In 1858, when China was busy with the Taiping Rebellion, Russia compelled a cession of all the Chinese territory north of the Amur River. In 1860, when Peking was besieged by the English and French, Rus-

sia occupied the Manchurian coast-line between the ocean and the Ussuri River. The events of more recent years are well known—the brutal hold-up of Japan in 1895 by Russia, backed by Germany and France, by which the possession of lower Manchuria, ceded to Japan by China, in accordance with the right of conquest and the treaty of Simonsen, was restored to China only to be handed over to Russia by the Cassini Convention of the following year under the pretext of defending a railway through Manchuria which Russia had obtained the right to build. The result of the Boxer insurrection of 1900 was the practical absorption of Manchuria's 360,000 square miles and 8,500,000 population by Russia. If such occupation or annexation be approved, Russia should be compelled to confirm by international *written* treaty the assurances repeatedly but verbally made, both to Japan and America,

concerning the freedom of trade in Manchuria, a freedom absolutely necessary to Japanese commerce.

Americans may now think that Russia intends to keep any promises which she may have made to uphold the open door in the new Manchurian treaty ports of Mukden and Antung, and yet they themselves have been suffering Russian indignities at the port of Niuchuang, opened long since by treaty with China on equal terms to the trade of all nations. At the time of the Boxer atrocities—which Russia is believed by some secretly to have instigated for her own purposes, in helping to put down the insurrection and then demanding territory as reward—she seized Niuchuang on the pretext that the Boxers were threatening the place. Now, no Boxers were ever seen in that vicinity. Russia kept the port, however, administering the customs and the telegraph and other monopolies.

If Japan controls a lion's share of the Manchurian trade, her interests in Korea are still larger and more vital. No less than nine-tenths of the shipping of Korean ports, according to the most recent statements, is Japanese, and the two Korean railways are owned by Japan. Korean commerce has long been dominated by Japan; this and the later political control Japan has not the slightest notion of abandoning. While upholding the sovereign independence of the Korean Government, Japan now needs to control Korea also as an asylum for the redundant population of the islands. Americans do not realize that the Japanese population in an average square mile is twelve times as great as the American. Japan's population is now forty-seven millions, and must be crowded into an area of not quite a hundred and fifty thousand square miles.

Necessary as is Korea to Japanese trade and population, the Japanese idea is the same now as it was when it formed the basic cause of the war of 1894-5 with China—the assurance of Korean independence. In that war the weak Korean monarch fled to the Russian Legation for safety. This gave the Russians just the chance they wanted,

and, as a recompense for their protection, they demanded and obtained a timber concession in the Yalu Valley. The Russians now claim that the concession covers, not only all the Yalu Valley, but also the valleys of all the rivers tributary, that it gives to them the right to build railways, and to monopolize the fine port of Yongampho at the river's mouth. It is also persistently reported without contradiction that Russia has obtained from the municipality of Masampho, a very important and strategic port between Mokpho and Fusan, opposite Japan, the full control of the harbor, but that the Korean Government is still strong enough to refuse to confirm the Russian possession. Now, Masampho is to Korea what Port Arthur is to Manchuria—a Gibraltar—and more, for, from it, Japan would be at Russia's mercy. The Japanese island-fortress of Tsushima is hardly the distance of a modern cannon shot from the hills commanding Masampho. According to other uncontradicted rumors, Mr. Pavlov, Russian Minister at Seoul—the Korean capital—is standing over the poor wretch who occupies the Korean throne, and is keeping him from acceding to the Japanese request to open Yongampho as a free port and from the American request to open Wiju—a place which unites the advantages of a river port and of a great mart on the highway between the Korean and Chinese capitals. Finally, Mr. Pavlov is urging that Masampho and Mokpho—ports now open by international treaty—be closed! Such arrogance should not be permitted by the nations, least of all by Japan, who will suffer most. It is a satisfaction to think that behind Japan stands England in upholding Korean sovereignty and territorial integrity, these being guaranteed in the Anglo-Japanese treaty.

"Korea forms Japan's Monroe Doctrine," a Japanese statesman aptly says.

Japan's Ultimatum In order to enforce that doctrine Japan does not need to annex Korea, but she will not permit Russia to annex it or even to absorb it under the specious guise of protecting its integrity. While in Manchuria Japan might be induced to make

concessions, in Korea, according to an authorized statement, she can make nothing further than to agree to (1) a mutual engagement that Japan and Russia shall respect the independence and the territorial integrity of both the Chinese and the Korean empires; (2) a mutual recognition of the special interest of Japan in Korea and of Russia in Manchuria; and (3) a mutual engagement that neither Japan nor Russia shall interfere with trade rights in China or Korea acquired by the other Power, by virtue of its own treaties with those countries, *this in accordance with the equality of trade and the opportunity for it by every nation.*

To these reasonable requests Russia makes the calmly audacious counter-proposal that Manchuria be eliminated from the discussion, that Russian and Japanese trading privileges shall be equal in Korea, and that a neutral zone shall be established in northern Korea, a zone extending from Yalu River, marking the Manchurian border, over one-third of the small kingdom, as far south as Gensan! It is no wonder that the Japanese people prefer war to such an agreement. The people may force the hand of their Government, which has hitherto acted with marked patience and self-restraint. Already there is a popular and universal demand for the immediate occupation of Korea by Japan, an act which would probably be regarded by Russia as a cause of war.

The conduct of the diplomatic negotiations has not been to the credit of Russia, who has pursued her traditional policy of temporizing to the utmost. While the Russians grasp at anything, they have small notion of being involved in an unnecessary war. They advance to the limit; if they see that they have gone too far, they recede, but they do not go back quite to their own standing ground. They always seem to register some net advance. Just now, however, the question is, Will they recede in time to avert the sudden move

by Japanese arms, not diplomacy? It may be that they regard war as inevitable, just as most Japanese do, and are instigating the Japanese to fire the first gun; but in the eyes of the world the real moral responsibility for such a war will rest upon Russia, which, with greater past experience and greater present supplies, has pushed an inexperienced nation—but one conscious of the might of right—into a war the consequences of which will be not only national as between Russia and Japan, but international on both hemispheres.

"After all, we believe," say the Japanese, "that the only question in Russia's mind is, Do we regard Japan as a weak or a strong Power? If Russia does not recede sufficiently to satisfy us, it will be because Russia thinks that she can wear out Japan ultimately, if not soon, by the force of arms; if Russia does recede from her untenable and most recent proposition and consents to a fair compromise, it will be the greatest compliment ever paid to Japan's military and naval strength. Let us hope that the journey to Cannes of President Bezobrazov, of the Russian Yalu Timber Company, operating in Korea (a man who has recently and significantly been made a Secretary of State), is for the purpose of obtaining some characteristically sage advice from one of the Czar's supposed three chief advisers—his mother, the Empress Dowager, his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexander, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael. The venerable Grand Duke Michael is hardly likely to advise a war the result of which would be not only to keep Russia permanently out of Korea, but to set back Russian prestige a quarter of a century. While Japan can attend to the material part of such a war, we shall indubitably have a moral support from America and England which will be none the less felt both in Japan and Russia because it must be at first neutral. The world will know that, as regards Japan, such neutrality is not malevolent but benevolent."

E. F. B.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter VII.—The Clash of War

IT sounded like old times, to us who had stayed behind in Mulberry Street, when, within a few months after his departure for Washington, the wail came from down there that Roosevelt was playing at war with the ships, that he was spoiling for a row, and did not care what it cost. It seems he had been asking a million dollars or so for target practice, and, when he got that, demanding more—another half million. I say it sounded like old times, for that was the everlasting refrain of the grievance while he ran the police: there was never to be any rest or peace where he was. No, there was not. In Mulberry Street it was his business to make war on the scoundrels who had wrecked the force and brought disgrace upon our city. To Washington he had gone to sharpen the tools of war. War he knew must come. They all knew it; it was his business as the right hand of Secretary Long to prepare for it, since the first and hardest blows must be struck on the sea.

Here let me stop a moment to analyze his attitude toward this war that was looming on the horizon even before he left Mulberry Street. It was perfectly simple, as simple as anything he ever did or said, to any one who had ever taken the trouble to "think him out." I had followed him to Washington to watch events for my paper, and there joined the "war party," as President McKinley called Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, poking fun at them in his quiet way. There was not a trace of self-seeking or of jingoism in Roosevelt's attitude, unless you identify jingoism

with the stalwart Americanism that made him write these words the year before:

"Every true patriot, every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the time when not a single European power shall hold a foot of American soil." Not, he added, that it was necessary to question the title of foreign powers to present holdings; but "it certainly will become necessary if the timid and selfish peace-at-any-price men have their way, and if the United States fails to check, at the outset, European aggrandizement on this continent."

That was one end of it, the political one, if you please; the Monroe Doctrine in its briefest and simplest form. Spain had by outrageous mismanagement of her West Indian colonies proved herself unfit, and had forfeited the right to remain. The mismanagement had become a scandal upon our own shores. Every year the yellow fever that was brewed in Cuban filth crossed over and desolated a thousand homes in our Southern States. If proof were wanted that it was mismanagement that did it, events have more than supplied it since, and justified the war of humanity.

Plain humanity was the other end of it, and the biggest. I know, for I saw how it worked upon his mind. I was in Washington when a German cigar-manufacturer, whose business took him once or twice a year to Cuba, came to the capital seeking an interview with Senator Lodge, his home Senator, since he was from Boston. I can see him now sitting in the committee-room and telling how on his last trip he had traveled to some inland towns where he was in the habit of doing business, but where

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now all had been laid waste; how when he sat down in the inn to eat such food as he could get, a famished horde of gaunt, half-naked women, with starving babies at barren breasts, crept up like dogs to his chair, fighting for the crumbs that fell from his plate. Big tears rolled down the honest German's face as he told of it. He could not eat, he could not sleep, until he had gone straight to Washington to tell there what he had witnessed. I can see the black look come into Roosevelt's face and hear him muttering under his breath, for he, too, had little children whom he loved. And the old anger wells up in me at the thought of those who would have stayed our hand. Better a thousand times war with all its horrors than a hell like that. That was murder, and of women and innocent children. The war that avenges such infamy I hail as the messenger of wrath of an outraged God.

The war was a moral issue with him, as indeed it was with all of us who understood. It was with such facts as these—and there was no lack of them—in mind and heart that he responded hotly to Senator Hanna pleading for peace for the sake of the country's commerce and prosperity, that, much as he appreciated those blessings, the honor of the country was of more account than temporary business prosperity. It has slipped my mind what was the particular occasion—some club gathering—but I have not forgotten the profound impression the Naval Secretary's words made as he insisted that our country could better afford to lose a thousand of the bankers that have added to its wealth than one Farragut; that it were better for it never to have had all the railroad magnates that have built it up, great as is their deserving, than to have lost Grant and Sherman; better that it had never known commercial greatness than that it should miss from its history one Lincoln. Unless the moral overbalance the material, we are indeed riding for a fall in all our pride.

So he made ready for the wrath to come. And now his early interest in naval affairs, that gave us his first book, bore fruit. When the work of preparation was over, and Roosevelt was bound

for the war to practice what he had preached, his chief, Secretary Long, said, in bidding him good-by, that he had been literally invaluable in his place, and that the navy would feel the stimulus of his personality for a long time. His industry was prodigious. He bought ships for the invasion of Cuba, and fitted them out. He recruited crews and shot away fortunes with the big guns—recklessly, shouted the critics. He knew better. His experience as a hunter had taught him that the best gun in the world was wasted on a man who did not know how to use it. The Spaniards found that out later. Roosevelt loaded up with ammunition and with coal. When at last the war broke out, Dewey found everything he needed at Hongkong where he sought it, and was able to sail across to Manila a week before they expected him there. And then we got the interest on the gun-practice that had frightened the economical souls at home. In Mulberry Street it was corruption that defied him; now it was the stubborn red tape of a huge department that dragged and dragged at his feet, and threatened to snare him up at every second step he took—the most disheartening of human experiences. The men he came quickly to like. "They are a fine lot of fellows," he wrote to me, "these naval men. You would take to them at sight." Of the other he never spoke, but I can imagine how it must have nagged him. To this day, when I have anything I want to find out or do in the Navy Department, it seems flatly impossible to make a short cut to the thing I want. So many bureaus, so many chief clerks, and so many what-you-may-call-'ems have to pass upon it. It is the way of the world, I suppose, to go on magnifying and exalting the barrel, where the staves are men with their little interests and conceits, until what it is made to hold is of secondary importance or less. In the end he burst through it as he did through the jobs the police conspirators tried to put up on him; kicked it all to pieces and went on his way.

A new light shone through the dusty old windows. For generations, since steam came to replace sail, there had been a contention between the line and

the engineer corps, as to rank and pay, that cut into the heart of the navy. It was the fight of the old against the new that goes on in all days. The old line-officer was loth to give equal place to the engineer, who, when he was young, was but an auxiliary, an experiment. The place of honor was still to be on the deck, though long since the place of responsibility had moved to the engine-room. The engineer insisted upon recognition; met the other upon the floor of Congress and checkmated him in his schemes of legislation. The quarrel was bitter, irreconcilable; on every ship there were hostile camps. Neither could make headway for the other. Roosevelt, as chairman of a board to reconcile the differences that were older than the navy itself as it is to-day, steered it successfully between the two fatal reefs and made peace. Under his "personnel bill" each side obtained its rights, and, with the removal of the pretext for future quarrels, the navy was greatly strengthened. Cadets now receive the same training; the American naval officer in the next war will be equally capable of commanding on deck and of mending a broken engine.

When it came to picking out the man who was to command in the East, where the blow must be struck, Roosevelt advised Dewey. They laughed at him. Dewey was a "dude," they said. It seems the red tape had taken notice of the fact that the Commodore was always trim and neat, and, judging him by its own standard, thought that was all. Roosevelt told them no, he would fight. And he might wear whatever kind of collar he chose, so long as he did that. I remember, when Dewey was gone with his ships, the exultation with which Roosevelt spoke of the choice. We were walking down Connecticut Avenue, with his bicycle between us, discussing Dewey. Leonard Wood came out of a side street and joined us. His mind was on Cuba. Roosevelt, with prophetic eye, beheld Manila and the well-stocked ammunition-bins in Chinese waters.

"Dewey," he said, "is the man for the place. He has a lion heart."

I guess none of us feels like disputing his judgment at this day, any

more than we do the wisdom of the gun-practice.

When Dewey was in the East, it was Roosevelt's influence in the naval board that kept his fleet intact. The Olympia had been ordered home. Roosevelt secured the repeal of the order. "Keep the Olympia," he cabled him, "and keep full of coal." The resistless energy of the man carried all before it till the day when orders were cabled under the Pacific to the man with the lion heart to go in and smash the enemy. "Capture or destroy!" We know the rest.

Roosevelt's work was done. "There is nothing more for me to do here," he said. "I've got to get into the fight myself."

They told him to stay, he was needed where he was. But he was right: his work *was* done. It was to prepare for war. With the fighting of the ships he had, could have, nothing to do. Merely to sit in an office and hold down a job, a title, or a salary, was not his way. He did not go lightly. His wife was lying sick, with a little baby; his other children needed him. I never had the good fortune to know a man who loves his children more devotedly and more sensibly than he. There was enough to keep him at home; there were plenty to plead with him. I did myself, for I hated to see him go. His answer was as if his father might have spoken: "I have done all I could to bring on the war, because it is a just war, and the sooner we meet it the better. Now that it has come, I have no business to ask others to do the fighting and stay at home myself."

It was right, and he went. I have not forgotten that gray afternoon in early May when I went with him across the river to the train that was to carry him and his horse South. He had made his will; the leave-taking was over and had left its mark. There was in him no trace of the "spoiling for a fight" that for the twentieth time was cast up against him. He looked soberly, courageously ahead to a new and untried experience, hopeful of the glad day that should see our arms victorious and the bloody usurper driven from Cuba. "I won't be long." He waved his hand and was gone; and

to me the leaden sky seemed drearier, the day more desolate, than before.

Two weary months dragged their slow length along. There had been fighting in Cuba. Every morning my wife and I plotted each to waylay the newsboy to get the paper first and make sure he was safe before the other should see it. And then one bright and blessed July morning, when the land was ringing with the birthday salute of the Nation, she came with shining eyes, waving the paper, in which we read together of the charge on San Juan Hill; how the Rough Riders charged, with him at their head, through a hail of Spanish bullets, the men dropping by twos and threes as they ran.

"When they came¹ to the open, smooth hillside there was no protection. Bullets were raining down at them, and shot and shells from the batteries were sweeping everything. There was a moment's hesitation, and then came the order: 'Forward! charge!' Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt led, waving his sword. Out into the open the men went, and up the hill. Death to every man seemed certain. The crackle of the Mauser rifles was continuous. Out of the brush came the riders. Up, up they went, with the colored troops alongside of them, not a man flinching, and forming as they ran. Roosevelt was a hundred feet in the lead. Up, up they went in the face of death, men dropping from the ranks at every step. The Rough Riders acted like veterans. It was an inspiring sight and an awful one.

"Astounded by the madness of the rush, the Spaniards exposed themselves. This was a fatal mistake. The Tenth Cavalry (the colored troops) picked them off like ducks and rushed on, up and up.

"The more Spaniards were killed, the more seemed to take their places. The rain of shells and bullets doubled. Men dropped faster and faster, but others took their places. Roosevelt sat erect on his horse, holding his sword and shouting for his men to follow him. Finally his horse was shot from under him, but he landed on his feet and

continued calling for his men to advance. He charged up the hill afoot.

"It seemed an age to the men who were watching, and to the Rough Riders the hill must have seemed miles high. But they were undaunted. They went on, firing as fast as their guns would work.

"At last the top of the hill was reached. The Spaniards in the trenches could still have annihilated the Americans, but the Yankees' daring dazed them. They wavered for an instant, and then turned and ran.

"The position was won and the block-house captured. . . . In the rush more than half of the Rough Riders were wounded."

In how many American homes was that splendid story read that morning with a thrill never quite to be got over! We read it together, she and I, excited, breathless; and then we laid down the paper and gave two such rousing cheers as hadn't been heard in Richmond Hill that Fourth of July morning, one for the flag and one for Theodore Roosevelt. What was breakfast? The war was won and over!

We live in a queer world. One man sees the glorious painting, priceless for all time; the other but the fly-speck on the frame. A year or two after, some one, I think he was an editor, wrote to ask me if the dreadful thing was true that in the rush up that hill Roosevelt said "Hell!" I don't know what I replied—I want to forget it. I know I said it, anyhow. But, great Scott! think of it.

Of that war and of his regiment, from the day it was evolved, uniformed, armed, and equipped, through "ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency,"¹ all through the headlong race with a worse enemy than the one in front—the malaria, upon which the Spaniards counted openly as their gruesome ally—down to the day when, the army's work done, Colonel Roosevelt "wrecked his career" finally and for good, by demanding its recall

¹ This was the account we read in the New York "Sun."

¹ I am quoting "The Rough Riders." It seems, then, the navy has no patent on red tape. I thought as much.

home, he himself has told the story in "The Rough Riders." Every school-boy in the land knows it. The Rough Riders came out of the heroic past of our country's history, held the forefront of the stage for three brief months, and melted back into college and camp and mine with never a ripple. But they left behind them a mark which this generation will not see effaced. To those who think it a sudden ambitious thought, a "streak of luck," I commend this reference to the "rifle-bearing horsemen" on page 249 of the second volume of his "Winning of the West," written quite ten years before: "They were brave and hardy, able to thread their way unerringly through the forests, and fond of surprises; and though they always fought on foot, they moved on horseback, and therefore with great celerity. Their operations should be carefully studied by all who wish to learn the possibilities of mounted riflemen." Before he or any one else dreamed of the war, he had studied and thought it all out, and when the chance came he was ready for it and took it. That is all there ever was in "Roosevelt's luck;" and that is about all there is in this luck business, anyhow, as I have said before.

The chance came to one man beside him who was ready, and the world is the better for it. I saw the growing friendship between the two that year in Washington, and was glad; for Leonard Wood is another man to tie to, as one soon finds out who knows him. They met there for the first time, but in one brief year they grew to be such friends that when the command of the regiment was offered Roosevelt, he asked for second place under Wood; for Wood had seen service in the field, as Roosevelt had not. He had earned the medal of honor for undaunted courage and great ability in the arduous campaigns against the Apaches. Both earned their promotion in battle afterward. I liked to see them together because they are men of the same strong type. When Roosevelt writes of his friend that, "like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he combined in a very high degree the qualities of entire manliness with entire upright-

ness and cleanliness of character; it was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone"—he draws as good a picture of himself as his best friend could have done. While the Roosevelts and the Woods come when they are needed, as they always have come, our country is safe.

Together they sailed away in the springtime, southward through the tropic seas, toward the unknown. "We knew not whither we were bound, nor what we were to do; but we believed that the nearing future held for us many chances of death and hardship, of honor and renown. If we failed, we would share the fate of all who fail; but we were sure that we would win, that we should score the first great triumph in a mighty world-movement." The autumn days were shortening when I stood at Montauk Point, scanning the sea for the vessels that should bring them back. Within the year one was to sit at Albany, the Governor of his own, the Empire State; the other in the palace of the conquered tyrant on the rescued isle. For Roosevelt committees were waiting, honors and high office. The country rang with his name. But when he stepped ashore his concern was for his own at home—for his wife; and when I told him that I had brought her down to see his triumph, he thanked me with a handshake that told me how glad he was.

I see him now riding away over the hill, in his rough rider uniform, to the hospital where his men lay burning up with the fever. Wherever he came, confusion, incapacity, gave way to order and efficiency. Things came round at once. So did his men. The sight of his face was enough to make them rally for another fight with the enemy. They had seen him walking calmly on top of the earth wall when, in the small hours of the morning, drenched by pouring rains, chilled to the bone, and starving in the trenches, they were roused by the alarm that the Spaniards were coming, and the sight made them heroes.

They had heard his cheering voice when the surgeons were dressing the wounded by candle-light, after the fight at Las Guasimas: "Boys, if there is a man at home who wouldn't be proud to change places with you, he is not worth his salt, and he is not a true American;"

and the ring of it was with them yet. So they took heart of hope and got well, and went back to those who loved them, even as did he for a little while. Then we needed him again, and he came when he was called.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The American College Girl

By a European University Girl

IF a girl European born and bred were to land right among several hundred American college girls, stepping from the steamer without transition into the very heart of college life, as I did some time ago (and may the reader pardon the use of the objectionable first person), but without having ever known anything about American college life, such a girl would simply be amazed.

Benovolent friends had, in my case, kindly undertaken to enlighten me, long before I sailed for America, about the characteristic life and ways of those different forms of the astonishing being known through different stages of the same evolution as Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior. Therefore my first movement was not exactly amazement, but rather curiosity of seeing for myself and knowing more; and my next was a feeling of delight at the evidences of the curious life which was being evolved and enjoyed all around me. Naturally, I felt like sitting still and watching. Nowhere in Continental Europe does such a thing as a girls' college exist. We have boarding-schools and State schools, schools for training pupils and schools for training teachers, convents and private institutions for young ladies, representing every kind, variety, and denomination of work, of aspirations, of beliefs; but the girls' college is an entity unknown. Nowhere in Europe do the young women move out of their homes to such vast communities, living a life all of their own, and yet far from monastic, a life of which girls are both subject and object, in the various capacity of students, society girls, church women, hostesses, entertainers, playwrights and

players, members of clubs, editors, philanthropists, and, in short, everything; a life in which men and older women come in only as officers of instruction, or as guests and outsiders, the wide world itself appearing merely a parenthesis to the life of the college house and hall, where comfort and luxury are provided for to an extent which appears simply fabulous to the foreigner. With us, in Europe, the girl who wants to get instruction of any kind either attends a daily school or goes to a boarding-school or convent, in the latter case submitting to a system of life generally strict and uncomfortable and absolutely devoid of fun, except perhaps such as the Sunday outings with parents or friends may afford to the girl who is fortunate enough in this respect. No European educational institution would think of allowing to its inmates such a luxuriousness of surroundings as appears in the American girls' college room, the extreme simplicity of the food being the only thing in common to both types of educational community. Also, the decorations that each girl brings to her college room, the class symbols, the flags, the posters, the sporting souvenirs, the men's pictures on desks and dressing-tables, appear wonderful to the stranger. To the uninitiated beholder, the college girl's room might be a college boy's room, there is such a breezy air of comfort and liveliness in the whole arrangement. The first time I entered a college room I was struck by the conspicuous absence of books and the equally conspicuous presence of candy-boxes and fruit-baskets; but I wisely refrained from any expression of my feelings, on remembering that it is one's

own brain far more than one's bookcase which is the fit place for wisdom.

Soon after, I had occasion to notice that the college girl is very particular about offerings of ribbons and flowers to the sanctuary of her wisdom; and frequently defies every attempt at recognition on the part of the new faculty, by appearing daily in the most astonishing variety of head-gear and adornment. On the other side of the ocean which Horace appropriately named a *dissociabilis*, girls are supposed not to keep young men's portraits in their rooms, just as they are supposed not to meet on equal terms of comradeship the subjects of the afore-said pictures; much less would such functions as Junior Proms. and Glee Club Concerts be considered desirable or even appropriate. It is not natural to the European mind to conceive either a ball given by young girls to young men, or a "gym" ball at which hundreds of girls appear in evening dress, without a single black coat (except perhaps the presidential or other equally solemn frock) to relieve the uniform flutter of pale-colored muslins and veils—one of the prettiest sights that college life has to offer. Neither would the possibility suggest itself, on the other side, that the rich girl should have a check-book and bank account of her own, or that the poor girl should make shirt-waists, or wait on the table, or sell blue-prints to fight her way through college; these being but a few of the thousand things which may be pointed out as entirely contrasting in the life of the American and the foreign girl student.

There is, however, in old Europe, now and then, a girl who has a chance of getting out of her life perhaps more experience and at least the same amount of pleasure as the American girl does, although in a way entirely different; this is the girl who attends a university for men, and enjoys in the Old World, among hundreds of men, the perfect freedom of movement and the feeling of independence which characterize the happy life of the American college girl (happy in that she realizes by herself an ideal of free and intelligent life, without the inevitable strain which comes to the same life when lived by one girl among

a crowd of men). To this girl of exception, the daily life in the university halls, and the ceremonies and functions connected with it, are amply sufficient to make up for the unknown social life of the college house, which is non-existent in European universities. There is one chief difficulty in European student life for men and women alike; that is, the keeping of freshness and naturalness of thought, brightness of spirit, and readiness for fun, under the constant strain of hard work, unrelieved by any sporting or other diversions, save those which each student may contrive for himself or herself, when, after all the sometimes unreasonable amount of work required is done, the student who is not altogether irrepressible will rather wish for rest than for further exertion, although of different kind. Unfortunately, it happens that girls are quite often seriously affected by such a trying atmosphere; and most of them develop a slightly unhealthy and abnormal turn of mind; they become too much intellectual or too much the reverse, and either lose entirely their femininity or make too much of it; in the former case they are unsympathetic, in the latter dangerous to themselves and the men.

No American girl runs this risk, as far as college life goes. Its chief characteristic seems to be well defined by the historical words, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To the college girls' happiness many elements are co-operating, among which, notably, are Papa's checks and the advantages depending thereon; Faculty votes prohibiting a schedule of over so many hours a week or more than a certain number of courses for the semester; constant anxiety on the part of "Prex" and "M.D." lest the young buds of hope break down under the strain of study, and so forth. How strange it all appears to the student from the other side! We are expected to give an enormous amount of work, and nobody ever gives a thought to our personal incolumity; we may moan, sigh, or revolt; we may strike, protest, or die in the attempt; from the serene Olympus of the Faculty the gods watch with calm, unruffled brow the struggle of the nonentities down in the

halls of learning. Why such things as *cut* and *bluff* do exist in an American girls' college, where they are obviously not needed, and why they are not raised to a proportional dignity in an institution where the necessity of them seems imperious, that is a question which some university Hamlet had better take up some time.

The point seems to lie mainly in that the European university is chiefly an institution for pure intellectual development, while the American college is chiefly an educational community. For instance, the foreign standard makes it a point to set religious matters apart from the domain of study, to separate intellectual from religious work and influence. Not to do so would be to break one of the severest and not always unspoken rules of the world of learning. It seems almost as if a profession of faithlessness might be considered less objectionable than a profession of faith, because the former may be the result of a philosophic creed, while the latter is a question of sentiment, and no public recognition of Christian or other belief is either solicited or expected or even desired of any teacher or student—the honor principle being deemed sufficient for purposes of study life, which is considered absolutely independent from private life. That is why one of the things that impresses the stranger most deeply in the American college is the evidence of religious work which pervades all the college life and seems to be one of its chief forces of cohesion and adherence.

We, then, go to our universities purely for learning; the American girl goes to her college for general training to fit herself for life. "*Non scholæ sed vitæ*" is limited with us to matters of erudition; it is extended with her to life at large. We have to find for ourselves the outward life beyond the library shelves and the university halls, creating almost a second individual youth for our soul and brain when we come in contact with the reality of life, lifting our head from the texts and manuscripts of old. The fact weighs heavy upon us that we grow amid the remains of the past. The American girl thrives on the promise of

the future, and although she lives in the middle of study, she does not bury herself in it, which is very important. Also, her childhood and early youth have been far more free and bright than those of the European child, and left her characteristically immature up to when she enters college, although her self-reliance, fostered by her childhood's freedom, makes her appear more of a woman than she really is. She has the consciousness of every daughter of Eve that she is charming; but she does not know why or when she is most charming. For instance, almost all the college girls, upon request, will confess to a long-cherished delusion that they look their best in evening dress. They feel the delight of the very young in the garment which has still for them the attraction of novelty, and before which never once occur to them the doubts that haunt the society woman. And yet the college girl looks by far her best in the sportive clothes, far more appropriate to her boyish freedom of manner, to her beauty still undeveloped, to the slight lack of individuality which is the inevitable stamp of very *young* youth. The sunshine of the campus, the bright blue sky and the green meadows and the shining waters of river or lake, are the natural atmosphere and the fitting background of the college girl's charms, since she is not yet sufficiently complex to stand successfully the glare of artificial light in a ball-room. She dresses undoubtedly very well, may I say *too* well for European taste?—but it is evident from her appearance on solemn occasions that she has not mastered the difficult art of dressing *just well*—a judicious selection of ornaments being the height of elegance in a woman who can both afford and stand unobtrusive richness and severe simplicity. The college girl's looks are generally good enough, and the college girl's parents, it appears, good-natured enough, to allow of both, to her advantage. Certainly, in the matter of appearance, the older and more experienced American girl who has been to Europe and added a cosmopolitan flavor to Bostonian elegance, New York brilliancy, Southern beauty, or Western dash, has the advantage over her younger sister

(or her same self a few years ago), the college girl. But where the latter has the advantage over any girl from anywhere is in the college rallies and games. When she gets hold of a "gym" hall and decorates it with bright colors and strange devices, and, dragging along a jolly mascot, comes to the front in senior glory or junior pride, in sophomoric self-satisfaction or in freshman assertiveness, nothing prettier or more significant of youth and brightness of mind can be wished for. When she "yells" her "rah, 'rah, 'rah," the brimming good humor and joyousness of her nature are simply contagious, and always make at least one person from over the sea feel very much like trading off one of her solemn degrees for a fair chance of joining in the fun. As a university girl I am far too accustomed to serious work to exhibit any wonder at the otherwise remarkable achievements of the college girl in the field of study; what attracts me and interests me most strongly and constantly is the way in which she manages to get at fun, real good square childish fun, out of the intricacies of philosophic research and the problems of laboratory work. I sincerely envy the feeling of the girl who joins in the college yell and takes part in the rollicking college song, entirely unconscious of her own personality, entirely carried away by the collective excitement, entirely unconcerned, unless it may be, perhaps, about the amount of noise that she is able to produce.

And when, the next morning, she has a sore throat or some other ailment invariably traceable to the relaxations of the previous day, and invariably of a nature that will not allow her to recite, I feel that I ought to object; but retrospective consideration of my own too proper student life will just as invariably remind me that the one wise thing in the world is to know how to be foolish sometimes. It saves the inconvenience of feeling foolish at other times generally less appropriate. And I say, "Never mind, child," because the truth dawns on me that there are other things in life than recitations, after all. The world will not ask of these girls, probably, if they can determine a parabolic orbit,

or classify comprehensively the pre-Socratic philosophers, or discuss the inflections in the Gothic grammar; but it will ask of them, as it does of us all, men and women, if they are fit to understand, to enjoy, to endure life as it is in reality. And there is more yelling in life than Gothic grammar, to be sure.

We transatlantic owls feel, on having completed our studies, that we have lived a life of books, and with a purely scholarly equipment are moving on to meet a life of action: these young American eaglets will never feel the transition. That is why the American system strikes me as more sensible, although it may appear less serious to the superficial observer.

In the class-room the girls are remarkably bright and extremely susceptible to the personality of the teacher. It appears to me that they depend upon this more than the European student does. They are quite willing to obey and respond to the intellectual individuality of another person, partly because their own intellectual individuality is not entirely developed, partly through exuberance of youthful friendliness. They are thirsting and craving for knowledge, but in a way all their own, of which, in many cases, they seem unconscious; craving not for erudition, but for every kind of vital information. It is amusing to see them supremely indifferent and impenetrable to items that are the joy and pride of other students' hearts, and puzzled by problems that others would never heed. Let a really vital subject turn up in the course of the lesson, and suddenly all the class lights up as with sunshine, and follows with breathless interest whither you lead. They are appallingly sincere in the expression of their feelings about the work; when they are tired they yawn, when they are pleased they smile, with serene disregard of the teacher's feelings. And consequently they open their eyes in wonder when, by way of a polite hint, you attempt to inform them of the strictness of European class-rooms in the matter of deportment. They do not understand what objection there may be, for instance, to carrying one's rubbers to the class-room in the same bundle with the venerable

texts of the classics, the letter from home, and the fortnightly paper on philosophy. A remark to that effect would strike them simply as "awful;" which reminds me, *en passant*, how strange it appears to the uninitiated that girls so highly cultivated dispose or choose to dispose of so limited a vocabulary in the expression of their feelings—candy, examinations in Greek, and gowns being indiscriminately "too awful" or "too lovely for anything" according to the standpoint from which the youthful judge sees fit to approve or condemn. Their work is somewhat after the same order; that is, strikingly mature at times, and then again remarkably or even ludicrously immature, evidently the product of a bright, very impressionable, and easily distracted mind. This is chiefly apparent in their study and criticism of foreign literatures, of which their healthy lack of responsiveness to nervous thrills on one side, and the deficiency of critical taste inherent to inexperienced youth on the other, often fail to allow them a thoroughly appreciative comprehension. It appears to me that the turn of their mind is rather technical and scientific than artistic and classic; at least that Greek and Latin life and literature mean

less to them than they do to the European student. And yet, while the strain of their thought is, on the whole, of a practical character, down in the young hearts lies an unspoken desire for romance. Their feelings will never allow their critic-spirit to deal hardly with a charming hero or heroine.

For they are children at heart, notwithstanding the desperate attempts of the Faculties to the contrary, and children they remain, not only during the traditionally "green" freshman age, and the very similar sophomore epoch, but, fortunately, even while, as seniors, they feel that they are "running the college;" and, still more astonishing, even when, crowned in senior glory, they know that they have exhausted all that life has to give. And it is this self-same youthful spirit, persistently apparent in spite or perhaps on account of their heroic efforts to conceal it, which constitutes their chief charm, and the power with which they win the hearts of Faculties, and others of greater consequence. The proof and test of which statement, if needed, lies in the very fact that probably none of my young friends from "naughty-four" to "naughty-seven" would be willing to admit, and still less to pardon, it.

Some Religious Verse of Alice Freeman Palmer

By George H. Palmer

I PRINT here a little group of poems written by a busy woman of affairs. To most of those who knew her it will be a surprise to find that Mrs. Palmer was a poet. It was a surprise to me, perhaps to herself. For though a strange power of radiating light and warmth was felt by all who approached her, she devoted her brief years to occupations far from poetic, occupations calling chiefly for practical sagacity. Yet such work, too, she ennobled. Other persons engaging in it often become mechanical. It was precisely her distinction that she was never conquered by routine. Every day she brought fresh interest to each labor, and so maintained

a rich personal life through all publicity. When in later years that life began to express itself in verse, one could see that the faith, romance, and passion for beauty, which here at hastily snatched moments received poetic form, had been all along the deep inspiration of commoner tasks.

How multifold, however, and seemingly alien those tasks were, a brief enumeration will show. She took a leading part in organizing two large colleges, both experimental and of widely unlike types. For twelve years, as a member of the State Board of Education, she was engaged in reconstructing the Normal Schools of Massachusetts.

She was for a time the president of a great missionary society. During the last third of her life she was associated on many committees with lawyers and business men seeking civic and social reform. In numberless ways she devoted herself to enlarging the opportunities for women to obtain a higher education. As a speaker she was listened to with pleasure and conviction. Her correspondence was enormous, for she was consulted by persons of responsible position from one end of the country to the other. In this advisory capacity she had steady need of watchfulness and tact to keep herself clear of schemers—sometimes of a selfish, more often of an unbalanced, sort—who were ever ready to hitch their rickety wagons to her auspicious star. Throughout all these complicated public duties she was still masterly in housekeeping, lavish in friendship, charming in all domestic and social graces. No one found her hurried, but peace and the blessed sunshine seemed ever to attend her.

It is hard to see how a woman doing in this elaborate way the work of several men, and at the same time living with singular fullness the usual life of her sex, could find leisure to gain the technical training required by the most exacting of the arts. And probably it would have been impossible if it had not been for what I may call Mrs. Palmer's habit of instantaneous excellence. In small things or in large it was characteristic of her to take no wrong roads. She seemed to have the bird's instinct for finding her way through unknown regions to the significant spot. Rarely did work of hers have on it the fumbling marks of the amateur. Bring a bicycle to her door for the first time and she would ride it at once. Give her a camera, and her earliest photographs would be exquisite. The same easy mastery was hers in managing a refractory committee of the Legislature or in installing a heating plant. To forget herself, to observe, to submit her mind to the conditions before her, to let her powers be invigorated rather than abashed by the presence of needs, and to hit nothing but the mark, these were daily habits which enabled her to accomplish astonishing results.

Excellence was her province. She settled in it and made herself cheerfully at home there.

From childhood she was fond of verse, and her acquaintance with the long line of English poets became extensive and critical. She loved much of the earlier poetry which is now little read. I was often surprised when reading with her to see how her hospitable and precise taste would discriminate the good from the middling in authors with whom she was only then becoming acquainted. Seldom was she misled by hazy thought or dazzling diction. She found poetry rather in situations than in words, and the true poet was he who could let her see those situations clearly. That she was in the habit of writing verse herself I did not know until the year before her death. On her last wedding anniversary in America she brought me a volume of twenty poems celebrating our happy life in the country. In Paris, a few days before her death, she told me she had intended to expand this into a sort of marriage cycle. Among her papers I found many such poems of Love and Nature, most of them too personal for publication. With them, however, were certain hymns and religious verses, which seem to me to possess a peculiar combination of simplicity, depth, and veracity. These qualities may give them general interest. Religious verse, strangely enough, is apt to lack veracity. Even when impassioned, it easily falls into conventional diction. The human mind has difficulty in facing God alone, and offering to him its very feelings. In that august presence it inclines to lean on its fellows, and to employ general proprieties to help out its own special utterance. But Mrs. Palmer was herself everywhere. She had no society manners. Even toward superiors she used respectful boldness. In these poems there is, accordingly, a rare genuineness. They record the veritable ingredients of a single mood of mind. And this inner dignity often gives rise to felicity of phrase. There is, however, no curiousness. The lines are swift, of unimpeded flow; but freshness of thought marks the words, and leaves them singing in the ear after the line is ended. I am

sure it would be much against her judgment to call these poems great, or even to have them printed. She told me that all she had written were but sketches, and had better be burned. But I believe that this selected exhibit of a collateral and occasional interest in the life of one so widely loved is justified by the fair degree of technical merit, the naturalness and appealing power of the poems, and the support they are likely to afford to true religious feeling. I may add that several of those here given were written during an illness which followed a serious accident, and all of them during the last five years of her life.

THE TEMPEST

"He shall give his angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways."
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet—
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All Thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah! my God, how good Thy will!
I will nestle and be still.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH GRIEF

I said to Pain, "I will not have thee here!
The nights are weary and the days are drear

In thy hard company."
He clasped me close and held me still
so long
I learned how deep his voice, how sweet
his song,
How far his eyes can see.

NIGHTFALL

The dear, long, quiet summer day
Draws to its close.
To the deep woods I steal away
To hear what the sweet thrush will say
In his repose.

Beside the brook the meadow rue
Stands tall and white;
The water softly slips along,
A murmur to the thrush's song,
To greet the night.

Over and over, like a bell,
Her song rings clear;
The trees stand still in joy and prayer,
Only the angels stir the air,
High heaven bends near.

I bow my head, and lift my heart,
In Thy great peace;
Thy Angelus, my God, I heed,
By the still waters wilt Thou lead
Till days shall cease.

SUFFOCATION

I cannot bear your violin to-night,
It sobs and wails with pain;
Down the piano-keys the tears drop light,
Put out the lamps again.

Some moments come when poetry and
song
Are far too sad for me,
When music's chords beat on my heart
too strong,
I cannot breathe or see!

Let me go out under the steadfast stars,
So many and so still,
And soothe my spirit beating on its bars,
And think on Heaven's sweet will.

Night unto night, dear God, thy glory
tells,
Thy stars together sing!
Such music all my heart with rapture
swells,
As birds in early spring!

THE GLORY OF THE WORLD

O summer night beside the soundless sea,
O golden hour for my dear love and me!
The past, the future, are at one in thee!

Before us is the moonrise full and bright,
The pathway on the waves is radiant
light,
Behind us the great sunset and the night.

O good, glad world, with beauty never
guessed!
Light of the east, dead splendors in the
west,
I lock you fast forever in my breast.

I know your wondrous meaning, for one
stands
Beside me, at the touch of whose dear
hands
My whole heart leaps to life and under-
stands.

ON A GLOOMY EASTER

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The longed-for spring is hushed so
drearly
That hungry lips cry often wearily,
"Oh! if the blessed sun would shine
again!"

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The misty world lies waiting for the
dawn;
The wind sobs at my window and is
gone,
And in the silence come old sounds of
pain.

But still the robins sing on in the rain,
Not waiting for the morning sun to break,
Nor listening for the violets to wake,
Nor fearing lest the snow may fall again.

My heart sings with the robins in the
rain.
For I remember it is Easter morn,
And life and love and peace are all new
born,
And joy has triumphed over loss and
pain.

Sing on, brave robins, sing on in the rain!
You know behind the clouds the sun
must shine,
You know that death means only life
divine
And all our losses turn to heavenly gain.

I lie and listen to you in the rain.
Better than Easter bells that do not cease,
Your message from the heart of God's
great peace,
And to His arms I turn and sleep again.

THE BUTTERFLY

I hold you at last in my hand,
Exquisite child of the air;
Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?

You came to this linden-tree
To taste its delicious sweet,

I sitting here in the shadow and shine
Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
To this shining bliss in the blue!
God, give me courage to trust
I can break my chrysalis too!

THE SINGING HEART

I wonder why I am so glad to-day!
My friends have gone away—
Some in the country, some by the salt sea,
Some in the mountains,—
All are gone from me.
And some are sick, and some are very
sad,
And yet I am so glad!

Why should I feel so glad and well and
strong?
Sickness has left me weak, and pain for
long
Has kept me silent, constant company;
But now my heart is singing joyously;
No task would be too heavy, no pain bad
To-day, I am so glad!

Why is the world so sweet and fair just
now?
Men stagger to their work with aching
brow.
The little children gasp in the foul street,
The great, tired city throbs with parch-
ing heat,
Yet I can drink cool winds from far away,
I am so glad to-day!

Can I be lonely, sick, or sad again?
I will go out to heal my brother's pain,
To help and succor in the world's dis-
tress;
So blest, great Love, by thee, I too will
bless,
And in dark days to come will think alway
How glad I was to-day!

A COMMUNION HYMN

How sweet and silent is the place,
My God, alone with thee!
Awaiting thy clear touch of grace,
Thy heavenly mystery.

So many ways thou hast, dear Lord,
My longing heart to fill,
Thy lovely world, thy spoken word,
The doing thy sweet will.

Giving thy children living bread,
Leading thy weak ones on,

The touch of dear hands on my head,
The thought of loved ones gone.

Lead me by many paths, dear Lord,
But always in thy way,
And help me make my earth a heaven
Till next Communion Day.

A Touch on the Arm

By Hezekiah Butterworth

WHEN the winter winds blow about old Washington and Essex Streets, Boston, and the blasts of the crystal seasons cause thinly clad people to draw their garments closely about them, there comes to my memory a tale of a past generation, that rises in my soul like a star. It is a simple tale, but it interprets a great heart and a lofty genius, and all life as well; for all human thoughts follow suggestion; that word is the history of all that has helped to make a better and a higher world.

Let me tell you the story as it came to me, and you will not wonder that it has haunted me, though the mighty leader that gave rise to it has long slept in a secluded grave among the mosses of Milton Hills.

It happened more than a half-century ago—this little incident, this great parable of life. There had been snowy days; frosts had covered the windows of beautiful Harrison Avenue, and glittered from the arms of the great trees there. The place is now Chinatown.

There were toy-shops around Essex Street then; Theodore Parker lived there; he sleeps now in beautiful Florence.

There came out of a square brick house that faced the then prosperous square a tall, lonely man; the world was on his heart, and his heart was full of love and pity. It was early evening, and this man went out into the night.

He was looking for something—something to ease his heart. He heard the North Chimes ring out in the clear, crystal air, from the steeple on Copps Hill. It was New Year's eve; people were hurrying hither and thither, with

arms full of light gifts, and minds full of happy anticipations. There were waiting hearts everywhere.

He came to a glittering gift store, and something caused him to pause. A girl, in her mother's Rob Roy shawl, stood there looking into the windows, beside a bundle of savins, which had been offered for sale for Christmas trees.

A clerk came out of the store hastily, and said to the girl:

"You have no right to be standing here; go home."

She turned partly around, reluctantly, and her face wrinkled and her lip trembled.

"No right"—the words were more bitter than the north wind.

The clerk went back to his work, the girl stepped into a dark corner, out of the way of the hurrying procession of buyers, drew her shawl around her, and looked into the gay window, and wished for the things that others were to share, but which she could not expect to have. But she could dream that she had them; she had the right to dream.

Something made her start. A hand touched her arm. As she turned, a voice said, "Here." It was a voice of silver; it was a bell. She had never heard such a voice before. It repeated, "Here," and added, "You have a right to wish."

A form towered above her, with such a face! It was the face of a Roman, and never walked a nobler soul before, or has walked since, such a kindly, grand Roman, it may be, in Boston streets! I can see it in my mind's eye now—for I have met that man, that god among men.

"Here," the bell voice rang again, and the man put into the wistful child's

hand a dollar in silver. "You have a right to wish and to live."

He turned, and, his head above the crowd, vanished into the night.

The girl folded her face in her mother's shawl, and cried with a heaving heart. Could such things be in this selfish world? The man went on, perhaps to find some other child as hopeless and forlorn, wishing that he might touch her on the arm and ring the bell of his divine voice. It was his habit to do such things; to make a wistful child's heart happy in this way, and to disappear in the crowd like a wave in the sea. The child would never know who touched her on the arm, and he could tell his invalid wife the story of his evening's adventures for a winter tale, when he returned to his home, and to his fire among the walls of books.

But the wistful girl in the Rob Roy shawl remembered that glorious face. She still felt that hand on her arm, and could hear in fancy his voice like a bell. She carried home with her that touch on the arm; it was a firm hand that had touched her, a strong hand, a warm hand. Should she ever see that face again?

She dreamed of the man at nights. What a divine light there must have been in his soul; he wanted no return, no money, no honor, no praise, not even love of any recollection.

That child had a happy New Year, and she talked with her mother constantly of the man.

"His head was like a tower," she said, "and when he spoke it was like the ringing of a silver bell. He said, 'You have a right to wish.' I sometimes think that he was Christ."

"He was like him in what he did," said the wondering mother.

One summer evening the little girl wandered away from the treeless alley where she lived, toward the Common. A crowd of excited men were hurrying toward Tremont Temple. They were talking wildly, and the girl was drawn after them, and she learned that a great orator was to speak there on some question of reform, and that they were to seize him, and drag him into the street and maltreat him.

They rushed into the Temple, and the

girl followed them with the crowd. The Temple filled, the people shouting, and some of them hissing. It was a place of tumult.

A tall man arose and lifted his hand. The sea became calm.

"All men have a right to wish and to live."

Then everything became still.

The child gazed upon that uplifted hand, and exclaimed—

"Oh, that is the man who touched me on the arm on New Year's."

The silver voice rang out. The Temple was as silent as a night in the deep forest, or as a place of graves. The crowd passed under the spell of the orator. When he had ended his speech, they passed out into the street.

Nearly all, but a company of young men who had come there pledged to assault the orator. They lingered to fulfill their resolutions. They began to assault the speaker with abusive language.

He stood there. The little girl waited. His features did not change. He came down from the pulpit, with a look of beneficence which seemed to the child godlike.

He stretched out his hand—I am describing an actual scene—he said to the young men:

"Back!"

They became silent and moved a little down the aisle towards the door.

"Back!"

They yielded a little more, inch by inch.

"Back!"

It was a trumpet tone. The overawed young men broke before it and went out into the street. Nothing could withstand the moral and soul force of that arm.

He turned to the little girl with a pleasant face.

She cried out—

"It was you that touched me on the arm."

"When?"

"In the night."

"I remember—we all have a right to live."

The girl went home and told her mother all, and said—

"Mother, I will *live*."

"Of course you will."

"But I will *live*. He said I might."

"Who?"

"The angel of that New Year's eve."

"And I will send you to school."

She did, and that girl came to live in thousands of lives.

She returned from the lecture field to Boston on a cheerless day.

One of Boston's orators—her greatest—was to lie in state on that day, under the Shaw guard. It was in that hall that the orator had delivered his first oration. She went there in the pouring rain.

He lay there in white, like a dead prophet, with the most beautiful face that I ever saw in life or in death—that man who went about the streets of Boston on winter eves, touching little wistful children on the arm, and saying "Here" with his silver tongue, leaving a coin and vanishing. She stood before the coffin of the dead prophet, saw the transfigured face, and wept with the rain.

What a crowd was there! Hard-

working people, Irishmen who had been immigrants, colored men, the poor and the helpless, street wanderers, wayfarers, people without domesticity. The rain fell as if the heavens came down—was there ever such a rain? Faneuil Hall Square was a pond, and the streets were rivers. And the people's tears fell like rain. They had lost a friend who sought neither riches, nor honor, nor any public office, but only their own good.

The hand that went about the streets of Boston touching helpless children on the arm on winter eves now lies still in a simple grave in the suburbs. His ancestors are buried in the Granary Burying Ground, but he wished to lie in death in some simple place, where the sun fell without obstruction, among the trees, and where the native birds sang. He had given the property left him by a noble family to the people—he entered upon life with a fortune and family honors, and he died without a title, leaving very little money behind him. He was Wendell Phillips.

Two Views of Siberia¹

By George Kennan

IT is not often that one finds, in two books coming almost simultaneously from the press, two descriptions of the same country that differ more widely than do those of "A Siberian Klondike" and "Sixteen Years in Siberia." This remarkable difference is due partly to the fact that the two observers were separated, most of the time, by a distance of fifteen hundred miles, so that they did not see exactly the same region, and partly to an extraordinary disparity in their circumstances, opportunities, and social relations. Mr. Vanderlip went to Siberia, as a free American citizen, to look for another Klondike in the dreary, sub-arctic region lying between the Okhotsk Sea and Bering Strait; while

Mr. Deutsch went there as a political criminal, condemned to thirteen years and four months of penal servitude at the mines of Kara. One lived the free, adventurous life of an explorer, by the camp-fire, on dog-sledges, and in native tents, while the other walked to his destination in leg-fetters, and then lived for years in one of the crowded *kameras* of a stockaded log prison. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that the two books should differ widely, not only in subject matter, but in what may be called mental attitude. Life and nature do not impress a prisoner as they impress a free adventurer; and a landscape seen by one through the grated window of a jail is quite a different thing from the same landscape seen by another from a swiftly moving dog-sledge, or from a camp in the open air.

It happens to have been my fortune to explore precisely the same region

¹ *In Search of a Siberian Klondike*. By Washington B. Vanderlip and Homer B. Hulbert. The Century Co., New York.

Sixteen Years in Siberia: Some Experiences of a Russian Revolutionist. By Leo Deutsch. Translated by Helen Chisholm. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

that was visited by Mr. Vanderlip, and to make a careful study of exactly the same life that is described by Mr. Deutsch; and it is my purpose in this review to give, in brief outline, the impressions that the two books have made upon me. I seem to have been more or less closely connected with the lives of both authors, inasmuch as Mr. Vanderlip rode over the tundras of northeastern Asia in a saddle that I abandoned there thirty-five years ago, while Mr. Deutsch went to the mines with some of my best Siberian friends, and passed through Chita, in the province of the trans-Baikal, while I was making a study of the exile system in that same forlorn town.

Mr. Vanderlip's journey to Siberia was made in search of gold. After the discovery of the rich mines in the Klondike region and at Cape Nome, the attention of gold-seekers, both in Russia and in the United States, was attracted to the Tchuktche (Chóok-chee) peninsula—the extreme northeastern part of Siberia—where, it was thought, there might be placer deposits of the precious metal similar in character to those on the neighboring coast of Alaska. Mr. Vanderlip, a mining expert, was engaged by a Russian company to prospect this region, and in August, 1898, he sailed from Vladivostok, in the government transport Swatow, for the port of Ghijiga (Gée-zhee-gáh) at the northeastern corner of the Okhotsk Sea. Landing there in September, he went into the field at once with a party of natives and spent the whole of the following year in exploring, on horseback or on dog-sledges, the desolate and little-known region that lies between the Okhotsk Sea and Bering Strait. Upon his return to the civilized world, he narrated his adventures to Mr. Homer B. Hulbert, and by the latter they were written out and put into the form of the present book.

It is impossible, of course, within the narrow limits of a review, to cover, or even to epitomize, Mr. Vanderlip's experience as a Siberian prospector. He traveled with a few natives back and forth over the tundras, up the streams, and across the mountains of northeastern Asia, from Kamchatka (Kam-chát-kah) and the Okhotsk Sea on the south,

to the Stánavói Mountains and Bering Strait on the north. Sometimes he rode on reindeer, and drank tea in Korak tents out of gilt mugs inscribed "To Father," "Merry Christmas," "God Bless Our Home," and "Remember Me;" sometimes he rode on dog-sledges and camped out in fierce polar gales which swept clouds of snow over his place of refuge; and sometimes he sat patiently in the smoke of blinding "smudges," kindled as a means of protection from myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Once he made a long and difficult journey to a bluff on the sea-coast, where, according to native stories, two American vessels had taken on board cargoes of gold ore. When he reached the spot, found that the "gold ore" was plain sandstone, and asked the local inhabitants why the Americans had carried away such worthless stuff as that, they replied naïvely, "To keep their ships from tipping over"!

In the course of his wanderings, Mr. Vanderlip suffered from cold, hunger, vermin, loneliness, and fatigue; lived, by turns, with Cossacks, half-breeds, Tchuktches, and "dog-Koraks;" crossed snowy mountains at heights of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet; was buried by Arctic blizzards, and nearly drowned in raging torrents; but through all his varied experiences he seems to have carried a brave, cheerful spirit, and he narrates his adventures so modestly, and with so little emotional emphasis, that one must know the country and be able to read between the lines in order fully to appreciate his courage and endurance. He never aims to produce an "effect," and his descriptions make no pretensions to high literary finish; but, so far as my experience in the same field enables me to judge, his simple, modest, colloquial story is absolutely true to the life. Although his book is filled with minute circumstantial details, every one of them is something that I distinctly remember, and, in almost every case, I remember it just as he describes it. Northeastern Siberia, evidently, has not changed one iota in thirty-five years, and Mr. Vanderlip's book is a faithful and trustworthy description of the country and its people. The photographs which

illustrate the text are not remarkably good, but they are interesting for the reason that few pictures have ever been taken with a camera in that part of the world.

The atmosphere of Mr. Deutsch's book, "Sixteen Years in Siberia," differs from that of "A Siberian Klondike" very much as the air of a Siberian etape differs from that of a breezy Siberian tundra. It is, mainly, a record of prison experience; and it seems to me to present, in many respects, the most faithful and least exaggerated picture of Siberian prison life that is to be found in literature. Dostoyefski's "Notes from a House of the Dead" may take higher rank as the work of a more gifted and imaginative mind; Melshin's "World of Outcasts" may contain more psychological studies of criminal types; and the Siberian part of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" may be more artistic in literary form; but in fairness, accuracy, and fidelity to the facts as they are, Deutsch's work seems to me to surpass them all. It is singularly dispassionate in tone; its descriptions of so-called "horrors" are not exaggerated nor over-colored; it shows no undue resentment or bitterness of feeling; and it does full justice to all the ameliorating features of prison and exile life. It is, in short, a clear, well-written, and trustworthy account of penal methods and conditions in a long line of Siberian etapes, and in the convict prisons at the mines of Kara.

Leo Deutsch, the author of this book, was born in Russia in 1855. He became a "propagandist" at the age of nineteen; developed into a revolutionist two years later, and in May, 1876, with the aid of a comrade, attempted to assassinate a Russian government spy named Gorinovitch. After making two escapes from prison, he was arrested the third time by the German police at Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, while attempting to smuggle across the frontier a quantity of Russian socialistic literature printed in Switzerland. Russia and Germany then had no extradition treaty that covered political offenses; but the German officials consented to surrender Deutsch, as a common-law offender charged with attempted murder, provided the Russian Government would

agree to try him in a civil court and by the regular course of procedure. Such an agreement was made, but was not fulfilled. As soon as the Russian authorities got possession of the prisoner, they tried him by court martial, in violation of the agreement and the treaty, and sent him to Siberia for life, with penal servitude at the mines for the first thirteen years and four months.

On the 16th of May, 1885, just as Frost and I were beginning our Siberian journey at St. Petersburg, Mr. Deutsch was beginning his, at Moscow. We reached Irkutsk almost together, and when I visited the Irkutsk prison, in September of that year, Mr. Deutsch was there. The Irkutsk chief of police, however, concealed that fact from me, and declared that the convict Liustig, whom he allowed me to see in his presence, was the only "political" that the prison contained. Mr. Deutsch left Irkutsk for the mines of Kara at the end of September; met and passed me at Chita, as I was returning from the mines; and finally reached his destination on Christmas Eve, 1885, after a journey that had occupied six months and a half. For the next five years he was one of sixteen political convicts who were crowded together in a single kamara of the old log prison at the Kara Lower Diggings. In the early part of 1891 he was allowed to live under police supervision outside the prison walls; and ten years later, in the spring of 1901, he succeeded in making his escape, by way of Vladivostok, Nagasaki, Yokohama, and San Francisco. On the 5th of November, 1901, he joined some of his old comrades at Zurich, in Switzerland, after an absence from Europe of sixteen years.

The greater part of Mr. Deutsch's book is devoted to the story of his arrest and extradition, his trial at Odessa, and his long journey through Asiatic Russia to the mines of the trans-Baikal. I tried, in "Siberia and the Exile System," to narrate such an experience and to describe such a journey, but although I visited forwarding prisons and etapes, talked with exiles and officials, and traveled with marching convict parties on the road, I could not know the life of a banished revolutionist as it is known to

a man who has actually lived it, and Mr. Deutsch's book is full of interesting details that could hardly come to the knowledge of a foreign student of the subject, however diligent and painstaking he might be. Among such details are the government of the convict communes by the "Ivans;" the wild fighting for places in the overcrowded etapes; the character-studies of "Ivans," "biscuits," "brodyags," and other common criminal types; the exiles' stories of adventure and escape; the domestic economy of etape life; the attempts to compel Siberian officials to remove their caps on entering a "political" cell; the leg-fetter compromises; the head-shaving; the hunger strikes; the "swops," and hundreds of other facts, incidents, and circumstances that can be known only through long personal experience.

The most interesting part of Mr. Deutsch's narrative to me is that which relates to the happenings in the Kara political prisons after I left the trans-Baikal in the autumn of 1885. The death of Miss Armfeld, the three long hunger strikes, the flogging and death of Madame Sigida, the suicide immediately thereafter of Mesdames Kavalefskaya, Kaluzhnaya, and Smiritskaya, and the attempt of seventeen of the male prisoners to kill themselves simultaneously on receipt of the tragic news from the women's prison—all these things were made known to me by my Siberian correspondents after I returned to the United States, but the details I have learned for the first time from Mr. Deutsch's book. He tells the story with admirable simplicity and without the least attempt to excite the sympathy or harrow up the feelings of his readers; but there are few things in the history of the exile system that are more extraordinary or more dramatic than the singing in the "Yakutsk room," which was the signal agreed upon for the simultaneous suicide of seventeen men in different parts of the prison. When the singing began, the prisoners in four different kameras bade one another good-by and took poison. They were willing and ready to die, but they would not be flogged.

Recent developments in China give particular and timely interest to the part of Mr. Deutsch's book that deals with the Russian invasion of Manchuria, and the cruel and unnecessary slaughter of inoffensive and unresisting Chinese by the Russian troops at Blagoveshchensk. Of these events the author was an eye-witness, and the descriptions that he gives of violence, outrage, rapine, and murder are hardly equaled by anything of the kind in the history of modern times. More than ten thousand peaceful Chinese, he says, were butchered or drowned, by direct order of the Russian authorities, at Blagoveshchensk and in its immediate vicinity. The invasion of Manchuria he describes as follows:

The entry of our army into Manchuria was not merely signalized by flaming dwellings; nothing and nobody was spared. Women, children, and the aged were pitilessly slaughtered, young girls violated and then slain. Such were the deeds of our "heroes," as General Grodekof in his despatches called these warriors, for whose "brave deeds" he "could not find words to express his admiration." But even some of his officers themselves told with a shudder of the bloodthirsty instincts developed by these "heroes" in a war against unarmed men, women, and children on Chinese soil. A rich and thickly populated land was reduced, in a few months, to a barren desert, where charred ruins were visible here and there, and corpses were left to the wolves and the vultures.

Russia's rule in Manchuria may eventually prove to be beneficent; but it seems to have begun with the atrocities of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan.

Mr. Deutsch's book has been translated into English with what seems to be unusual fidelity and skill; its Russian names have been correctly transliterated; and it is furnished with an excellent subject-index of twelve closely printed pages.

In emphasizing the noteworthy differences between "A Siberian Klondike" and "Sixteen Years in Siberia," I have not lost sight of the fact that they possess many characteristics in common. Both are written in a style that is simple and readable; both are modest and unassuming; and both are free from exaggeration, and true to the real facts of the life described.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

A B C of Our Own Nutrition (The). By Horace Fletcher, Experimentally Assisted by Dr. Renest Van Someren, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., and Dr. Hubert Higgins, M.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 426 pages.

In this work we have an interesting discussion of the psychology of nutrition, and of its mechanical and chemical physiology. The book helps to answer such questions as "Do we eat too much?" "What are our indiscretions?" and "How can we avoid them?" The author shows that there is such a thing as not eating too much while eating all that the appetite desires.

American Art Annual, 1903-1904. Vol. IV. Florence N. Levy, Editor. Illustrated. The American Art Annual, New York. 6½x9¾ in. 506 pages.

The American Art Annual should prove of special worth to those interested in the sales of paintings, as it includes a list of them not only for 1903 but for the past three years. The list is made the more practicable since the names of artists are grouped alphabetically. There is also a list of important buildings completed during these years, and among other features we note an exhaustive directory of the names, addresses, and a short "Who's Who?" account of painters, sculptors, architects, art teachers, and workers in applied arts.

Bending of the Twig (The). Text and Pictures by Walter Russell, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 297 pages. \$2, net.

A beautiful piece of book work is this volume, which the author, in his dedication, says purports "not to tell to 'grown-ups' how to mold the lives of little ones, but how the little ones mold the lives of 'grown-ups.'"

It consists of a series of unconnected chapters of sentimental soliloquy, conversations with and tales told to children, and child monologues, charmingly illustrated by the author.

Christian Faith in an Age of Science. By William North Rice, Ph.D., LL.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5¼x8¾ in. 425 pages. \$1.50, net.

In this luminously written work Professor Rice reviews the history of scientific discoveries affecting religious beliefs, the status of certain Christian doctrines in an age of science, and the general status of Christian evidences. He clearly recognizes the transitional condition of present religious beliefs in their traditional form. He does not hope that even in the near future we can define their final form. His purpose is merely to secure for the present a *modus vivendi*, while the readjustment of the boundaries of science and faith is proceeding. The most important practical lesson from the discus-

sion of the subject seems to him to be "the compatibility of a theoretical skepticism with a practical faith." This general open-mindedness and breadth of view appear also in his treatment of particulars. He recognizes a legendary element in the New Testament as well as in the Old. The truth of the divine immanence well-nigh effaces the old distinction of natural and supernatural. God is conceived of as "eternally immanent in an eternal universe," and the existence of the material universe as "an eternal act of creation." The appearance of such a work from a Methodist university, while similar teachings in a neighboring Methodist university are about to be brought before an ecclesiastical tribunal as heretical, consolatory as it is for the defense, seems rather minatory for the prosecution.

Defense of the Castle (The). By Tudor Jenks. The Merston Co., Rahway, New Jersey. 4¾x7½ in. 311 pages.

Because of the dramatic unity of this plot, the well-outlined characters, and the author's style—simple, straightforward, vigorous—this romance should attract the reading of young and old alike. The picture of thirteenth-century times in England has its own charm, and here and there in the description of the siege of a castle we find something of the atmosphere which distinguished Viollette-Duc's "Histoire d'une forteresse." As a romance of ancient warfare, "The Defense of the Castle" deserves a place on the shelf which already contains those historical romances and romances not so historical which have always appealed to a boy's fancy—and to a man's.

Devotional Songs: Specially Prepared for Use in Prayer and Evangelistic Meetings, Church Services, Sunday-Schools, Missionary and all Other Religious Gatherings. Compiled by W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc., William J. Kirkpatrick, and Hubert P. Main. The Biglow & Main Co., Chicago. 5½x8 in. 256 pages.

This new collection is characterized alike by the merits and the defects that judicious critics have noted in "Gospel Hymns." It offers many new songs and tunes similar in type to those designed for use "in all departments of church work where good enthusiastic singing is most desired."

Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism. By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾x7½ in. 195 pages. 90c. (Postage, 5c.)

Esarhaddon and Other Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½x6½ in. 64 pages. 40c., net.

These three tales were furnished for publication by Tolstoy free, with the purpose of giving the proceeds of sales to the victims of

the Kishenev massacre. They are put forth simultaneously in several languages and countries. Fittingly, they form an exposition of Tolstoy's views on the sacredness of human life and on non-resistance even to murderous persecution. The first is an allegory, the second a legend, the third a folk-lore tale. In artistic value and story-telling power this last may be compared not unfavorably with Tolstoy's beautiful parables for the common people.

Federation of Religions (The). By Rev. Hiram Vrooman. The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 138 pages. 75c., net.

The author, "temporary President" of the Federation, lays down the basis on which he expects it to work when started. This basis is purely scientific, and, so far as outlined here, is psychological. Mr. Vrooman is quite right in holding that feeling, not intellect, is the primary element of our nature, but deems it therefore necessary to make the novel claim that consciousness is of secondary rank, following, not preceding, desire. His doctrine of hope, fear, etc., as so many "spiritual substances" in the mind, constituting fields for "spiritual sciences," forms the newest psychology yet invented. On the religious side Mr. Vrooman believes in the Bible as the great illuminator of the religious world, and holds to the present reality of direct divine revelations.

Forerunners of Dante. By Marcus Dods, M.A., B.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5 x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 275 pages. \$1.50, net.

It is but about ninety years since historical criticism began to question the originality of the author of the "Divine Comedy." That his imagination was fed from the stores of the world's thought upon the future life, and its retributions both to the just and the unjust, is a natural presupposition that research has abundantly verified. This, however, is no detractor from Dante's fame as the master interpreter of the beliefs that had been developing for many generations since the dawn of history. That development is here traced in ethnic, Hebrew, and Christian literature through twenty-one centuries. Dantean traits appear in Egyptian priest-stories, in Virgil, and especially in Plutarch. It is the Hebrew and the Christian apocalypses and legends that gradually produce the full development of the traditional vision in Owain and Thurgill, the immediate precursors of the great Florentine. Of Dante's own thought Dr. Dods undertakes no account, but has constructed an interesting and serviceable special introduction to the study of his climactic work.

Genius of Methodism (The): A Sociological Interpretation. By William Pitt MacVey. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 326 pages.

Mr. MacVey's account of the social evolution of the religious idea denominated Methodism, which he personifies as "she," is concise, clear, and somewhat panegyric. He considers that "the Mind of Methodism very closely approximates the thought of God," and that it is the divine purpose that

Methodism shall "be the means of realizing the ultimate world-form."

Grown Baby Book (The). By F. Strange Kolle. Illustrated. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 6 x 8 in. 71 pages.

Historical Evidence of the New Testament: An Inductive Study in Christian Evidences. By Rev. S. L. Bowman, A.M., S.T.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 732 pages. \$4.

A non-Christian scholar recently said to the present writer that no such person as Jesus Christ ever lived. It is Dr. Bowman's aim to confute this skepticism, and to establish the historicity of the Christian Scriptures for the benefit of "the intelligent young men of the period." His method is to draw upon the adversaries of Christianity during its first three centuries for testimony to the statements of the apostolic writers, and to cite the testimony of contemporary Christian writers in corroboration of what those adversaries admit. Whatever points of contact occur between the political and the Christian history are also utilized for the author's purpose. This is effectively accomplished so far as regards the main outlines and cardinal points of Christian history in the first three centuries, particularly in the first. But it would have been wiser to admit, as Dr. Bowman's fellow-churchman, Professor Rice, has admitted, the existence of a legendary element in the New Testament, as well as in the Old. Failure to make some necessary concessions to modern criticism will have the effect of making a really strong argument seem weak to some because of its occasionally excessive claims. Christian scholarship no longer sanctions the assertion that the plagues of Egypt were miraculously inflicted, nor permits Isaiah vii. 14 to be quoted as a prediction fulfilled in the virgin birth of Jesus.

History of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 1741-1892. By Joseph Mortimer Levering. Illustrated. The Times Publishing Co., Bethlehem, Pa. 7 x 10 in. 809 pages.

Bethlehem's distinction consists in the fact that it is the chief seat of the Moravian Church in the United States. The history of the town is practically the history of Moravian people; it has its beginnings away back in the fifteenth century when the reformation before the Reformation began over in Bohemia and Moravia. Hus, Comenius, Zinzendorf—these and others as devoted carried the torch of their faith through darkness that at times seemed impenetrable. The primitive mildness, charitableness, and unselfish spirit seemed not to be crushed out but rather intensified by the development of the qualities of fortitude, courage, and aggressiveness engendered by persecution. When at last Moravians came to America, they reached the wilds not as refugees but as messengers of good news. They preached to the Indians, they built communities, they established not churches so much as stations for religious pioneering. They were indifferent to establishing a Church, for they were set on spreading Christianity. They liter-

ally laid down their life, not merely individually, but organically. To-day, though by force of events they have developed into a distinct Church in America, they retain their early spirit and are pre-eminently a missionary people. As Count Zinzendorf said, they have always been like men who carry stone and mortar to the builders. In this volume of 800 pages Bishop Levering has told the story of the Moravians of Bethlehem. He has searched the archives of the Church, and his work shows his assiduity. The result is not merely a history of a Pennsylvania town, but of a movement that had a wholesome part in the making of America.

In Babel: Stories of Chicago. By George Ade. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 358 pages.

Kinship of Nature (The). By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 298 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney (The). By Thomas Cary Johnson. Illustrated. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va. 6x9½ in. 585 pages. \$2.50, net. (Postage, 18c.)

Somebody has called letters the back stairs of history. In this volume one gets a good many glimpses of the social, academic, and popular side of life in the South for a generation before, during, and after the Civil War. If the book had been smaller and more rigorously edited, it would have been apt to appeal to a wider circle of readers in American biography. As it is, it will probably not be read so widely as it deserves to be. Dr. Dabney was born in Louisa County, Virginia. He grew up under that kind of civilization which curiously mingled aristocratic ideals with democratic doctrines, and, under conditions of rural life, developed a sort of good breeding that was strangely provincial and cosmopolitan at once. There are pictures here of life at the University of Virginia, like that life now in its liberty and at times almost license, unlike it in lacking the sense of honor among the students which, happily, is its chief pride to-day. There are pictures, too, of his life in the pastorate and in the chair of theology. These were days before the war. The sort of man he was may be guessed in part from these frank words in a letter: "As for South Carolina, the little impudent vixen has gone beyond all patience. She is as great a pest as the Abolitionists. And if I could have my way, they might whip her to her heart's content, so they would only do it by sea, and not pester us." He was a believer in the "Constitutional Union," but, when the die was cast, joined the Confederate army and served as Adjutant-General on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson. His absolute candor was shown there in his criticism of his general, whom he vastly admired and trusted. His theological views may be surmised from his description of Robertson Smith's "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church" as "thoroughly untrustworthy." In theology he was representative of his section.

Piano Technic for Children. By Julia Caruthers. Illustrated. The Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago, Ill. 9x12 in. 142 pages. \$2, net.

Pioneering in Central Africa. By Samuel P. Verner. Illustrated. The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond. 5½x8½ in. 500 pages. \$2, net.

The expanding influence of the Caucasian race, especially as shown in Africa, has been naturally accompanied by the extension of the Christian religion. Not only are trade, science, and government great agencies of advancing civilization; propagandists of religion rightly occupy an equal place alongside these agencies; and not merely an equal place, for, according to the author of this interesting volume, religion is a foremost force in all progress. It is in this spirit and with this belief that the book has been written; and we lay it down, after perusal, with the conviction, not only that we have learned some things from it of quite a different and more optimistic nature than the usual knowledge about the Congo State, but that we have also learned in its pages to recognize as perhaps never before the common kinship of the human race.

Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion. By Jane Ellen Harrison. Cambridge University Press (The Macmillan Co., New York). 5½x8½ in. 680 pages. \$5.

A splendid piece of scholarship in a hitherto neglected field is here, an approach to the study of Greek religion through the history of its ritual. The pantheon of Olympian gods, familiar to readers of Homer as worshipped with festive sacrifices, but subsequently discredited by Greek philosophy, was superimposed upon an earlier system of deities of the nether world, worshiped with magic rites for the placation of hostile powers. This magic ritual, with its ideas of atonement and purification, lived on while the legends of Olympus faded. An important factor was the incoming from Thrace of the worship of Dionysus, communicating the belief that man could attain divinity. Still more important was the rise of Orphism, so named from its legendary prophet Orpheus, who may be, as Miss Harrison believes, a real personality. He came into Greece infusing a deep spiritual mysticism into the primitive magic rites and their central idea of the mystery of evil. "Orphism was the last word of the Greek religion, and the ritual of Orphism was but the revival of ancient practices with a new significance." On its lower side it is repugnant to us, but on its higher side it presented divinity and immortality as the goal of perfect purity. This brief summary of the principal points developed by Miss Harrison quite fails to do justice to the charm with which she invests the subject in its close and constant connection with Greek mythology. Its richly illustrated pages attract the intelligent reader and gratify the classical scholar.

Religious Liberty: An Historical Paper. By Henry Melville King. Preston & Rounds Co., Providence, R. I. 5x7½ in. 132 pages.

The historical background of our religious

liberty is here exhibited, first in a sketch of the unjustly maligned Anabaptists of the sixteenth century and their successors; next in a sketch of Roger Williams, which does ampler justice to him than to the Massachusetts colonists who drove him out.

Rembrandt: His Life, His Work, and His Time. By Emile Michel. From the French by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. (New Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ in. 484 pages. \$7.50, net.

When this work was first issued ten years ago, *The Outlook* said of it: "Vosmaer, Bredius, Bode, and Woermann have at last met their match in Emile Michel, who, from a monograph published years ago, has expanded his research and criticism into two portly volumes. It is perhaps not too much to say that this bids fair to become the standard work on Rembrandt. To begin at the end, the catalogue of paintings, drawings, and etchings is remarkably fine. The photogravures and other illustrations are superbly done. Ordinary photography would be hardly adapted to the rendering of the mellow golden-brown tone and thick impasto characteristic of Rembrandt's work. The artist's life is now for the first time related with fairness. There is no extenuation of its deficiencies, while full play is allowed to its humanness. M. Michel elucidates many interesting phases of Rembrandt's life: the pupils, Ferdinand Bol, Flinck, and the rest; the happy married life; the extravagance in expenditures for Saskia, for the studio, and in loans to friends; the relations with Hendrickje, the original of the portrait hanging in the Louvre, and exquisitely engraved, by the way, for the 'Century' by Mr. Cole; the sorrows, not always undeserved, but always cruel. What a strange isolation it was which attended the evening of the master's life! Even the event of his death came without notice from contemporaries. Painting is the one great art for which Holland has stood, and the one supreme name in Dutch painting is that of Rembrandt. His imagination was as sane as any the world has ever known. With all this, however, as M. Michel points out, he could not affect us as he does if he had not had technical skill, both in painting and etching, equal to his imaginative powers. This, however, was only the foundation; the superstructure is of entire originality." The third edition, which now appears with the same imprint (Scribners), brings this very valuable and interesting work within reach of many readers for whom the two-volume edition was too expensive. The reduction has been secured with no sacrifice either of text or of illustration. The margins have been cut down a little, and a slightly smaller but entirely satisfactory type has been used, and, as a matter of fact, some illustrations have been introduced which did not appear in the earlier edition. There are nine full-page illustrations which were omitted from the first English edition and which are restored in the present edition, which, for that

reason, is more valuable than its more expensive predecessor.

Sermons from St. Ignatius's Pulpit. By Rev. Arthur Ritchie. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 288 pages. \$1, net.

These sermons are devotional in tone, ar faithful in dealing with moral faults or negligence of religious duties. With the merits, characteristic of ritualistic churchmen, they combine that curious trait of the extreme "Catholic" party in the Protestant Episcopal Church which, by its implicit exaltation of form above spirit, falls into the fundamental fallacy of sectarianism. The Mr. Ritchie rebukes his fellow-churchmen who took part in the Ecumenical Missionary Conference (among whom was Bishop Doane) for "spurious charity" in fraternizing with those who are guilty of "heresy and schism."

Sir Joshua Reynolds. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ in. pages. \$1.25.

Reserved for later notice.

Stories of Rocks and Minerals for the Grammar Grades. By Harold W. Fairbanks, Ph.D. The Educational Publishing Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 236 pages.

Sunshine and Love. Compiled by Katharine G. Spear. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ in. 374 pages. \$1, net.

Sword of Garibaldi (The). By Felicia Butler Clark. Illustrated. Eaton & Mains, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 274 pages. \$1.25.

The reader of this historical romance catches an occasional glimpse of the great Italian general, but is chiefly concerned in following the fortunes in love and war of certain imaginary supporters of their common cause "United Italy."

Through Five Republics on Horseback. By G. Whitfield Ray, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Hurl & Watkins, Brantford, Canada. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 312 pages. \$1.50.

This is an interesting volume, because the author shows in a different way from others the religious necessities and the ethnologic conditions of the country. Fourteen years ago he went to South America as a self-supporting missionary, beginning his work in the Argentine Republic among Spanish-speaking peoples, and ending more than two thousand miles in the interior among naked savages. As an explorer he was the first man to visit the Caingwa—sun-worshippers of Paraguay—and as an adopted Indian he lived among the savage Lengua. The volume has, therefore, distinct ethnologic value; indeed, it should appeal equally to students of ethnology and to students of religious conditions.

Twentieth Century New Testament (The): Translation into Modern English Made from the Original Greek. The Fleming H. Revell Co. New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 513 pages. \$1, net.

Voice of April-Land and Other Poems (The) By Ella Higginson. The Macmillan Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ in. 121 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Correspondence

The Southern Question: "The Way Out"

I.

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Excuse me if I say that I have read with the greatest surprise a paper of yours called "The Way Out" in your number for December 26. I speak now especially of its strange misapprehension of the condition of things under slavery half a century ago, as viewed by slaveholders themselves. You complain that a great many Northern people have overlooked the fact that "in the old South there was very little negro crime and no negro illness," you say, "nor must it be forgotten, so far as the negro is concerned, that slavery was in its way a thoroughgoing school, and that the negro race was educated in the cotton-fields and the cabins of the South." In making these statements you absolutely overlook the testimony of the most enlightened teachers and religious bodies at the South, as will be seen in the following citations:

"Who would credit it, that in these years of benevolent and successful missionary effort, in this Christian republic, there are over two millions of human beings in the condition of heathen, and in some respects in a worse condition?" (Committee of Synod of South Carolina and Georgia in 1833.)

"After making all reasonable allowances, our colored population can be considered, at the best, but *semi-heathen*." (Kentucky Union's Circular to the Ministers of the Gospel in Kentucky, 1834.)

"There needs no stronger illustration of the doctrine of depravity than the state of human nature on plantations in general."

"... Their advance in years [*i.e.*, that of the negroes] is but a progression to the higher grades of iniquity." (Hon. C. C. Pinckney, Address before South Carolina Agricultural Society, Charleston, 1829, second edition, pp. 10, 12.)

"Ignorant and indolent by nature, improvident and depraved by habit, and destitute of moral principle, as they [the negroes] generally appear to be." (Rev. Dr. Dalcho, *Practical Considerations*, etc., Charleston, 1823, p. 6.)

"There seems to be almost an entire absence of moral principle among the mass of our colored population." (C. W. Gooch, Esq., Prize Essay on Agriculture in Virginia.)

But the chief authority on this whole subject is the work of the Rev. C. C. Jones, called "The Religious Instruction of the Negro in the United States," Savannah, 1842, which lies before me. The author of this book, a resident of Liberty County, Georgia, furnished in it an anti-slavery docu-

ment to which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was feeble. Being himself a man of the highest character and a laborious defender of slavery, he says:

"When the charge of their intellectual and moral degradation [of negroes] is preferred against us, we are inclined to put the best face on affairs, knowing that this is the darkest feature and the most vulnerable point" (p. 107). "That the negroes are in a degraded state is a fact, so far as my knowledge extends, universally conceded" (p. 145). "We have, indeed, assisted in sending missionaries to the heathen thousands of miles from us. . . . But what have we done publicly, systematically, and perseveringly for the negroes in order that they may also enjoy the Gospel of Christ? Why are they, as a class, overlooked by us in our benevolent regards and efforts?" (p. 167). "The negro children cannot be 'hearers of the law,' for oral instruction is but sparingly afforded to the mass of them; and, on the other hand, they cannot 'search the Scriptures,' for a knowledge of letters they have not, and, legally, they cannot obtain. . . . The remarks on the religious instruction of children apply with equal correctness to adults" (pp. 115, 117). "Negro marriages are neither recognized nor protected by law" (p. 132). "Uncleanness—this sin may be considered as universal." "They are proverbially thieves." "Immense quantities of ardent spirits are sold in the Southern States to the negroes, by retailing shops, established for the express purpose of negro trading, wherever such trade may be secured" (p. 138). "To say that they fare as well as their masters does not settle the point; for great numbers of masters have very few or no religious privileges at all" (p. 176).

I have given this conclusion, but not the accumulation of facts which his book brings out. They came from a man who apparently worked harder for the religious instruction of the African race in the Southern States than any other for a century. The results of his missionary work were thus stated by the chief laborer among the missionaries, and he says in conclusion, "We are so accustomed to sin in the negroes that our sensibilities are blunted," and he quotes President Jefferson, who said, "The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals uncontaminated" [in the midst of slavery], and Judge Summers in Virginia, who said in a speech of 1832, "A slave population produces the most pernicious effects upon the manners, habits, and character of those among whom it exists." This is the testimony of witnesses of the highest standing, given in regard to the community of which *The Outlook* now writes, "In the old

South there was very little negro crime and no negro idleness."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For the past twenty-five years I have been a large employer of negro labor. I have had the management of a tract of land during that time which for one mile of its line was bordered by land belonging to negroes. There are in this settlement about twenty families, three of whom I have assisted to acquire homes. My business has taken me into many of the homes of two counties in this State and three in Kentucky. For these five I can speak from actual knowledge, and I can say that the white man has had every chance that the white man has had, except one, and that was and is of his own seeking. He has had his full share of the school money, and has had good schools for the whole of that time. He has bought and sold all sorts of property. There has been no attempt to molest him or make him afraid. He has had justice, opportunity, education. I believe, really, that all of them have been rather "inclined to the weaker side." There has been but one hanging in this county of thirty thousand people during that time, and that was of a white man for killing a negro.

From some observations of my own, and from inquiry from many people that I have met, I believe that these same conditions exist all over the two States of Tennessee and Kentucky.

Now, referring to your article, "The Way Out," in December 26 number, "Suddenly he was turned out of this school and no other school was opened to him." . . . "It is not surprising that, having had the school door closed in his face . . ." The school referred to is slavery.

As I have shown above, you are mistaken. As a matter of fact, he has had superior opportunities, and a few have profited by them. But the great majority, I am sorry to say, have abused them. There has been no questioning of their right to vote, or obstruction put in the way. What has been the result? Not one out of one hundred who has not taken a bribe, and, according to law and justice, these have forfeited all right to vote. It may be said that they were led to this by bad white men. This is certainly so, but it is equally certain that these men would not have attempted it if they had not known how easy it was to do. At first a few bad men bribed a few bad negroes. The disease having been started, as was the smallpox, by the whites among the Indians found a congenial soil and has spread, till now very few of the negroes are not contaminated, and it is reacting on the whites. As a result we are governed by a set of bribe-givers elected by a set of bribe-takers.

The same nature, born in the man, unless changed, that makes these results easy, will

lead from bad to worse. No exercise of "the inalienable right" of suffrage, no education, no equal opportunity, no Declaration of Independence theory of being born equal will ever bring permanent results without this. On this platform these two races and all other races can live together in harmony and love, and on this alone. There is no other solution.

C. N. MERIWETHER.

Clarksville, Tennessee.

[Whatever Colonel Higginson says carries great weight, and The Outlook prints his letter with pleasure as the testimony of a man whose knowledge of the subject covers almost the whole period of the discussion of slavery, and who was personally concerned in the anti-slavery movement almost from its inception. There is, however, no real conflict between Colonel Higginson's statements and the statements in the editorial which he refers. The Outlook did not commend in any way the education which slavery gave, but it pointed out the fact that slavery was an education enforced over the whole South; very crude, but nevertheless drilling men, by compulsion, into habits of industry and fidelity, and imparting to a great majority of them a certain skill in different kinds of handicraft. Slavery furnished a compulsory, quasi-industrial education. It enforced a restraint which kept the slaves largely from open crime, but wholly failed to develop the qualities of character which go with independent manhood. That, however, is not the question at issue. The Outlook simply meant to point out the fact that, under slavery, the negro was held to certain work, was compelled to do certain things, was restrained from certain crimes. As slavery was constantly fed by importation, the character of the negro in slavery was undoubtedly faithfully reported by the authorities quoted by Colonel Higginson. Dealing with this mass of semi-savage human beings, slavery, with a strong hand, largely repressed their criminal propensities and largely trained them to certain elementary work. When this school was broken up by the war, it remains true in spite of Mr. Meriwether's statement that no equivalent universal education was substituted. The great mass of negroes were for a time without school opportunities, and when opportunities came they were accepted or rejected as the negro chose. Under slavery he was forced to take a certain schooling; under freedom he has his choice; and it is true, as Mr. Meriwether says, that he has often chosen to be ignorant and indolent. It would be easy to make the entire population of any country faithful, industrious and orderly if that population were under rigid military government. That would mean very little for their moral development, but it would enforce certain habits of order and impart certain skill in industry if the supervision were exercised for that purpose. This is what happened in the South.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Civil Service
Debate in the House

Last week the House
of Representatives
continued to discuss

the regular appropriation bills, while the Senate continued to discuss the Panama situation. In the House the one interesting event was the attack on the Civil Service Law led by Congressman Hepburn, of Iowa, under whose leadership the appropriation to defray the expenses of the Civil Service Commission was rejected on Wednesday, when the House was in the committee of the whole and there was no roll-call, but against whose leadership the appropriation was restored two days later by a majority of nearly two to one, when the House was in regular session and the vote of each member was recorded. A striking feature of Mr. Hepburn's speech was his admission that Civil Service Reform was more popular with the people at large than with Congressmen. After expressing in extreme terms the unpopularity of the civil service law among his associates, Mr. Hepburn concluded: "With the utmost respect to all the gentlemen now before me, I have no hesitation in saying that it is their deference to a supposed existing public opinion that prevents them from asserting themselves and wiping out this fraud upon the public." With the term used to describe the civil service law we do not concern ourselves, but note with satisfaction that the ablest Republican opponent of Civil Service Reform recognizes the fact that the people at large prefer to have appointments to Federal office governed by the principles of competition rather than by those of patronage. The exceptional hostility in Congress toward the reform is due to the fact that no body of men—even clerical—ever willingly accepted a measure reducing its own powers, and

Civil Service Reform does materially reduce the power of Congressmen to reward friends and dependents. The fact that Civil Service Reform strikes at the whole system of patrons and dependents is one of its wholesome democratic features. The significant fact has been brought out that, in the postal scandals which have revealed some of the most contemptible cheating of the Government in the history of the country, not one man who has been implicated in those transactions came into the service by regular competitive examination, and only one man originally appointed by a favor had been promoted as the result of such competition. This is a remarkable showing; and if Congressmen would pay a little more attention to the interests of the service and a little less to the small asset of appointments in their own districts, they would save themselves and the country the humiliation of a school-boy performance on the part of one of our highest legislative bodies.



The Panama Debate:
A Successful Peacemaker

The Senate debate
on Panama last
week was reopened

by a resolution introduced by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, proposing that Colombian claims against the United States on account of her recent loss of territory be made the subject of a new treaty to be negotiated between the two countries, and that in the event of the failure of such negotiation the dispute be referred to the Hague Tribunal, with authority to fix the amount of compensation this country should pay to Colombia for the alleged damages sustained through our action. This resolution was vigorously condemned by Senators Lodge, Foraker, and Spooner—Senator Lodge declaring

that during the pending negotiations with General Reyes it was most injurious to discuss such a resolution because such discussion would tend to give the impression in Colombia of a divided sentiment in the United States and so was "calculated to bring on a conflict at arms." Senator Hale, of Maine, who has from the first been opposed to the policy of expansion, though adhering to the Republican party despite that policy, and who has thus been able to act at times as a mediator, by a succession of concessions led Senator Bacon to similar concessions, and on the following day offered, with Senator Bacon's approval, a substitute resolution, which went no further than to request the President to use his good offices to secure "the peaceful adjustment of all controversies that have arisen or may arise between said Republic of Colombia and the Republic of Panama."



**The Panama Debate:
A War of Words**

On the same day the liveliest speech of the session against the Panama policy of the Administration was made by Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, who declared that President Roosevelt's acts in Panama were not a "provocation of war," but "were war," and went on to say that a mob had as much right to hang its victim as had the President to secure what he wanted in Panama in violation of law—Congressional, Constitutional, and international. The charge that the President had violated the Congressional law, directing that the canal should be dug by the Nicaragua route if Colombia did not in a reasonable time grant the desired concession at Panama, brought to his feet Senator Spooner, the author of the Isthmian canal law, which our readers will remember was not only framed by Senator Spooner but bears his name; he declared that that act recognized the superiority of the Panama route, and that under that act the President was justified in securing from Panama instead of Colombia the canal privileges desired. Senator Spooner's reply to Senator Carmack was interrupted by other Senators, and the result was a brilliant interchange of

repartee, in which, judging from the Washington correspondents of the daily papers, Senator Spooner did not come off second-best. Senator Hale had won Senator Bacon to a proposal which the Administration by its proffers to the Republics of Colombia and Panama had already anticipated. Senator Spooner, by his vigorous and incisive debate, drove Senator Tillman to an utterance which, happily, the next day he conceded to be indefensible. Asked by Senator Spooner whether he would have turned his back on the Panama Canal so long as a bill was pending in the Colombian Congress for its construction, Mr. Tillman replied with more energy than elegance that he would have reported back to Congress for further orders, and then would have said to Colombia: "You're a mangy lot: get off the face of the earth. We will take the country and build the canal." The remark is significant as indicating that there is practical unanimity in this country in the belief that Colombia's action has been insulting towards the United States, contemptuous of international interests toward the other nations of the globe, and indefensibly oppressive toward the people of Panama.



**The Treaty
Favorably Reported**

On Monday of this week the Panama Treaty was reported to the Senate from its Committee on Foreign Relations with three amendments, which, so far as can be judged at this writing, do not affect seriously the purpose or intent of the treaty. They relate to sanitation, the limitations of the cities of Colon and Panama with reference to the Canal zone, and the control of the harbors, which are to be held by the United States, for the purpose of improvement. In the Committee a motion on Saturday that the question of reporting the treaty should be determined on Monday was carried, in the absence, it is said, of all the Democratic members. When the vote in Committee was taken on Monday, only two Democrats, Senator Morgan and Senator Money, were present. The former, as expected, voted against reporting the treaty; the latter declined to vote, as he

had not had time, he said, to study the subject. It is thus impossible to judge from the action or non-action of the minority in the Committee what their course, much less the course of their party, will be on the final vote in the Senate on the treaty.

**Mr. Buchanan's
Confirmation**

The Senate, by a vote of 38 to 16, has confirmed, after a very thorough debate, the nomination of Mr. W. I. Buchanan to be American Minister to Panama. This action is a formal ratification of the action of the President in recognizing the independence of Panama. The debate centered, not upon the fitness of Mr. Buchanan for the post, but on the constitutional right of the President to appoint a Minister to a nation before the nation had been recognized by the formal action of Congress. Respecting the eminent fitness of Mr. Buchanan for the appointment there appears to have been no question. He is an expert in South American affairs. He was Minister to the Argentine Republic under President Cleveland, made an excellent record there, and later managed the business of the New York Life Insurance Company in South America. He speaks Spanish fluently, has a wide acquaintance in Central and South American countries, and is experienced in the customs of those countries. He is a Democrat in politics; in making the appointment the President ignored political considerations and looked simply to fitness. The Latin-Americans generally have always liked him; they will talk to him freely; he can find out what Nicaragua and Costa Rica are going to do, and what the real state of affairs is in Colombia. Unfortunately, he cannot remain there longer than six weeks or two months, owing to private business engagements. As to the constitutional question, it was claimed in the Senate by Democratic Senators that "the position to which he was nominated was not in existence when the appointment was made, and the President had no right to create the position without the consent of the Senate." The action of the Senate confirms the position taken by

the Administration and ably argued before the Senate by Senator Spooner, which was thus stated by Caleb Cushing in 1855:

The President has power, by the Constitution, to appoint diplomatic agents of the United States, of any rank, at any place, and at any time, in his discretion, subject always to the constitutional conditions of relation to the Senate. The power to make such appointments is not derived from, and cannot be limited by, any act of Congress, except in so far as appropriations of money are necessary to provide means for defraying the expense of this as of any other business of the Government. It is impossible to believe that four Presidents—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison—and the men who participated with them in the conduct of public affairs—emphatically the founders of the Government—did not understand this thing, or, understanding it, failed to legislate therein in conformity with the Constitution. None of the statesmen of that whole generation looked to an act of Congress for the creation of the office of public minister. . . . In a word, the power to appoint diplomatic agents, and to select for appointment any one out of the varieties of the class according to his judgment of the public service, is a constitutional function of the President, not derived from nor limitable by the Congress, but requiring only the ultimate concurrence of the Senate; and it was so understood in the early practice of the Government.

In so far as the Senate can, by its vote, determine a Constitutional question, its action in this case must be regarded as settling the principle that the recognition of the nationality of any political community which claims for itself independence is a purely executive act, not referable to either Congress or the Senate.

Panama and Colombia The Constitutional Convention began its sessions at Panama last week by listening to a congratulatory message from the Junta on the general recognition accorded the Republic of Panama in Europe and America—a token, the Junta say, that there was just cause for secession, and of confidence "in Panama's capacity to discharge the great work which her geographical position demands." The Junta recommends that the \$10,000,000 to be received from the United States, if the treaty signed becomes law, be permanently invested, its interest only to be used for current

expenses or improvements. Guatemala is to be added to the list of American Republics that have recognized Panama. General Reyes, the Colombian special envoy to the United States, is now returning to his own country. The correspondence between General Reyes and Secretary Hay has not yet been made public by our Government, which has very properly ignored a suggestion by General Reyes that it be sent to the Senate, as such a suggestion was obviously not within the scope of his duty as a foreign envoy. It is currently, and we judge semi-officially, reported that the United States has no intention of recognizing any claim from Colombia for money reparation growing out of the Panama incident, nor of going before the Hague Tribunal as a party in any way involved in the secession, whatever it may be willing to do as a mediator between Colombia and Panama. The departure of General Reyes (who, by the way, seems to have made personally an excellent impression by his courtesy and ability) and the approaching departure of Dr. Herran, the head of the Colombian Legation, will leave Colombia without representation in Washington.



The Democratic Convention

The National Convention of the Democratic party will be held in St. Louis beginning July 6, which, as it rather oddly happens, is the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Republican party. There was little opposition to the choice of St. Louis as the place of meeting. It soon became evident that the attempt to procure the selection of New York City for the Convention was half-hearted and not well organized. The choice really lay, after New York was eliminated, between Chicago and St. Louis; and, according to reports very widely printed in the press of both parties, the decision against Chicago was made largely because it was feared that Chicago would be a favorable place for the development and expansion of the so-called W. R. Hearst boom. How serious this movement is it is as yet early to decide, but it is understood that an appeal will be made to the labor element to favor Mr.

Hearst's candidacy. A singular outcome of the selection of St. Louis was the immediate report that Mr. Hearst had ordered sent to that city the plant for a new newspaper which he had bought with the expectation of publishing it in Boston. Rumors that Mr. Bryan supports Mr. Hearst's candidacy have not received confirmation, and the published statement by Mr. Bryan indicates that, within certain well-recognized limits, he is ready to support any candidate not specifically objectionable. The talk of the politicians gathered at the National Committee meeting gives no real indication as to the probable choice of the party. Judge Parker, Judge Gray, ex-Secretary Olney, of Massachusetts (who has just been unanimously indorsed by his State Convention), and the other much-discussed candidates are still in the field, while the sentiment in Washington last week showed a not uncommon belief that a "dark horse" might be selected. The Republican National Convention, it will be remembered, will meet at Chicago on June 21. The call was issued last week, and the unusual delay in this caused some probably baseless reports that Senator Hanna had a political object in the delay. He has explained it by saying that it was necessary in order to secure hotel arrangements at reasonable prices for the delegates.



Street Railways in Cleveland

The movement for municipal control of street railway franchises which has been the center of municipal campaigns in Cleveland, Ohio, for a number of years, has reached within the last week or two a new and interesting situation. It is contended by Mayor Tom L. Johnson, who has led the forces that are working for popular control, that in September of this year two of the most important franchises enjoyed by the Cleveland Electric Railway expire. In view of that fact, a new railway company organized with the intent of granting three-cent fares has applied for the franchises at their expiration. This application, at first apparently ignored by the company now operating, and then opposed in the courts by the same company, seems

to have had the effect of bringing the old companies to consider the possibilities of a compromise. According to this suggested compromise, the old franchises will be extended for twenty years, but under them there are to be three-cent fares within a certain zone limit, universal transfers are to be given for two cents, and at the end of the twenty years municipal ownership can be provided for on the payment of the appraised value of the property plus twenty per cent. for good-will. The street railway interests, however, in order to avoid recourse to this compromise, are seeking to have the Legislature take the control of franchises away from the City Council and place it in the hands of a special State Commission. Such a measure, if adopted, would deprive the city of the management of matters which vitally concern its own welfare and concern its own welfare alone. It is natural that the plan for a State Commission should have the support of politicians in both parties; but we should like to have pointed out any reason why it should not be vigorously opposed by those who believe in sound principles of municipal government.



Japan and Russia The Russians are entirely justified in contending that their special interests in Manchuria should be recognized. For that very reason, however, they should be the first to recognize the special interests in Korea of the Japanese, who control a vastly greater proportion of Korean trade than do the Russians of Manchurian trade. Japan has never refused to recognize Russia's material interests in Manchuria, but she will not admit that they constitute the right to abrogate Chinese sovereignty there. It is, however, about Korea that the contention between Japan and Russia principally rages—a country which was conquered by Japan centuries ago, and has since then, though enjoying independent sovereignty, remained under Japanese influence, as is natural, since nine-tenths of Korea is in Japanese hands; besides which, Korea is now needed for the redundant population of the islands. Notwithstanding these facts, we read in the

Russian reply last week to the Japanese note: "Russia *allows* Japan full commercial freedom in North Korea, but Japan must not permanently occupy fortified towns." "A neutral zone fifty kilometers broad [thirty-one miles] *is to be* created between Korea and Manchuria." How can Russia "allow" and command in Korean territory? Yet Russia rarely takes an arrogant position from which she cannot recede, if desirable. As her position to-day may be reversed to-morrow, it does not necessarily mean war. Indeed, three circumstances now militate against war: (1) The Czar's undoubtedly earnest and sincere desire for peace—and the Czar is still supposed to be supreme. (2) The apparent impossibility of playing further upon French vanity, as is shown by the failure to float another huge Russian loan in Paris, and by the fact that no French journal has enthusiastically espoused the Russo-French alliance as against Japan. (3) The increasing evidence of moral support to Japan by other Powers. Hence, in her reply last week to Russia, Japan was proportionately strengthened in her insistence upon the acceptance of her original demands for the recognition by Russia of the integrity of China and Korea and for the recognition of Japanese special interests in the latter country in return for the recognition of Russian special interests in Manchuria. In the ultimate analysis, however, Japan is contending, not merely for increase in trade and population, but for her very right as a nation to exist at all. Japanese diplomats declare that, unless checked, the continual aggression of the Russians is bound to absorb, not only North China and Korea, but Japan herself.



Japan and America The most notable move in the Russo-Japanese game last week, or at any time, was not made by Russians or by Japanese, but by an American. Certainly this move was no "bluff," as was the Russian reply last week which we have already stated. Elsewhere we comment editorially on the latest triumph of the American Secretary of State's "open-door"

policy as it affects American interests. As it affects Japanese interests, it is not surprising that Japanese diplomats last week were quick to make it a part of their cause. The American agreement with China absolutely ignores Russia; hence it would seem, say the Japanese, to involve the maintenance of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria; if Japan goes to war, they add, it will really be for an issue on which America has diplomatically insisted. While this may be stretching the case, no one doubts that America intends to keep that which her Secretary of State has won for her; it is also undeniable that what America has accomplished would seem to make for Chinese administrative integrity. A tortuous diplomacy was shown last week, when the Russian Government refused to discuss Manchurian affairs with the Japanese on the ground that Manchuria was not a proper subject for discussion, any more than was Australia. The inference was, of course, that Manchuria was foreign territory; yet the sometimes inspired Russian journal, the "Novoe Vremja," had said a few days before: "Undoubtedly the United States, above all other Powers, can confidently expect that its trade will not suffer by Russia's possession of Manchuria." In the same spirit, Count Cassini was informing Mr. Hay that the Russian Government would place no obstacle in the way of the open door in Manchuria. How could it, we ask, if Manchuria is foreign territory? Checked by American insistence, peace may be temporarily preserved in Asia. For the future, however—not the far but the near future—the Japanese justly feel that, when the Russian policy of Manchurian absorption definitely crosses into Korea, as it now seems to be doing, nothing can avert an ultimate war.



Japan and England Not only America last week, but England also, materially strengthened Japan's hands. The recent armistice between Chili and Argentina resulted in the offer by those countries to sell four war-ships which had been constructed in Europe for the prospective combatants. All four represent the most modern

improvements. The two Chilian ships were in England. Russia promptly offered an enormous price for them, but, loyal to the spirit of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the British Government promptly outbid the Russian. In any case, England might have exercised the prerogative which she has always asserted was her own—that of purchasing any war-ship in process of construction in British yards. The Argentine cruisers were in Italy, and were bought outright by Japan for \$7,500,000. Though Russia got some war-ships from the Baltic to the Mediterranean in time to shadow the new Japanese cruisers on their journey eastward, when they all reached the Suez Canal a great English war-ship, the King Alfred, happened to be also coaling for the self-same voyage. Thus, within a fortnight, England has twice shown that she knows how to be a good ally, even before war is declared. All the ships are now in the Red Sea, and their race to Nagasaki, in view of possible complications, is attracting an interest only second to that excited in 1898 by the race around South America of our own battle-ship Oregon. Japan has further increased her fleet by stopping the San Francisco, Bombay, and Sydney services, thus adding twenty-five steamers to her navy. For her part, Russia has ordered from this country for immediate shipment immense consignments of wheat, meats, and wagons. The new steamer line from Odessa to New York has been temporarily abandoned on account of the Government's requisitions; nor has Russia denied the persistent rumor that she intends to risk sending her Black Sea fleet through the Dardanelles. It will be interesting to see if the Powers acquiesce in this breach of treaty.



The Korean Crisis Last week the American guard at the United States Legation at Seoul, the Korean capital, was increased by the arrival of sixty marines from the Vicksburg at Chemulpho, the port of Seoul, twenty-six miles away. The railway connecting the two cities was constructed by Americans, as was also the electric power-

house at Seoul, where the marines are quartered. Americans have built the Seoul electric railway, the largest in Asia, and have spent great sums in operating gold-mines. Troops of the respective Powers now guard the foreign residences in Seoul, and, we hope, in sufficient numbers to keep the natives in check, should they attempt to make trouble. As the people have justly been more angry at their own supine monarch and his so-called government than at the foreigners, the latter are not considered to be in the same danger as were the foreigners in China in 1900.



Lord Curzon's Visit to Persia

Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, lately returned to that country

from an official cruise along the Persian coast, which, although independent, is really under the protection of Great Britain just as much as northern Persia is under the protection of Russia. The Viceroy of Bushir was not ready to receive Lord Curzon on the arrival of that dignitary, and, as a mark of official displeasure, the latter sailed away without entering the harbor. This is a more serious event in the Orient, where custom and tradition rule with apparent unreasonableness, than it is in the Occident. Its interest to the world lies in the fact that it shows England's seeming security as to the continuance of her commercial and military domination in the Persian Gulf, which she has maintained (giving security to all the Arabian and Persian tribes on the border) for several generations. Doubtless England might find other powers—especially Russia—who would willingly relieve her of this burden. In his recent valuable volume, however, "Retrospect and Prospect," Captain Mahan points out that the Persian Gulf involves not merely England's convenience but her duty, because she must protect (1) British security in India, which of course would be materially affected by an adverse change in political control of the Persian Gulf; (2) the safety of the great sea route, commercial and military, to India and to farther Asia, on which British shipping is still actually the chief traveler; (3) the eco-

nomic and commercial welfare of India, which can act politically only through the Empire, a dependence which greatly enhances obligation. In view of Russian relations to the world in Manchuria and Korea, Captain Mahan's remarks concerning the third condition are of peculiar pertinence. Pre-eminently among nations, Russia adopts an exclusive policy towards foreign industries. Applied to what is now Persia this would be a direct injury to India, which carries on a large part of South Persian trade, as might be naturally expected from the nearness of the two countries. "The royal highway of the sea is very clear and open, a condition which ministers to the conservatism and acquired principle of non-interference which distinguishes Great Britain." But the trade of North Persia certainly falls to Russia; with characteristic acuteness, the Russian Government has intervened to promote facility of communications, to which the land by its refractory surface has continually presented obstacles. These two departments of the Persian trade tend continually to approach. When the moment of attack comes, as in Korea, the result will depend upon the facts of political position on the one side or on the other. Lord Curzon's action is really a notice to Russia that England feels sure of the now traditional Anglo-Indian dominance in the Persian Gulf.



M. Combes and the Roman Catholics

On Friday of last week M. Combes, French Prime Minister, on behalf of the Government, threatened to proclaim five bishops as elected, even though the Pope had not yet approved their election. Under the Concordat concluded a century ago between Napoleon and Pius VII. the French Government has the right to nominate the candidates for prelatical honors; in return for which the Roman Catholic clergy are paid from the Government's exchequer. The Pope has long delayed his approval of the recent nominations, and the question now is, Will Pius X. be as obdurate as was Innocent XII. towards Louis XIV. under somewhat similar circumstances? Disagree-

ments in State jurisdiction over the Church in the matter of nominations have generally resulted in the Church's triumph. But that other question, now more than ever to the fore in France, the relation of the Church to education, has so far resulted in the triumph of the State. The question as to education is, Will the State continue to triumph? The Combes Ministry was supposed to be a stop-gap affair. Competent observers prophesied a life of two or three weeks for it. Its life is now measured by years. Its command of the radical and anti-clerical element in politics seems stronger than ever. Its majority in the Chamber of Deputies the other day reached a hundred votes. It has already checked the anti-republican machinations of such monastic orders as the Assumptionists, for instance, on the proof that they were disloyal to the State, and has expelled all orders which would not submit to State authority. It now proposes a further step. It has introduced a measure to prohibit all monastic teaching in French schools. Under the Concordat, priests and bishops are recognized by the State, not monks. Despite the splendid work done by the teaching monastic orders, M. Combes apparently thinks that unprecedentedly drastic legislation is necessary completely to rid France of a subtle undermining of confidence in the Republic. Accordingly, if the Ministers can impose their views on Parliament, even those monks who have submitted to State authority may shortly find themselves without employment in France. It is true that religious and educational problems would be simplified by the expulsion of all monks from France. It is also true that he who fights Rome must have a long arm and be prepared for a conflict of centuries.



Turkey's Troubles

Last week the city of Beirut, Syria, was again the scene of unrest. Thirteen hundred troops had recently been landed from Yemen, Arabia, where there had been an insurrection. The troops immediately besieged the Governor's palace at Beirut, demanding the payment of about \$80,000 in arrears and in the case of

non-payment threatening to burn the city. By making daily small advances the Governor succeeded in pacifying the men. To do this he borrowed so much from the Ottoman Bank's Beirut branch that when it closed its doors, owing to a holiday, the mutineers threatened to sack the bank. Fortunately for the preservation of order, the American armored cruiser Brooklyn is still at the port of Beirut. During the week the Sultan's troubles seemed to increase in all parts of his dominions. In Arabia rebellion broke out afresh. In Armenia, according to advices from Harput, the feeling between the Kurds and the Armenians has grown in bitterness and in lawless expression. In Albania four thousand natives checked the imposition of the Austro-Russian reform system. In Macedonia there was further rapine and massacre.



A Labor Leader as a Critic of Trades-Unions

Within the past year, when labor disturbances have been especially acute—specifically, for example, in the building trades in New York City and in the miners' strike in Colorado—there have been signs that the rank and file of organized workingmen are feeling, not merely disinclined, but positively opposed, to the extreme measures adopted by some labor organizations. The revulsion from what has been termed organized tyranny has been expressed in words so well chosen and vigorous that we quote them at some length: "In many trades the unions have become so strong that the regulation of their present power is at least as important as the acquisition of more power. . . . The workers, finding themselves freed from the subject conditions of the past, . . . strive for ideal conditions at a leap. . . . After submitting to the tyranny of the foreman, they seek, when able to enforce their mandates in the shop, to usurp his function, and even challenge the employer's authority in the legitimate conduct of his business. . . . Organized groups of workmen, when once secure in their position, even legislate against their fellow union men by restricting the number

allotted to each shop, and by forbidding other workmen to enter the trade, in order to create an artificial scarcity of labor. . . . Will the unions develop the capacity to restrain themselves and place themselves in harmony with society? What is needed at this supreme moment is a demonstration of this needed restraint. . . . It is idle to pooh-pooh the organized opposition to the labor movement. . . . It is apprehension of the danger that comes from an irresponsible and unguided power that has generated this opposition." These very searching criticisms come not from an opponent but an advocate of organized labor, one who is not merely a member but an official in a trades-union—Mr. Henry White, editor of the organ of the United Garment Workers of America. It is because *The Outlook* is a believer in organized labor that it welcomes this frank and true statement of the special dangers confronting the labor movement, especially as it comes from such a source. As Mr. White himself says, "It is infinitely better for wrong tendencies to be checked from within than through chastisement administered from without." To those who hold to the belief that the trades-unions represent on the whole a healthy social condition and moral sense among the workingmen of America, this statement of Mr. White's is an evidence that this belief is not misplaced.

A Labor Law as a Hygienic Measure

The law in New York State limiting the hours of work for bakers to sixty hours a week, or ten hours a day, has been sustained by the highest court in the State. It had been attacked on the ground that it was unconstitutional. The fact that it is designated a labor law gave color to the objection that it interfered with the right of private contract. The decision of the court, however, which was written by Judge Parker, places it as a measure for the protection of the public health. The police power of the Legislature, says the decision, justifies the requirement that floors, ceilings, and sidewalks be of "such material as that they may be readily cleansed," and that food be kept clean;

the same power justifies the Legislature in so regulating the conduct of the business of bakers "as to best promote and protect the health of the people." "It is but reasonable to assume from this statute as a whole . . . that a man is more likely to be careful and cleanly when well and not overworked than when exhausted by fatigue," so the court declares, and adds that, according to medical authorities, bakers are to be classified with "stone-cutters and file-grinders and other workers whose occupation necessitates the inhalation of dust particles, and hence predisposes its members to consumption." Because it is a hygienic regulation, therefore, this ten-hour law is declared constitutional. The question naturally arises whether any law limiting the hours of labor may not be defended on similar grounds. There does not seem to be any line that clearly separates this law from any eight-hour law, for instance. In England, where there is no written constitution to be interpreted, the decision as to what regulation is necessary for the public health rests with Parliament; in this country the decision appears to rest with the courts.

Offensive Advertising

The suggestion in the second annual message of Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, to the Legislature of that State, urging a concerted effort to remove the advertising signs placed along the lines of railway through the State, is one which ought to have the support of every citizen who cares for the dignity and beauty of the landscape. The Governor has caused an enumeration to be made, and finds that no less than sixteen hundred signboards of all kinds, "disfigured by all sorts of effigies of impossible men and women . . ." and advertising "remedies for all the ills that human flesh is heir to, as well as all sorts of foods and drinks," greet the passengers on the railway trains as they pass through different sections of New Jersey. The scores of thousands of men and women who live in the New Jersey towns and cities near New York are compelled, whenever they come to or go from the city, to pass a long procession of monstrosities in the

way of advertising signs, and vigorous condemnation is heard on all sides. These signs are an outrage on the traveling public, which finds itself forced to read about remedies, articles of food and wearing apparel, instead of securing a clear view of what is, in many seasons of the year, a bit of landscape of exceptional interest and beauty. The journey from New York to Philadelphia is made hideous by a long procession of signs which seem to move with the trains, many of which are vulgar, all of which are offensive; and the day is not distant, which Governor Murphy foresees, when the passenger "will pass through a continuous and unbroken lane of sign-boards that will trouble his nights and days with suggestions of things that are disagreeable." Governor Murphy proposes to strike at this abomination by levying a high tax. If the State is to be used for advertising purposes and the public are to be offended, somebody ought to pay for the privilege; and the rate of payment ought to be made so high that this kind of advertising will cease to be profitable for the proprietors of patent medicines, or the inventors of gigantic elephants, monstrous cologne bottles, and other things. Advertising by the use of the billboard has been greatly abused; and good taste, sound morals, and a proper regard for the education of the people and for their feelings will some day compel a rigid restriction of this form of advertising. Some forms of advertising are offensive, not only in themselves, but because they obtrude upon and destroy privacy—one of the most precious rights of the individual, and one of which the American citizen possesses least. It is very much to be hoped that the Legislature of New Jersey will follow the Governor's initiative and levy a prohibitory tax on bill-board advertising along railroads. In a Southern city certain advertisements of a patent medicine which are familiar to travelers in all parts of the country, and which are unpardonably vulgar, are torn down as fast as they are put up, out of respect to the women of the place. The Outlook is opposed to mob law in all forms, but

this irregular action is the expression of a righteous indignation.

The Southern
Educational Conference

There is doubtless some ground for the criticism of Americans that they are too negligent of their political duties, and especially that the best men accept public office with reluctance or absolutely refuse to accept it; but it must be said that often the best men are engaged in services of greater value to the public than any which they could render in public office. We are not inappreciative of the patriotic spirit which animates and the public service which has been rendered by such men as Cleveland and Roosevelt and Olney and Root and Hay in the Nation, and such men as Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, and Governor Montague, of Virginia, in the South. But patriotism finds other avenues of service. We doubt whether any official in Louisiana is doing more for his State than President Alderman, of Tulane University, or any official in Georgia more than Chancellor Hill, of the University of that State, or any in North Carolina more than President McIver, of the State Normal College at Greensboro, or any in Virginia more than Professor Mitchell, of Richmond College, or any in the National Congress more than Robert C. Ogden, of New York City. These remarks are suggested by the meeting of a score or more of leading educators, North and South, convened last week in New York City, on the invitation of Mr. Robert C. Ogden, to compare views and inspire one another's hope and courage in the work of Southern education. There was great value in some of the papers read and addresses delivered on this occasion, and one of them, that of Professor Mitchell, The Outlook has secured and will give to its readers in an early issue. But more important than any address or paper was the mutual interchange, unreported and unreportable, and still more important the hearty and cordial agreement of Northern and Southern leaders, both illustrated and emphasized by this Conference, in the resolve to lay, in a broad, generous, and liberal

education, provided alike for men of both races and of all classes, the foundations for that new social, industrial, and political order which is now rising with wonderful rapidity in the South, where the old foundation once flourished, and where now no one ever wishes to see it restored. The first condition of a successful solution of the race problem is accord between South and North, and accord also between white and black. There are certain not too scrupulous newspapers and politicians who are doing all they can to promote separation and incite hostility, both between the sections and between the races. It is both a good and a hopeful augury that at such a time the influence of this Southern Educational Conference is silently filtering down through the school-teachers of the South, and gradually pervading the rising generation—an influence wholly promotive of peace and progress, of universal education and universal humanity.

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**The Industrial Missions
Association of America**

Mr. H. W. Fry, who as a traveler and while engaged in business in India saw the need of establishing industries in connection with foreign missionary stations, has put it into the minds of a number of prominent and responsible gentlemen to organize the Industrial Missions Association of America. This new society is not to do the work of the usual missionary board, but to co-operate with all missionary boards that desire to develop the industrial life of the people among whom they are working. Early missionaries not only preached but also relieved sickness. Later it was seen that in order properly to treat disease it was necessary to send trained physicians as missionaries; so arose the medical missions; and now foreign missions mean not only churches but hospitals. There have always been missionaries who laid emphasis on the moral and religious value of industry and self-help. Johann Friedrich Oberlin introduced improved methods of agriculture and built roads and bridges. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin organized a force for baking bread and washing clothes for the Turkish soldiery. The

time has now come to recognize that poverty and want need the attention of the trained missionary as well as do immorality, ignorance, and disease. For this reason some mission stations have organized industries, and to the church and school and hospital have added the factory. For the sake of the converts, who often on account of their faith lose their means of support, and for the sake of other natives whose lives need the ministry not only of preaching, teaching, and medicine, but of industry, there is now established an enterprise by which this side of mission work may be directed by trained and expert men. It is not intended that the Industrial Missions Association shall be altogether supported by charitable contributions, though some money will be needed to start the project successfully; the organization, it is hoped, will be self-supporting. The establishment of factories, the development of home industries, the supervision of the transportation of goods, the maintenance of depots for the sale of mission manufactures, will all be among the objects of the Association. A similar society in Great Britain has been carried on, on somewhat narrower lines than those contemplated in this American society. The Association has the support of such men as Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary, the Rev. J. L. Barton, Mr. Robert E. Speer, the Rev. H. N. Cobb, and others equally prominent in missionary work, as well as discreet business men and lawyers. The headquarters of the Industrial Missions Association of America are at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York. It has already begun to place on sale mission merchandise. Circular information may be had on application.

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**Dr. Dabney's
Change** The resignation by Dr. Charles W. Dabney of the presidency of the University of Tennessee ends a remarkable chapter of progress in the history of that important institution, and brings prominently before the public one of the most significant and striking phases of the present educational movement in the South, which The Outlook has more

than once interpreted as holding a foremost place among contemporary movements in this country. Dr. Dabney has served the University of Tennessee with the enthusiasm of a religious devotion. In fact, one of the most inspiring elements in the educational movement in the South is the spirit of consecration which fills its leaders and which makes them servants of their time in the truest sense of the word. A man thoroughly equipped for the headship of an educational institution, of abounding health and untiring energy, Dr. Dabney has put the University of Tennessee into the very front rank of Southern institutions, and has acquired in the meantime a National reputation. To his energy and sagacity have been due in large measure, not only the success of the University, but the marvelous success of the Summer School, which has brought together thousands of teachers from all parts of the South, and has served as a kind of distributing center for the spiritual and intellectual influences which are now penetrating that section in all quarters through its teachers. Fortunately, Dr. Dabney's acceptance of the position of President of the University of Cincinnati will not take him out of the field in which he has done such conspicuous work, for the university to which he goes is at a strategical point on the educational map of the country, between the North and the South, in a position to render great services to education in both sections. It is understood that Dr. Dabney has accepted his new position upon such terms as to insure great enlargement of the resources and the teaching power of the University of Cincinnati.

Bishop Brent
on the Philippines

The Right Rev. C. H. Brent, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippine Islands, has just returned from a long tour in Luzon, and thus reports his conclusions, which we summarize from the "Spirit of Missions:—"
(1) "The Filipinos have no common national life. In other words, they are not a nation or a people. Tribal rivalries still exist." Of course, as the Bishop says, in provinces more or less isolated

the tribal feeling is stronger than in those which have easy intercourse one with another. The Manila-Dagupan railway, for instance, has done much to break down the spirit of exclusion. Hence (2) "the establishment and maintenance of good roads is one of the greatest needs of the islands." While the military began a good work in this direction, it has, Dr. Brent affirms, not been followed up by the civil Government; "not that the Commission is indifferent to the need, but conditions are extremely difficult." We would like to know how much more difficult conditions are now than under military rule. (3) "The principle that lay behind the *Guardia Civil* of the Spanish Government is a correct one." The natives must be called more and more to act as the guardians and policemen of their own special territory. (4) An observation which is really only the logical sequence from Bishop Brent's second statement is that the admirable school work now being done in Luzon will be largely nullified so long as lack of communication exists between place and place. Finally (5) as to religion, we find a testimony to an exemplary Roman Catholic practice which has not had the commendation it deserves:

Places in which no priest had been for years have weekly services under the direction of some layman. This happens in a Church where the prerogatives of the priesthood are very carefully guarded.



The New
Sage Chapel

A correspondent gives on another page a description of the new Sage Chapel of Cornell University of New York State. It was rededicated with simple services—a sermon in the morning, a remarkable musical service in the afternoon—on Sunday, January 17. Despite a snow-storm, zero weather, and a cutting wind, the chapel was crowded to the doors, not only all the seats but all the available standing room being occupied. Cornell University is a wholly undenominational institution. It has no ecclesiastical connections of any description. Its students, very largely drawn from the public schools of the State, are of every denomination and of none. Its

professors are selected wholly with reference to their ability in their several departments, without any reference to their religious views. Attendance on the religious exercises of the University are entirely optional. It is a significant confirmation of the recent testimony in our columns by nineteen college presidents to the essentially religious influence of our undenominational schools and colleges that this University has one of the largest and most efficient of the college Young Men's Christian Associations, that the chapel provided for public worship by the University is probably the handsomest and most elaborately and ecclesiastically decorated college chapel in the United States, and that under an absolutely voluntary system it is always full and often overcrowded. These facts illustrate the truth that Christianity is more than any Church and more than all the churches. They illustrate the fact that in the United States the Christian religion knocks at the doors of every institution of learning, and finds its way in, however unecclesiastical the institution may be. They re-emphasize the truth, which ecclesiastics sometimes doubt—for there is no skepticism more determined and deadly than ecclesiastical skepticism—that, as Sabatier says, "Man is incurably religious."



Honor Before Wealth

The following petition has been forwarded to the United States Senate, signed by some leading citizens of New Haven, including about a dozen professors of Yale University. It should be borne in mind by the reader, however, that these gentlemen do not assume to represent the opinions of the University, but only their own individual opinions, a truth emphasized by the fact that the names of the President of the University and of a hundred professors are not appended:

To the Honorable Senate of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, residents of the city of New Haven, without distinction of party, respectfully state:

That there is a recognized body of laws which ought to govern the conduct of nations.

That that law is uniform, not one for the strong and another for the weak, but the same for all.

That a belief has arisen in the minds of many in this country and abroad that in our relations with the State of Colombia we have acted with undue haste; that we have violated, and are about to violate, the rules of international law; and that we are adopting a line of conduct towards that country which we would not take against a stronger Power.

That the fact that Colombia, owing to its comparative weakness, is powerless to resist, demands of us the more caution to avoid the suspicion that we are making an unjust use of our greater power. The mere existence of such a suspicion is injurious to our honor and self-respect.

We respectfully ask that, before final ratification of the Hay-Varilla Treaty, our action in Panama be subjected to careful and deliberate investigation, to the end, not only that the Republic may do no wrong, but that its good repute in the world, which is dearer than any gain of lands or trade, should suffer no loss.

Dated at New Haven this 24th day of December, A.D. 1903.

In the judgment of *The Outlook*, all the facts necessary to a full understanding of the action of the Government in Panama have been already made known. No further information is necessary to enable the country to judge whether its action has been consonant with the highest honor or not. In our judgment, also, the decision on that question ought not to affect the ratification of the pending treaty with the Republic of Panama. Panama is now an independent Republic; its national existence has been recognized by practically all the world powers, including the United States; and this recognition on our part has been confirmed by the United States Senate by an overwhelming majority. Nothing we can now honorably do can deprive her of her independence. If the world is to have a canal at all through the Isthmus of Panama, it must be by treaty with the Republic of Panama. It cannot be built in any other way.

But we heartily indorse the affirmation of this petition that the mere existence of a suspicion that we are making an unjust use of our great power is injurious to our honor and self-respect, that no care can be too great to make sure

that we do no wrong, and that our National honor is dearer than any gain of lands or trade.

These sentiments are not confined to the gentlemen who have signed this petition, nor to those newspapers and political leaders who for the last two months have been diligently cultivating a crop of suspicions injurious to our honor and self-respect. If the Democratic orators and the Democratic newspapers could persuade the country that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay had violated their own lifelong traditions and the best traditions of the Nation whose representatives they are, and made an unjust use of the Nation's great power, the Nation would retire them from office at the next election. No considerable number of Americans believe that any conceivable gain in lands or trade could outweigh the disadvantage of a loss in National honor. In truth, the two possessions cannot be weighed in the same scales.

Napoleon said that the English were a nation of shopkeepers. The same thing has been said of America, sometimes by Americans. Pessimists have assured us that as a nation we are suffering from a bad case of blood-poisoning diagnosed as commercialism; that we have but one sensitive nerve, namely, the money nerve; that the only peril we fear is a peril to our pocket, and the only advantages we covet are advantages to our pocket. Recent events seem to us abundantly to disprove these charges.

One day the Nation is awakened with a start by the discovery of events which appear to have occurred suddenly because they have transpired suddenly. A weaker community which has long been bullying a still weaker one is suddenly halted by a revolution long generating though quickly exploding. The interests of the United States are incidentally promoted by the revolution. Its pocket is somewhat, though only indirectly, helped by the success of the revolution; and it has no commercial interest, direct or indirect, immediate or remote, upon the side of the bullying power. Instantly all the chivalry of the Nation is alert to make sure that our great power has not been used by our

commercial interests to promote the revolution from which indirectly we are to profit. Suspicion is awakened, not because anything has been done or omitted which could give a reasonable ground for suspicion, but because the Nation both suspects and dreads its own money power, and is both eager and resolute to see that no possible gain in lands or trade shall tempt the National representatives to a course of action which can injure the fair fame of the country or do injustice to its weaker neighbor. We doubt whether the chivalric age of feudalism affords a finer illustration of sensitiveness and alertness of honor than is afforded by this democratic Nation in this commercial age.

It is partly because we are confident that none of the signers of this petition has a finer sense of personal honor, or puts a higher value on the honor of the Nation, or estimates more accurately the real value of lands and trade, than do Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers in Washington, and partly because a careful study of the course of our National action at Panama has convinced us that every step has been in accordance with the highest dictates of National honor and with the essential principles of international law, that we cannot join the signers of this petition in asking for any further investigation. But should Colombia interpose any claim against this Nation for any act or omission, and should the facts already known, or any facts elicited by further investigation, develop in the Senate even a reasonable minority willing to stand sponsor for the claim that America, by the unjust use of its great power, has done any wrong to Colombia, The Outlook would add its voice to that which, presumably, these signers would be ready to exercise, in favor of submitting the claim to the Hague Tribunal for settlement. We believe that our course has been such that Colombia will hesitate to present any claim for damages; we believe that our course has been such that we can without fear of reproach see the record of it unrolled before any honorable body of judicially-minded men; we should be willing to abide the judgment which

any such body of men might pass upon it; and we almost regret that Colombia is not in a moral position to make up and submit a case to the Hague Tribunal, if only for the purpose of enabling the United States to bear its witness to the dignity and the practical value of that method of settling National controversies.



Arbitration with England

The International Arbitration Conference, which met in Washington last week, represented the growing conviction and the passionate hope of an increasing number of the best men and women, not only in the United States, but throughout the civilized world. When General Sherman declared that war was hell, he put a fact in the most concrete way. There are vast differences in the methods of waging war; some are more humane than others; but at the best war introduces that element of pure destruction, and leaves behind it, for the moment at least, that kind of chaos, which are best interpreted to modern ears by the strong phrase of General Sherman. Modern men and women hate war with increasing hatred because of its destructiveness, its cruelty, its interference with the higher processes of life, its interruption of the normal growth of communities, its confusion of ethical ideals, its substitution of lower for higher ends. It grows more and more abhorrent as the spirit of Christianity enters more and more deeply into the hearts of modern men and women.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the two hundred delegates who attended the convention in Washington represented the best in American communities—in character, culture, public service, and wealth; and that among them were to be found representatives of the American army, which has always been subordinate to the civil power, and which has become of late years a force for order and education rather than a force for destruction. A movement which commands the support of such men as President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, Cardinal Gibbons, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Gompers, the presidents of eight or

ten colleges, and such representative citizens as Messrs. Francis L. Stetson, Everett P. Wheeler, John Crosby Brown, and A. Foster Higgins, of New York, has behind it the authority of the support of men who are accustomed to deal strongly with practical affairs. That the meetings were characterized by great enthusiasm was not unexpected; that the action of the Conference was thoroughly wise and practical was inevitable with such men at the front. There were many significant and impressive speeches—notably that by Dr. Hale; and the purpose of the Conference was expressed in a series of resolutions which recommended the negotiation of a treaty with Great Britain "to submit to arbitration by the permanent court at The Hague, . . . or to some tribunal specially constituted," the consideration of cases of difference between the two Governments which these Governments may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations. The resolutions urged that the two Governments should agree not to resort in any case to hostile measures until an effort has been made to settle any matter in dispute by arbitration, and they further recommend that the United States shall, as soon as practicable, enter into treaties to the same effect with other Powers.

This is a wise first step. It attacks the problem at close range and in a thoroughly practical way. Six years ago, a treaty planned to secure substantially the same results—submission to arbitration of all differences between the United States and England—was rejected by the Senate, although it had the backing of both President Cleveland and President McKinley. Many things have changed since that time, and the Senate has probably not remained wholly uninfluenced by the steady growth of opinion. The Hague Tribunal has been established and is in active operation. The leadership in point of time which the United States ought to have taken in this matter has been seized by France and Italy and by France and England, between which countries such agreements for arbitration of contested matters have been formally adopted. We are now following a precedent instead of creating one, borrowing an idea instead of originating it; but

we cannot be too rapid in getting into line with this advance movement. The presentation of the resolutions adopted by the Conference to the President drew from Mr. Roosevelt a declaration that he was heartily in accord with the Conference, that he would devote his early consideration to the subject and take all possible practical action in the direction of bringing about such understanding between this country and other nations. Public opinion ought to be brought to bear on the Senate to secure speedy action along the lines marked out by the Conference.



Our Duty toward Porto Rico

We call the attention of our readers to a letter on another page from a correspondent in Porto Rico. It was called out by an editorial in *The Outlook* in which we pointed out the facts: (1) that at the time of the American occupation there was not a school-house in Porto Rico; (2) that there are fifty thousand children now in school; (3) that there are three hundred and ten thousand **unprovided** for; while (4) we contended that Porto Rico is a part of the United States, and that the United States ought in some way to make provision for those three hundred and ten thousand children, providing, if necessary, for their education out of the Federal treasury. This position our correspondent confirms. It appears to us, on his showing, that these children must be provided for by the United States, or the greater part of them will grow up in ignorance.

We should sympathize more with the contention of Bishop Blenk that these children should be gathered into church schools in order that they may receive religious and moral as well as intellectual culture, were it not for the fact that the Church never has gathered them into schools in the past history of Porto Rico. This cannot be because the Church believes in ignorance; it must be because the Church has not had the means to provide these children with education. It has no greater means now. The ques-

tion, therefore, for Bishop Blenk to consider is, not whether the children shall be taught in State or in church schools, but whether they shall be taught at all. Surely the Bishop cannot think that ignorance is a better field in which to develop piety than intelligence; surely he must believe that an educated people, even if their education is not all that he wishes it to be in morals and religion, will be more capable of receiving moral and religious education than a people who are ignorant. We cannot believe that he thinks that superstition is the mother of piety.

The Church cannot educate these children, because it has not means. For the same reason, Porto Rico cannot educate them. Its poverty makes this impossible. Only very, very slowly can the people of Porto Rico hope to acquire the means which will enable them to provide and equip a public-school system. Their poverty will keep them ignorant; their ignorance will keep them poor. These people are, if not citizens of the United States, subjects of the United States. Having taken them under our guardianship, we do not fulfill our whole duty toward them by simply protecting their civil rights from domestic violence or foreign assault. It is our duty to equip them for self-government at the earliest practicable moment. Popular education is the basis of popular government, and the United States ought to frame and carry out some systematic plan for laying the foundations of popular government, by popular education, in Porto Rico. We believe that the best method would be to clothe the Commissioner of Education with power to organize a public-school system for Porto Rico, as we have clothed the Indian Bureau with power to organize public schools for the Indian children; but we are not urgent as to the method. We are urgent only that the result be secured. It is a poor economy which loads down the people of the United States with three hundred and ten thousand ignorant children in Porto Rico, in order to save the extra expense involved in furnishing such an education to them as will make them industrially independent.

American Interests in Asia

The proclamation last week of the Americo-Chinese Treaty calls renewed attention to American interests of commerce and civilization in Asia.

During the last decade American exports to China have increased sixfold, and with the Chinese province of Manchuria American trade has specially increased. We are therefore interested in a change of political control in China more than any other Power, because the possible value of our trade is, we believe, greater than that of any other country.

The Americo-Chinese Treaty which now goes into effect is the result of nearly a year and a half's negotiation, but it is no mere coincidence that on the day when the Chinese Emperor signed our treaty he also signed a Japano-Chinese treaty covering much the same ground as ours. The telegraphic exchange of supplementary protocols resulted from a desire on both sides that the new arrangement should take practical effect, if possible, before the outbreak of hostilities in Asia, if they must come. The principal provisions of the treaty relate to trade, and the provision which takes effect immediately is that which opens three new localities in Manchuria to foreign trade—Mukden, Antung, and Tatungkau. Mukden being provided for in a similar Japano-Chinese treaty, also proclaimed, Japan and America will occupy the same vantage ground as an outpost for their trade. However pertinent Russia's objection that Mukden, a river port, may not be regarded as belonging to international trade as a coastal port does, Manchuria is still Chinese and not Russian territory. In conceding the American and Japanese requests for trade enlargement, the Chinese Government has done precisely what it did when the Powers, Russia included, requested the opening of Hankau and other river ports in China to international commerce. Mukden marks, as has nothing else, the fact that American and Japanese commercial interests are one. Hence, in her contention with Russia as to Manchuria, Japan has been

really America's protagonist. The presence at an early date of our consular officers, not only on the coast but in the interior of Manchuria, will, we trust, not only insure the principles of "the open door" there, but will also diminish Russian opposition to Japan's demands concerning that region.

We are glad to note an evidence that this is so. The day after the Chinese Emperor signed the American treaty, Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington, called upon Secretary Hay and repeated to him the assurance of the Russian Government that "Russian authorities will place no obstacle in the way of the full enjoyment, by the Powers having treaties with China, of all the rights and privileges guaranteed by such treaties in Manchuria." Mr. Hay may be congratulated on having pressed our claims upon China at a time when Russian commercial needs have made it necessary to conciliate American public opinion. Because of this it looks more and more as if Japan might obtain her demand, namely, the realization of Russia's voluntary pledges representing Chinese territorial integrity in Manchuria, together with the freedom of residential rights and international trade there. In this demand America strongly sympathizes, as she also does in the second Japanese demand upon Russia for the preservation of Korean territorial integrity with the continuance of Japanese commercial and political preponderance. Whatever may be said in favor of Russian claims in Manchuria, in Korea Russia versus Japan is simply a case of greed versus need.

Our second interest in Asia is that of civilization. The Russians profess a dread of "the awakening of Asia." The Russians call it "The Yellow Peril," adopting the German Emperor's apt phrase, and indeed it does seem yellow when we consider that Japan is now strongly influencing Korea, China, Indo-China, Siam, Burma, India, even Persia. The Grand Vizier from the last-named country recently paid a visit of political significance to the Mikado. In India, sympathy with Japan as the leading Asiatic Power is intense. Last year the Crown Prince of Siam paid a state visit

to Japan. In Indo-China the native agitation is apparently due in great part to the attraction of the people to Japan's hegemony in Asian politics. This new orientation does not escape the characteristic acuteness of the Russians. They call attention to the fact that Japan's leadership of all these peoples means a new racial and "heathen" solidarity in Asia. A Russian leadership, on the contrary, they say, would mean the leadership in Asia of the Caucasian race and of Christianity.

It is true that no one can look on the noble and sympathetic faces of such Russians as Nicholas II. and Sergius de Witte, for example, and then contrast them with the apparently sinister countenances of such Japanese leaders as Oyama and Yamagata, without feeling a certain confidence in the Caucasian Russians which one can hardly feel for the yellower Mongolians. Yet the Slav is a very different racial product from the Anglo-Saxon; "when you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar." As recent events have shown, the Russians are capable of out-Orientalizing the Orientals. Take, for instance, the assurance given to the Powers in 1895 by Russia that Japan must not be allowed to retain that portion of Chinese mainland which the Emperor of China had covenanted to give as Japan's just gain by war. Russia declared that "the integrity of Chinese territory must be preserved at all costs." Yet within a year from that time Russia herself had seized this very territory for her own, despite her promise that "the occupation of Port Arthur was merely temporary, and only to secure a harbor for wintering the Russian fleet." Or take the promise of April 9, 1902, that Russia would evacuate Manchuria on October 8, 1903. When these promises were given, no diplomat believed that they would be carried out. Every one knew that Russia would find some pretext for not evacuating either port or province. A pretext was ready to hand—that Manchuria is not yet pacified enough from the effects of the rebellion of 1900. In our opinion, the province is as pacified as is that of Kiev in Russia proper.

In our diplomatic dealings such eva-

sion and indirection have not been characteristic of the Japanese; on the contrary, they have generally exhibited those qualities which we like to think also distinguish our own people—truth-telling, directness, frankness.

If Japanese methods are thus more sympathetic to us than Russian methods, so are the Japanese aims to gain vantage points of commerce and civilization, not only for themselves, but for the whole world. The contrast between Japan and Russia on ethical grounds is not to the disadvantage of the former; it is between a humane "heathenism" and the "Christian leadership" responsible for Kishenev.

Thus, yellow, Mongolian, "heathen" as they are, the civilization of the Japanese is more essential to the best interests of America and the world than is the civilization of the Russians. More than any other nation, America should be interested in Japanese civilization, for it took a new direction when Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris delivered the Empire of the Rising Sun from the shackles of the past.

Yet American interests in Asia can be conserved by Russia as well as by Japan, if the Russians will.



The Hidden Presence

We fail to find God because we do not look for him in the right place. We conceive of him as afar off, and coming at times in great displays of majesty and power to show himself to men, as he appeared in strange symbolic glory to Ezekiel in the land of the Chaldeans. But the Scripture writers represent him as in all the common places and the common experiences of mankind. We think of him as manifesting himself to a few elect souls possessing a genius for religion and power of vision exceptional and rare; but the Scripture writers represent him as the God of all men, of all temperaments and of all dispositions.

If there should be another destruction of the Cities of the Plain, with some angel visitant to interpret it to us, if again the waters of the sea should part for an Israel to go through a—on dry

ground, with the waves rising up on either side as a wall for their protection, we should believe in the divine presence. But the Scripture writers did not any less believe in God's presence in the commonest phenomena of nature. In truth, the commonest phenomena of nature are as great manifestations of his mysterious power and presence as those which impress us as unique. It does not need the convulsion of a Mount Pelée to bear witness to him. The springs that water the valleys, the grass that springs out of the earth, the perpetual transformation of mineral into vegetable, life-feeding products, the ordinary movement of the planets in their orbits—these also declare the glory of God and show his handiwork.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains:
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the fowl of the heaven have their
habitation.

They sing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from his cham-
bers:

The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy
works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man;
That he may bring forth food out of the earth:
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of the Lord are satisfied;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath
planted;

Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high mountains are for the wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge for the conies.
He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep
forth.

The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.

As he is in all the common phenomena of nature, so he is an inspiring, guiding, protecting, redeeming presence in all the experiences of men; not more the God of the poet or the prophet than of the shopman or the day-laborer. He is the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. Abraham was a man of visions, who went out from his native land not knowing whither he went, seeking a God more spiritual than any which the land of his

fathers had made known to him. God is the God of the men of imagination. Isaac was a commonplace man who saw no visions and dreamt no dreams, but who in an age of universal polygamy was faithful to one wife, and in an age of universal war sought peace and pursued it. God is the God of the commonplace man. Jacob was perhaps the meanest man of Old Testament history; he began his life by driving a hard bargain with his brother in necessity; then cheated his blind father on his death-bed; then made his first prayer a bargain, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." And God was his God, and, through long years of disciplining sorrow, conquered the meanness in him and delivered him from it, and brought him out, in his old age, into a peaceful and triumphant manhood. God is the God of even the mean and the despicable.

We are apt to imagine that God reveals himself to men in certain set and sacred places, that we can find him only in the church, or in the closet, or on the mountain top, or in the midst of the tempest. But God, who came to Isaiah in the temple, came also to Moses while in exile, and to Gideon while in hiding he was threshing wheat by the wine-press, and to David while as a ruddy-faced boy he was keeping his father's sheep on the hillsides of southern Judea, and to Paul inspired by a ruthless conscience and with murderous intent. What Jacob said when he awoke from his dream of the celestial ladder to find his head pillowed on the stones, we might all of us say, at all times—"Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

As he is in the common places of life, so he speaks to us in our common experiences. We have an idea that only the extraordinary, the uplifting, the celestial movements of our mind are divinely inspired; but this was not the conception of the sacred writers. The secret and source of all life is God; he is over all and in all; in him we live and move and have our being. All human activities of every kind have the source

of their power in the infinite and the eternal. A striking illustration of this conception of the Biblical writers, of God as the source and inspiration of all the commonest operations of the mind, is furnished by the Plowman's Ode:

Listen, and hear ye my voice,
Attend, and hear ye my speech.
Is the plowman never done with his plowing,
With the opening and harrowing of ground?
Does he not, when its surface is leveled,
Scatter fennel, and sow cummin broadcast?
And duly set wheat there, and barley,
And for its border plant spelt?
It is Jehovah who has taught these right courses,
It is his God who has trained him.
We do not thresh fennel with sledges,
Nor are cart-wheels rolled over cummin,
But fennel is threshed with a staff,
And cummin is threshed with a rod.
Do we ever crush bread-corn to pieces?
Nay, the threshing goes not on forever,
But when over it cart-wheels are driven,
Or sledges, our care is never to crush it.
This also from Jehovah proceeds—
Wonderful counsel, great wisdom has he.¹

Let us not, then, wait for the extraordinary to bring us the revelation of God's presence. We are to look for him not without but within. "Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down:) or, Who shall descend into the abyss? (that is, to bring Christ up from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach." Every voice of conscience summoning to virtue or restraining from vice, saying, Thou shalt, or Thou shalt not; every regret for a misspent past, every sorrowful "I have done the things which I ought not to have done, and I have left undone the things which I ought to have done;" every inspiration to a higher, nobler, and better future, calling from the heights above, Follow thou me—yes, every incentive to generous or unselfish service and self-sacrifice for another, every impulse toward humanity, of pity for the sorrowing, or of mercy for the erring, is the voice of God speaking within us. Nay, more than that; all the common operations of our mind are, if we do but recognize it, witnesses to His presence from whom

comes all our life, and by whom, if we will but allow it, all our life may be both guided and strengthened.

"And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone."

To commune with ourselves is to talk with God. If any one says this is a dangerous utterance, let him reframe it in the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord will hear when I call unto him. Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still."



The Spectator

The Spectator is to-day the proudest man in all Suburbia. Honey, pound upon pound of alabaster and liquid gold, lies piled in ravishing masses in his storehouse, awaiting his sovereign pleasure. Is the Spectator, then, among the bee-keepers? Had you asked that question six months ago, you had got but an evasive answer. The Spectator is a canny man; he boasts only after the event. Now snow lies on the quiet hives, and, the season's vicissitudes over, its labors past, the Spectator sits and sings his little song of Harvest Home.



When the Spectator proposed to try his hand at apiculture, Mrs. Spectator had a word or two to say. "Bees cannot be properly brought up in the suburbs. Where will you pasture them? They'll sting the neighbors. They cost too much. They'll fly away and get lost." The Spectator assured her that honey-makers thrive among the stones of Paris; that Italian bees are as amiable as kittens; and that as a financial investment there is nothing like an apiary. Ultimately, like the indulgent wife she is, she gave in, and the swarm was ordered. The Spectator forthwith began to dream dreams of a garden full of swelling domes, musical with the hum of laden bees. But when the hive arrived, behold! it was little better than a dry-goods box! They told the Spectator that modern bees would scorn to dwell beneath a poetic dome of straw. The

¹ Isaiah xxviii. 23-29. Translation of T. K. Cheyne.

dry-goods box was the final word on hives. So the Spectator installed the thing on his grass-plot, and waited to see whether it was out of fashion for the modern bee to hum.



It wasn't. Indeed, when the Spectator heard the vindictive murmur issuing from their perforated traveling-box, he was in two minds about letting them out. Pandora herself would have hesitated had she known what winged furies raged within her carven casket. The bee-veil, which came with the outfit, looked a slight intrenchment, and it made things swim before his bewildered eyes. By way of steadying his nerves Mrs. Spectator skipped about and squealed every time he hazarded a move. The Spectator was driven to "shoo" her gently into the house. He then firmly unscrewed the box, rapped it smartly on the ground to intimidate the bees, shut his eyes, made a hasty review of his past life, and threw off the cover! When he looked up again, it was with diminished respect for the fighting qualities of the bee. A meek, crawling heap of gold-banded, travel-stunned insects was all that met his eyes. He shook them out, a few at a time, on the broad piazza of the brand-new hive, and, after a little preliminary skirmishing about, they went supinely in at the brand-new door, dragging their stings behind them. For all his disgust, the Spectator did not fail to keep a sharp lookout for the Boadicea of this tame warrior band. With what a thrill he at length espied her—the Queen Mother of unnumbered swarms—marked her noble proportions, the royal shortness of her wings, the triple zone of gold about her form, so trim and svelte. The distinguished-looking lady had cost the Spectator a pretty penny, being of famous stock. But he calculates that if she presents him with two or three thousand eggs every day through the breeding season for the next three or four years, he will be justified.



The Spectator burned to know what went on within that darkened hive.

House-cleaning, for one thing, to judge by the little mound of splinters and sawdust the workers cast out upon their front veranda. No doubt the drones were already making free with the beautiful comb of honey the Spectator had provided, and the architects were at work upon his neat sheets of comb foundation. As the Spectator crouched inquisitively over the hive, bees—*his* bees—began to issue under his very nose, and, taking elaborate note of the lay of the land, flew off as if on urgent business. They came back presently considerably stuck up with something the Spectator felt sure was not honey. What it was he discovered the first time he opened the hive. They had pitched it throughout with a vegetable glue like that on a glistening horse-chestnut bud, plugging the minutest crevice till the hive was as tight as Noah's Ark.



It was a notable occasion, that first opening of the hive. Scientific bee-keeping demanded of the Spectator that he clip the wings of his fair young queen, lest she abscond with the swarm when the fever came on. By this time—he had been for a whole fortnight a bee-keeper—the Spectator had conquered his nervousness. Choosing a time when the field-hands were all out in pursuit of honey, he arranged his material of defense according to directions, and coolly prepared to invade the little city. Mrs. Spectator, speaking from the safe distance of the veranda, remarked that, kneeling there in his white veil, with the bee-smoker beside him, the Spectator looked like a heathen offering incense at some strange shrine. The Spectator ignored her jeers. He sent a few smoke-puffs in at the hive door to drive away the sentinel bees, raised the roof, and closed the entrance to keep draughts out of the nursery. He puffed more smoke under the turned-back quilts. By this time, if bee manuals spoke true, the whole hive had scented trouble, and every bee, keen to save what stores he might, had dipped so freely into the honey-pots that his sting was temporarily out of commission, his skin being literally so full that

he couldn't curve the sting end of him round to strike. For all that, the Spectator did not neglect to use the "large, slow gestures" Maeterlinck enjoins, that the bees might regard him as a natural catastrophe which it was useless to combat.



It is always peculiarly thrilling to take life in your hand. The Spectator never felt this more keenly than when he lifted a frame from the hive and held it, black with clinging bees, palpitating with restless energy, before his curious eyes. The first alarm over, the bees went about their life-work as merrily as if they had not been suspended beneath earth and heaven. A fortnight is an era in the life of a bee; the impressionistic comb-starter had already been elaborated into myriads of workmanlike cells, and the commissary corps were busy packing them with yellow or orange bee-bread. Some cups were already half full of pale honey. In others the Spectator could see white eggs, like ivory commas; in others, when the bee-mass parted, he beheld white wormlets floating each in his individual drop of milky jelly. Looking close, he even saw a bustling bee-nurse filling the robin-like jaws of the eldest grub. This was being very, very much behind the scenes.



As yet the queen had not been found. The Spectator hunted over frame after frame till at last he came upon her, acting as center for a living daisy, laying eggs in the midst of an attentive ring of worker bees. To lift her with a feather was the delicate work of an instant. At this ticklish point, as he held the brood-frame in one hand, the queen in the other, the Spectator felt an odd sensation within his right sleeve. A bee, coming home with his leg-baskets bulging with pollen, and finding his hive door closed, had blundered into the Spectator's cuff, and was now crawling leisurely toward his elbow. It was a delicate situation. The Spectator's cue was plainly to keep on good terms with that exploring bee. The twitch of a muscle might madden him; the Specta-

tor accordingly stood like a man of stone. One available weapon remained to him—his voice. This he lifted melodiously, wailing for Mrs. Spectator. There was no response. Six creeping claw-feet sent shivers of misery through his sword-arm. The brood-frame trembled in his grasp; to drop it was to unsheath a thousand venomous stings. The queen bee grew restive on her feather. And still Mrs. Spectator lingered, and still the bee stayed his sting. All the Spectator wanted now was to have that sting and get it over. But the bee went crawling on. The Spectator's nerves were strained to the breaking point when at last Mrs. Spectator, done up in a butterfly-net and mittens, came to the rescue. Obedient to his curt directions, she took the brood-frame from his stiffened fingers and put it back in the hive; she replaced the roof; she carefully deposited the queen upon her own threshold. And then the bee stabbed!



From that day on the Spectator had an active partner in the apiary. It was Mrs. Spectator who ultimately clipped that queen, she opining, and the Spectator agreeing, that this was no work for mere man. No one was more enchanted than she when fussy young bees, a little pale, a little "trembly" on their untried legs, began to come out to sun themselves at the door of the hive. Side by side Spectator and Spectatorin watched the outward and visible life of the colony: the nurses offering honey-drops to big bee-babies on the tips of their little red tongues; the shimmering glory of the swarm, as, with the sound of a thousand sawmills, the winged cloud returned to seek its helpless queen; the violent end of the lordly drones. Together they hived the swarm. Together they reaped the golden harvest of honey, a hundred pounds of potted nectar. Together they tucked up the bee colonies for their long winter's nap. Together, over the many-colored flames of a driftwood fire, they discuss the achievements of the season past and plans for the season to come. Bee-keeping is a good hobby. But the best of it is, it's a hobby-horse "made for two."

The Economic and Financial Condition of Russia

By George Kennan

THE threatening aspect of affairs in the Far East, and the strong probability that the conflicting interests of Russia and Japan in Manchuria and Korea will lead, sooner or later, to war, give particular interest, at the present time, to all facts that have a bearing upon the offensive and defensive strength of the respective powers. The outcome of the impending struggle will be determined largely, first, by the number of war-ships and fighting men that Russia and Japan, respectively, can put at once into the field of action; second, by the comparative efficiency of their fleets and armies as fighting organizations, irrespective of numerical superiority; and, third, by the financial resources and the economic condition of the two powers, regarded as nations. If the war should be a short one, the two factors first named would have most importance, and would probably be decisive; but if the struggle should last through more than a single campaign, the third factor might have a greater influence upon the result than either of the others.

If, in a general naval engagement, Japan should defeat Russia and obtain command of the sea, she would be able to transport a large army to the mainland; and the struggle for supremacy there would not only be a long one, but would probably strain to the utmost the financial resources of the two nations, and bring to a final test the devotion, patriotism, and loyalty of the two peoples. Modern wars are enormously expensive, and, as the British campaign in South Africa has shown us, they are particularly costly to powers that have to fight at a great distance from their military and naval bases. It is possible, consequently, that the question of Russia's

success or failure in the Far East may ultimately turn upon her ability to raise money for a long war, and upon the willingness of her people to bear patiently and patriotically the heavy burdens that such a war will lay upon them. It is therefore important to know what Russia's economic status really is, and what the attitude of her people would be toward their Government in the event of war, and toward the war itself if it should be long continued.

At first glance, the financial position of Russia would seem to be fairly strong. Her public debt—a little more than \$3,300,000,000—is large, but her credit abroad continues to be good; her bonds recommend themselves to prudent and conservative investors—the New York Life Insurance Company, for example, holds \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000 worth of her guaranteed railway securities—she has recently refunded \$1,400,000,000 of her 5 and 6 per cent. interest-bearing debt at 3½ and 4 per cent., with an increase of only \$30,000,000 in the principal; and her reserve of gold now amounts to something like \$400,000,000, with an additional sum of \$340,000,000 in circulation. This, on its face, would seem to be an extremely good showing; but it must not be forgotten that the stability of national finances depends, ultimately, upon the prosperity and earning capacity of the people who compose the nation; and that a government which has despotic power may, for a long term of years, make a good showing to its creditors while at the same time it is impoverishing its people and exhausting the source from which it draws its supplies.

Seventeen years ago, Mr. E. I. Utin, one of the most distinguished lawyers of the St. Petersburg bar, a close observer

and a man of wide information, said, in a discussion of this subject; "A clever finance minister may, for a long time, make ends meet by devising new methods of taxation, by raising excise and customs duties, or even by juggling with figures; but there is no hope for the finances of a country like ours, where the taxpaying power of the population as a whole is steadily decreasing." Was such the state of affairs in Russia in 1886, and has it changed for the better since that time?

The statistics of the *zemstvos* (provincial assemblies), the investigations of political economists, the reports of imperial commissions, and the statements of Russia's finance ministers, all go to show, not only that Mr. Utin's presentation of the case was a fair and accurate one seventeen years ago, but that the decline in the earning capacity and taxpaying power of the Russian people is more marked and more noticeable now than it was then.

The evidence to support this statement is so abundant as to make adequate presentation of it in a single article impracticable, if not absolutely impossible; but enough may be given, perhaps, to show its general character and define its clearly marked tendency. Take first, for example, the small amounts of land owned by millions of Russian peasant families. Statistics compiled by the *zemstvos* of forty-nine provinces of European Russia in 1891 showed that 891,000 peasant families, representing a population of perhaps 7,000,000, had only nine acres of land per family; and that 2,219,444 peasant households, representing a population of about 18,000,000, had only twenty-one acres each, although hundreds of thousands of such households consisted of from eight to twenty-five members.⁽¹⁾ A family of, say, twelve persons might gain a subsistence from a farm of twenty-one acres—or even from nine acres—if the land were all arable and fertile; but the Russian peasant allotments include land of all sorts—pasture, woodland, desert, and swamp—and even the part that is arable has become so impoverished, from lack of fertilization, that it often

yields less than half of a normal crop. In European Russia, as a whole, the average yield of grain is only 39 poods (1,404 pounds) to the decetina (2.7 acres); while in Italy it is 55 poods; in Austria, 68; in Germany, 74; in France, 75; in the United States, 81; and in England, 122. The average productiveness of Russian peasant land-allotments, therefore, is only half that of American farms, and, if other conditions were equal, twice as much of it would be needed to support the average family.

But this is not the worst feature of the situation as regards land. Statistics show that the quantity of land owned by Russian peasant proprietors, per capita, and the gross per capita product of that land, are both decreasing, and have been decreasing steadily for many years. A commission appointed by the Minister of Finance in 1899 to ascertain, if possible, the reasons for the decline in the economic condition of the peasant farmers of European Russia generally, and of the "black-soil provinces" in particular, reported that in the fifty provinces of European Russia the per capita amount of wheat and rye harvested in the years 1891–1896, as compared with the quantity produced in the years 1861–1865, showed a decrease of 35 per cent. In the "black-soil provinces," where the economic distress was greatest, the decrease was 44 per cent., or nearly one-half.⁽²⁾

This marked decline of 35 to 44 per cent. in the per capita production of Russia's two great staples—wheat and rye—was due to a variety of causes, one of the most important of which was a large increase in the population, without any corresponding increase in the available area of land. Between 1876 and 1896 the quantity of arable land per capita decreased in European Russia as a whole 16 per cent.; in the "black-soil provinces," 20 per cent.; and in the southern and southwestern provinces, 24 to 26 per cent.⁽³⁾ In many parts of the country the pressure of the increased population on the land was so severe as to reduce hundreds of thousands of families to a condition of hopeless poverty. In the province of Ufa, for example, there were 20,000 families that had only

¹ For references see list at end of article.

5.7 acres each, including land of all kinds.⁽¹⁾ In the district of Shadrinsk, province of Perm, there were 24,000 peasant families that had neither horses, nor agricultural implements, nor food supply, nor seeds; and these families constituted 38 per cent. of the whole population of the district.⁽²⁾ In the province of Samara there were 405,000 persons who had to get their subsistence from less than three acres of land per capita, and 25 per cent. of all the peasant farmers in the province had no hay-fields at all.⁽³⁾

In a petition to the Governor-General of Odessa, asking permission to migrate to some other part of the Empire, the peasants of the Biruchinsk district, in the province of Voronezh, stated that at the time of the emancipation of the serfs the allotment of land to the male peasants of that district was six and three-quarters acres per capita. Since then there has been a large increase in the population, but no increase whatever in the land at its disposal. "Even the small areas that we cultivate," the peasants say, "have become impoverished for lack of fertilization, inasmuch as we have no cattle and cannot get manure. Many of our families number from fifteen to twenty-five persons, and out of the scraps of ground allotted to them they cannot get even a bare subsistence. In a year or two more we shall all starve to death." The statement of the peasants that they are in danger of actual starvation is fully corroborated by the report of the agricultural commission before cited, which says that in the central provinces generally the peasants are forced to sell, for export, grain that they ought to eat, and are consequently "in a state of chronic semi-starvation."⁽⁴⁾

The overcrowding of the peasants in European Russia generally, and in the central provinces in particular, is manifestly due to bad government and oppressive regulation, rather than to a scarcity of arable land in the Empire as a whole. There is land enough, but it is not within the reach of the peasants who need it. In 1894, for example, there were 18,000,000 acres of Crown lands in the Caucasus which were avail-

able for homesteads, but which were not utilized in that way, and which brought the Government a revenue of only \$500,000 per annum, or less than three cents per acre.

The bad economic condition of the Russian peasantry may be shown in another way, by the statistics of farm animals. The Russian novelist Uspenski once wrote a story of peasant life, which he called "A Quarter of a Horse," and which was intended to set forth, in the guise of fiction, the social and economic status of an agricultural population that had only one horse to every four families. In some parts of the province of Voronezh such a story would have to be entitled "A Sixth of a Horse" or "An Eighth of a Horse," inasmuch as the proportion of horses to families would be represented by these fractions. As it is manifestly impossible for a peasant farmer to cultivate a farm of any considerable size without the aid of at least one horse, the number of agricultural families that are horseless is the number that must be regarded as practically ruined. Statistics compiled by the zemstvos of the central provinces show that, even before the agricultural crisis became as acute as it is now, 20 to 30 per cent. of the peasant farmers in the formerly rich provinces of Chernigof, Voronezh, Poltava, Saratof, Kursk, and Tambof, did not have even a single horse, while nearly one-third of the entire population of Voronezh had neither horse nor cow.⁽⁵⁾

In the province of Riazan 32,000 peasant proprietors out of 80,000 had no horse, and 21,000 out of 80,000 had neither horse nor cow.⁽⁷⁾

Between 1860 and 1871 the number of horses in the "black-soil provinces" decreased 15 per cent.; in 1889 the decrease amounted to 30 per cent.; and in 1895 it reached 48 per cent.⁽⁸⁾

The economic condition of the average Russian peasant in the central provinces, where the distress is greatest, may be shown in another way, by comparing his earnings and expenses. The statistical committee of the province of Voronezh has made a careful and detailed investigation of the annual household budgets of sixty-seven peasant fam-

ilies in that province, selected in such a manner as to be fairly representative of the whole agricultural population. It appears from the committee's report that the average peasant farmer's family consists of eight persons. Its annual gross revenue, from all sources, amounts to \$212.20. Of this sum \$105.08 is in money, and \$107.12 in farm produce at its cash value. Of the cash receipts, \$48.80, or nearly one-half, goes to pay taxes and rent for additional land, leaving \$56.28 in cash for clothing, tea, sugar, salt, kerosene, soap, agricultural implements, household furniture, etc., for a family of eight persons during a period of one year. The committee finds that such a family spends annually \$8.84 for clothing; \$1.96 for tea and sugar; \$1.64 for household furniture; \$1.20 for salt; 88 cents for kerosene; 39 cents for soap; and 4 cents for "articles of personal comfort."⁽⁸⁾ It is hardly necessary to comment upon the economic condition of a rural population in which the average family pays \$48.80 in taxes and rent, and is then able to spend only \$8.84 a year for clothing, 88 cents for lights, 39 cents for soap, and 4 cents for "articles of personal comfort."⁽⁸⁾

It is only fair to say that the rural peasantry in the province of Voronezh is worse off than the peasantry of European Russia generally—if it were not, the imperial treasury would go bankrupt in less than three years—but it must also be said that the causes which have impoverished the muzhiks of Voronezh are bringing about the same results in many other provinces. This was virtually admitted by the Minister of Finance two years ago, when, by order of the Czar, he appointed another special commission to investigate the subject and suggest remedies. But another commission was hardly needed. The progressive impoverishment of the rural classes, which compose 86 per cent. of the total population of European Russia, appears in every statistical investigation undertaken by the zemstvos and in every report made by an imperial commission.

The increasing exports of grain from Russia in recent years have been taken

as an indication that the agricultural population of the Empire is becoming more and more prosperous and is raising a larger and larger annual surplus of food products, but such is by no means the case. Under pressure of desperate necessity, the Russian peasants are selling breadstuffs that they ought to consume, and are increasing their exports at the expense of their health. This was clearly shown by Mr. Sharapof at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Trade and Industry in St. Petersburg;⁽⁹⁾ again by Mr. Marres in a report to the statistical section of the Moscow Juridical Society;⁽¹⁰⁾ and a third time by Professor Isaief in a report to the Russian Free Economic Society of St. Petersburg.⁽¹¹⁾ Mr. Marres declared that Russia exported 17 per cent. of her grain product, while the United States exported only 8 per cent; that the Russian peasant consumed only half the quantity of bread that he ought to eat; and that in twenty provinces of European Russia the population was underfed. Professor Isaief showed that the amount of food eaten by the peasants of European Russia generally was 20 per cent. less than the smallest quantity that the rules of hygiene prescribe. The Russian peasants sell a disproportionate quantity of their grain product for export, not because they have a surplus—not because they do not need it for themselves and for their families—but because they *must* get money with which to pay their taxes.

If we test the economic condition of the Russian peasant by his taxpaying power, we are brought by another route to the same result. In the province of Voronezh, for example—the same province in which one-third of the peasants had neither horse nor cow—the unpaid arrears of taxes were \$15,566,000,⁽¹²⁾ while in Samara, including the land-redemption tax, they amounted to \$28,801,000.⁽¹³⁾ Between 1871 and 1875 the arrears of taxes in the "black-soil provinces" never exceeded ten per cent. of the annual assessment. In 1896 they amounted to 42 per cent., and in 1900 to 177 per cent.

The Comptroller of State, in his report to the Czar for 1902, called par-

ticular attention to the fact that the arrears of land-redemption taxes in European Russia as a whole had increased from \$47,000,000 in 1897 to \$61,000,000 in 1902, and that in many provinces the peasants had practically ceased to pay these taxes. In the province of Simbirsk the arrears were 382 per cent. of the annual assessment; in Samara, 403 per cent.; in Kazan, 562 per cent.; in Orenburg, 583 per cent., and in Ufa 613 per cent. These figures show, the Comptroller says, "how far beyond the strength of the peasants this burden is."⁽¹⁴⁾

In his report to the Czar for 1901, Mr. de Witte, the late Minister of Finance, seemed to attribute the unsatisfactory economic condition of the peasantry to bad harvests, and said that the rural population had lost from that cause, in a period of five years, not less than \$500,000,000.⁽¹⁵⁾ He left it to be inferred that these bad harvests were due to climatic or other natural conditions that could not be controlled; but it is perfectly apparent, to one who studies carefully the statistics and reports of the zemstvos, that bad harvests in Russia are largely the results of land exhaustion, primitive agricultural methods, scarcity of domestic animals, oppressive bureaucratic legislation, rigorous collection of burdensome taxes, popular ignorance, and hopeless discouragement. Bad government is the antecedent cause, and bad harvests are the consequent result.

One would naturally suppose that when a prudent and far-sighted government discovered that its people were becoming impoverished, it would remove, if possible, the causes of the impoverishment, and lighten the burden of taxation by restricting expenditures. Russia has done neither of these things. The agencies that were hampering and crippling the productive activity of her agricultural classes ten years ago are still at work, and her annual budget has increased meanwhile from \$520,000,000 to \$1,036,000,000. But some of her statesmen have taken alarm at last. At a general meeting of the Council of State, on the 12th of January, 1903, Mr. de Witte, the late Minister of Finance, informed the

members of that Council that "the imposition of direct and indirect taxes upon the population has reached the last possible limit. To lay any further burden upon the taxpaying power will not only be fruitless of results, but can hardly be regarded as permissible in the present economic condition of the country. The aim of an enlightened financial policy now should be to seek means of decreasing, gradually, the burden of taxation."

The Minister of Finance further informed the Council of State that, in consequence of the construction of a number of unproductive railways for purely military and strategic purposes, the operation of the State railway system in 1903 would result in a loss of \$30,000,000. In 1905, with the construction of the Orenburg-Tashkent and Vologda-Sedletsks lines, he thought the Government's railway accounts might show a deficit of \$42,000,000.⁽¹⁶⁾

He also stated that, on account of political complications in the Far East, it was found necessary to strengthen the treasury in 1900 by increasing temporarily certain customs and excise duties. It was the intention, when the extraordinary need had passed, to lower these duties again, but it had been found impossible to do so. If they had been reduced to their former level, the balance of ordinary revenues and expenditures in 1903 would have shown a deficit of 23,000,000 rubles.⁽¹⁷⁾

In view of these facts, Mr. de Witte expressed the hope that his Imperial Majesty would see fit, in his wisdom, to keep the demands of his various executive departments within the limits of the resources that the Empire could furnish without giving a shock to the economic welfare of the population.

After hearing and discussing the facts presented by the Minister of Finance, the Council of State resolved: (1) To ask his Imperial Majesty's permission to instruct the ministers and heads of departments to take most energetic measures to prevent further increase of expenditures; and (2) to direct the Minister of the Interior, in conjunction with the Ministers of War and Communications and the Comptroller of State, to

investigate the reasons for the costliness of the Government's railway operations, and to report their conclusions to the Council at the earliest possible moment.⁽¹⁶⁾

From the facts above set forth it clearly appears that the economic condition of the Russian people is extremely unsatisfactory; that they have been taxed to "the last possible limit;" that the Minister of Finance narrowly escaped a deficit in 1903; and that the Council of State finds it necessary to warn all ministers and heads of departments that they must take "most energetic measures to prevent further increase of expenditures." Can a government that is in such a financial condition as this carry on a long war in the Far East without imminent risk of imperiling its credit

abroad and its prestige and security at home?

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The Ascent of Man

By R. W. Raymond

He stood upon the earth, and turned
To gaze on sky and land and sea,
While in his ear the whisper burned,
"Behold, these all belong to thee!"

O wondrous call to conquests new!
O thrill of blood! O joy of soul!
O peaks with ever-widening view!
O race with still-receding goal!

He heard; he followed, evermore
Stumbling and falling, wandering far,
Yet still advancing, while before
His footsteps shone the guiding star.

He cleft the seas; the torrent loud
He harnessed to his need or whim;
He bade the lightning of the cloud
Run with his words, and toil for him.

He pierced the rock; he scaled the steep;
Destroyed; created; brought to light
The secrets of the deepest deep,
The glories of the highest height!

The Future and the Past he scanned;
With sense refined and vision keen,
Explored, beyond this lower land,
The treasures of a realm unseen,

Until he stood with regal brow—
No more, as on the primal sod,
A creature yet ungrown, but now
Lord of two worlds, and friend of God!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter VIII.—Ruling by the Ten Commandments

THE campaign was over and ended. The morning would break on Election Day. We were speeding homeward in the midnight hour on a special from the western end of the State, where the day had been spent in speech-making, a hurricane wind-up of a canvass that had taken the breath of the old-timers away. Was it the victory in the air, was it Sherman Bell, the rough-rider deputy sheriff from Cripple Creek, or what was it that had turned us all, young and old, into so many romping boys as the day drew toward its close? I can still see the venerable ex-Governor and Minister to Spain, Stewart L. Woodford, myself, and a third scapegrace, whose name I have forgotten, going through the streets of Dunkirk, arm in arm, breasting the crowds, and yelling, "Yi! yi!" like a bunch of college boys on a lark, and again and again falling into the line that passed Mr. Roosevelt in the hotel lobby to shake hands, until he peered into our averted faces and drove us out with laughter. And I can see him holding his sides, while the audience in the Opera-House yelled its approval of Sherman Bell's offer to Dick Croker, who had called Roosevelt a "wild man:" "Who is this Dick Croker? I don't know him. He don't come from my State. Let him take thirty of his best men, I don't care how well they're heeled, and I will take my gang and we'll see who's boss. I'll shoot him so full of holes he won't know himself from a honeycomb." And then the wild enthusiasm in the square, where no one could

hear a word of what was said for the cheering.

But now it was all over, and we were on the way home to add our own votes to the majority that would carry our Rough Rider to Albany. We were discussing its probable size over our belated supper—each according to his experience or enthusiasm. I remember his friendly nod and smile my way when I demanded a hundred thousand at least. He inclined to ten or fifteen thousand, as indeed proved quite near the mark. Then there was a rap on the door, and in came the engineer, wiping his oily hands in his blouse, to shake hands and wish him luck. Roosevelt got up from the table, and I saw him redden with pleasure as he shook the honest hand and asked his name.

"Dewey," said the engineer, and such a shout went up! It was an omen of victory, surely.

"Dewey," said Roosevelt, "I would rather have you come here as you do to shake hands than have ten committees of distinguished citizens bring pledges of support;" and I knew he would. It is no empty form with him when he shakes hands with the engineer and the fireman of his train after a journey. He was ever genuinely fond of railroad men, of skilled mechanics of any kind, but especially of the men who harness the iron steed and drive it with steady eye and hand through the dangers of the night. They have something in common with him that makes them kin. The pilot of the Sylph that brought us through the raging storm in the Sound the other day was of that class. They sent word

from the Navy-Yard to meet the President that on no account must he proceed down the Bay to Ellis Island. No boat could live there, ran the message. The President had the pilot come down and looked him over. He was a bronzed sea-dog, a man every inch of him.

"I have promised to go to Ellis Island; they are waiting for me. Can you get us there?"

The pilot wiped the salt spray from his face. "It can't be worse than we've had," he said. "I'll get you there."

"Then go ahead," said Mr. Roosevelt, and to me, "What do you think of him?"

"I would go with him anywhere," said I. "To look at him is to trust him."

The President followed his retreating form up the ladder with a look that, had he seen it, must have made him take his ship through Hades itself had it been between us and Ellis Island. "So do I think," he said. "They are a splendid lot of fellows."

But I am sailing ahead of my time. We were on our train just now. We didn't wake up, any of us, the next morning, till it rolled over the Hudson at Albany, and there lay the Capitol, with flags flying, in full sight. Just as I put up my curtain and saw it, Roosevelt opened the door of his room and bade us good-morning, and eleven throats sent up three rousing cheers for "the Governor."

At night we shouted again by torch-light, and the whole big State shouted with us. Theodore Roosevelt was Governor, elected upon the pledge that he would rule by the Ten Commandments, in the city where, fifteen years before, the spoils politicians had spurned him for insisting upon doing the thing that was right rather than the thing that was expedient. Say now the world does not move! It strides with seven-league boots where only it has a man who dares to lead the way.

Not necessarily at a smooth or even gait. He knew what was before him, and as for the politicians, they were not appreciably nearer to the Ten Commandments than in the old days. They had not changed. They had fallen in behind Roosevelt because it was expedient, not because it was right. They

had to win, and they could win only with him. And yet, when "Buck" Taylor in a burst of fervid frontier eloquence exhorted his audience to "Follow ma colonel! follow ma colonel! and he will lead you, as he led us, like lambs to the slaughter!" I think not unlikely there mingled with the cheers and the laughter the secret hope in the breasts of some that it might be so. It was but natural. They knew right well, the politicians did, how much they had to expect from him; it was but a lean two years they were looking forward to with Roosevelt as Governor. They might have comforted themselves in defeat by the thought that he was killed and out of the way at last. Who knows?

When I speak of politicians here, I am thinking of the spoilsmen who played the game for keeps. They ran the machine, and they took him, with their eyes open, to save it. And then we saw the curious sight of the good-government forces, his natural allies, who were largely what they were because of the example he had all along consistently set, sulking disconsolate because he, who had always been a loyal party man without ever surrendering his conscience to his partisanship, went with his party; instead of rejoicing, as they might well have done, that the party had been forced into making such a choice, that being the very end and aim and meaning of their political existence. They grumbled because he would "see the party bosses." Of course he would—see anybody that could help him get things done; for he had certain definite ends of good government in view, and it was no more to his taste to pose on the solitary peak of abortive righteousness as Governor than it had been as a legislator. Yes, he would see the bosses, and he went right up to the front door and told the newspaper men his business, though they tried to smuggle him in secretly by the back way, to save his feelings. His feelings weren't hurt a bit. If he could make the machine work with him for good, he had killed two birds with one stone, for so it would be a more effective machine for party purposes as he saw them. As for its working him to its uses—the bosses

knew better. The reformers did not. They sat and mourned, needlessly.

For him—I thought more than once in those days of a paragraph he had written about practical politics while he was yet a civil service commissioner practicing them with might and main. How much of prophecy there is in his writings, when you look back now! There would be obstacles, he wrote. "Let him make up his mind that he will have to face the violent opposition of the spoils politician, and also, too often, the unfair and ungenerous criticism of those who ought to know better. . . . Let him fight his way forward, paying only so much regard to both as is necessary to help him to win in spite of them. He may not, and indeed probably will not, accomplish nearly as much as he would like to, or as he thinks he ought to; but he will certainly accomplish something." He settled down courageously to the fight that was his own prescription. And when it was over, this was the judgment passed upon his administration in the "Review of Reviews," by Dr. Albert Shaw, than whom there is no fairer, more clear-headed critic of public events in the country: "He found the State administration thoroughly political; he left it business-like and efficient. He kept thrice over every promise that he made to the people in his canvass. Mr. Roosevelt so elevated and improved the whole tone of the State administration and so effectually educated his party and public opinion generally that future Governors will find easy what was before almost impossible."

That was accomplishing something, surely. It worked all right, then. Had some of the solemn head-shakers known how he enjoyed it all, I fear that to the inconsistent charges of bowing down to the idol of party and of wrecking his party, that were flung at him in the same breath, there would have been added the killing one of levity, that was not used up against Abraham Lincoln. I have an amused recollection of one band of visiting statesmen that filed into the Executive Mansion with grave, portentous mien, just as the Governor and I stole down the kitchen stairs to the sub-

cellar to visit with Kermit's white rats, that were much better company. The Governor knew their names, their lineage, and all their "points," which were many, according to Kermit. They were fully discussed before we returned to the upper world of stupid politics.

That is my opinion, anyway. I hate politics—I am thinking of the game again—and I am not going to bother with them here, if I can help it, which I suppose I can't since the Governor of the Empire State must needs be in politics up to his neck if he would do his duty—that is, he must be concerned about the welfare of his people rather than about putting his backers into fat jobs and seeing that the "party is made solid" in every county. But, then, they are different brands. Roosevelt had his own brand from the start. Long before, he had identified and carefully charted it, lest the party managers make a mistake. "Practical politics," he wrote, "must not be construed to mean dirty politics. On the contrary, in the long run, the politics of fraud and treachery and foulness is unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicians is the one who is clean and decent and upright. The party man who offers his allegiance to party as an excuse for blindly following his party, right or wrong, and who fails to try to make that party in any way better, commits a crime against the country."

To this place had I come when I was asked to go over and tell the Young Men's Christian Association on the West Side what the "battle with the slum" meant to my city. And I did, and when I had told them the story I showed them a picture of Theodore Roosevelt as the man who had done more hard and honest fighting for those who cannot fight for themselves, or do not know how, than any other man anywhere. And a man in the audience—there is always one of that kind in every audience—who could see in the President of the United States only the candidate of his party for the next term, wrote to me of partisanship and of bad taste, and of how he could not stand Roosevelt because as Governor he would "see Platt," and did. I have his letter here

before me, and my blood boils up in me whenever I look at it. Not because of the particular man and his letter. I have come across their like before. The thing that angers me is the travesty they make of the real non-partisanship with which we must win our fight for decency in the cities, because National politics in municipal elections is a mere cloak for corruption. How in the world am I to persuade my healthy-minded Democratic neighbor not to listen to Tammany's blandishments when he has this wizened spectacle before him? He is a man with convictions, who understands men and the play of human forces in the world, and can appreciate Roosevelt for what he is and does, even if he disagrees with him; whereas the other never can. He can only "see Platt." Verily, between the two, give me Platt. If he had horns and a spike-tail painted blue, and all the other parlor furnishings of the evil place, I think I should take my chances with him and a jolly old fight rather than with the shivering visions of my correspondent who is so mortally afraid of the appearance of evil that by no chance can he ever get time to do good.

See Platt! Governor Roosevelt saw no end of people during his two years' term, and from some of them he learned something, and others learned something from him. The very first thing he did when he was in the Capitol at Albany was to ask the labor leaders to come up and see him. There were a lot of labor laws, so called, on the statute-books, designed to better the lot of the workman in one way or another, and half of them were dead letters. Some of them had been passed in good faith, and had somehow stuck in the enforcement; and then there were others that were just fakes.

"These laws," said the Governor to the labor leaders, "are your special concern. I want you to look them over with me and see if they are fair, and, if they are, that they be fairly enforced. We will have no dead-letter laws. If there is anything wrong that you know of, I want you to tell me of it. If we need more legislation, we will go to the Legislature and ask for it. If we have

enough, we will see to it that the laws we have are carried out, and the most made of them."

And during two years there was no disagreement in that quarter that was not gotten over fairly. Sometimes the facts were in dispute. Then he went to those who were in position to make them plain and asked them to do it. On two or three occasions he made me the umpire between disputing organizations and the Factory Department, and I had again a near view of the extraordinary faculty of judging quickly and correctly which habit and severe training have developed in this man. Cases to which I gave weeks of steady endeavor to get at the truth, and then had to bring to him, still in doubt, he decided almost at a glance, piercing the husks with unerring thrust and dragging out the kernel that had eluded me. I remember particularly one such occasion when I sat on the edge of the bed in his room at the hotel—he had come down to New York to review a militia regiment—while he was shaving himself at the window. I had gone all over the case and told him of my perplexity, when he took it up, and between bubbles of soap he blew at me he made clear what had been dim before, until I marveled that I had not seen it.

There came at last an occasion when nobody could decide. It was the factory law again that was in question—the enforcement of it, that is to say. The claim was made that it was not enforced as it should be. The factory inspectors said they did their best. The registering alone of all the tenement-house workers, as the new law demanded, in a population of over two millions of souls with few enough of their tenements free from the stamp of the sweat-shop, was a big enough task to leave a margin for honest intentions even with poor results. But the Governor was not content to give his inspectors the benefit of the doubt. He wrote to me to get together two or three of the dissatisfied, a list of disputed houses, and the factory inspector of the district, and he would come down and see for himself.

"I think," he wrote, "that perhaps, if I looked through the sweat-shops my-

self with the inspectors, as well as looked over their work, we might be in a condition to put things on a new basis, just as they were put on a new basis in the police department after you and I began our midnight tours."

I shall not soon forget that trip we took together. It was on one of the hottest days of early summer, and it wore me completely out, though I was used to it. Him it only gave a better appetite for dinner. I had picked twenty five-story tenements, and we went through them from cellar to roof, examining every room and the people we found there. They were chosen as the worst tenements of the East Side, and they showed us the hardest phases of the factory inspector's work, and where he fell short. The rules under which a tenement could be licensed for home work required: absolute cleanliness, that there should be no bed in the room where the work was done, no outsider employed, no contagious disease, and only one family living in the rooms. In one Italian tenement that had room for seventeen families I had found forty-three the winter before on midnight inspection; that is to say, three families in every three-room flat, instead of one, all cooking at the same stove. No doubt they were still there, but the daylight showed us only a few women and a lot of babies whom they claimed as theirs. The men were out, the larger children in the street.

The Governor went carefully through every room, observing its condition and noting the number of the license on the wall, if anything was wrong. Sometimes there was no license. Sometimes one had been issued and revoked, but the women were still at work. They listened to remonstrances unmoved.

"Vat for I go away?" said one. "Vere I go den?"

It was an intensely practical question with them, but so it was and is with us all; for from those forsaken tenements, where the home is wrecked hopelessly by ill-paid work that barely puts a dry crust into the mouths of the children, stalks the specter of diphtheria, of scarlet fever, and of consumption forth over the city and the land, sometimes basted

in the lining of the coat or the dress that was bought at the fashionable Broadway counter, proving us neighbors in very truth, though we deny the kinship. Roosevelt understood. His investigations as an Assemblyman into the cigarmakers' tenement-house conditions, and, later, as a member of the Board of Health, had put him in possession of the facts. He did not mince matters with the factory inspector when, after our completed tour, we went to his office late in the afternoon. There was improvement, he said, but not enough.

"I do not think you quite understand," he said, "what I mean by enforcing a law. I don't want it made as easy as possible for the manufacturer. I want you to refuse to license anybody in a tenement that does not come up to the top notch of your own requirements. Make the owners of tenements understand that old, badly built, uncleanly houses shall not be used for manufacturing in any shape, and that licenses will be granted only in houses fulfilling rigidly the requirements of cleanliness and proper construction. Put the bad tenement at a disadvantage as against the well-constructed and well-kept house, and make the house-owner as well as the manufacturer understand it."

We heard the echoes of that day's work in the Governor's emergency message to the Legislature the following winter, calling upon it to pass the Tenement-House Commission Bill. He summoned "the general sentiment for decent and cleanly living and for fair play to all our citizens" to oppose the mercenary hostility of the slum landlord. And the Legislature heard, and the bill became law, to the untold relief of the people. That was a sample of the practical politics in the interest of which he was willing to "see" the party managers, if it was needed. And it usually ended with their seeing things as he did.

It seemed fair and just to the Governor that corporations with valuable franchises should be taxed on these, since they were much more valuable property than their real estate. It was one way, to his mind, of avoiding crank legislation designed merely to "hit money." The party managers disagreed.

The Governor had thought it all out; to him it was just, even expedient as a party measure. He invited the corporation people to come and see him about it, that they might talk it over. They didn't; they conspired with the party managers to bury the bill in committee in the Legislature. When the Governor sent an emergency message to wake it, they tore it up. The next morning another message was laid upon the Speaker's desk.

"I learn," it read, "that the emergency message which I sent last evening to the Assembly on behalf of the Franchise Tax Bill has not been read. I therefore send hereby another. I need not impress upon the Assembly the need of passing this bill at once. . . . It establishes the principle that hereafter corporations holding franchises from the public shall pay their just share of the public burden."

The bill was passed. The party managers "saw." The corporations did, too, and asked to be heard. They were heard. The law was amended at an extra session, but the principle stood unaltered. Since then the Court of Appeals has declared it constitutional and good, and not only the State of New York but the whole country thanks Governor Roosevelt for a piece of legislation that makes for the permanent peace of our land. There can never be other basis for that than the absolute assurance that all men, rich and poor, are equal before the law. Trouble is sure to come, sooner or later, where money can buy special privilege. The marvel is that those who have the money to buy cannot half the time see it.

I am tempted to tell the story of how Roosevelt appointed the successor of Louis F. Payn, Superintendent of Insurance, and made one more mortal enemy. That was one of the times he "saw" Senator Platt, whose lifelong political friend Payn was. But what would be the use? None to my correspondent who knows it all, yet does not understand. All the rest of us have it by heart. And it would be politics, which I said I would eschew. It *was* politics for fair, for all the power of the machine, all of it and more, was opposed to the Gov-

ernor in his determination to displace this man. But Roosevelt was right, and he won. Let that be the record. When he was gone from Albany, the oldest lobbyist, starved though he was, had to own that Roosevelt fought fair, always in the open. His recourse was to the people, and that was how he won—even in the matter of the civil service bill, in which he trod hard on the toes of the politicians. We had a law, but they had succeeded in "taking the starch out of it." Roosevelt put it back. I think no man living but he could have done it. But they realized that they could not face him before the people on that, of all issues. And to-day my State has a civil service law that is as good as it can well be made, and we are so much better off.

I never liked Albany before, but I grew to be quite fond of the queer old Dutch city on the Hudson in those two years. It is not so far away but that I could run up after office hours and have a good long talk with the Governor before the midnight train carried me back home. Sometimes it was serious business only that carried me up there. I am thinking just now of the execution of Mrs. Place, who had murdered her stepdaughter and tried to brain her husband. It was a very wicked murder, but there was something about the execution of a woman that stirred the feelings of a lot of people, myself included. Perhaps it was largely a survival of the day of public hangings, which is happily past. But, more than that, I had a notion that it would hurt his career. I think I told of it in "The Making of an American" when it was all long over. I certainly did not tell him. I knew better. But I argued all through a long evening into the midnight hour, until I had to grab my hat and run for the train, that he should not permit it. I argued myself to an absolute standstill, for I remember his saying at last impatiently:

"If it had only been a man she killed—but another woman!" and I, exasperated and illogical: "Anyway, you are obliged to admit that she tried hard enough to kill a man."

After I got back home he sent me a letter which I may not print here. But

I shall hand it down to my children, and they will keep it as one of the precious possessions of their father, long after I have ceased to live and write. One sentence in it I have no right to withhold, for it turns the light on his character and way of thinking as few things do:

"Whatever I do, old friend, believe it will be because after painful groping I see my duty in some given path."

So it was always with him. His duty was made clear when the commission of experts he had appointed reported that Mrs. Place was as sane and responsible as any of them, and public clamor had no power to move him from it.

I like to set over against her case another in which my argument prevailed, for it shows the man's heart, which he had often no little trouble to hide under the sternness imposed by duty. I knew the soreness of it then by the joy I saw it gave him to make people happy. Policeman Hannigan had been sent to Sing Sing for shooting a boy who was playing football in the street on Thanksgiving Day. He ran, and the policeman, who had been sent with special orders to clear the ball-players out of the block, where they had been breaking windows, ran after him. In the excitement of the chase he fired his pistol, and the bullet struck and slightly wounded the boy in the leg. The policeman was "broken" and sent to the penitentiary, and of the incident we made a mighty lever in the fight for playgrounds where the boys might play without breaking either windows or laws. And then I thought of the policeman in the prison, a young man with a wife and children and a clean record till then, and I asked the Governor to pardon him. Of course he had not meant to shoot; he was carried away, and now he had been punished enough. I have preserved the Governor's answer that came by next day's mail. It was written on the last day of the year 1899:

Dear Jake:

Happy New Year to you and yours, and as a New Year's gift take the pardon of the policeman Hannigan. The papers were forwarded to the prison this morning.

Ever yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

And so one man who that day was without hope started fair with the new year.

I wish I might go on and write indefinitely of those days and what they were to me: Of that dinner-party to some foreign visitors into which I, taking tea peacefully with Mrs. Roosevelt and the children, was suddenly catapulted by the announcement that through an unexpected arrival there would be thirteen at the table, a fact which would be sure to make some one of the guests uncomfortable, and at which the Governor kept poking quiet fun at me across the table, until I warned him with a look that I might even betray his perfidy, if he kept it up. Of how I kept admiring the Executive Mansion because Cleveland had lived in it, till he took me to the Capitol and showed me there the pictures of all his predecessors except Cleveland, who was stingy, he said, and wouldn't give the State his. Whereat I rebelled loudly, maintaining that it was modesty. Of the mighty argument that ensued—a mock argument, for in my soul I knew that he thought as much of Cleveland as did I. Of these things I would like to tell, for they make the picture of the man to me, and perhaps I can smuggle it in later. But here, I suppose, I ought to remember the Governor, and therefore I shall not do as I would otherwise.

When I look back now to the day when he stood in the Assembly Chamber, with the oath of office fresh upon his lips, and spoke to his people, there comes to me this sentence from his speech: "It is not given to any man, nor to any set of men, to see with absolutely clear vision into the future. All that can be done is to face the facts as we find them, to meet each difficulty in practical fashion, and to strive steadily for the betterment both of our civil and social conditions."

Truly, if ever man kept a pledge, he kept that. He nursed no ambitions; he built up no machine of his own. He was there to do his duty as it was given to him to see it, and he strove steadily for the betterment of all he touched as Governor of the State that was his by birth and long ancestry, even as his father had striven in his day and in his

sphere. He made enemies—God help the poor man who has none; but he kept his friends. When he was gone, a long while after, my way led me to Albany again. I had not cared much for it since he went. And I said so to a friend, an old State official who had seen many Governors come and go. He laid his hand upon my arm.

"Yes," said he, "we think so, many of us. The place seemed dreary when he was gone. But I know now that he left something behind that was worth our losing him to get. This past winter, for the first time, I heard the question spring up spontaneously, as it seemed, when a measure was up in the Legisla-

ture: 'Is it right?' Not 'Is it expedient?' not 'How is it going to help me?' not 'What is it worth to the party?' Not any of these, but 'Is it right?' That is Roosevelt's legacy to Albany. And it was worth his coming and his going to have that."

So that was what we got out of his term as Governor—all of us, for the legacy is to the whole land, not only to my own State. As for him, all unconscious of it, he had been learning to be President, the while he taught us Henry Clay's lesson that there is one thing that is even better than to be President—namely, to be right.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Tragedy of the Turk

By H. Griswold Dwight

FOR those who have lived in the Orient long enough to appreciate its flavor—to analyze it is what no Occidental has done—there is something peculiarly irritating in the tone of popular comment on Asiatic affairs. Our entire bibliography, for instance, of what concerns the events now being enacted in Turkey contains little that is not patronizing or abusive. Some there are, it is true, who have come into contact with the interesting personality of the Sultan, or whose sojourn has not been so brief as to preclude their forming relations in some sort with the inhabitants; and from these we learn that Abdul Hamid II. is the most enlightened and tender-hearted of monarchs, that the Ottomans are without reserve the most courteous and the most humane of men. For the most part, however, we long ago reached the bottom of our black adjectives. But in any case an extreme view seems the only one within the possibility of our thought.

Ever since the Turk first forced himself upon the attention of Europe, six hundred years ago, these paradoxes of opinion and this intemperance in their expression have been the rule. They are part of our literary tradition of "the gorgeous East." There have been extraordinarily few attempts—I will not

say to see things as they are, but to see things in their own relations. Few, that is, have taken the Turk—or, indeed, the Oriental—seriously. In fact, I recollect no one of recent years who has done so except Mr. Meredith Townsend. And it is fair to wager that there is more to the point in "Asia and Europe"—the collection of his illuminating essays—than in any dozen volumes purporting to deal with some specific Eastern problem. Others will take the Oriental as a monster, as a phenomenon, as a picturesque property, as a joke; but never as a human being. To be told, as Mr. Townsend tells us, that an Asiatic ragamuffin looks upon our successful merchants and our great colonial administrators as hopeless boors, upon our morality as depravity, upon our justice as injustice, upon our civilization as paint and tissue-paper, is hardly even worth questioning. It is a thing to be dismissed with a laugh, like the remark of the Moorish envoy at King Edward's coronation, who said on returning to Morocco that he was glad to go back to civilization.

The fact of the matter is that we are villagers all. It is but natural. It is inevitable. It is even admirable. Thus it is that individualities are nurtured, that causes are maintained, that arts and systems are conducted to their perfec-

tion. At the same time, no village has ever solved the problems of existence to the satisfaction of neighboring villages. At least it seems to be conceded with some universality that there may be certain advantages in the observation of villages other than one's own. And to do this requires a disinterestedness, a historical sense, a power of imagination, not given to many. To very few are these given in the highest degree; yet in some degree they are necessary to any one who would understand a life beyond his own.

It is by no means wonderful that we should fail to understand a life different from our own in every particular—a life which few of us have so much as seen from hotel and carriage windows, which fewer still have seen through the windows of language and sympathy. One cannot help wondering, however, that such a life should be judged at all; that, lacking the standards of others, we should be content to judge their actions by our own. This is not the place to raise the question of absolute truth. Still, whether one believes in an absolute truth or not, it will doubtless be conceded that circumstances may affect immediate—if not ultimate—judgment. This is not to insinuate that it is less wrong for a Bashi Bozouk to torture and murder a Macedonian than for a Van Wormer to shoot his uncle. Nor do I intend to deny that terrible deeds are committed in Turkey every hour—have been committed for centuries—will be committed no one knows how much longer. But I do wish to point out that to judge even a Bashi Bazouk out of relation to his own history and his own beliefs is absurd. This absurdity characterizes the prevailing tone of European and American comment on the Ottoman imbroglio. To refresh the mind of the reader with regard to the relations governing the Ottoman is accordingly the object of the present paper.

Few incidents of history have been more dramatic than the eruption from central Asia of the Tartar tribe which overran Asia Minor, drove the eastern Emperors from their throne, and stopped perforce only at the gates of Vienna. Through the events of that drama there

runs an element of what the Greeks called *ἀνάγκη*, reminiscent of those tragedies in which the actors are borne on in spite of themselves by forces uncalculable and resistless. One of the most fatal circumstances of what we may call chance, so far as the Ottomans were concerned, was the lateness of their migration. If endurance, restlessness, dissatisfaction with an existing order of things, be elements which contribute to the development of material civilization, we must suppose that the most powerful of those elements had been subtracted from central Asia by the far earlier impulses of emigration which populated Europe. Thus it was that the *fine fleur* of Asiatic enterprise had long been culled when the Uigurs, from whom are descended the Ottomans, began to break their way westward. And it was not until 1300 that they finally saw the sea—these tent-dwellers of the Asian plains who were descended from ancient stay-at-homes. By that time our modern era was well under way. Byzantium, last heiress of ancient civilizations, was in her dotage. The great cities of Europe were already old, the great houses of Europe were already founded. The Italian republics were not far from the zenith of their glory. Spain was but little behind. The flower of the Renaissance was near its bud.

It was another accident of chance which brought the Ottomans to Constantinople. It is perfectly conceivable that their line of least resistance might have led them elsewhere, to a destiny how different. But the weakness of the Greek Empire lured them into imperial importance. There had been no situation so strange since the barbarians broke into Italy. Nomads and tent-dwellers, they camped in the palaces of their prisoners; plainsmen and mountaineers inbred, they found themselves lords of the sea; herders, horse-thieves, and border scimmagers, they were suddenly set down face to face with the complicated fabric of European polity.

So long as there was fighting to do, all went well with our cattle-thieves. But when the limits of empire determined themselves, when it became necessary to settle down and assimilate

what they had won, the difficulties of their position began to intrude. It was not a case like that of the Normans in England or the successive invaders of Italy. The Normans were practically homogeneous with their vassals. The Goths and the Huns had little cohesive force of their own to antagonize the superior civilization with which they came in contact. But the Turks were bound together by a religion which has no equal in its power of unity. They differed diametrically from their new subjects in race, language, creed, tradition. And those subjects were not homogeneous among themselves. They were offshoots of races, remnants of nations, the débris of centuries of warfare, all mutually antagonistic. For the invaders to assimilate with the invaded was impossible. There was no language, no sympathy of ideas, no dominance of type general enough for them to assimilate with. The Arabs, to be sure, came later into the empire, but actual contact between Turk and Arab never took place. The real Turkish migration was among the diverse populations of Asia Minor and the Thracian peninsula. It accordingly devolved upon the invaders to absorb the invaded as best they might, to quit tenting and horse-stealing, to make what they could of an empire.

Chancing suddenly upon a thorny throne and left to the mercy of their own ideas, the ex-nomads have thus far met with what success we know. Corruption and massacre are but the daily fruits of their régime. That régime is not in want of new reviewers. Every journal has its leader. Every pulpit has its protest. Every tourist will give you some new report of lost provinces. Far be it from the present writer to minimize aught of the horrors which distress that unhappy land. The present writer, however, cannot but ask himself what else was to be expected. History is not all of one piece. Mankind does not march orderly abreast toward what we are pleased to call progress. Some are in one stage, some in another. And what each has that is admirable was not earned without toil. Of all plants, that of civil order is of slowest growth. I need not

appeal to history, so ready to one's mind are instances of the chaos which filled Europe until times so recent as to be almost within living memory. Six hundred years—since the fall of Constantinople it is but four hundred and fifty—would be scarcely long enough to turn horse-thieves into gentlemen, even without any other problem than that of their own salvation.

But the Ottomans had a far more complicated problem—one that baffles the ablest statesmen of to-day. It was, as we have seen, to absorb the diverse and antagonistic populations that fell under their sway; to assimilate with them or to contrive some *modus vivendi*. Had the conquest taken place a thousand years earlier—perhaps five hundred years earlier—I have no doubt that the problem would have been solved, at least to the satisfaction of the conquerors. But the process was overtaken by the era of rapid communication, of increased intercourse between nations, of electric sympathy between peoples of one aim and one faith, however separate in space. Assimilation thenceforward became impossible. Hence there remained only the *modus vivendi*, which resolved itself into Greek atrocities, Bulgarian atrocities, Armenian atrocities, Macedonian atrocities, I know not what atrocities else.

It is in our judgment of those "atrocities" that we of the West betray our most radical miscomprehension of the Ottoman point of view. A little reflection will reveal to us that the Ottoman began much later than other nations, with no tradition of civilization behind him, as had the European colonists in America; and that from the first he was confronted by an extraordinarily difficult problem. No amount of bare reflection, however, will reveal to us the secret of the difference, subtle, intangible, but essential, between Asiatic and European. For that, experience is necessary; and so much experience that no European has ever given a satisfactory explanation. That the difference is insurmountable one is most unwilling to believe. Moreover, Japan, at least, seems to have understood the West, if the West has never understood the East. But any

discussion of Oriental affairs is perfectly futile if this factor is left unconsidered.

In nothing does the difference between Asia and Europe stand out more sharply than in the matter of administration and government. The Asiatic theory of government is theocratic. It supposes a ruler whose right is unquestioned and whose most arbitrary caprice is accepted like the inscrutable will of God. Mr. Townsend reminds us that while rulers have often enough been deposed in Asia, the most intolerable acts of their accession have been taken as a matter of course. The theory is elastic, but still it is the theory. The authority of this ruler is that of personality, his arm is the right of instant and unquestioned death. Justice is of him alone, prompt, meted out in person; and its decrees are accepted without a murmur. The personality is all, the code is nothing. It is only the European who has learned to govern by machinery—unless perhaps in some degree the Chinaman.

Here we find another element of the *ἀνάγκη* pursuing the unhappy Turk, in the necessity forced upon him of attacking his problems according to a law contrary to that of his being. Had his line of least resistance led him to some remote peninsula or plateau, far from the jealous eye of alien tutors, this had been spared him. But, blundering upon an empire, he is forced—this tenter who has never had time to put his captured house in order—he is forced to make a pretense of putting that house in order according to a system not his own. The Turk cannot administrate according to our ideas, and nothing will ever make him. Put him into a strait-jacket such as that enjoyed by the Indian or the Egyptian, and he will do very well. Left to himself, however, nothing but chaos can result from so radical a contradiction of ideas.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid is an interesting example of an Oriental administrator. That he is an able man no one denies, and a harder-working man probably does not breathe. In the good old times he would have made a great name for himself—as, indeed, he has done now! Born by chance too late for the good old times, he has fallen heir to the

cruel contradictions of his position. He cannot altogether rule as he would, and he cannot quite rule as he must. He has a huge Europeanized administrative system, which he tries to run on the Oriental principle of managing everything himself. The result is that he wastes time over hundreds of unessential details, and the system gets clogged. The same being true of every lesser administrator down to the last Vali and Kaimakam, it is small wonder if things do not march according to book.

An essential phase of this contradiction, necessarily disorganizing, between the real spirit of the Turk and the letter to which he is forced to conform, is the reflex action of that letter upon himself. The withering effect of European civilization upon all other civilizations which it touches is a phenomenon no less curious than common. In the case of primitive peoples this effect appears to be actually physical, as witnessed by the dwindling away of the aborigines of North America and Australia. In other cases the effect is twofold: the higher growth of a people is instantly checked, and its moral character deteriorates. The first is well seen in Egypt—or better still in India, where the intellectual triumph of the occupation has been the Baboo. The second effect is most evident in Constantinople. There the touch of Europe is corruption. The Turk of the old time, simple in habit, gentle in manner, honest in dealing, is the Turk of the turban and the parti-colored robe—not he of the English coat and the French accent. This is not to say by any means that all gowned and turbaned Turks are honest and gentle. But there are enough of them to justify the tourist of the longer sojourn in his extravagant praise.

It is evident that under such conditions, where the arm of the governing power is one that it cannot wield and where outside influence defeats its own end, there can be small hope of a strong central authority. It is no marvel if Kourds and Bashi Bozouks discover opportunity for the exercise of their peculiar energies. Kourds and Bashi Bozouks exist in every community. But many more exist *in posse* who are only kept

from existing *in esse* by the even, the powerful, and the long-continued repression of a well-organized government. Be that repression relaxed never so little, the ranks of the Bashi Bozouks *in esse* will swell proportionately. Exert that repression as unevenly as is necessarily the case in Turkey, and the Bashi Bozouks will attain alarming numbers.

But all this, while adequate to account for a very considerable degree of public disturbance, is hardly sufficient to explain the manner or the motive of those extreme disorders which have always marked the critical stages of Turkish rule in Christian provinces. The secret of the matter lies again in those differences between Asiatic and European—and specifically between Mohammedan and Christian—which we at this distance cannot foresee or comprehend. We cannot understand the extraordinary callousness characteristic of the “atrocities.” “That want of the power of sympathy,” says Mr. Townsend, “is the root of all evil in him”—the Asiatic—“the ultimate cause of all the tyrannies, the massacres, and the tortures which from the first have disgraced Asiatic life, and which, as we see alike in Turkey and in China, still continue.” We may memorialize, we may make naval demonstrations, but we can no more take out of the Turk than we can comprehend, his fatalistic indifference to suffering and to the extinction of human life. And as to why he should be so pointedly indifferent to the fate of his Christian subjects we are again in the dark. We have not the slightest conception of the peculiar sufferance in which a Mohammedan holds a Christian. It is part of our baggage of culture to know vaguely that a Mohammedan looks upon the infidel askance, that the killing of an unbeliever is considered a meritorious act, that there is some injunction as to the Holy War. But we think of Mohammedanism as we think of the various sects which, in spite of mutual exclusions here, succeed in dwelling together with considerable harmony. Secure in our material civilization, we find it impossible to believe—we of the flexible creeds—that a half-savage Asi-

atic should regard us as barbarians, as outcasts, as permitted to live only on sufferance, as subject to tribute in return for the “quarter” granted us by those of the Faith. But this is true, and more. It is no baggage of culture. It shines in the Mohammedan sun and blows in his air. During times of peace, or for motives of expediency, this doctrine may lie dormant. But no one should be surprised to find it suddenly effective. We must see that its operation is adequately accounted for on the principle of what psychologists call *ideo-motor action*. And, however reprehensible Christian-baiting may be from our point of view, we must admit that from the Mohammedan point of view it is perfectly legitimate.

The specific motive is not difficult to trace. It lies in the misery which pervades that great empire, from the first sentry on the Bosnian frontier to the last coast-guardsmen on the littoral of Yemen. It springs from the inevitable maladministration of the country, from the animosity between diverse and jealous races, from the exasperating tutelage—the accident of geography—exercised by exterior powers. And those who know it best are those who play upon it when they have something to gain from a sudden outbreak. It is hardly matter for surprise if the members of a dominant race, goaded from within and from without, occasionally wreak their exasperation upon the despised alien subjects whom they vaguely believe responsible for all their misery. Can we, then, think that deeds like those of Macedonia are inexplicable? Or that our Western scales are adequate to weigh the burden of the East?

I have likened Ottoman history to a drama—to a tragedy ruled by the Greek idea of *ἀνάγκη*. The dramatic element is patent. The tragic also, if one observe merely that which was of chance, which was impossible of calculation, in the events of the crowded story. The keynote of the tragedy is the mute, the symbolic, conflict between East and West, whose battle-ground is the shore of the Bosphorus. It is the struggle between the ideas of Asia and the ideas of Europe that is the flail of the Ottoman Empire.

One may not pardon a half-educated and desperate ruler for treacheries innumerable; one may not excuse a starveling soldiery for inhuman excesses. But one must recognize there the iron logic of necessity, the logic of that inevitable conflict between East and West. It is a conflict that will not cease until one combatant or the other is able to give

combat no more. You will not reform Turkey by a code or a constitution. Behind those must be a slow process of centuries, such as drew Europe from the shadow of her barbarian forests. And for that we have neither the will nor the patience to wait. Turkey must play out her tragedy to the end, the victim of circumstances and of her own ideas.

The Bachelor's Experience

By François Coppée

Translated by H. Twitshall

FOR twenty years Jean Vignol had written special stories for popular papers; stories in which assassinations and exchanged infants figured conspicuously. He was really the equal of any of his competitors in this specialty. If you ever have a dangerous illness—from which Heaven preserve you—and you do not know how to fill the hours of a tedious convalescence, read "The Mysteries of Menilmontant," which has not less than twenty thousand lines. You will find in it all the usual ingredients from this literary *cuisine*.

The opening is striking, especially when the rascally Duke de Vieux-Donjon, at the close of the opera, descends into the sewer where he has an appointment with an escaped convict, who is to deliver to him papers capable of ruining the beautiful Marquise des Deux-Poivrières, who, having been exchanged in infancy, is not the daughter of a Spanish grandee as is supposed, but in reality that of a cabinet-maker, condemned to death by a legal error, and guillotined in place of the convict with whom the Duke is keeping his subterranean appointment.

As you see from this single example, Jean Vignol knew his trade perfectly.

Still, the poor scribbler had only moderate success; he was not able to place his stories readily, and he earned a very modest living indeed. In the first place, he lacked opportunity; and he was too modest to push himself.

He had not made his début in the literary world by writing serials. He preserved, in the bottom of a drawer, without

hope of ever having them anywhere else, his two youthful efforts, composed in the years when his locks were thick, and when he was full of faith in his art.

One was a volume of elegies, "Fleur de Poison;" the other, more voluminous, was a horrible drama of the time of the Middle Ages, bearing the gory title "Les Écorcheurs," whose characters were eternally slashing one another with swords, or else delivering endless tirades.

Unfortunately, dramas could not be eaten, and the "Fleur de Poison" could not be used to season salads. Their author was compelled to live at Belleville in small rooms on the fifth floor with his mother, who was crippled with rheumatism and who complained from morning till night. To earn money the poet had become a novelist, just as an unsuccessful painter becomes a photographer. He accepted his vocation with calm resignation and put forth all his efforts; still, as has been said, his success was slight. This was but right, after all, for his works lacked sincerity. One felt that he did not believe in his marquises whose fathers were guillotined cabinet-makers, and in his dukes who walked about in sewers in fur overcoats and white neckties.

The editor of the "Petit Proletaire," in which Jean published his productions, said to him bluntly:

"My dear fellow, your readers feel that you are not sincere in what you write," so he paid him only two sous per line.

The poor man, who knew that he was superior to his work, often drew a long

sigh. But what could he do? It was his fate; so, to keep his *pot-au-feu* boiling, he used his wits to invent more and more extravagant adventures.

While his mother was alive, Jean, being the model of filial piety, found life endurable. But for two years he had been alone in the world, with no kindred, no friends, and the habits of a recluse. He felt really desolate in his fifth-story room at Belleville.

At the time of our narrative he was an undersized man of forty-seven, with a tendency to stoutness, a long black beard, a nose like Socrates, and eyes like those of a kind dog. Having indifferent health and a stomach of the second class, he had been obliged to renounce the consolations of tobacco, even in moderation.

"What a bother!" he said to himself one evening as he climbed his five flights, puffing, for he was growing asthmatic. "The 'Journal' finds my last story lacking in bloodshed. I shall have to resuscitate Bouffe-Toujours, my convict, whom I precipitated from the Eiffel Tower a short time ago, and furnish him victims. And even after that, I know they will refuse me twenty centimes a line. What a dog's life!"

On entering his apartment he made several disagreeable discoveries. After a melancholy glance at his pipe-rack, he found that his coke fire was entirely out. He would have to smut his fingers to rekindle it. Then his lamp had been badly trimmed in the morning; he had to change the wick; next, he noticed that there were just two matches in the box.

"*Tonnerre de brindesingue!*" he exclaimed, that being his favorite expression. "Here I have to pass the night resurrecting the convict! And five flights to go down and up again just for a few matches. Ah, but no; I will borrow from my neighbor."

The neighbor was Mère Mathieu, a poor old woman, whose daughter had died a few months before, leaving a babe. This child was now six months old, and as its father had deserted it, the grandmother was bringing it up. There was enough poverty there, too. The novelist, prompted by a kind heart,

often went in and left money when he had not enough for himself.

"Good-evening, Mère Mathieu; will you lend me some matches?" he said, a few moments later.

He stopped in astonishment on the threshold. The old woman was kneeling on the floor, tying up her only mattress by the light of a piece of candle. The babe was asleep in a willow cradle, and on the cheap red-wood bed there was nothing but a straw tick.

"What are you doing there, Mère Mathieu?"

"You can see, Monsieur Vignol," replied the old woman, ready to cry. "I'm going to carry this to the pawnshop, and I must hurry, for it shuts up at eight. They ought to give me ten francs for it; it is good wool."

"What! your only mattress?"

"I must do it. My youngest sister, a widow like myself, has just taken to her bed, and they don't want her at the hospital, because her disease is incurable. I must help her, she has been so good to me. It won't hurt me to sleep on the straw for a little while. I shall redeem my mattress when I get my pay for my sewing. What bothers me now is the young one. It will take me at least an hour to go to the shop and to my sister's. Generally, I leave the child with the concierge, but to-night they are to have a family gathering. What shall I do with the baby?"

Jean Vignol had tears in his eyes.

"Not that, Mère Mathieu. Put your bed back. I have fifteen francs. Here are ten of them. Run to your sister's. As for the babe, you may carry it to my room. It sleeps soundly, so it won't keep me from working. If it wakes up, it won't be much trouble to give it something to eat."

"Ah, my good, kind Monsieur Vignol!" said the old woman, as she put the cradle beside the novelist's table.

When he was alone with the child, Jean laughed behind his thick beard. Stimulated by his kind act, he sat down by his lamp, and took his pen, for he must have his pages at the office by morning. The romance would be entirely changed by the resurrection of Bouffe-Toujours, and this evening our

novelist was in condition to do it. His convict, hurled from the second platform of the Eiffel Tower by an elegant scamp, a Viscount descended from the Crusades and a member of the Jockey Club, caught an iron bar in his fall, and sprang to the quay with the agility of an orang-outang. The next day he would poniard two or three policemen. The subscribers should have their fill of emotion now.

Suddenly the little one began to fret. Amused by his new functions, Jean took the nursing-bottle and gave it to the child, not very awkwardly either, for a beginner. Then he rocked it to sleep again.

The romancer did not return to his table. He sat by the cradle, and pensively looked at the little being lying on the pillow, with its tender fists clenched on its breast.

Cradles! Babies! Jean had indeed made free use of them in his absurd romances, but how stupid seemed all the improbable tales of stolen and exchanged infants. A child! Here was one, a real one, an orphan, a child of misery. What would become of it? Its grandmother was old and broken down by labor and privations. She would not last long. Then it would be one of those little unfortunates whom the public institutions bring up by thousands, and who nearly always turn out badly. It is from their ranks that thieves and convicts are recruited; real ones, this time. This poor little waif! What would life hold for it?

Jean Vignol fell into a melancholy reverie. The poet he had dreamt of being when he was young was not all dead within him. Here was a child, physically and morally abandoned, that should be the central figure of a book, in which he could express all the charity, all the tenderness, all the indignation of his heart. That was the romance he ought to write. But he had no genius, never had had any, and he knew it well. If tears stifled him at this moment, it was

because of the misfortune of this poor child and his own powerlessness.

The door opened. It was Mère Mathieu, who had returned out of breath. How weary she looked, and what a melancholy visage was framed by the old black hood! The sight caused the good man to yield to the desire that had taken shape in his mind.

"Listen, Mère Mathieu; I have been thinking of some things while you were away. As my mother is dead, I have enough for you too; so I will keep you with me, if you are willing. You can take care of the house, and I will bring up the child."

The poor woman uttered a cry, sank down in a chair, and covered her face with her hands. As the noise wakened the babe, Jean took it from the cradle, looked at it intently, then dropped on its soft, tender cheek a kiss that was almost paternal.

This was not all. The generous act of Jean brought its reward. To be sure, he kept on serving his special public with his sensational romances, but in his last work, "The Orphan of Belleville," there was a true note that had been lacking hitherto and that moved the grisettes to tears. The circulation of the "Petit Proletaire" increased, and he was paid four sous a line.

The story was even copied in several provincial papers; and when, later, Jean went to the office of the treasurer of the Society of Literary Men for his pay, he had the greatest joy of his career as a writer.

The most illustrious of modern novelists touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Say, Monsieur Vignol, I have read your later works and I have found in them some very good, sincere, and touching things concerning children."

The poor man blushed up to his ears. "Many thanks," he replied, beaming with joy. "But you see—that is because—now—when I write about babies—I copy from nature!"

Voltaire¹

By Lyman Abbott

THE author of this volume is to us unknown. He gives us no preface, and we are therefore left to surmise what may have been his reason for adding another to the lives of Voltaire. It is not as artistic nor as interesting as James Parton's. In interpretation of Voltaire's character it is not as lucid, as intelligible, and as self-consistent as Mr. Morley's interpretation. There is no portrait of Voltaire here that equals that which Thomas Carlyle has etched in his *Essays*. The book lacks perspective and proportion. The author's painting is the reverse of the impressionistic. It reminds us of the painters of half a century ago who painted every leaf and blade of grass and twig of tree in a great landscape as individually as if these were the central object of the painting. In a word, the work lacks composition. But it does not lack material carefully collected. It does not lack clearness, precision, a rational judgment, and occasional brilliance in expression. It may prove to be, we are not sure but that it will, the best life of Voltaire in the English language for the student, just because of its amplitude of detail.

It was a queer society, that of France in the eighteenth century; a queer combination of religion and immorality, of superstitious faith and scoffing skepticism, of social splendor and personal coarseness, of bondage to convention and glorification of nature, of praise of simplicity and practice of artificiality. Imagine, if one can in our age, the literary idol of the hour living with a married woman as his recognized mistress, making her country seat his home, directing the work in the garden as though he were head of the house, entertaining guests there, receiving the husband when he occasionally comes to pay a visit, hobnobbing cordially with him, and all the time received into the best society without a question. Imagine this supreme

skeptic of his age very particular not to miss attendance on mass on Sundays; dedicating his satire on the Church and the priesthood to the Pope, and getting the dedication accepted with thanks, because the Pope "was wise enough in his generation to perceive that it was better to have a subtle Voltaire for a friend than an enemy." Imagine men renowned for learning and brilliancy sitting down at supper to discuss the immortality of the soul, liberty, fate, Platonics, and breaking in on the discussion to hear one of their number declaim a play he has just written. Imagine an ecclesiastical tutor enjoying the honors and emoluments of the Christian Church, and teaching his young pupil to lisp scoffings as other children lisp prayers. Imagine a woman of social charm, intellectually brilliant, of honorable position, married to a wealthy and honored husband, coolly planning to become the mistress of the King, and winning the shameful post, who thenceforth "with her harlot's foot on its neck ruled France for nineteen years, lost it India and Canada, and spurred it galloping to the Revolution"—and yet never lost social position. Imagine an age concerning which its most popular writer could say, "Modesty has fled from our hearts and taken refuge on our lips," and could act his epigram as well as utter it, and be the more highly esteemed for this combination of strange contradictions.

"In some sense the child of his age," the author calls him. In almost every sort the child of his age, we reply; certainly in the strange inconsistencies of his character and in his easy disregard of what in our age are considered the fundamental moralities. And yet there was in him something which made him stand out in strong distinction from his age. Don Quixote he once calls himself—with some semblance of justice. And yet he had not Don Quixote's idealism; he was never deceived by his own imagination; he spent his life in fight-

¹ *The Life of Voltaire*. By S. G. Tallentyre. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

ing something more worthy of battle than windmills—and never was warrior better equipped for war than he. "King's jester" Frederick the Great called him, and with some semblance of truth. Yet, though he was rarely serious, he was generally very much in earnest; his jests were nearly all arrows, well aimed and sometimes poisoned. Skilled in the art of flattery and falsehood and ready always to use his skill; with no penchant for martyrdom; loving the praise of men, the excitements of public life, the luxuries of a luxurious age; and as little regardful of the restraints of the moral law as the most self-indulgent *roué* of his century, he is truly characterized by our author as "worldly-wise Voltaire." And yet from childhood to the very hour of his death he was always fighting the world in which he lived. What made him something more than merely worldly-wise, something other than a king's jester or a Don Quixote, something superior to the other children of his age, was his healthy hatred of the "orthodoxy" of his time—an orthodoxy which was selfish, sensual, hypocritical, intolerant, cruel.

The inconsistencies of this strange man are illustrated in the inconsistencies of the author. On page 105 of Volume I. he reports Voltaire as writing to a friend, "It is necessary to lie like the devil; not timidly, or for a time, but boldly and always. Lie, my friends, lie. I will repay you when I can." Yet three pages further on the author says that Voltaire "passionately seeks the truth and pursues that quest even when he finds that truth is not what he wishes it to be." Of any such love of truth we can find no sign in Voltaire's life. He not only urged his friends to "lie like the devil;" he set them the example. A flattering letter to the Prussian King got somehow into circulation at a time when the Prussian King was very unpopular in France. "M. de Voltaire had to be alert and active in a moment. He pursued his old line of policy. First of all, I did not write the letter. Secondly, if I did, it has been miscopied. Thirdly, if I did write it and it has not been miscopied, the reigning favorite of Louis XV., Madame de Mailly, must help me

out of my dilemma." He was very ambitious for election to the Academy. If literary ability were the only qualification, there could be no doubt of his election. But the Church was his mortal enemy. "Voltaire wrote long letters which are masterpieces of subtlety and special pleading to prove what a good Christian and Churchman he was. . . . He did not stop at a lie. . . . The mixture of the false and the true is so clever that it *might* have deceived anybody. Voltaire may have argued with himself that since he knew it *would* deceive nobody, the lying was very venial indeed."

Surely it requires no argument to prove that such a liar and advocate of lying as this had no passionate love of the truth. What he had was a passionate hatred of the orthodoxy of his time, an orthodoxy which censored the press in the interest of ecclesiasticism, which was blind to the grossest immoralities in its patrons and intolerant toward rebuke of the hypocrisies and vices of its priesthood, which repeatedly drove its greatest literary genius out of Paris because he pilloried before the public its corrupt and corrupting representatives, which celebrated as a festival the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which in the name of religion impoverished the poor and flattered and enriched the rich, which reversed Voltaire's epigrammatic description of Berlin skepticism, "God was respected, but those who deceived in his name were not spared." Parisian orthodoxy honored the men who deceived in God's name, but did not respect God.

There have been ecclesiastics who have made a god of their orthodoxy. The world now knows them well. On its behalf they have stopped at nothing. To defend, exalt, glorify it, they have cheated, lied, tortured, murdered, massacred. Voltaire had a like passion against orthodoxy. It was vehement, consuming, and, as all passions are, indiscriminating. He could not discern the small measure of truth which was embedded and stifled in this mass of ecclesiastical orthodoxy. There is nothing to indicate that he ever tried to find the truth in it. It must be said in his behalf that

there was not much truth in it to reward the search. It was false, sensual, cruel. He took it as he found it, and he hated it with a perfect hatred. He attacked it with the weapon of which he was master—ridicule, the one and probably the only weapon to which it was, at that age and in that society, vulnerable. He would not have tortured nor murdered nor massacred to destroy orthodoxy; he was too humane for that. Besides, torturing and murdering and massacring was a part of the orthodoxy which he hated. But he did not in the least hesitate in his warfare to do what he

advised his friends to do—"lie like the devil." He was tolerant of everything but intolerance—of every opinion and of every practice. He was a destructionist, but a destructionist of that which the world needed to have destroyed. He was a necessary precursor of the French Revolution; his pen was a guillotine before the guillotine. His life-work is well summed up at the close of Mr. Tallentyre's story of his life, in a single sentence: "He found the earth overspread with hideous undergrowths of oppression and privilege, intolerance and cruelty; and he destroyed them."

The Autobiography of Professor Le Conte¹

THERE are three distinct elements of interest in this autobiography. It was written primarily for the family, and, partly owing to this reason, still more, we suspect, owing to the simplicity of the author, it has a singular and charming *naïveté*. It is personal without being egotistical, self-revelatory without being morbid. It has that indescribable quality which belongs to personal conversation with intimate friends. It is all the more interesting and suggestive because it is not in form literary. Professor Le Conte's early life was adventurous, and the book contains graphic and unartistic but vivid pictures of life in the early half of the nineteenth century in the South.

It is interesting, secondly, because of its admixture of the scientific and the religious spirit. Professor Le Conte was by nature, no less than by training, a scientist; yet he was also, by nature and by education, profoundly religious. He did not lose his spirit of reverence and faith because he devoted himself to scientific pursuits. He carried into them that kind of enthusiasm which grows out of reverence for God and love for one's fellow-men. His book on "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," originally delivered as lectures in 1872, was not only one of the

first serious and effective attempts to reconcile scientific theories with religious faith, but it remains to this day one of the best contributions that has been made upon this subject, incomplete it is true, but admirable in all that it contains and all that it suggests. Two or three sentences from the close of his autobiography explain the reason for the value of his early contribution to the subject: "Of all the laws of nature, it [evolution] is by far the most religious, that is, the most in accord with religious philosophic thought. It is indeed glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all peoples. Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel. Literally it can be shown that all the apparent irreligious and materialistic implications of science are reversed by this last child of science, or rather this daughter of the marriage of science and philosophy. During all my life I have striven to show this."

The third element of interest afforded by this autobiography—and at the present juncture perhaps the most interesting and important—is contained in the three chapters VII., VIII., IX., giving an account of the conditions in South Carolina and Georgia in and immediately after the war. These chapters are interesting because they are graphic; they are valuable because they give the view of a Southerner whose spirit is catholic, whose charity is great, and who before he wrote was so removed from the scene of conflict that he could pre-

¹ *The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte*. Edited by William Dallam Armes. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

sent his view without wrath or bitterness. We in the North have heard the story of Sherman's march to the sea many times from the point of view of the soldiers who took part in that memorable campaign. It would be well if every Northerner could read this simple picture of that campaign as it was seen

by one of those to whom it was a terrible tragedy. Chapter IX., "After the War," is only twelve pages in length, but it gives, we do not say a better account, but a more vivid picture, of social conditions under the reconstruction period than is furnished by many a more elaborate and pretentious history.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Baronet in Corduroy (The). By Albert Lee. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 379 pages. \$1.50.

The companion to a "lady of quality" is the narrator of this romance, which in addition to its entertaining love story presents a vivid picture of life and social conditions in the England of Queen Anne.

Bellum Catilinae. By C. Sallusti Crispi. Edited by Alfred Gudeman. (Twentieth Century Text-Books.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 201 pages. \$1. net.

Book of Psalms (The): Translated from the Massoretic Text. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 3¼x5 in. 311 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Bride of His Palace (The). By Homer A. King. Illustrated. The Charles H. Woodman Press, Boston. 5x8 in. 293 pages.

Bunte Geschichten. By Erna M. Stoltze. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7 in. 98 pages.

Character: A Moral Text-Book for the Use of Parents and Teachers in Training Youth in the Principles of Conduct and an Aid to Self-Culture. Compiled by Henry Varnum. Hinds & Noble, New York. 5x8 in. 402 pages. \$1.50.

This is a text-book in the sense of a book of texts—short sayings, maxims, embodying generally received principles of moral action in thought and conduct. Mr. Varnum has made a very large compilation of these, some thousands, arranged under some two hundred heads in a sequence adapted to progressive instruction from early childhood to adolescence. The design is commendable, and so is the book itself. Inculcating morality in minute detail, it does not fail to emphasize the inseparable connection of morality with religion.

Compromises of Life and Other Lectures and Addresses (The). By Henry Watterson. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 477 pages.

Dofa Perfecta. By B. Pérez Galdos. Edited by Edwin Seelye Lewis, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7 in. 377 pages.

Eternal Laughter and Other Poems (The). By W. Starling Burgess. Illustrated. The W. B. Clarke Co., Boston. 6¼x8 in. 60 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

El Niño de la Bola. By Don Pedro A. de Alarcón. Edited by Rudolph Schwill. The American Book Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 278 pages.

Flame of Fire (A). By Joseph Hocking. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 397 pages. \$1.50.

This tale in Mr. Hocking's familiar narrative style describes the rescue by three Elizabethan Britons of two of their countrywomen from the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. Their adventures and the triple romance therein involved occupy and entertain the reader through something like four hundred pages.

Hanover and Prussia, 1795-1803: A Study in Neutrality. By Guy Stanton Ford, B.L., Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science. Vol. XVIII., No. 3.) The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co.), New York. 6¼x10 in. 316 pages. \$2.

Most readers of German history in general and of Prussian in particular have been "jumped" from a description of Frederick the Great and his times to a description of Stein, Schadow, and theirs. This has arisen because historians, and especially German historians, have pretty unanimously considered the intervening period as one of unrelieved weakness and disgrace. Yet it was really the critical period in Prussian history, politically and socially, and the Government's Hanoverian policy was the key to many things Prussian. Unless we understand this period we cannot fully understand the glorious struggle for liberty which followed it. The present volume, therefore, is a timely and valuable one. Dr. Ford's studies and conclusions are based almost wholly on archival material, little of which has been published. The monograph should certainly help to draw the notice of students of history to a field which hitherto has received little attention.

Head Lights. No. 1. Washington. By Rev. A. M. Bullock, Ph.D. Illustrated. 4¼x7 in. 95 pages.

History of the United States for Secondary Schools (A). By J. N. Larned. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 701 pages. \$1.40, net.

In Alaskan Waters. By W. Bert Foster. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 363 pages. 90c. net.

The San Francisco lad, hero of this story, is cast in the usual mold, and meets with an unsurprising number of adventures, being sandbagged, "shanghaied," suspected of robbery, set adrift on icebergs, and attacked by polar bears with familiar frequency, returning from these little experiences to clear his reputation, put his enemies to confusion, and incidentally to go through one of the best colleges of the East. But there is one offender he does not bring to justice. The "rascal Grubb," alias Captain Craventy, goes scot free. Hence the author may claim a degree of originality for his book. We scarcely recall a parallel in literature of this order.

Incomparable Bellairs. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 289 pages.

A breezy novel of adventure and society, quite in the spirit of the eighteenth century comedy, and with a great deal of the freedom of that comedy. The story is told with a sprightly movement which is engaging. It is, of course, entirely artificial, but the artificiality is carried off by the brightness and audacity of the plot and by the general dash and daring of all the people concerned. "The Incomparable Bellairs" is a very well drawn picture of a gay society woman who means to make the most of life and afterwards get the best out of it.

L'Armée Chinoise. By Général H. Frey. Hachette et Cie., Paris, France. 5¼x9 in. 173 pages.

General Frey treats of the Chinese Army as it has been, as it is, and as it ought to be. The ordinary reader will care little about the past or present military forces in the Flowery Kingdom, but, since the appointment of Yuan-Shi-Kai to the command of the army, the incontestable military qualities of the energetic viceroy of Chili have made a number of observers, among them General Frey, feel that there might, after all, be some more hopeful future for China in a military sense. After a careful and detailed survey of the whole field, General Frey's conclusions are, first, that if the mandarins at Peking had less of a wooden spirit of routine and bureaucracy and also had less jealousy towards Yuan-Shi-Kai, and, secondly, if the other viceroys had the patriotism of Chang-Chi-Tung, for instance, China might have in twenty years an army which could even hope to measure its forces with those of one of the Powers.

Lower Bureau Drawer (The). By Emma Upton Vaughn. The Editor Co., New York. 4x7 in. 180 pages. 75c.

Morals: A Treatise on the Psycho-Sociological Bases of Ethics. By Professor G. L. Duprat. Translated by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A., F.R.A.S. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 382 pages. \$1.50.

The change of emphasis from individualistic to socialistic conceptions, which is conspicuous in other provinces of thought, is here

made prominent in ethics. The statement that "private virtues can only have value in so far as they are a condition of public virtues" is made a cardinal principle. In the writer's point of view there is a moral crisis: the foundations of society are threatened. The disintegrating force is criticism; science only can restore stability. More justly it must be said that materialism, not theoretic, but practical, has wrought mischief, the antidote to which only religion, and that practical, can bring. But of this M. Duprat will have nothing; in fact, like many other French scientists, he knows nothing of it in its reality. In the purely scientific aspects of his subject he is worthy of attention, although he will not concede that ethics or morals (terms synonymous with him) is a science; he calls it merely "a technology"—the art of social living. Admitting the doctrine of the will known as determinism, in the sense that there is no act of will so free as to be uncaused, he qualifies it so far as to say that the ego is itself "the origin of a new causal series." Hedonism he rejects; Spencer falls short of truth. Spencer, indeed, would have been appalled at his declaration that it is "the duty of society to work without relaxation at the just redivision of material property." Science discards the idea of any natural right. But here he is inconsistent. If "the wages system is condemned to disappear, because it does not leave room for the moral evolution of the artisan," a natural right of moral nature to evolution must certainly be conceded. Beyond that, however, M. Duprat is on solid ground in holding that duties are antecedent to rights: "our idea of rights must flow from that of our social duties." Equally important is his principle that in morals no act is indifferent; every special occupation is subject throughout to his grand law of duty—"the realization of the best possible social system." We do not go to France for ethics. But M. Duprat has given English students a book well worth attention for the deserved emphasis it puts in the name of science on social morality. The glaring defect in his well-wrought scheme is that he expects of it the impossible—as if a machine could supply the power to run itself. Against his belief that the progress of science will achieve the goal of ethical endeavor we may set Mr. Benjamin Kidd's finding that the motor force in human evolution is religion.

Magi in the West and their Search for the Christ (The): A Tale for the Christmas-Tide. By Frederic Dewhurst. The Pilgrim Press, Chicago. 5¼x7 in. 26 pages.

Note-Line in the Hebrew Scriptures (The). By James Kennedy, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½x8½ in. 129 pages. \$1.75, net.

As we insert *sic* in brackets where we wish to mark the accurate reproduction of a quoted word, so the Hebrew scribes inserted a short vertical mark. As a sort of *nota bene* it is here termed "the note-line." Dr. Kennedy reviews the use made of it in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, in the

belief that it may be utilized for reaching an improved text.

Peter the Pilgrim. By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 256 pages. \$1.50.

Precious and Sacred Writings of Martin Luther (The). Vol. I. A Critical and Devotional Commentary on Genesis. Edited by John Nicholas Lenker, D.D. The Lutherans in All Lands Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 5¼x8¼ in. 448 pages.

This volume, and a volume on the Psalms which preceded it, initiate a movement for the publication of Luther's works in English. Genesis was his "swan-song," completed, after ten years, but three months before his death. Its amplitude is such that this first volume covers barely four chapters. However antiquated in part by modern learning, it is interesting as the reflection of its great author's spirit and its many allusions to the controversies and difficulties besetting him.

Present College Questions: Six Papers Read Before the National Educational Association, at the Sessions held in Boston, July 6-7, 1903. By Charles W. Eliot, Andrew F. West, William R. Harper, and Nicholas Murray Butler. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 105 pages. \$1, net. (Postage, 9c.)

The occasion which called forth these addresses last July is memorable as the largest assembly ever held in this country to discuss educational questions. A much larger number are interested in the questions, still keenly discussed, which these addresses deal with—"A New Definition of the Cultivated Man," "The Present Peril of Liberal Education," and "The Length of the College Course."

Proceedings of the Conference for Education in the South, Richmond, Va., April 22 to April 24, and at the University of Virginia, April 25, 1903. (The Sixth Session.)

Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Parochial List, 1904 (The). Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5x7½ in. 466 pages. 25c.

Random Verse. By Herman Knickerbocker Viefé. Brentano's, New York. 5½x9 in. 89 pages. Reserved for later notice.

Relations Between Freedom and Responsibility in the Evolution of Democratic Government. By Arthur Twining Hadley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x8 in. 174 pages.

Our grand political heresy—the inversion of the ethical relation of rights to duties, claiming rights first, and apart from duties—appears in the present dominance of self-interest in political and industrial affairs. Out of this come our social discords and distresses. Over against this President Hadley shows, as a part of the historical relation between liberty and responsibility in every province of thought, what the ethical basis of democracy is, and what comes of ignoring it. The contrast he draws between "democracy in theory and in practice" shows how it is ignored to-day. Our courts, by securing a measure of self-restraint in self-subjection to reason, alone stand between us and the evils springing from lack of the social spirit of real democracy. Only through the self-restraint dictated by the social spirit can real freedom be secured. Enlightened self-interest accom-

plished much for men released a century ago from the shackles of over-government. But it has brought ill in our time. Partisanship and commercialism have become scandals and dangers. These new occasions teach new duties. Liberty was won long since. We now face the equally difficult task of preserving it. "What we want is an attempt to enlist individual power in the interest of collective happiness." The community as a whole is in fault. Its low general standard of political ethics thwarts the individual who pursues a higher standard. An illuminating discussion of various schemes for modifying industrial conditions comes to the same fundamental conclusion; it is not an improvement of social machinery that is needed so much as of the spirit that operates it—the social conscience of the individual. "In politics, as in industry, we must substitute the conception of a trust for that of a game." Tonic teaching for the times is this, and desirable in churches as well as in universities.

Secret Name (The). By Jeannette M. Dougherty. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5x7½ in. 240 pages. \$1.25.

Shipmates in Sunshine. By F. Frankfort Moore. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 410 pages. \$1.50.

A genial and humorous account of the chance acquaintances and incidents of a trip from Southampton, England, through the West Indies, during which more than one little romance is encountered and pleasingly retailed by the author.

Sons of Vengeance. By Joseph S. Malone. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 299 pages. \$1.50.

From a critical standpoint this story cannot be regarded as a success, yet it quite faithfully presents the dramatic contrasts in the life of the Kentucky mountaineer—one hour the slow, simple, illiterate rustic, deeply if primitively religious; the next, the alert and vengeful participant in bloody vendetta warfare or desperate armed resistance to the law in moonshiners' raids.

Torch (The). By Herbert M. Hopkins. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5x7½ in. 398 pages.

Books about college life are not rare, but here is one that claims attention from internal evidence of the genuineness of its presentment of what might be called the executive-social atmosphere of a Western university. The romance element is not absent, the character-drawing is vigorously executed, and altogether the story is one of exceptional merit.

Temple Bible (The): Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings. Edited by W. J. Stevenson, M.A. Tobit and the Babylonian Apocryphal Writings. Edited by A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x5¼ in. Per vol., 60c., net.

We have before called attention to the importance of the apocryphal writings that intervene between the Old and the New Testament as forming an essential part of the historical and literary background of the

New Testament. The first of the above-named volumes includes the book of Baruch and the Wisdom of Solomon; the second, besides the book of Tobit, includes the book of Judith, the Story of Bel and the Dragon, the Story of Susanna, the Song of the Three Holy Children, and the Prayer of Manasses. The present edition, with Introductions and Notes, is in style and contents every way attractive.

Visions of the Christ. By Levi Gilbert. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 283 pages. \$1.

The appearance of this book from the Methodist publishing house rather interestingly coincides with the announcement that certain Methodists are proceeding against Professor Bowne for alleged heresies. The book stands for the general view of religious truth that those brethren attack. Not that it enters into theological or critical questions; it simply takes the standpoint of the newer as distinct from the older evangelism. For instance, the judgment of the world by Christ is taken to be the measurement of men's likeness or difference to him as the divine Ideal. The tone of the whole book is inspirational rather than critical: e.g.,

the natural is itself supernatural; everything, not merely what men call miracle, is really miraculous.

Where American Independence Began. By Daniel Munro Wilson. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 327 pages. \$2.25, net.

The speedy appearance of an enlarged edition of this charming contribution to our knowledge of the earliest movers toward our National independence shows a more than merely local interest in this work of local history and biography. The famous men and women of old Braintree in Massachusetts, or rather of that part of it which since 1792 has been known as Quincy, especially the Adamses, Hancocks, Quincys, and Hoars, have a secure place in our National history, and their commemoration is a patriotic service.

Writing Latin: Book Two—Third or Fourth Year Work. By John Edmund Barss. (Gilder-sleeve-Lodge Latin Series.) The University Publishing Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 171 pages. 75c.

Zionism and Anti-Semitism. By Max Nordau and Gustav Gottheil. The Scott-Thaw Co., New York. 5×8 in. 76 pages.

A concise and clear exposition of these closely related subjects.

Correspondence

The Schools of Porto Rico¹

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Every one in Porto Rico was interested in your two articles, "Our Subject Races" and "Our Public Schools," in the October 31st issue. If any progress is to be made in Porto Rico, it must first come from education. You rightly say there are 300,000 children of school age who are not in school, but that gives but a slight impression of the ignorance in the island, as there are, besides these 300,000 children who are not in school, from 300,000 to 400,000 grown-up people who can neither read nor write, and who have never had any school advantages. At the rate we are going—60,000 children in, say, four years, not counting the first year of American occupation—how long will it be before we will have school facilities for even the 300,000 children, which number is gradually increasing?

We have been able to put these 60,000 children in school because we got quite an amount of money from the refunding of duties collected during the organization of the island government; but now we cannot expect any such large increase to our school funds, and are dependent upon the island taxes, which provide but little more than enough to keep our present schools in successful operation and make a few additions each year.

It is evident, therefore, that if the people of the United States want to see the people

of Porto Rico educated, they will have to do something more than look. While taxes are apparently small—being one per cent. of the assessed valuation—they are large considering the volume of money on the island, sundry city taxes, and the fact that where there is such a proportion of the people (nearly eighty per cent.) who are ignorant, the number who have to pay taxes is small and the volume of business is also necessarily small and limited. The facts given above tend to prove that the Government of the United States must in some way provide for greatly extended school facilities.

We have the same difficulties in Porto Rico that you illustrate by your quoted letter of the Rev. Mr. Geer. Porto Rico is supposed to be a Roman Catholic country, and, aside from a single struggling church of the Church of England denomination, nothing but Roman Catholic religion has had any hold on the people up to the time of the American occupation. The Roman Catholics have therefore had an excellent opportunity to show the advantage of their educational (?) system, and, as shown by the above, it is quite evident that they have made a miserable failure.

In this connection I quote a recent letter of Bishop J. H. Blenk, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Porto Rico. By this letter you will discover an additional obstacle that must be considered in the education of these people. It is deeply regretted that Bishop Blenk should have taken this stand and put himself on record as opposed to the

¹ See an editorial in this issue of The Outlook.

first and only effort made in hundreds of years to give these people the opportunity of an education.

If the Roman Catholics were doing anything in particular along educational lines on the island, we might look at this matter differently; but they are not; they are almost as silent and inactive as ever, and it is very evident that if left to them it would be hundreds of years more before education would be general.

I am deeply interested in this educational question, and am interested in a charity school which a society of citizens, assisted by friends in the States, has founded, and I know from experience that these people are ready and anxious for education, and if the proper spirit can be stirred up in the States, it should not be long until this island is in a fair way to lead in its average of children in school.

ROBERT A. MILLER.

Ponce, Porto Rico.

[COPY OF TRANSLATION OF BISHOP BLENK'S LETTER]

San Juan, Porto Rico, September 26, 1903.

Mr. Ramon Falcón, President Board of Education, San Juan, P. R.:

My Dear Sir—I beg of you to receive my sincere thanks for the kind invitation to assist at the feast of the opening of the first term that is to take place in the Emerson School [new public school building].

With sentiment of profound regret I find myself compelled not to concur in this interesting act that will get together so many of my dear children, towards whom I have always experienced affectionate care and paternal solicitude.

More! How can I be present in a place that itself excludes and banishes Him of whom I am the representative, and whose rights eternal and inalienable I have the honor and duty to manage and defend?

I appreciate in its full value the high intellectual culture, to prove which many years of my life have been consecrated to teaching, but I never permitted myself to divorce the development of the intellect from the religious and moral culture. And it is because I have seen that illustrious men who are not at the same time men of solid virtue, give lamentable results.

God, the country, the society, the family, and the individual all require imperatively that the intellectual men distinguish themselves by a life of virtue pure and undiluted, and you know very well that such virtue is worth more than a mere education, however high that may be.

Feeling this way, and having the high mission to fill my dear children with the knowledge, service, and love of their eternal Father, making them in this way complete men, I would be unfaithful to their sacred interests, also to my conscience and to God, any time that I assist in the school feasts, and it might be interpreted as approval of a system of education so disastrous and defective.

Repeating to you, Mr. President, my sincere thanks for your kindness to me, I am,

Yours attentively,

JAMES H. BLENK,
Bishop of Porto Rico.

To Prevent Fires

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In all that has been said, and so well said, on the subject of protection from fire in theaters, including your own recent editorial, it seems to me strange that nothing is said of the value of an automatic sprinkler system. Living in a factory town, where the most valuable plants are insured in the Factory Mutuals—such insurance being conditioned on equipment with sprinklers—the matter has been probably brought home to me in a way in which it is not brought home to many others.

Edward Atkinson could overwhelm you with statistics as to the value of such sprinklers, placed on a stage, in putting out a fire "before it starts," so to speak. A bit from my own experience may be in point. In Waterbury's great conflagration of February, 1902, a single sprinkler in one of the buildings owned by the "American" stopped the fire which was invading that part of the buildings, and saved that part of the plant as well as two blocks of buildings on a street beyond. These must inevitably have gone had not the fire been stopped at that particular point.

For my own part, I should feel safer if I went to sleep in a hotel room with an automatic sprinkler just above my bed. I should certainly take much more pleasure in going to the theater if I knew that a system of automatic sprinklers would throw steady streams of water on any small blaze immediately on its start. Why cannot this matter be taken up, and public sentiment be educated to the point of demanding that a system which puts out fires in their incipency is better than any system of protection from fires once under way?

ARTHUR REED KIMBALL.

The President and Secession

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some time ago a friend at the North sent me a copy of General Gordon's Reminiscences. It revived memories of events of the long ago in which I took a humble part. I am a good American now, and am backing the President in his present policy in Panama; and I am doing this all the more cordially because his action is a complete vindication of the principle for which the South fought in the titanic war between the States, in comparison with which later wars have seemed child's play. While I, and most of us in the South who survive that great struggle, are glad, for "the good of the world," as the phrase now goes, that we did not succeed in holding the heights at Gettysburg, as we came so near doing, which would have sealed the fate of the Union, yet we

can but feel a keen sense of satisfaction in knowing that no man who supports the present attitude of the Government can with any sort of consistency apply to us the opprobrious epithets of traitor and rebel. No one enjoys such names. They are terms of shame and dishonor; and the men who fought in the Southern army indignantly resent the insinuation that they acted for any other than the most patriotic and honorable motives as viewed from their standpoint. We are deeply grateful to The Outlook for its masterly defense of our position, the best ever written in so small a compass, in the article "Was Lee a Traitor?" The trouble, as you showed, all grew out of divergent interpretations of the Constitution. We honestly believed that we had the right to secede, when our personal and property rights were menaced in the Union. This was the contention of Panama. The North took the opposite view; and because there was no arbiter to which to appeal, as is now afforded in the Hague Tribunal, only the gage of battle was left; in that, as so often before and since, the victory rested not with the right, but with the heavy battalions.

The Boer War was a similar case. In it, as with us, the legal right was against the aggressor, but again "the good of the world" and "the progress of civilization" demanded that we or they should go down before the superior force.

If Mr. Roosevelt is right now, we were right then. So the vindication of our cause—the so-called "lost cause"—though long delayed, has come at last, and that, too, from a very unexpected quarter—the President of the United States.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

The action of the President is but another proof of the truth of the old adage, "Blood will tell," which is but another way of asserting the powerful effect of heredity. Mr. Roosevelt's indorsement of the right of secession may, after all, be only the result of his inheritance, for his mother was a Southern woman. J. O. JOHNSTON.

[This letter from the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas no doubt represents a considerable sentiment in the South, but the cases do not seem to us at all parallel.—THE EDITORS.]

The New Sage Chapel

Cornell University begins the new year by reopening for worship the enlarged and newly decorated Sage Chapel. The original edifice, in which food for the spirit was furnished the students and faculty, was erected in 1874, and was the gift of the late Henry W. Sage. In 1883 the memorial chapel which joins the edifice on the north was erected. In 1898 enlargement of Sage Chapel was made to about four times the size of the original. The superb mosaic work, with thirteen life-size figures set in the wall of the

eastern apse, was illustrated and described in The Outlook over a year ago. During the past summer a transept was built on the north side, parallel with the memorial chapel to the westward, giving a space of over twelve hundred square feet for the organ, a choir of eighty singers, and an instrumental orchestra of ten or twelve pieces. The organ was rebuilt against the north wall, while about half the above amount of space, once the choir platform at the west end, has been regained for seats. The chapel has now 750 sittings, but a thousand auditors can, with extra provision, find room. The solid doors leading into the memorial chapel have been replaced by others of gilded wrought iron with panels of plate glass, so that the carved marbles and memorial windows are visible from the main auditorium. Oak doors in place of the old pine and new seats have been put in. The pulpit, which is of Caen stone and handsomely carved, is now set in front of the southern (instead of the northern) jamb of the stone arch supporting the ceiling of the apse, and is in memory of the late Dean Sage, the elder son of Henry W. and brother of William, the active donor. The chief pattern in the mosaic floor fronting the apse is a conventional grape-vine. The roots run under the pulpit, whence the branches run out, with the letters crossing them on the floor, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Hitherto the elegance of the gold mosaic work and stained-glass windows has contrasted with the open-timbered roof, but this during the past summer has been elaborately decorated and so richly toned and colored that the effect is to blend all in harmony, while seeming to lower the roof with better effect. The general motive in decoration is the olive vine, with branches, leaves, and fruit, the dull brown and olive shades being relieved by bands, zigzags, and chevrons in white and red. The sloping panels, on a ground of brown and olive, have, besides Scripture passages, an abundance of symbols. These are painted on a canvas of quatrefoil shape, such as the ark on the wave, the ship and pennant, the crown, the lamb, the lion, eagle, ox, etc., anchor, pen, and sword, dove, sun, and moon, etc. The level panels under the roof truss have a blue ground touched with gilded sunbursts and stars. Six large electroliters give a mellow light on dark days and nights. The whole is exceedingly tasteful and appropriate, and the total cost of all has been about \$150,000. Below the space where the sloping roof and walls join is a great band of about two hundred letters in gold, running all the way round the auditorium, containing the summary of the law, as given by Jesus. These monuments and memorials, embodying the best of the traditions and personality of this University, do more than furnish attractions to eye, ear, and heart; they bear a permanent and artistic witness to things unseen and eternal.

W. E. G.

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Russia and
America

In the settlement of the Chino-Korean problem a steady increase of Japanese prestige and a consequent diminution of Russian influence was noted last week. The principal cause for this was the increasing realization of the new Americo-Chinese Treaty's value in guaranteeing not only open ports on the coast but also one in the interior of Manchuria. This realizes one of the demands made by Japan upon Russia, whose interests are now overwhelmingly preponderant in Manchuria. Not seeking territorial aggrandizement, America has been in a position to do what no other Power could have done. Her action has been by far the most potent factor in the situation. It has brought Russian aggression to a halt. It has made for peace. It is true that Japan simultaneously obtained from China commercial privileges similar to those given to America in Manchuria, but she got them because she happened to be in America's company. She received no such assurance from the Russian Minister at Tokyo as that given to Secretary Hay by the Russian Minister at Washington. Baron de Rosen at Tokyo assured the Japanese Government that Russia would place no obstacle in the way of the open door in Manchuria so long as it did not conflict with Russia's interests. As a matter of fact, while the open door has been of direct advantage to Russia in her pioneering in Manchuria, it is not of advantage, according to Russian ideas, now that the first stage of pioneering has been passed. During the last decade the foreign trade in Manchuria has increased enormously, American trade in particular. Within a few years the cotton imports from this country at the Manchurian treaty port of Niuchuang increased by no less than

fourteen hundred per cent. While imports from America into Manchuria are still far in excess of those from any other country, since the Russian occupation they have declined, and it is plain that if Russia completes the plans which she is endeavoring to perfect there will soon be no trade in Manchuria except that under her own control. For instance, in a recent consular report from Niuchuang we read that an American firm was refused permission to erect warehouses at Dalny in which to store oil. When Russia was not so sure of her preponderance, this permission to the Americans was originally granted and a site promised, but after the structural iron for the buildings had been imported the permission was revoked! The consular report also contains the copy of a contract to imitate American trade-marks. This gives an idea of the efforts to which the Russians are resorting in their effort to monopolize Manchurian trade. Having conceded something as to open ports, Russia still refuses to acquiesce in the rights of the foreign powers to make settlements in Manchuria, despite the fact that she has a rapidly increasing number of such settlements. Japan contests this point, and with the greater persistence now that she has succeeded in reducing the Russian claims in Korea from practical Russian control to practical Japanese control. Japan will insist upon a grant of all her reasonable demands; otherwise she will have recourse to arms.



Russia and
France

The Japanese cause was further helped last week by French reluctance to aid Russia. Consistently with their enthusiastic words concerning the Russo-French alliance, French bankers have subscribed to

three-quarters of the outstanding Russian bond issues. But they now feel that the time has come to halt, no matter how much Russia needs the money. So far it has been impossible for Russia to float another loan in France, of all countries the one most favorably disposed. Another and even more poignant disappointment came when the French Foreign Office decided that it could not assume any other position than that of military neutrality in possible hostilities between Russia and Japan. So far as the terms of the Franco-Russian alliance are known, that agreement provides for the co-operation of the signatories in the event of European complications only. Nine years ago, however, France co-operated with Russia in demanding that Japan give back southern Manchuria to China. It is not, then, surprising that Russia should have again counted on her European ally's help in Asia. Not only the French Government, but the French newspapers, are showing an apparently strange lack of interest in Russian aggressions in China and Korea. Two years ago Russia and France jointly promulgated a note announcing that they would act together concerning the integrity and free development of China. Many French journals point out that Russian policy is now inimical to the purposes of that note. The present Anglo-French friendship has borne fruit in a declaration, said to be identical, from the Foreign Offices of London and Paris, that if a war between Russia and Japan should arise it must be confined to the original combatants. The force of these checks to Russian policy, first from America and then from France, is admitted with evident disappointment by the Russians, who add that we, as an Occidental nation, cannot understand how severe such checks are in the eyes of an Oriental nation like Japan.

Japan and
the Yellow Peril

The Russians hide some of their chagrin at Japanese ascendancy by further warnings concerning the "yellow peril" to which Japan's leadership of the Asiatic nations will, they say, now

expose Europe and America. The Japanese themselves are at last moved to reply. They declare frankly that of course Japan wants to be a leader among the Asiatic nations—what nation would not? "But do not forget," they say, "that Japan has cast in her lot with America and Europe. Everything that she can hope to gain in material progress or in national prestige must be had by strictly following those lines laid down by the most enlightened nations for Japan's guidance. If Japan desires leadership among the Asiatic peoples, she desires none the less that they shall adopt the ideas of American and European civilization as she has adopted them, and benefit in the same way in which she has been benefited." Russian talk of "Christianity versus heathendom" especially arouses Japanese ire. Japan may not be a Christian nation in the narrower sense in which that expression is used, but Japan is a Christian nation in a wide sense. Many Japanese, distinguished public men as well as private individuals, are professing Christians. The Japanese Constitution guarantees absolute freedom of religious belief, and the Gospel of Christ is preached from one end of the Empire to the other. The Japanese once proposed to adopt a State religion, Christian in name, but afterwards realized that "Christianity made to order" does not present a particularly commendable aspect. A comparison between Japan's "heathenism," as shown in educational, political, and religious liberty, and Russia's Christianity as shown on the Amur in 1900, and since then in Finland and Transcaucasia, might result in a decision not wholly unfavorable to the Japanese side.



Mr. Chamberlain's
Commission

The members of the British Tariff Inquiry Commission recently appointed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, ex-Colonial Secretary, include such prominent men as Mr. Chaplin, formerly President of the Local Government Board, Sir Robert Herbert, formerly Under Colonial Secretary, Sir Alfred Jones, President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, Mr. C. A. Pearson,

the well-known newspaper proprietor, and Mr. Alfred Mosely, who is even better known in America, since he has at his own expense sent two Commissions here to inquire into our commercial and educational conditions with a view to the incorporation of desirable features into England's systems. Mr. Chamberlain's Commission is therefore no gathering of men of many minds. Like Cobden sixty years ago, Mr. Chamberlain rallies around him the supporters and converts to his fiscal policy, his own men, so to speak. The current "Punch" cleverly calls attention to this characteristic by a cartoon in which Mr. Chamberlain, with his inseparable eye-glass, leads an orchestra in which every musician also wears a monocle. The first meeting of the Tariff Inquiry Commission has now taken place. Mr. Chamberlain, in his address, declared that the Commission's sole purpose would be to receive and weigh evidence, and impartially to prepare a moderate, scientific tariff, which shall (1) defend British industries from unfair competition (*i.e.*, "dumping"), (2) provide the British Government with material for the negotiation of trade treaties with foreign countries, and (3) encourage commerce within the British Empire. On the day following this protectionist gathering their forces suffered a heavy defeat at the Norwich by-election. The Free Trade Liberals won the Parliamentary seat by a vote of over 8,500, the Conservative vote being about 6,700, and the Labor vote about 2,400. A few days later, at the Gateshead by-election, the protectionists were again disappointed. Yet Gateshead is an industrial constituency. The competition of foreign-made goods had been felt there, hence the protectionists expected that the force of the "dumping" argument would be quickly seen in its influence on workingmen's votes. Despite such exhibitions of Free Trade and Liberal strength, England is now confronted by the protectionist party machine of a past-master in the art of organization and effective aggression. As impressively indicated in his speech at the Guildhall, London, last week, Mr. Chamberlain will not shrink from

pressing political problems to a sharper issue than has been the case since 1886, when he left the Gladstone forces on the Irish Home Rule question. The old names, "Tory," "Conservative," "Liberal-Unionist," "Liberal," "Radical," are well-nigh forgotten; instead, Mr. Chamberlain has now re-divided Englishmen into Protectionists and Free-Traders.



**Servile Labor for the
Transvaal Mines**

The gold production of the Transvaal has only recovered about two-thirds of the volume reached before the Boer War, and the mining companies have been conducting a vigorous agitation both in South Africa and in England for legislation permitting them to obtain cheap labor by the importation of Chinese coolies. Last week this agitation bore fruit in the passage of a bill by the Legislative Council at Pretoria authorizing the introduction of Asiatic laborers in the Rand district and defining the conditions under which they may be brought in. Though this bill is not yet law, the vote of the Legislative Council in its favor makes its terms of international interest. Its principal provisions are as follows:

1. No Asiatic laborer shall be employed except in unskilled labor in the mines.
2. At the expiration of three years—or five years if he renews his contract—the laborer shall be returned to the country from which he is brought.
3. While working in the mines he shall not leave the premises on which he is employed without a permit signed by an authorized person, and no permit shall cover more than forty-eight hours.
4. The contractor who imports the laborers shall be responsible for their return at the expiration of the contract, and his rights over the laborers cannot legally be assigned save to one other person, and that a person licensed by public officials as having provided suitable accommodations for coolie laborers.

The last provision is a concession to the humane sentiment which condemns the coolie system as a form of slavery, and would prevent the contracts for the employment of the laborers from being subtle and re-subtle to irresponsible individuals impelled to secure sweaters' profits by the brutal treatment of the men in their power. The first of the

four provisions preventing the Asiatics from engaging in "skilled" work is, of course, a concession to the English or Caucasian employees in the mines—men with legislative influence. It is the labor of the Kaffirs alone that is to be cheapened by the Chinese competition. The same provision, by preventing the Chinese or Asiatics from engaging in skilled work, insures that their labor shall remain servile to the end. The material benefit of the mine-owners and not the bettering of citizenship or the elevation of labor is clearly the object of this legislation. Indeed, it might be characterized as a measure which seeks to increase wealth by degrading men.



Arbitration Voluntary but Public Information Compulsory Senator Cullom, of Illinois, has introduced a carefully considered bill to create a "National Arbitration Tribunal" for the settlement of labor disputes affecting inter-State or foreign commerce. The measure proposes that the new tribunal shall act as arbitrator only on the invitation of both parties to a dispute, but provides that on the invitation of only one party, or even without the invitation of either, the tribunal may investigate the merits of the controversy and publish a report thereon. For this investigation the tribunal is clothed with the authority of a court to require the attendance and testimony of witnesses, and the latter, as required by the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, are expressly shielded from prosecution or punishment because of any transaction concerning which they may testify. This measure, it will be observed, is drawn along the lines of the best State arbitration acts—particularly that of Illinois. Inasmuch as it applies only to such inter-State or inter-country disputes as are beyond the field of State legislation, it does not conflict with the work the several States are doing in this matter, but supplements it and makes arbitration a truly National policy. Public sentiment is not yet apparently ready to make arbitration compulsory even in disputes between capital and labor employed in industrial monopolies on which

the public is solely dependent for supplies, but it is prepared for the kind of compulsion which this bill contemplates—the compelling of both parties to a labor conflict to appear before an impartial tribunal which may thoroughly inform itself and the public as to the rights and wrongs of the case. Compulsion of this kind exercises in many cases almost the authority of law, for in labor disputes both sides have learned to recognize the present and the permanent value of the approval of public sentiment. In Canada the marked success of the Conciliation Act of 1900 under the tactful administration of the Ministry of Labor has been largely due to the power of the Minister to make inquiries under the provisions of quite another act. Where either side has trusted for justification of its course to public misrepresentations of the facts, the power of the Minister to inquire into the facts has promoted a disposition to accept conciliation. One of the most serious features of labor conflicts is the hostile class feelings they engender wherever the partisan accounts of the struggle are carried. A tribunal which could give the whole public an impartial report upon all labor struggles of National concern would promote social unity wherever these struggles are discussed.



**The Pure Food Bill
Passes the House**

By a vote of 201 to 68 the House of Representatives last week passed the Hepburn Pure Food Bill, which fixes the standards of certain foods and drugs as to purity and strength and forbids inter-State or foreign commerce in misbranded or adulterated articles. The chief criticism upon the bill in the course of the debate related, not to its essential principle—that the consumer ought to be protected against fraud—but to the danger that honest manufacturers might be prosecuted for unwitting offenses against some of its provisions, and that legitimate trade with other countries might be hampered by clauses requiring American wholesalers to guarantee the purity of the imported foods, wines, drugs, etc., covered by the bill. In response to the first of these criticisms the bill was at one time

amended so as to punish offending manufacturers only for "willful" violation of its provisions, but the day following the House, by practically a party vote, struck out this amendment, which would have made the law unenforceable except where the Government could prove that manufacturers had intentionally misbranded their products. It is always extremely difficult to prove such intent, as intentional violators of law are commonly unscrupulous witnesses in their own behalf, and the House justly took the position that manufacturers could reasonably be expected to inform themselves as to the ingredients in their products. The criticism that trade, particularly along the Canadian and Mexican borders, would be hampered by the provisions requiring American wholesale dealers to guarantee the quality of imported goods was met by the statement that foreign goods, as a rule, are now handled by wholesale houses, and that it is desirable to relieve retail dealers from the responsibility of knowing the composition of their wares. In a measure such as the Pure Food Bill it is difficult in the first drafting to keep out entirely ill-considered details regarding standards of purity, etc., but the debate upon the pending Hepburn Bill strengthened the impression that this measure had been drawn with unusual care. The overwhelming majority by which it was finally adopted is evidence that the people of this country are determined to protect consumers against fraud, and honest manufacturers against the unfair methods of dishonest competitors. It also indicates a public desire that in the foreign markets American goods shall stand for quality and for honesty in their making and honesty in their selling.



Negro Jurymen A decision of the United States Supreme Court delivered last week by Mr. Justice Holmes has given rise to considerable misunderstanding. One Southern newspaper goes so far as to say that "it is a decision that a negro cannot be tried by a white jury," and that "it brings us to the place where we must have negro juries for negro criminals and white juries for

white criminals." That this is not so may be seen from a brief statement of the case. A negro accused of murder was indicted, tried, and convicted in Alabama. His counsel moved that the indictment be quashed, on the ground that negroes, because, first, of their race and color, and, secondly, because of their being disfranchised, had been excluded from the Grand Jury which had indicted his client. The State court refused to grant the motion because it held that the reference to disfranchisement was irrelevant and therefore made the motion prolix. A motion which is unnecessarily prolix, irrelevant, or frivolous may, according to the Civil Code of Alabama, be stricken out at the demand of the adverse party. The matter was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. By the decision of last week the Court affirms that it has jurisdiction in the matter, and declares that the motion was not "prolix," and that the reference to disfranchisement was not irrelevant. It remands the case to the State Court for further proceedings. The decision is therefore merely that reference to laws disfranchising negroes is admissible as stating motives for the exclusion of blacks from the jury, "which, however mistaken, if proved, tended to show that the blacks were excluded on account of their race, as part of a scheme to keep them from having any part in the administration of the government or of the law." The Court, it should be said, indicated its position on the merit of the motion to quash the indictment by quoting a previous judgment, delivered by Mr. Justice Gray:

Whenever, by any action of a State, whether through its legislature, through its courts, or through its executive or administrative officers, all persons of the African race are excluded, solely because of their race or color, from serving as grand jurors in the criminal prosecution of a person of the African race, the equal protection of the laws is denied to him, contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

Now that the State Court cannot escape responsibility for deciding the motion on its merits, it will be obliged to quash the indictment if it is shown that negroes



were excluded from the Grand Jury on account of their race. This, however, does not mean that a negro may not be indicted by a white jury, but simply that he shall not legally be indicted by a jury deliberately and unconstitutionally confined to the white race.



**Governor Vardaman on
Negro Education**

In his inaugural address last week Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, gave a prominent place to the views on negro education which he emphasized in his appeal last August to the voters of his State when he was before them as a candidate for office. He would have the Legislature "submit to the people a proposition to amend the Constitution so as to give the Legislature unrestricted authority in dealing with the public-school question." This means that he would empower the Legislature to provide that taxes paid by the whites should be used solely for the education of white children, and only the taxes paid by negroes used for the negro schools. He devotes much of his address to emphasizing the need of developing the public schools. "The first duty of the State," he says, "is to provide schools—improve facilities for the instruction of the masses in the rudiments of an education—especially those of her citizens who live in the country districts." But, he adds, "thus far what I have said on the subject of education has been with reference solely to the white children." Negro education, he declares, has produced "disappointing results," and he quotes statistics which he alleges show that with increase in negro literacy there has been an increase in negro crime. "If, after forty years of earnest effort, and the expenditure of fabulous sums of money to educate his [the negro's] head, we have only succeeded in making a criminal of him, and impairing his usefulness and efficiency as a laborer, wisdom would suggest that we make another experiment and see if we cannot improve him by educating his hand and his heart." The theory on which he bases his argument is a belief in the "profound, God-stamped, time-fixed, and un-

alterable incompetency of the negro for citizenship in a white man's country." "God Almighty," he says, "created the negro for a menial—he is essentially a servant. . . . The white man will not, and should not, share sovereignty and dominion with him." This is the ground for Major Vardaman's proposal to refuse negroes participation in the common schools of the State. It should be recognized that these are the opinions of one man, not of the people of Mississippi. It is true that Major Vardaman made his canvass largely upon this issue; but the primary system of Mississippi is such that a candidate can go before the people without subscribing to a definite platform. There are many voters in Mississippi who cast their ballots for Major Vardaman not because but in spite of his views on negro education.



**Negro Education
and Negro Crime**

It is hardly necessary to point out that Governor Vardaman's proposition is in direct contravention of the principles upon which the American public-school system is based. That system depends for its very existence on the doctrine that in educating its children a democracy shall know no difference between rich and poor, between the weak and the strong; that the duty of the taxpayer is toward not merely his own children, but toward the children of the whole commonwealth. It is also in direct contravention of the principle which is beneath every kind of popular government, that such government should by no act place before any citizen or any class of citizens an obstacle to the highest development. If it is true that the form of education which has been in vogue develops criminals, that fact makes it imperative that the form of education should be improved. This Governor Vardaman hints when he speaks of educating "hand and heart," and of laying "a moral substratum upon which to build;" but the method which he proposes would lay no moral substratum, and would deprive the negro not only of education of the head, but of the hand and heart as well. The figures, moreover, which Governor Var-

daman quotes as conclusive evidence that the public-school education for the negro has created negro criminals are incomplete and therefore misleading. The 1890 census report showed that of negro criminals only 38.8 per cent. were able to read and write, while 42.8 per cent. of the entire negro population was literate. Mr. Clarence H. Poe, editor of the "Progressive Farmer," Raleigh, North Carolina, has sent us the facts which he has ascertained from the superintendents of various Southern State prisons. From Governor Vardaman's own State of Mississippi, where in 1890 60 per cent. and in 1900 less than 50 per cent. of the colored population was illiterate, the official who sends the report writes as follows: "There are about 450 negro convicts in the Mississippi penitentiary; about half are wholly illiterate. Of the other half, less than 10 per cent. have anything like a fair education." In other words, in this very State, where negro education is pronounced a failure, the literate negroes furnish a smaller proportion of criminals than the illiterate, and not even those literate negro criminals are really fairly educated. Similar testimony comes from other States. In North Carolina the illiterate negroes of the State furnished 40 per cent. more criminals, according to numbers, than the negroes who could both read and write. In South Carolina, where the census of 1890 gives the negro literates as constituting 47.8 per cent. of the entire race in the State, the penitentiary superintendent estimates that only 25 per cent. can both read and write. In Georgia more than 60 per cent. of the negro convicts are illiterate, while of the total negro population only 47.8 per cent. is illiterate. In Alabama the illiterates among the negro criminals are reported as about 70 per cent., while the illiteracy of the total colored population is only 57.8 per cent. This means that in that State the negroes who cannot read and write furnish about 30 per cent. more criminals, in round numbers, than the negroes who have had school advantages. It is to be remembered that the figures for illiteracy now are not quite so bad as they were

ten years ago; and therefore the figures quoted do not make the facts in confutation of Governor Vardaman's theories appear as strong as they really are. There is no doubt that the common schools for negroes sorely need improvement; but even as they are, it is clear that these schools are factors for law, order, and morality.



Railroad Abuses and Public Opinion

What a united and vigorous public opinion may do in regulating the relations between public service corporations and the people is well illustrated by a recent lively controversy between the Erie Railroad and its passenger patrons in this city. During several days of unusually cold and severe weather, following a moderate snow-storm about two weeks ago, the suburban service of the Erie road practically collapsed. There are, it is said, about twenty-five thousand commuters who use the Erie Railroad in traveling between their homes in New Jersey and New York City daily. These passengers are workingmen, tradesmen, merchants, professional men, and clerks, and it is absolutely essential not only for their comfort but for the maintenance of their business that they should be able to depend upon reaching their offices and other places of work at regular hours. But during the period to which reference has been made the regular schedule of trains was practically abandoned, and those trains which did run were crowded to the doors, and were from one to three hours behind time in covering a distance of twenty miles. The passengers, in their not unnatural irritation, wrote to the newspapers, and finally the President of the railroad, Mr. B. F. Underwood, replied to the complaints in a letter to the New York "Evening Post." In this letter he used the following language:

The suburbanite, when he has a grievance, is prone to rush into print and anonymously blackguard the management of his particular road. It does him a great deal of good and it has no effect on the officers of the company, who are certainly doing all in their power to improve the service.

The effect of this very impolitic language was electrical. More letters of com-

plaint than ever reached the newspapers, and indignation mass-meetings were held at several points on the various suburban divisions of the road, of which there are in fact five, all converging in one terminal at Jersey City. Mr. Underwood's uncalled-for use of the opprobrious term "blackguard" served as a spark to kindle a very large fire—a fire which seems to have warmed the officials to the point of effecting some immediate and needed reforms, in spite of the railway president's statement that complaints have no "effect on the officers of the company."

③

The Need of Government Regulation

The discomfort and trials of the Erie passengers, although they were really very great, are only of local interest, but the attitude assumed by some great railroad officials, as illustrated by Mr. Underwood's letter, is of National import and significance. The Erie Railroad incident—for it is merely an incident in the railroad history of the country—has fortified the belief of the public at large that our great railroads need vigorous Governmental regulation. This, of course, they may receive by Federal and State law. Our purpose in reporting these facts to our readers is to urge them, in whatever State they may live, not to relinquish their demands upon and watchfulness of their legislators with regard to the legislative relation between the lawmaking body and the railways. Most of the States now have a State Railroad Commission. It is, however, a significant fact that New Jersey, which is one of the most important railroad States in the country, does not maintain such a State Commission. Whether this is due to the interest of the great railroads passing through it and terminating in it, or to the indifference of the public itself, it is not for us to say. We content ourselves here with simply calling attention to a condition which exists. Several great trunk lines have their terminals in the State of New Jersey—the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Lehigh Valley, the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, and the West Shore. Persistent

and vigorous public opinion has just compelled the Erie Railroad to take better care of its suburban passengers. The same public opinion in New Jersey can bring about the creation of a State Railroad Commission if the people really want it. Such a Commission really constitutes a popular court for receiving the complaints of shippers and passengers, and for putting into effect reforms such as the abolition of grade crossings, the building of new stations, and the modifying of train schedules to meet actual needs. But it must be remembered that the commercial and financial interests of the railroads are constant and pressing. It is, for example, believed by those who are best informed that the deterioration in the equipment and operation of the Erie Railroad Company is not so much due to the inefficiency of the operating officials as to the pressure of economy brought to bear upon them by those in financial control of the company, who, during the very week when the passengers were suffering serious loss and inconvenience, declared for the stockholders the largest dividend on the first preferred stock that has been paid for many years. This conflict between the stockholders and the public is a never-ending one, and no State Commission will be or can be efficient unless it is supported by an intelligent, courageous, and tireless public sentiment.

④

Professor Woolsey on the Panama Question: His Conclusions

If our readers desire to see the ablest legal presentation of the case for Colombia and against the action of the United States Government in Panama, they will find it in an article by Professor Theodore S. Woolsey, of Yale University, in the January number of the "Green Bag," a legal journal published in Boston. It would be impossible for us in a paragraph either to present or adequately to criticise this article; but for the information of our readers we report here Professor Woolsey's conclusions in his own words:

(1) The hasty recognition of a new State in Panama was not in accordance with the law of nations.

(2) To justify it by the Treaty of 1846

requires a new and forced construction of that instrument.

(3) To prevent Colombia's coercion of Panama is an act of war.

(4) The "man in the street's" verdict, that our smart politics served Colombia right, disregards law, sets a dangerous precedent, detracts from the National dignity, and may injure our influence and trade amongst the Latin-American States.

(5) Our duty was and is to let Colombia recover Panama if she can; our policy, to use her troubles to get favorable canal action from the rightful sovereign.

(6) Our recognition, if persisted in, makes of Panama a treaty-making agent, but for ourselves only.

(7) The canal treaty, negotiated and ratified by the Junta, with no constitutional authority or other authorization, is of doubtful validity, and the defect will need to be subsequently cured.

As this is the clearest and best-defined statement of the legal position assumed by the critics of the Administration, so it is the most radical statement of the policy which the opponents of the present Panama treaty would have the country pursue. For this reason we give it to our readers, despite our announced purpose not to continue in our columns the discussion of the history of our Government's action in Panama. Our readers should remember, however, that other authorities quite as eminent in international law take an opposite view.



Professor Woolsey Without discussing on the Panama Question: Professor Woolsey's propositions
The Outlook's Estimate

in detail, it must suffice here to say that they appear to us to be academic rather than vital. (1) They assume that international law is like domestic law, and that unquestioning obedience to it is a sacred duty. In fact, domestic law is the expressed will of the sovereign State, whether uttered by legislative enactment, judicial interpretation, or executive decree, and obedience of the citizen is ordinarily a duty until the sovereign act can be changed in a lawful and regular manner. International law is no such act of a sovereign authority, and involves no obligation of obedience. It is simply the previous custom of nations, and one ordinary way of changing it is for one nation to depart from it and see if other nations will follow its example. This international custom is

sometimes founded on a sense of justice, but quite as much on national convenience, and is often disregarded at the demand of either humanity or national self-interest. Thus, it is not the custom of one nation to interfere in the domestic affairs of another nation, and this is international law; but Europe has frequently interfered with the affairs of Turkey because humanity and the interest of European States called for such interference. The question as to Panama is not whether the action of the Administration in the extraordinary circumstances there existing was in accordance with the custom of nations in ordinary circumstances, but whether humanity, National self-interest, and international well-being combined to make the action both expedient and just. (2) Proposition 5 appears to us to ignore the fact that the American Nation is a Person and is bound by the action of its executive. If an individual sovereign, say the Czar of Russia, had recognized Panama, forbidden Colombian troops to land upon its soil, and promised it protection, and then, when not only the people of Panama but the other civilized nations had acted upon his pledge, he had rescinded his promise, withdrawn his protection, and abandoned the Panamense to a devastating war by a power which has always shown itself unscrupulous and cruel, the whole civilized world would have condemned the act as one of singular dishonor. It would be not less dishonorable if the American people were to pursue such a course of tergiversation. They are bound by the official acts of their Chief Executive. If he has done wrong, damages should be paid to the wronged party; but no Government can be just or honorable which through its authorized agents makes pledges, only to break them when others have acted upon their faith in them. In the judgment of *The Outlook*, Professor Woolsey's conclusions can stand neither the test of international law nor of national ethics.



Evading a State Constitution One of the most important provisions of the "home-rule amendment" to their State Constitution; which

the people of Colorado adopted a year ago by a vote of 60,000 to 26,000, was a provision that the city of Denver should have power to condemn, purchase, and operate any of their municipal franchises—water, light, transportation, heating, etc.—and issue bonds to pay for the same whenever this bond issue had received the approval of a majority of the “taxpaying electors.” This provision, when incorporated within the State Constitution, seemed to insure that the taxpayers of Denver could at any time deal with their municipal monopolies as they saw fit; but during the present month the Charter Convention now sitting in Denver had reported to it by the chairman of the committee in charge of the matter a provision so defining the method by which the city might exercise its new power as to prevent its exercise save in times of great public excitement. By the provision reported the city government could not purchase a monopoly franchise even if the owners wished to sell it, unless one-quarter of the persons owning real estate had previously petitioned for such purchase; and not only might the Mayor absolutely block any action by the Council, but the entire city government, even if a unit in favor of the purchase, could not propose the issue of bonds that would be a lien on anything except the property purchased. The net earnings from this purchase, it was stipulated, must always be sufficient to meet not only interest charges, but sinking-fund charges as well. It is easy to perceive that such bonds would not be attractive to investors, and could be sold only at a heavy discount from the price which the ordinary bonds of the city command. Fortunately, the Charter Convention revolted against the proposal of its committee—one member, who individually opposes city ownership of monopolies, declaring that he could not vote for this provision without proving false to his oath to support the State Constitution. The outcome of the debate has been to center public attention upon the means proposed by the Convention to carry into effect the new constitutional provision, and the prospect is that the crucial clause of the new charter will be satis-

factory to a majority of the people. But the incident illustrates again the truth that eternal vigilance is the price of industrial as well as political liberty.



Excise Proposals in New York

Three measures have been or are about to be introduced into the New York Legislature relating to the excise question: (1) A bill recommended by District Attorney Jerome, providing for Sunday opening of the saloons in New York during certain hours; (2) a bill providing for the reference of the question whether there shall be any Sunday opening in New York to the people of the city, with some provision allowing for difference of regulation in different parts of the city by a local board constituted for that purpose; (3) a bill similar to that introduced last year, taking away from the local communities their present right to prohibit the licensing of hotels. There is almost no possibility that the first bill will receive favorable consideration in the Legislature. It has not received, so far as we can learn, support from either Democratic or Republican leaders. It proposes to provide for the opening of saloons on Sunday in New York, without ascertaining whether New York wishes open saloons on Sunday. It violates the principle of home rule on the alleged ground that the Sunday law cannot be enforced. What the prospects are of the second proposition we do not know. That it could be passed, if the citizens of New York were practically agreed in asking for it, is probable. That such a change in the law could be made as would give local option to all the cities, including New York, if all the cities were united in demanding it, is almost certain. There is almost no reason why the cities should not have the same local option which the rural communities now possess, and under local option, as they now possess it, it is possible for any rural community to prohibit all sale of liquor, or to allow the sale of liquor in the week and prohibit it on Sunday. The third measure, which aims to deprive rural communities of the local option which they now possess, ought

never to go out of committee. It should be perfectly distinctly understood that the effect of this law, whatever its object may be, is to provide open saloons Sunday and week day throughout the entire State of New York—saloons which, in many cases, would have attached to them houses for the encouragement of forms of vice which are worse than drunkenness.



Unification of Education in New York State

We have already reported to our readers the plan proposed for the unification of education in this State, by reducing the Board of Regents to nine, abolishing the life tenure, giving to them practical educational control of the entire educational system of the State, and providing that the executive officer corresponding to the present State Superintendent of Education shall be elected by them, and hold office at their pleasure. A bill has now been introduced into the Legislature embodying this plan, with one grave exception, which is that the Legislature, not the Regents, shall name the first Commissioner of Education. This modification seems to us seriously to impair the value and efficiency of the plan. There are two essential things to be sought in any change of the educational system of this State: first, that the whole system shall be put under one competent head; second, that this head shall be entirely free from political partisanship. The only way to secure the first is by making the Board of Regents the head, because the Board of Regents is a constitutional body. Moreover, the Board of Regents may be composed of educational experts, while in the nature of the case the Legislature cannot be composed of educational experts. The only way to keep the educational system of the State out of politics is to have the Superintendent of Education elected by the Board of Regents, and subject to its direction. If he is elected by the Legislature, he will necessarily be more or less a political official, and he will be necessarily more or less under a divided control. The fact that the bill provides that the "Commissioner of

Education and all successors in office shall serve during the pleasure of the Board of Regents, and all vacancies in the office of Commissioner of Education shall be filled by appointment by the Board of Regents," does not prevent the evil of introducing partisan politics into the selection of the first Commissioner. If a change is to be made in the educational system of the State, it is important that it be such as to avoid the evils of the present system. If all the friends of education would push for the adoption of such a plan as was outlined in The Outlook for January 16, we believe it would be carried by the Legislature, and the educational system of the State entirely and forever relieved from the divided authority and the political influence which have operated against it in the past.



The Consumers' League

The annual meeting of the New York Consumers' League, held last week, bore witness to a useful year's work by the League, the object of which is to bring home to the consumer responsibility for conditions in shop and factory, and to better the lot of the workers. Conditions are steadily improving in stores already on the "white list," and others are being added as fast as they conform to the requirements. This winter special attention has been given to urging early holiday shopping. Placards were posted in railway stations and distributed throughout the city, requesting the public to shop before five o'clock in order to help the early-closing movement, and to do all Christmas shopping before the middle of December. Many packages were bought and delivered three weeks before Christmas, marked "Not to be opened until Christmas." By this simple forethought the strain and fatigue of the Christmas "rush" may be spared those who feel it most, and such tragedies be avoided as that of a year ago, when a lad who had been delivering packages until midnight on Christmas Eve, too exhausted to go home, threw himself down in his wagon and drew a horse-blanket over him. He was found there, Christmas morning, frozen to death. A list of twenty-two violations of the State

law restricting the hours of labor for women and children to sixty hours a week has been sent to the Governor, and numerous complaints have been brought to the attention of the Board of Health, among them the case of a cigar factory in which the girls use their tongues to fasten the labels around the cigars. One of these girls is suffering from tuberculosis. The Board of Health is considering the recommendation that sponges be provided, for the sake both of employees and consumers. Mrs. Florence Kelly, the National Secretary, whose wise and vigorous action is being directed against the sweating system, told of two children, one four years old, the other five who were taken out of the kindergarten and set at work by their family winding green tissue-paper around pieces of wire, to furnish the stems for the artificial flowers their family is engaged in making. The work is so simple that even babies can do it, and the children sit on the floor and work for many hours. The truant officer cannot help them, because they are not yet of school age. The factory inspector cannot interfere, because the children are paid no wages, and so, technically, are not employed, and the family has a factory license. Twenty-three thousand groups of workers in the tenement-houses of New York are licensed to manufacture, and no possible staff of inspectors can enforce laws among such a number. The League feels that the next step to be taken is to forbid the granting of licenses to these factory groups unless the records show that the house is in good sanitary condition and no occupant of the house has any communicable disease. So few tenements could meet these requirements that were such a law on the books, and enforced, the tenement sweat-shops would practically come to an end.



George Francis Train

The line that separates insanity pure and simple from excessive eccentricity is a fine one, and it might be hard to decide upon which side to place the singular personality of George Francis Train, who was wont at one time to call himself the sanest man alive, at others the

greatest "crank" in the world. The mere fact that he did recognize his own megalomania or exuberant egotism shows conclusively that his mind had its sane side. No one can read his remarkable autobiography, a fair-sized book dictated in thirty-six hours, it is said, without admitting that in some points he was, as he was fond of asserting, ahead of his times. A condensed autobiography, "boiled down in two hundred words," asserts among other things that he had supported himself since babyhood, had been a farmer at fourteen, was at twenty manager of a great shipping firm with an income of \$10,000, built famous clipper ships, started forty clippers to California in '49, introduced the street railway into England, built the first Pacific Railway, organized the first Trust, the *Crédit Mobilier*, owned 5,000 lots in Omaha now worth thirty millions, organized the French Commune, three times made the shortest record trip around the globe, and had been "fifteen times in jail without a crime." With all allowance for egotistical exaggeration, there is still some truth in his characterization of himself as "reformer, agitator, revolutionist, evolutionist, psychologist, financier, builder of railroads, linguist, and globe-trotter." A student of psychology can easily find in the autobiography the time when intolerable egotism gained ascendancy over what was really a genius for audacious and large undertakings. Every one knows of Mr. Train's vagaries of late years—his absurd self-nomination for the Presidency (a delusion of imagined political importance held also by Daniel Pratt, the "Great American Traveler," the sport of a generation of college boys, and a "crank" who resembled Train in some ways without his touch of genius); his storing up of psychic force by refusing for years to talk to adults or to let any one touch him (he used solemnly to shake hands with himself on being introduced); his custom of sitting bare-headed in Madison Square, with his friends the children and the birds; and his residence in the Mills Hotel in a twenty-cent room, although relatives were always glad to make a home for him—he used to say that he loved to be with

poor people because they told the truth and were honest. The dedication to his autobiography shows George Francis Train at his best: "To the children and to the children's children in this and all lands who love and believe in me because they know I love and believe in them."



Professor Von Holst

Professor Hermann
Eduard Von Holst,

who died at Freiburg, Germany, last week, was at the head of the Department of History at the University of Chicago from 1892 to 1900. Born in Livonia, the son of a poor clergyman, he was educated at the Universities of Freiburg and Heidelberg, and became a tutor in St. Petersburg in 1866, but was ordered to leave Russia because of sentiments expressed in a political article which displeased the authorities. He came to this country in 1867 as a steerage passenger, and six years later, in the first volume of his "Constitutional History of the United States," he declared that on his arrival in this country one of the first things he did was to make his declaration of intention to become a citizen, and that he "felt with the people of the United States before he began to study them or their institutions." Having received a call to the chair of history in the University of Strasburg, he returned to Europe in 1871, and, later, became a member of the teaching body of the University of Freiburg. He was recalled to the United States in 1892 to take up the important work offered him at the University of Chicago, from which he was retired on a pension in 1900. Dr. Von Holst has held a prominent place among writers on American history and among teachers ever since his earliest connection with the University of Chicago. His "Constitutional History of the United States" in seven volumes is an authority in its department, and is far and away the most extensive and elaborate work on this subject. Among other books from his hand are "Constitutional Law in the United States," "Life of John Brown," "John C. Calhoun," and "The French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career."

Dr. Charles B. Spahr

With this issue Dr. Charles B. Spahr withdraws from the editorial staff of *The Outlook*, to become the editor-in-chief of "Current Literature." The *Outlook* reluctantly accepts his decision to leave its staff, and would gladly have persuaded him to remain if that had been possible.

Dr. Spahr is a native of Ohio, was graduated from Amherst College in 1881, studied abroad in Leipsic, and took his degree of Ph.D. at Columbia University, where he later lectured for three or four years. His editorial experience has not been confined to *The Outlook*; he was for some time an editorial writer on the "Commercial Advertiser." Dr. Spahr became a member of the editorial staff of *The Outlook* in 1886. Since that date he has been continuously one of its editors. He brought to the service of this journal and its readers an expert knowledge in the field of economics, practical ability in applying that knowledge to current events, an inspiring and catholic sympathy for his fellow-men, especially for the poor and the oppressed, carefully considered convictions founded on a passionate devotion to the truth as he sees the truth, and the power of clear statement and effective marshaling of facts and figures in the interpretation and maintenance of these convictions. Always in sympathy with the animating spirit and essential purpose of *The Outlook*, he has differed with it upon some questions of public policy, and this has materially aided us in our endeavor to give to our readers sympathetic report and interpretation of views and opinions which we all the more wished to represent accurately and impartially because we were controverting them. His withdrawal for the purpose of directing the policy and controlling the utterances of another periodical will involve a distinct editorial loss to the readers of *The Outlook*, as it will involve a very real personal loss to those who have been associated with him. But we are confident that "Current Literature," under his direction and control, will receive a new inspiration and a new life, and that his editorial work

will always be characterized by scholarly ability and inspired by a sincere and unselfish purpose to realize the highest ideals for society in the lives of his fellow-men.



The Political Issues

The country has been waiting for some Democratic leader to tell it what is Democratic policy. Mr. Gorman has been trying to bring about the discomfiture of the Republican party, but has himself been discomfited. Mr. Olney and Mr. Hill have told us how very badly the Republican party has done, but have given no very definite information as to what the Democratic party proposes to do. The fact, if it be a fact, that A has made bad use of a power of attorney is not of itself sufficient reason for giving a power of attorney to B. The Democratic party asks for the control of the Nation for 1904-1908, and the people have a right to ask for a very clear and definite statement as to what the Democratic party would do if that control were given to it.

At last answers are forthcoming. Mr. Williams, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, and Mr. Bryan, the Democratic leader in the Middle West, have both answered this question—Mr. Williams by an article in "Everybody's Magazine," Mr. Bryan by a speech in Lincoln, Nebraska. There is no reason to suppose that their answers are not wholly independent. The fact that the two men in the main agree indicates that they represent their party. These utterances are, therefore, significant of more than mere individual opinion. Both utterances appear to us, in constructiveness of view and definiteness of statement, utterances of statesmen rather than of politicians—that is, of men who care more for great principles than for immediate victory.

They are both silent on the race question. If their silence means, as we presume it does, that in their judgment the race question is not a political question, that it is to be settled, not by elections, State or Federal, but by a general and gradual educational development, The Outlook agrees with them. The negro

has been too long the football of politicians. Whether he has been kicked toward the Republican goal or the Democratic goal does not much matter; in either case he has been used only to win a victory which has brought to him no advantage. He suffered rather more under Republican reconstruction measures than he is suffering now under Democratic reconstruction measures. We hope and trust that the significant silence of Mr. Williams and Mr. Bryan, one a Southern, the other a Western man, indicates that neither the South nor the West is inclined to follow Mr. Gorman in his attempt to stir up a race war.

Mr. Williams is equally silent on the silver question. Mr. Bryan is not. He says:

Shall we abandon our advocacy of bi-metallism in order to conciliate those who defeated the party in former campaigns? Never. Some phase of the money question is always before Congress, and no one can predict when the coinage phase of the money question will again become acute. No reform of any kind would be possible with the money-changer in control of the party.

In this Mr. Bryan seems to us to make a serious mistake. It ought to be possible for the Nation to settle a question. The question whether the United States would undertake to establish bi-metallism without the co-operation of other nations was submitted to the American people in 1896, and they said No. It was submitted to them again in 1900, and they repeated the No more emphatically. They are now entitled to regard that question as settled, unless some new event should bring it up again. When a representative body has voted upon a proposition, the proposition can be reconsidered only on the motion of some one who voted with the majority. This is a reasonable rule, and is as applicable to the Nation as to the smaller representative body. Until some of those who voted against National bi-metallism raise the question, it should not be raised. If Mr. Bryan cannot convince of his error a single representative of the Democratic party who voted for the gold standard in 1900, it is idle for him to expect that he can convince of their error the very large popular

majority by which he and his doctrines were defeated.

The living issues for 1904 are Tariffs, Trusts, and Foreign Policy. On these issues Mr. Williams and Mr. Bryan are agreed: probably in as exact agreement as can be expected in two independent statements of the same faith. We accept as the representative of both the statement of Mr. Williams, partly because it is written and therefore more to be relied upon than a newspaper report of Mr. Bryan's speech, partly because it is somewhat more clear cut and definite than the report of Mr. Bryan's speech upon which we should have to rely. Mr. Williams thus defines "What Democracy Now Stands For:"

The two great parties are fundamentally divided, as Jefferson and Hamilton were. The Democratic party is founded upon the principle of equality of opportunity and equality of burdens. It is therefore opposed to protectionism as morally wrong, a prostitution of government to private ends. Since the income tax has been decided to be unconstitutional, free trade is impossible. The goal is tariff for revenue only. But while this goal should be kept steadily in view, the friends of tariff reform would not strike down instantly and in a revolutionary way the protective system. Tariff revision, by a gradual process, and involving reciprocal trade agreements with other nations, is the method; tariff for revenue only the end.

The same principle of equality of opportunity and equality of burden should be applied in what may roughly be called anti-trust legislation. Tariff on trust-made goods sold cheaper abroad than at home should be abolished; railroad rebates to favored customers prevented; the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be increased; the "child's play of maintaining a rate decided excessive by the Inter-State Commerce Commission during the pendency of railroad-instigated litigation would also cease;" and the watering of stocks and consequent cheating of the innocent should be prevented.

As to the Philippines, they ought not to be retained as a part of the American

body politic because their alien population cannot, with safety to our rule, be given equal opportunities and subjected to only equal burdens. But if they are retained they should have equal opportunities and equal burdens, and to this end should have the benefits of free trade with the rest of the United States. As to the Isthmian canal question, Nicaragua would have been the better route, but the Democracy is willing to take a canal at Panama because it cannot get the other, and "the party is not going to permit itself to be thrown by its enemies into an anti-canal attitude." [Query: Is Senator Gorman one of these enemies?] But it is not responsible for and it will not condone "the sin and unscrupulousness" of what the Republican Administration has done in Panama, in "disregard of international law, rights of nations, and customs of civilization." "In recognizing 'accomplished facts,' we cannot, in the minds of just men anywhere, be held chargeable with the manner of their accomplishment."

Judging from this utterance, we are inclined to give Mr. Williams a front rank among Democratic statesmen. It is a good augury for the Democratic party that he and Mr. Bryan are in so near accord on fundamental National issues. If the Democratic party could get rid of all those among its leaders who really desire and work for special legislation giving inequality of opportunities and imposing inequality of burdens, it would be fortunate for itself and for the country.

But, as that party is now constituted, Mr. Williams represents, we fear, rather the ideals of the few than the convictions of the majority of its leaders. We cannot quite forget that when it was given power on a platform pledging it to a tariff for revenue only, it gave the country a tariff founded on no principle, unless it be one of special privileges; that when a Republican administration urged reciprocal trade arrangements with Cuba, it met stolid opposition from Democratic leaders in the Senate; that when it urged reducing the tariff between the Philippines and the United States, Democratic Senators, representing special

interests, opposed it. And when we remember that the anti-trust law bears the name of one distinguished Republican Senator; that the Inter-State Commerce Commission Law was framed, and, despite much opposition, carried through Congress by another Republican Senator; that the Department of Commerce, organized for the purpose of compelling publicity and preventing stock-watering, was urged by a Republican Administration and enacted into law by a Republican Congress; that efficient legal proceedings taken to enforce the law against trusts have been taken under two successive Republican Administrations; and that, if the Democracy of Jefferson favors equality of opportunities and equalizing of burdens, it is also traditionally opposed to legislative or judicial interference with the natural course of events and the freedom of the person, whether individual or corporate, we are not clear that the regulation of trusts and the suppression of monopolies would be any more effectually accomplished under a Democratic than under a Republican Administration. Finally, when we read the history of what has been done under Judge Taft in the Philippines, by the establishment of civil law, the protection of the "little black folk" from the land-grabbers, the establishment of a public-school system, the solution of the perplexing friar land problem, the cultivation of a sentiment of nationalism, and the preliminary steps toward the creation of a representative government, and what he has tried to do toward securing a freer trade for this people with the United States, we find it difficult to conceive how any Democratic Administration could have done more to secure for them equal opportunities and protect them from the injustice of unequal burdens. In short, with much of the platform enunciated by Mr. Williams and Mr. Bryan *The Outlook* is in hearty sympathy; but at this writing the hope of accomplishing the results which they define as desirable appears to us greater under the administration of Roosevelt Republicans than under any that the Democratic party as now constituted is likely to offer to the country.

A Cloud of Witnesses

The best cure for pessimism is to look at conditions against the background of a century or two centuries; to set, as Emerson said, the week against the day, the month against the week, and the year against the month. It would be a service to humanity if some competent person would collect the impressions left by men of character and force in every age regarding the tendencies and prospects of their own time; for it would disclose the tendency of thoughtful men in all times to take despairing views of society, to believe that the age in which they lived showed marked signs of deterioration, and that society was on the way to destruction. These have often been the expressions of men who, as we look back to them, stand out as the leaders of progress, the centers of hope, the inspirers of great movements. Cardinal Newman held that the growth of tolerance, the wider and keener sympathy between men of all religious faiths and men of no faith, which is characteristic of the last fifty years, was in many ways a very unwholesome tendency; and sincere religious men have declared that it was better to have intensity of feeling, even when that feeling rose to the point of persecution, than to have the tolerance which comes from laxity and indifference. That is not, however, the true interpretation of that modern breadth of view which recognizes the validity of all sincere effort to live the true life; a tolerance based, not on indifference nor on the effacement of fundamental distinctions, but on that larger and wider acquaintance with one another which has compelled men to recognize the fact that saints are to be found in all religions, that good men exist in every civilization, and that there are certain interior ties which bind together the just and true of whatever racial descent or religious affiliation.

It carries one back a long way to find Mr. Gladstone writing of Mrs. Gaskell in 1829: "She said to me, 'Surely we cannot entertain a doubt as to the future condition of any person truly united to Christ by faith and love, whatever may be the faults of his opinion;'" and Mr.

Gladstone adds, "Here she supplied me with the key to the whole question." For years, Mr. Stead tells us in his comment on Mr. Morley's biography, the great statesman had been oppressed by the belief that every Unitarian and probably every other non-Christian must, as a matter of course, be lost forever! This position has become incredible; it is no longer even thinkable; not because men have lost their faith in the Christian religion or because the intensity of their conviction of its supreme authority has in any way diminished, but because they have come to know so much more of the world, to take a so much broader view of human history, to discern the presence of the Spirit in all wholesome activities, to recognize the manifestation of the power of God in all fields of effort and of expression.

In striking contrast to this narrowness of the past, already incredible, may be placed the deed of the founder of the William Belden Noble Lectureship in Harvard University. "It is intended," says the founder of this lectureship in the deed of gift, "that the scope of the Lectures shall be as wide as the highest interests of humanity; . . . the Lectures may include philosophy, literature, art, poetry, the natural sciences, political economy, sociology, ethics, history both civil and ecclesiastical, as well as theology and the more direct interests of the religious life." This conception of religion, which makes it synonymous with the spiritual attitude of man towards all the relations of life, recognizes the presence of God in all human activities, asserts the integrity of humanity in all its greater faculties and qualities, and finds the divine purpose in art and science as truly as in theology, is one of the noblest gains of modern times, one of the finest fruits of the sowing of the great spirits of the past.

A very happy interpretation of this noble scheme is the latest group of lectures on this foundation, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, on "Witnesses of the Light" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston)—a group of biographical studies of six great figures in the creative art of the world. He who thinks of the religious life of men without thinking of

Dante, of Michelangelo, of Fichte, and of Ruskin omits a group of the noblest teachers and preachers the world has known. If any men have witnessed to the presence of God in all departments of human activity, and to the quality of revelation in all the great arts of expression, these men surely ought to be borne in continual remembrance. No greater artist than Dante has ever appeared in poetry; nor has any man ever shown the interior relation between a man's deed and the results that flow from it more convincingly than the creator of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio." In his last days, his great work accomplished, his name enrolled among the immortals, Michelangelo was continually thinking of Dante. "Would to heaven," he said, "that I were such as he, even at the price of such a fate! For his bitter exile and his virtue, I would exchange the most fortunate lot in the world." And when one spoke to him sorrowfully of the approaching end, he said: "No, it is nothing; for if life pleases us, death, being a work of the same Master, ought not to displease us."

Dr. Gladden quotes Fichte, one of the noblest of teachers: "To this am I called—to bear witness to the Truth: my life, my fortunes, are of little moment; the results of my life are of infinite moment. . . . If I should be hated and persecuted for her sake, if I should even meet death in her service, what wonderful thing is it I shall have done—what but that which I clearly ought to do?" And this noble spirit stands among the few who can bear without reproach the epitaph written upon his tomb in a churchyard in Berlin:

"The teachers shall shine
As the brightness of the firmament;
And they that turn many to righteousness
As the stars forever and ever."

Richard Wagner, composer of "Parsifal," that profound interpretation of one of the most beautiful myths of the Middle Ages, and that nobly sympathetic interpretation of one of the fundamental truths of Christianity, was not a saint. His temper, as Dr. Gladden reminds us, was stormy. He was destitute of tact; he was often oblivious of the interests of others; but how small are these faults

compared with the noble consistency of his aim, the sublime persistence of his endeavor to realize the highest ideals of his own art, and his indomitable patience! Dr. Gladden quotes from his letters an expression of his intention in his interpretation of "Parsifal:" "The founder of the Christian religion was not wise; he was Divine. To believe in him is to imitate him and to seek union with him. In consequence of his atoning death everything which moves and breathes may know its Redeemer's goodness. Only life rooted in sympathy and expressed in action to the point of a complete destruction of self-will is Christian love."

And who has felt more profoundly the spiritual aspects of work, the spiritual responsibilities of men and women in modern society and especially in modern industrial conditions, than John Ruskin? "You cannot serve two masters," he said. "You must serve one or the other. If your work is first with you and your fee second, work is your master, and the Lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first and your work second, fee is your master, and the Lord of fee, who is the Devil. . . . So there you have it in brief terms: Work first, you are God's servants; fee first, you are the fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on his vesture and thigh written 'King of Kings,' and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, 'Slave of Slaves,' and whose service is perfect slavery."

Dr. Gladden's book is one of an increasing company of books which register the broader conception of religion that is filling the hearts and broadening the vision of the best men and women of our time, who are eager to find everywhere evidences of the presence of the Spirit of God, to recognize in all honest, aspiring effort the impulse of that spirit, and to discover in every man and woman, however faulty, who is trying to lead a better life, the possible kinship with the saints who have climbed the heights of spiritual achievement and whose names have become identified with the loftiest reaches of Christian character. Among

those who bear witness to the reality of the spiritual life there are many whose light shines through many obscurations and who stand for great truths with much imperfection of character; but where is the perfect man? If men were to be judged solely by their achievements and not at all by their struggles, who could hope to stand in the awful light which streams from the divine judge of all men? The saints, who were once a little company, have become an unnumbered host, gathered out of all nations, calling themselves by all names, stating their faith in many forms, but all devoted to the service of God through the love of man.

The Spectator

The Spectator has a dainty, sweet little girl friend, now twelve years old, who cannot remember when she did not have a baby brother to carry and rock and push about in the baby-carriage, the handle of which is now just the height of the little lady's shoulder. She recognizes symptoms of naughtiness and wards off the climax with the insight of a grandmother who has brought up two generations of babies. She coaxes refractory moods with a cunning and tactfulness that would put to shame many mothers who pride themselves on their mother skill. Her family live under the shadows of the elevated road. The living-room, charged for by the landlord as a basement, is a cellar, selected because of the advantage secured to the numerous small boys of the family by controlling the back yard, five feet deep, and the ready access to the street by way of the front cellar stairs. Here the dainty little lady loves and serves, watched by a mother scarcely any taller, who is most ambitious for her children's education. The little lady makes no mark as a scholar. She came home recently with that most deceitful of character records, a monthly report, whose cabalistic signs mark the measure of pride and happiness in so many homes. The little lady's conduct was perfect, but clearly, plainly written, beyond hope of misunderstanding, was "Deficient in Nature Study." "How can I help her?"

queried the anxious, overworked mother, gazing in distress at the card in hand. The Spectator, in a spirit of sarcasm, advised that she take the child to the top of the steps and call her attention to the beautiful stretch of stone lawn in front of the house, then to the hedge of trucks at the roadside, and, above all, call her attention to the stately trunks of the elevated railroad pillars and the beautiful foliage that spread in unbroken line from their tops. The expression of care deepened on the mother's face as she interrupted: "I'm glad you said that; she asked me last night what 'foliage' was; she had it in her spelling lesson."



The Spectator has a friend who is interested in a club the membership of which is made up of the wives and widows of skilled workingmen. At Thanksgiving, turkey and the natural seasonable accompaniments were given to some of the members whose lives were not running in the festive groove of the holiday season. The following week, at the meeting, comment was made on the high price of turkeys, when a member who is one of the most prosperous said, "I did not have turkey; I could not afford it." "Certainly not," was the response of another prosperous member, without evidence of feeling; "none but the rich and the poor had turkeys this year; only the rich could pay for them." A comment that is a volume on the social economics of the day.



The Spectator has long been interested in the subject of humor. What is it? Is it a matter of mood? He has seen people laugh at causes that made others solemn, resentful, indignant. He remembers the shock he received the first time he saw "The Old Homestead," caused by the laugh that swept over the audience when the young man who had left the old farm to make his fortune in New York staggered across the stage, a part of a realistic stage picture. To the Spectator it was a peculiar sense of humor which could respond to such a scene. Recently the Spectator has had another revelation of the peculiarities of

humor. The revealer is a nervous, high-strung, sandy-haired woman devoted to the mission church which is the source and the center of her social life, and in which she is a leader, interpreting the rich who support the mission to the poor who attend their ministrations. Entertainments crowd one another, and are accepted by the people as they accept the weather. It was immediately after one of these entertainments, when her mind was free from the thought of lemons, sugar, cake, or curtains, that this useful woman revealed her standard of humor. She had reviewed some of the entertainments provided for this people with an apparently omnivorous appetite for amusement but most discriminating as to pulpit teachings, as the procession of young men called to minister to their spiritual wants would testify. "I know what the people want; I've been here all my life," she said. No one else in the church could make that claim on that ground, and it usually silenced those who doubted. "I know what they want. Sometimes they're stupid and don't see points; that was the trouble last night. I have Irish blood in me; that gives me a sense of humor. Some people ain't got it, and they don't see points. I don't care for slight of hand. It makes me feel queer. I ain't sure it's right to have them things in a church. Funny things I like. Them moving pictures we had was fine. One was a man run over by a trolley car. A policeman pulled him by the leg; you could see just as plain; the policeman was pulling with all his might, when the man kicked him with his other leg, knocking him over, and then ran away. It was the funniest thing!" The recollection threw the woman into convulsions of laughter.



The Spectator was condemned to a long ride on a foggy day in the trolley cars. The passengers were dull and stupid as the weather outside. Just as the gloom had penetrated the Spectator's mind his eyes caught this:

"If you have beauty, come I'll take it;
If you have none, come I'll make it."

The photographer who so happily sought trade was a benefactor. The gloom

disappeared. The Spectator wondered for the balance of the journey in that car which service the photographer would render him if he sought his aid. The Spectator is still wondering! It was on the same journey that the car was delayed by a vender's cart on the back of which appeared in yellow letters on a bright green background: "The clock ticks: we don't." The Spectator has always rebelled at the wearing strain of house-cleaning. Relief came that day; he found "The Athletic House-cleaning Company," and a firm that has confidence in office-boys, for this sign swung from a large office building: "Wanted, a boy to tie up Jones Bros."



One evening the Spectator was in a crowded Broadway car. He noticed standing on the back platform a shabbily dressed young man whose face indicated an enfeebled mind but retained the expression of childlike innocence. At the beginning of the journey downtown he tried to engage the conductor in conversation, but grew silent under the rebuff administered at each attempt. Each male passenger was greeted with a most cordial and welcoming smile, but no one responded. The young man turned his attention to the crowds on the sidewalk, and the Spectator forgot him until the car stopped where a crowd was waiting. Then the Spectator became conscious of unusual excitement outside the car. Suddenly the young man who had attracted the Spectator's attention dashed into the car from the front platform, exclaiming, "It's gone, I tell you! You've got to find it! You wouldn't let me stand with it; you made me put it there. Stop the car! You've got to find it!" The conductor pulled the bell and ordered the man off the car. The man, crying as a boy would cry, turned to the passengers in appeal: "I put the basket of clothes my mother washed and ironed on the front platform; the conductor made me. I was taking them home. The man out there," pointing to the motorman, "threw it off at Twelfth Street; I told him I wanted to get off there. I did not know it was

Twelfth Street; I could not see. I got off now, and the clothes are gone. The man out there threw them off at Twelfth Street, he told me." The conductor laughed as though a huge joke had been perpetrated. "Get off," he exclaimed, as he stopped laughing. "I won't; I'll go with you till I find my basket. The people need their clothes, mother said so; that's why she sent them in the rain. She told me to be careful. What will mother do? She wanted the money." The conductor put his hand on the man's shoulder with the intent of ejecting him. As the conductor's hand closed on the protesting passenger's shoulder a ringing voice asked: "Has he paid his fare?" Taken by surprise, the conductor answered, "Yes." "What right have you to put him off? Attend to your business; ring off the car." The speaker was one of two young college men seated at the front end of the car. Cowed, the official, muttering, went to the back platform and rang the bell. One young man put his hand on the shabby shoulder, drawing the man down to the seat between the two. The other took out a note-book and asked questions in a still lower tone. If the voice broken by tears was raised, a gentle pressure on the owner's shoulder brought it down to a low tone. The conductor grew more and more uneasy. Coming into the car with an air of bravado, he asked, "Say, ain't that fellow going to get off?" With a look of contempt, the one who had spoken first responded; "No; us three fellows is goin' back with you to the stable to find that there basket." The manner and tone were so perfect an imitation of the conductor's, so clearly a contradiction of the speaker's natural tone, language, and manner, that the conductor slunk out of the door to the platform. The passengers smiled broadly. To the passenger opposite, who was leaving the car a few blocks below, the owner of the basket confidentially announced: "It's all right; they're going to get my basket before mother knows." There was a message by wireless telegraphy which reached the Spectator from the defenders opposite.

The Social and Political Condition of Russia

By George Kennan

IN its possible influence upon the outcome of a long war with Japan, the social and political condition of Russia is hardly less important than her financial and economic status. The burdens imposed by modern warfare are so heavy, and the sacrifices that it demands are so great, that unless the population which furnishes the troops and pays the expenses is loyal, patriotic, and united in its support of the government and the war, there is great danger of internal disorder serious enough to weaken the national power, if not completely to break down the prestige and undermine the authority of the ruling class.

The autocratic form of Russia's administration makes her government less dependent upon the people than are the governments of constitutional and parliamentary countries; but, on the other hand, the bureaucracy, which practically rules Russia, has to deal with a strong popular feeling of discontent and hostility which does not exist elsewhere, and which a war is almost certain to intensify. In some parts of western Europe an unpopular and long-continued war might cause great national dissatisfaction, and might possibly give rise to a dangerous revolutionary movement; but such conditions would be consequences of the war and would not precede it. In Russia, however, the anti-government feeling is of long standing; it has already menaced the authority of the ruling class, if not the very existence of the State in its present form; and it will develop and grow more threatening as war adds new causes of discontent to those already present, and gives fresh intensity to the long-smoldering fire of revolutionary activity.

Popular dissatisfaction in Russia is based upon a great variety and an immense number of grievances, most of which are little known to the American reading public. Some of these grievances affect particular nationalities or racial components of the population,

such as the Finns, the Armenians, the Poles, and the Jews; some bear most heavily upon particular social classes or groups, such as the peasants, the university students, the factory operatives, the journalists, and the members of the *zemstvos*; while some are directly related to the welfare and the happiness of the population as a whole. Anything like an adequate presentation of these grievances would fill a dozen numbers of *The Outlook*, if not a whole volume; but brief reference to a few of them may serve to show what reasons the Russian people have for discontent and disloyalty.

Take first, for example, the matter of personal security. It is the primary duty of every government to protect the persons and the property of its citizens. If it does not give them some assurance that they shall not be arrested, imprisoned, flogged, or deprived of their property without due process of law, it fails in the most important and most fundamental of its obligations. To a large class of its people the Russian Government does not give such protection, and never has given it. Now, as in the past, its "politically untrustworthy" subjects may be arrested without a warrant, imprisoned without a trial, deprived of property without judicial procedure, and banished to remote parts of the country without even so much as a hearing.

This lack of personal security is felt as deeply in Russia as it would be in the United States. If the Secretary of the Interior in Washington, by and with the consent of the President, should suddenly suppress the New York "Evening Post" because he disapproved of its political "tendency," the owners or stockholders of that periodical would certainly think that they had a very serious and very substantial grievance; and yet that has happened in Russia, of late years, to the "Golos," the "Nedielia," the "Otechestvennia Zapiski," the "Moskofski Telegraf," and twenty-one other newspapers and magazines. Meanwhile, there have been inflicted on other

periodicals five hundred and eighty-one administrative punishments less severe than absolute suppression, including suspensions that amount in the aggregate to forty-nine years and four months.⁽¹⁾ If the newspapers of the United States had been punished five hundred and eighty-one times with prohibition of street sales, deprivation of the right to print advertisements, etc., and had been administratively "held up" by the Secretary of the Interior for periods that amounted in the aggregate to nearly half a century, the Government certainly could not count on very enthusiastic support from the press either in an aggressive foreign war or in local disturbances to which such a war might give rise.

If, to take another illustration, Secretary Hitchcock, by and with the consent of President Roosevelt, should suddenly notify W. D. Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, George H. Putnam, Horace White, John B. McMaster, Professor Van Dyke, John Burroughs, and George B. Harvey that they must abandon their business, leave their homes, and live for three years under police surveillance in North Dakota, Oklahoma, or Alaska, these gentlemen and their friends—if they had no power to resist and no redress in the courts—would probably become revolutionists of a very active type; and yet their case would be no worse than that of twenty or thirty Russian authors, editors, and publishers, of substantially the same social and literary class, who have been banished from St. Petersburg in the course of the past three years. Among them are Vorontsov, the political economist; Lessevitich, the philosopher; Annenski, the statistician; Panteleief and Kalmikova, two well-known publishers; Peter Struve, grandson of the famous astronomer; four members of the Russian Free Economic Society; Mr. Philipof, editor of the "Scientific Review;" and two of the editors and the secretary of the suppressed periodical "Zhizn." In every case, the decree of banishment was pronounced by the Minister of the Interior without the observance of any form of judicial procedure, and in most

cases without the assignment of any reason. The same fate may befall any citizen of Russia who happens to be regarded by the Minister of the Interior as "politically untrustworthy," or who renders himself obnoxious to the Government by his actions, his criticisms, or his expressions of opinion.

In its dealings with the peasants the Government manifests even less regard for justice and law than it shows in its treatment of the educated class. After the agrarian disorder in the province of Poltava, in the spring of 1902, the Governor, Belgardt, caused more than 400 peasants to be flogged with whips, each of the victims receiving from 120 to 170 blows.⁽²⁾ For this form of punishment there was no warrant of law whatever. Most of the arrested peasants had behaved in a disorderly manner; many of them, doubtless, had been guilty of offenses described in the Russian penal code; but they were entitled to a hearing and a judicial trial, and Governor Belgardt had not the shadow of a right to flog them indiscriminately before they had been found guilty of the offenses charged against them.

On the 1st of May, 1902, Governor von Wahl caused to be flogged, in the same way, sixteen peasants—mostly factory operatives—who had taken part in a "labor-day" parade and demonstration in the city of Wilna.⁽³⁾

The disregard of justice and law shown in the administrative banishment of educated people, and the administrative flogging of peasants who have not been tried, is thoroughly characteristic of the present Russian Government, and, in one form or another, it is manifested almost daily in all parts of the Empire. It gives rise, of course, to a feeling of intense exasperation, and it has created a large class of malcontents who not only will refuse to give the Government loyal support in time of war, but will avail themselves of the first opportunity to work actively for its overthrow.

Lack of personal security, however, is only one of the Russian citizen's many grievances. He resents almost as deeply the authority given police officers to make searches in private houses without

¹ For references see list at end of article.

legal warrant (in St. Petersburg 600 such searches are sometimes made in a single night); the virtual prohibition of all suits for damages against Government officials; the interference of the executive power with the courts; the withdrawal of large classes of cases from jury trial; the administrative punishment of accused persons whom the courts have acquitted; the hearing of important public cases with closed doors; the trial of political and other civil offenders by courts martial; the denial of the right of public assembly, as well as the right of collective petition; the universal system of espionage; the vexatious restriction of personal movement and freedom by means of the passport system; and, finally, the rigorous censorship of the press, which makes it almost impossible to criticise governmental action or freely to discuss public affairs.

Most of these grievances are due, primarily, to a desire and a determination on the part of the bureaucracy to control and regulate matters of public concern at its own discretion, and to treat the citizen as if he were a minor ward subject to the authority of a guardian. A Russian who had been a sufferer from this bureaucratic regulation once said bitterly, "In Russia nothing is permitted; everything is either ordered or forbidden." The Government compels peasants whose houses have burned down to wait months for official permission to rebuild; it reprimands citizens who unite in a joint telegram to the Minister of Public Instruction, on the ground that collective action of that kind is strictly forbidden; it will not allow school-teachers to give to the press any information with regard to schools, education, or the economic condition of the peasants; it prohibits everywhere public celebrations of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs, it will not permit university students to celebrate anything, nor to participate in public testimonials to esteemed persons; it draws up the programme for, and superintends the proceedings of, every convention of business men who meet to consider and discuss their own interests; it forbids town councils to give the name

of Gogol, Pushkin, or Turgenieff to any of their newly established municipal schools; it arbitrarily closes the statistical bureaus of the zemstvos and burns their statistics; it suppresses, without process of law, such organizations as the "Russian Free Economic Society," the "Moscow Juridical Society," the St. Petersburg "Society for Furnishing Reading to the Poor and Sick," and the Elizavetgrad "Society for the Promotion of Literacy and Technical Knowledge;" it forbids the giving of an entertainment to be called a "Turgenieff Evening," on the novelist's birthday and in his native town; it will not permit the executive boards of the zemstvos to consult one another, nor to establish a periodical devoted to their collective interests; it has taken away from these organizations the right to care for the people in time of famine; and it has just stopped all the statistical work of the zemstvos in twelve provinces, and given governors discretionary power to stop it in twenty-two more.

Such "regulation" as this is manifestly oppressive and vexatious in the highest degree; and it touches so many interests and affects the lives of so many people that it has created a strong anti-government feeling in almost all classes of society, from the nobles to the peasants.

The general prevalence and the great intensity of this feeling are clearly shown in the recent revival of revolutionary activity in all parts of the Empire. Organized revolutionary groups or committees are now in existence in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Odessa, Kharkoff, Samara, Saratoff, Kherson, Tula, Tiflis, and more than twenty other cities and towns, and there is probably more *unorganized* political dissatisfaction in all classes of society than there has been at any time before since 1881.

This fact, indeed, is recognized and admitted by the highest Russian officials. In April, 1902, the Ministry of Justice asked the Council of State for an extra appropriation of 229,000 rubles and an extra force of 79 procureurs (prosecuting officers), to enable it to deal effectively with the rapidly increasing number of political offenders. In an

"explanatory memorandum" accompanying this request, the Minister of Justice says that the call for more money and more prosecutors is made on account of "the recent extraordinary development of the revolutionary propaganda among factory operatives, among students in the higher institutions of learning, and even among the peasants. . . . Scattered secret societies, which in the beginning had neither bond of union nor central organization, are now joining one another so as to form larger and larger groups, and in making these combinations they are laying aside their racial, religious, and other differences, in order to attain the one object which they all have in common, viz., a radical change in the existing form of government and a reformation or regeneration of the national life. . . . With the development of the revolutionary propaganda there has been an increase in the number of political cases and in the number of persons implicated therein. Information in the possession of the Ministry of Justice shows that under the provisions of the law relating to the maintenance of national order and public security, 5,748 persons were arrested in 1901, and 2,953 in the first fourteen weeks of 1902. . . . In the three years 1890-1892 the average annual number of revolutionary cases brought to final settlement was 126, and the average number of persons concerned therein was 369. In the last five years the average annual number of cases has increased to 341, and the average number of persons concerned therein to 1,546."

The Minister then gives statistics to show that in the first five years of the last decade the number of political offenders actually sentenced was 2,089; while in the second five-year period the number increased to 7,729. The arrests for political crime between January 1 and April 12, 1902, were 2,953, or at the rate of about 11,000 per year. These figures, the Minister says, show that "the number of cases of political crime, as well as the number of persons implicated therein, are increasing generally, and with incredible swiftness."⁽⁸⁾

But these facts, serious as they are,

do not present the case in what, perhaps, is its most serious aspect. Political dissatisfaction seems now to be making progress, for the first time, in the Russian army. In the revolutionary outbreak of 1878-81 an army officer here and there was arrested and punished for political crime; but there was nothing like a revolutionary organization among the officers or in the ranks. Now, on the contrary, there is an "Army League" and an "Army Revolutionary Society;" printed addresses and appeals to officers and soldiers are found by the secret police in dozens of barracks and encampments; the Minister of War, General Kuropatkin, has issued a "secret" circular-letter of instruction to commanders of military districts (No. 54, January 31, 1903), directing them to take energetic measures to suppress the "criminal propaganda;" and a special division has been organized in the Chief Department of Military Justice for the trial of political cases.

A common soldier named Alexander Panferov, in the 238th reserve battalion, who gave the authorities information that enabled them to stop the "criminal propaganda" in one case, was specially thanked and complimented by the Grand Duke Sergei, Governor-General of Moscow, in "General Orders No. 48 of the Moscow Military District" (February 28, 1903); was presented with a suitable pecuniary reward for his loyalty; and was decorated with the cross of the high order of St. Anne. When a common soldier is rewarded in this way for merely doing his duty, it is perfectly evident that the Government fully recognizes the peril involved in the spread of revolutionary ideas in the army, and is holding out every possible inducement to officers and men to betray such of their comrades as have become infected.

The form that revolutionary activity is taking in the army may be shown by two or three extracts from appeals and addresses circulated by the "Army League" and the "Army Revolutionary Society." The "Army League" says: "We officers know only what is taught us in our military schools; and yet men like Colonel Volkof, for example, whose knowledge is confined exclusively to the

direction and maneuvering of soldiers, are put at the head of whole provinces, with full power to decide thousands of questions relating to the zemstvos, the courts, and municipal institutions. Then, when people protest against this sort of thing, and demand personal security, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and political freedom, the Czar's Government rides them down with Cossack horses, shoots them, and convinces them with exile. This melancholy state of things is not new. It existed in France, in Germany, and in Italy until absolutism was forced to lay down its arms before the power and the justice of freedom. . . . Let us then unite, in the name of freedom and for the sake of our country, in overturning the Czardom that has outlived its time, and in demanding a constitution, to be framed by representatives of all classes of the people."

Still another military group, which calls itself a "League for Carrying on a Propaganda among the Troops," says: "The Russian muzhik groans everywhere under the burdens of intolerable taxation and chronic hunger; factory operatives groan everywhere after the labor of an eleven-hour working day; and every thinking person groans in his heart under the oppression of the bureaucracy and unlimited autocratic power. It is time that Russian officers should awake from their mental slumber and realize the disgraceful nature of the rôle that the autocracy compels them to play when it forces them to resist with arms every popular movement in the direction of political freedom and equality of human rights. It is time for Russian officers to know that the chief enemy of the fatherland is the autocratic government which prevents the social development of the people and the economic growth of the country."

If the revival of revolutionary activity is dangerous now, in time of peace, it might become far more perilous and threatening in the course of a long war. All of Russia's great wars have been followed either by insistent demands for internal reform or by revolutionary outbreaks. The struggle with Napoleon in the early part of the last century pre-

pared the way for the famous "Decembrist" conspiracy; the Crimean War made apparent the necessity for the reforms of Alexander II.; and the Russo-Turkish War was immediately followed by the great revolutionary outbreak of 1878-81.

The reasons for this are manifest. In the first place, the strain of war shows clearly the corruption, the weakness, and the inefficiency of Russia's bureaucratic administration, and thus intensifies popular discontent; in the second place, burdens of taxation and economic distress that were barely tolerable in time of peace are so increased by war as to become absolutely intolerable; and, in the third place, a badly conducted or unsuccessful war tends to weaken the power and break down the prestige of the autocracy, and thus gives its enemies a favorable opportunity to attack it.

What the attitude of the intelligent classes of Russia now is toward the war that seems to be impending we do not certainly know and cannot ascertain, because the press censorship prevents anything like free expression of public opinion. So far as it is possible to judge from the editorials in the "Russki Vedomosti" of Moscow and the "Osvobodzhdenie" of Stuttgart, the Russian liberal party is opposed to war, for the reason that it would necessarily involve the sacrifice of interests in European Russia that outweigh any possible advantages to be gained in eastern Asia. The liberals think that the education of the Russian people and the improvement of their economic condition are much more important than the acquisition of additional territory on the coast of the Pacific.⁽⁴⁾

Even the conservatives and the supporters of the Government seem to regard the prospect of war with gloomy forebodings. Prince Meshcherski, for example, said recently in the "Grazhdanin:" "Have we any reason to expect that the war with Japan will have the effect of a beneficial thunder-storm in clearing the air and making possible a new and better future for Russia? I doubt it very much, because such a war will stop the regeneration of Russia's internal life which the people now expect.

This may not be noticed at first, in the temporary exaltation of spirit that war causes; but afterward—no matter how brilliant the results attained—there will come a reaction and an economic decline that will lower the National spirit more than ever. Then, all the rivulets of depression and dissatisfaction will unite in a sea of general discouragement, which will make it infinitely more difficult to begin again the national regeneration that the war has stopped. A war with Japan, moreover, must excite particular apprehension, for the reason that,

whatever its results may be, it will settle nothing. If we win, the Japanese will have to fight again; and if—which God forbid—the Japanese should be victorious, it would make another war a necessity for us, to say nothing of the fact that with the outbreak of war in the Far East will begin the swift reorganization of the armed forces of China.”⁽⁵⁾

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The Negro Woman

I.—Social and Moral Decadence

By Eleanor Tayleur

THE most anomalous and portentous figure in America today is the negro woman. Little account has been taken of her in the discussion of the race problem, yet if the key to that dark riddle is ever found, hers must be the hand that first discovers it.

It is an axiom that no people can rise higher than their source. The measure of its womanhood is the measure of the potentialities of a race. If this be virtuous, clean of mind and body, filled with high ideals and noble aspirations, all things are possible to its sons. If, on the contrary, it be unchaste, diseased physically and morally, with groveling and material desires, the race is doomed, for death and decadence have set their seal upon it. Women mold the character of a people. It is eternally true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. In the great crises of life the thing that determines the action of the great majority of men is not the code of ethics of their mature years, or the system of philosophy that they have reasoned out. It is the teaching that they imbibed at their mother's knee—it is the memory of old prayers they lisped in childhood, old songs and stories, a mother's kiss, a mother's tears that have crystallized into character, and that at

the crucial moment decides their action for right or wrong, and whether they shall go forward or backward. Before a mother's influence political decrees are as empty and powerless as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and even the education of books and schools falls back impotent and defeated. At the last it is the woman who bears the race who determines its destiny.

It is this that gives a somber interest to the negro woman, for she is the pivot upon which the great race question turns. It is her hand that rocks the cradle in which the little pickaninny sleeps; it is she who sweeps the cabin floor, and makes it a home that is clean and bright or else an abode of disease; it is she who bequeaths to the child that is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, soundness of body and soul or else the tendencies that make it a moral and physical leper; it is her hand that sets the little feet about her knee on the road which they are to travel in life. All that the white woman is to the white race, the negro woman is to the black. Her influence is just as potent, and she is the dominant factor that must be reckoned with in every effort to help the negro.

In the Northern cities there are many, and in the South a few, negro women

who in intelligence, nobility of character, and refinement would challenge comparison with any women in the world. These are exceptions, and it is not proposed to consider them here, but the great dark, helpless, hopeless mass of the women of their race as they are found leading their lawless and purposeless lives in the cane and cotton field, or herded together in the streets of the cities.

As she exists in the South to-day the negro woman is the Frankenstein product of civilization, a being created out of conditions of sectional hate and revenge, and set in motion by wild experimentalists who knew not what they did; and within the length and breadth of Christendom there is no other figure so forlorn and pathetic as she. Doubly cursed by her color and her sex, on her has fallen alike the heaviest burden of the negro and of womanhood. Shut out by her blood from the privileges of the white woman and by her sex from the opportunities of the negro man, she is the victim of every injustice of society, and she revenges herself upon it by striking at the very foundations of the political and social structure. She has always been a hapless sacrifice to the lust of man, and retribution has made of her a Nemesis who has forged the thunderbolts of the race question for the white man, and who stands a sinister figure behind the black man, forever dragging him downward.

No women in the world ever went through such a radical change as has taken place among the negro women since the Civil War. For them emancipation meant the severing of every association, habit, and custom of their lives, and the inauguration of a new heaven and a new earth; and the negro woman of to-day, in character and thought, in aspiration and ideal, is no more like the negro woman of ante-bellum days than if a thousand generations, instead of one or two, rolled between them. History records no change of the women of a whole race so rapid and so radical; and the sadly significant feature of this change is that it has been for the worse and not for the better.

Many explanations may be offered to

account for the decadence of the negro woman. First and foremost is the abolition of the home; for woman's highest virtues, whatever her color or her race, are garden flowers that flourish best about her doorstep, and lacking this congenial soil they wither and die. Whatever the burdens and wrongs of slavery, and they were great and many, it at least gave the negro woman a home in which she was sure of food and warmth and privacy; and when within the four walls of her cabin, or her quarters in the city mansion, she was as truly and completely mistress of her home as the chateleine of her castle. So much was the slave's unquestioned right; but now, when the negro must pay rent for the roof that shelters him, whole herds of them crowd together in a single room, like rabbits in a warren, without regard to age or sex or consanguinity. Under such conditions all privacy, or even decency, is impossible.

In the country the cabin may still be seen with the gourd vine trained above the door, with its beds covered with gay patchwork, with its floors scrubbed until they shine with glistening whiteness, and these homes furnish the great percentage of the respectable, thrifty, and industrious men and women of the negro race. In the cities the majority of negro women have no homes, but a room which they oftener than not share with strangers. The beds are unmade, the dishes unwashed, the floor unswept. Here children are born to be thrust out into the street as soon as possible to get them out of the way, and thus the mother and the child are deprived of the home influence that is one of the strongest powers for good in the world.

Another reason for the decadence of the negro woman is that she no longer has the uplift of close personal association with white women. Before the war the negro woman was brought into intimate contact with the refined and educated women of the dominant race. Essentially imitative as negroes are, they copied the manners and the morals of the mistress they served. Many a black woman was a grande dame who would have graced a court, and imbued with as high and lofty a sense of loyalty and fealty as any

knight; and among the most cherished recollections of the old South are the memories of these women, between whom and their owners existed a bond of affection that only death could sever.

No such conditions prevail to-day, save in the rare instances when a family is fortunate enough to attach to itself some negress whose ideals and traditions were formed in the days of slavery, when, as foster-sister to some white child, or handmaiden to some white woman, she imbibed the precepts of honor and honesty and duty that must alike guide both races. The modern negro woman has no such object-lesson in morality or morals or modesty, and she wants none. She hates the white woman with a hatred born of hopeless envy, and her most exquisite pleasure is in insulting her with childlike brutality. She does this in a thousand little puerile ways—by rudely jostling her in a crowd, by pushing her off the sidewalk, and—favorite method of all—by invariably speaking of her own race as “ladies and gentlemen” and the white as “men and women.” Thus the announcement by your maid that a lady wishes to speak to you sends you down the back stairs to interview a dusky charwoman, while, when you are told that there is a strange woman downstairs, you prepare to receive your friend of a most aristocratic lineage and exquisite refinement. When the black woman imitates the white, she only imitates what is worst in her. She copies her extravagance in tawdry finery that is a grotesque exaggeration of fashion, she copies her independence in utter abandon of all restraints, she copies her vices and adds to them frills of her own, and it is as if one saw a vulgar picture ineffably coarsened by being reproduced in hideous and glaring colors that emphasized every unlovely detail.

Before the war the negro women also had the uplifting influence of honest work. They were taught the various branches of domestic labor, and had the pride in their work that comes from skillful craftsmanship. But the Aunt Dinahs, ample of girth, clad in clean cottonade, who boasted that they laid a heavy hand on the seasoning when they compounded dainties, and who at din-

ner would poke an anxious head through the doorway to hear the compliments bestowed upon their art, are almost as extinct as the dodo. Gone, too, are the neat housemaids in guinea-blue calicoes, starched until they rattled like the best taffeta, who felt a personal pride in keeping the mahogany shining like a mirror, and whose ministrations were benedictions, so filled were they with loving care and solicitude. Gone, also, are the old black mammies on whose broad breasts childish sorrows sobbed themselves to sleep and broken baby hearts were mended.

In their places is an ignorant creature in dirty finery, the first article of whose faith is a settled determination not to work. For the time being this has been shaken by hunger or a desire to buy a sleazy silk dress, and she condescends to preside in your kitchen or make your beds, but she does it under protest. She has no pride in her occupation, or desire to do it well. She does not burden her mind with the insignificant details that go to make good cooking. She dashes a lot of things together, and if they turn out all right, well and good. If not, also well and good. All that she is interested in is in drawing her wages, and carrying back and forth the basket that is the commissary department of a horde of idle and shiftless friends.

In the peculiar code of ethics that governs the new negro woman any way of obtaining a livelihood is more honorable and respectable than working for it. The colored Mrs. Grundy does not frown on the demi-mondaine, nor does the conviction of theft call forth any social ostracism. Nor is this surprising. It was to have been expected that a childish race, suddenly freed from slavery, would mistake liberty for license, and that the men and women whose own backs had been bowed with toil should wish to save their children from the burdens they had borne. More than that, the masters and mistresses they idealized did not work with their hands, and so the distorted belief prevails among the negroes that the first step toward being a lady or a gentleman is to be idle. In this the young of both sexes are encouraged by their parents; and

nothing could be more grotesquely sad than the feeble old black mothers who are bending over washtubs and cooking-stoves earning the money to support strapping sons and daughters, while they boast proudly that their children never did a lick of work!

So far, education has done but little for the great mass of negro women. Here and there a girl achieves the common-school education, and in rare instances one even develops the ability to take a college course; but these latter cases are as unusual as genius is among the whites. Negroes are avid of schooling, and it is nothing uncommon to see a girl go to school, session after session, for eight or ten years, without achieving anything more than the ability to read and write like a child in the second grade, while the superior elegance of saying "have come," and scorning the humble and admiring mother who goes out scrubbing to support her, entitles her to a diploma. It may be that this tentative education, whose uplifting influence is unseen and unfelt as yet, is the little leaven that will eventually leaven the whole lump and raise the entire race to a higher level; but as yet the only visible result has been to teach the girl a scorn of the work she is fitted to do, and to implant in her breast an insatiable ambition to be a school-teacher—an ambition that must be futile unless the supply of scholars can be miraculously increased, or the Government subsidizes every kinky-headed little coon and farms him out among the several million negro girls in the South who are looking forward to the glorious career of being schoolma'ams. Never was the truth of the old adage that a little learning is a dangerous thing so fully illustrated as by these imperfectly educated women; yet it is this half-awakened intelligence, struggling with problems that it is too ignorant to understand, misreading both the past and the present, drawing false meanings from history and philosophy, that is one of the menaces of our time.

Important, however, as is the relation of the negro woman to the white race, it is not so important as her relations to her own. Among her own people her

position is one peculiar among the women of the world, and it is one full of cruel injustice and bitter suffering. No other woman among civilized people is so little protected, so little cherished, and evokes so little chivalry from the men of her race. All the hardships that other women endure she bears, and more. She loves, but no sense of loyalty, no convention of faithfulness, binds her lover to her. She may marry, but with no certainty of the tie being permanent. She bears children, but with oftener than not no husband's sympathy to cheer her, no husband's hand to even provide the food and clothing. When she toils, it is only too frequently to have her meager wage taken from her by a drunken brute.

There are, of course, negro men who are admirable husbands, but among the vast majority of them the responsibility of the marriage relationship as white people understand it does not exist. The wedding ceremony and the divorce decree are held in light esteem as ornaments that one may have, but that are not necessities by any means; and the average negro man manifests absolutely no sense of obligation about providing for his wife and children. That burden falls upon the woman. His wage, if he works, is generally spent upon his own pleasures and vices. On every Saturday afternoon throughout the South pathetic groups of these defrauded wives may be witnessed, waiting humbly with their empty baskets on the outskirts of the cotton-gin, or factory, or sawmill where their husbands work, trying to wheedle a little of their week's salary out of their lords and masters to feed the hungry mouths at home. Often the man does not work at all, but lives in a paradise of ease and luxury on the dainties his wife purloins from the pantry of the white people for whom she cooks. No other race in the world shows such a number of men supported by women as does the negro race. The answer to the question, how the vast idle male negro population in the South lives without work, finds its answer in the basket that the cooks invariably carry back and forth between their home and the kitchen in which they are employed.

As a general thing, the negro woman

is of a tropical temperament, and loves madly and passionately. When roused to jealousy, she is a furious demon who not infrequently kills her rival or the lover who forsakes her. Often her love is as brief as it is stormy, but there are innumerable cases where she displays a dog-like devotion, and follows, year after year, the footsteps of the man who beats her, and mistreats her, and is faithless to her, and sometimes even brings another wife to live under the very roof-tree that her own hard toil supports. For her children she has a fierce passion of maternity that seems to be purely animal, and that seldom goes beyond their childhood. When they are little, she indulges them blindly when she is in good humor, and beats them cruelly when she is angry; and once past their childhood her affection for them appears to be exhausted. She exhibits none of the brooding mother-love and anxiety which the white woman sends after her children as long as they live. Infanticide is not regarded as a crime among negroes, but it is so appallingly common that if the statistics could be obtained on this subject they would send a shudder through the world. The story of many negro midwives, who are veritable female Herods, is not a thing to be told.

The negro woman also occupies a unique position in this, that of all women she is the one who personally best illustrates the fallacy of the theory of free love and the abolition of all the conventions and laws that hedge about matrimony. She is literally "the woman who did" of Mr. Richard Grant White's dream. All that the most advanced theorists who rail at the bondage of marriage advocate she does, and under ideal conditions. There is no public opinion to be defied, no society to turn the cold shoulder upon her. She loses no caste changing husbands as the whim seizes her, and no odium is attached to the possession of what she graphically and picturesquely described as a "bandanna family"—meaning thereby one in which each child is a different color.

Yet, with all of these advantages of freedom in securing a soul mate, and, if she makes a mistake in selecting the first time, in being able to seek an affin-

ity to the third and fourth and hundredth time if she pleases, the negro woman is the most unanswerable refutation that the imagination could devise to those who believe that love should never be fettered. A forlorn and warning figure, forsaken and deserted, with her own burdens a hundredfold heavier because no man is bound to help her bear them, crushed under the weight of a motherhood that no fatherhood lightens, the negro woman stands at the gate of the garden of free-loveism, and cries out that it is a false paradise—that all of its fruit are apples of Sodom, and that nowhere else is a woman's sorrow so incapable, and her lot so bitter, as in that mockery of freedom.

Such is the negro woman of to-day, the most unfortunate and sinned-against creature in all the world, the victim of heredity, of social conditions, of environment, the very sport and plaything of destiny, yet holding in her hands the fate of a race. There is something almost sardonically humorous in the thought of this woman, with the brain of a child and the passions of a woman, steeped in centuries of ignorance and savagery, and wrapped about with immemorial vices, playing with the die of fate.

Yet there she sits, unthinking, unknowing, with no desire save of the senses, no ambitions, no aspirations, and the most momentous problem of our day is how to rouse this lethargic giantess to a sense of her responsibilities. In the home all the real progress of a people must begin. You cannot raise a race above its motherhood. Until that is done, until the childhood of the little negro girl is safeguarded, until the negro woman is inspired with ideals of virtue, until the mother teaches the child at her knee the precepts of right and honest living, there can be no real uplift for the negro race, and no solving of the race problem.

The mission of the white woman of this country is to the black woman. If ever there was a God given and appointed task set to the womanhood of any people, it is to the women of America to take these lowly sisters by the hand and lift them out of the pit into which they

have fallen. Humanity pleads for it, Christianity prays for it, the very salvation of the country demands it, for be assured unless we succor these Hagars

who have been thrust out into the desert of their own ignorance and superstition and sin, they will raise up Ishmaels whose hands shall be against our sons forever.

II.—The Gain in the Life of Negro Women

By Mrs. Booker T. Washington

IN the many-tongued discussion of negro problems there is no fallacy so common or so insidious as that by which a proposition found true of a particular group of negroes is, in virtue of that fact, proclaimed true of all or of the great mass. To maintain that since from the negroes in a certain town no superior class has emerged, the negroes of America have no superior class—to maintain that is to feel with the Africans that, because the white slave-catchers were merciless, all white men are merciless. The specific problem which is the subject of this paper—Gain in the Life of Negro Women—is often similarly befuddled. There are 8,840,789 negroes in this country, of whom 4,447,568 are women. These women live in States from Massachusetts to Mississippi; some live on plantations, some in towns, some in cities; some are ignorant, some intelligent; some are rich, some poor; some good, some bad. To make propositions that will hold true of these many and essentially different groups of negro women is a task which I do not essay—a task to which Edmund Burke referred when he said that no man can indict a whole race of people.

Moreover, you can no more find the "average" negro woman than you can multiply eggs by treaties. Just as eggs are different from treaties, so good negro women are different from bad negro women, and no average can be struck. The best we can do is to estimate the size of the various groups of negro women, but even this is not enough; the influence, efficiency, significance of one superior woman's life may be indefinitely more than that of ten dull drudges. And so the statistical method could not do justice to this essentially human problem; statistics negate individuality.

I propose to speak of the superior class of negro women, and roughly to

indicate something of the import of their organized endeavor.

Every census teems with information that testifies to the material and spiritual gain of the negro population and notably of negro women. To cite a few illustrations from school enrollment, I may say that in the census year 1,096,774 negroes attended school, of whom 510,007 were males and 586,767 were females; 27,858 females as against 28,268 males attended school from two to three months; 160,231 females as against 136,028 males attended school from four to five months; and 227,546 females as against 187,173 males attended school six months and more. These figures indicate the well-known fact that girls attend school more continuously than boys; the boys must go to work while the girls are in school.

In the one hundred public high schools for negroes, 3,659 girls as against 2,974 boys were enrolled in elementary grades, and in secondary grades 3,933 girls and 1,634 boys. In these schools 154 girls were enrolled in the business course; 792 in the classical course; 1,098 girls in the scientific course. In the normal course of the high schools there were 221 girls and 65 boys. In the industrial training courses there were 709 girls and 550 boys. 501 girls and 177 boys graduated in 1900-1 from the high-school course.

In the secondary and higher schools of the colored race there were 13,306 females and 9,587 males in elementary grades; 7,383 females and 6,164 males in the secondary grades; 740 females and 2,339 males in the collegiate course. In secondary and higher schools there were 17,138 colored students receiving the industrial training, of whom 11,012 were females.

These young negro women have not come through the schools on "flowery beds of ease." While their mothers and

fathers of the generation of yesterday have not been able to give them that home training essential to the best development, they have by the sweat of their brows aided their boys and girls to get the education for which they themselves had yearned in vain. The average young negro woman has either helped her parents on the cotton patch or her mother with her laundry work, during vacation, and in that way has helped to defray her expenses through school. The large majority have worked their way through school in spite of the heavy odds against them. Better home training might have aided them the better to meet the problems confronting them in their lives and service.

At any rate, the schools are each year appreciably increasing the number of educated women of negro blood. The educational provision is of course dangerously inadequate; thus, I know of a great Southern State where there has not for years been a nearly sufficient number of candidates for positions as teachers who could meet the minimum requirements. However, the proportion of educated negro women to-day is very much greater than in 1860. The crucial question is always whether, in the environment in which the negro school or college girl eventually finds herself, she will be able to maintain in her life the ideals of school and college. A superior class of negro women, realizing this situation, have organized a system of clubs to meet the difficulty in some measure. The educated negro girl, these women say, must not go back to the blanket! The woman's club organizes the social life of educated negro women on rational principles, and urges those women to intelligent social service. From this point of view, and from many others, the club movement is interesting.

The club movement among negro women, with social betterment as the aim, began fifteen years ago. So educative was the force that a National Association was organized in 1895. To-day West Virginia, Ohio, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, and Alabama have State federations. The Northeastern Federation of forty-five

clubs confines its work to the Northeast. The Southern Federation of two hundred and twenty-five clubs is devoted to work in the Southern States, but its clubs are affiliated with the National organization.

The work of the individual club is varied. The largest of these have departments directed by women interested in certain phases of uplift—free kindergartens, day nurseries, temperance, prison work, social purity, Mothers' Unions, and the like. The intellectual development has an outlet by discussions of live topics. Here is a typical evening's programme of one of these clubs:

Music, Vocal.

Russia, Past and Present.

Quartet.

The Representative People of Russia.

Life of the Russian Peasant Women as Compared with that of Negro Women.

Instrumental Music.

Our women are wide awake to the necessity of social culture, and no more pleasing feature is there than to receive their friends in their best attire in tastefully furnished reception-rooms. This is a diversion on the club programme perhaps once a year. But the earnest, faithful work of these women in their chosen fields of labor is the aim of their existence. By their efforts free kindergartens, day nurseries, sewing and cooking schools, are supported. Hundreds of untaught mothers living with their children in their cabin homes or in the crowded tenements of the cities are taught how to live. In some of the large towns weekly meetings are held with an average attendance of one hundred and fifty women. Helpful talks are given on such subjects as:

How to Keep Close to the Children.

How to Keep the Confidence of Children.

Mother's Authority in Selecting Company for the Children.

How a Mother can Help her Daughter to Avoid Mistakes as Regards the Young Man she Loves.

White Cross Leagues for Boys.

Relation of Brother and Sister.

Teaching a Boy to Protect Women.

In the conferences that follow, many a revolution is promised that tells that the hints have struck home. House-to-house visits show that progress is made.

Where crowded conditions have not seemed to promote a healthy moral atmosphere, attempts have been made to gain privacy by a simple screen device, and in many instances this has been a spur to save money and buy homes. These Mothers' Unions or Conferences are training-schools for social betterment, and the cities, towns, and settlements of the plantations all over the South are giving evidences of these helpful influences brought to bear on the lives of our women belonging to the generation of yesterday.

For the past five years the Southern Federation of Colored Women's Clubs has met in the cities of Montgomery, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia; Vicksburg, Mississippi; New Orleans, Louisiana; and recently in Jacksonville, Florida. After each yearly meeting the impetus gained in the work has been wonderful. Club life has a strong hold in all the cities and States of the South. Each year the new accessions come better prepared to lend a hand in the service. Mothers, business women, school-teachers, are equally active in their efforts to reach out after those who should be awakened to the necessity of proper home making and training for their children.

In the story of the evolution of a club woman in one of our periodicals the trend of the club idea of the white woman seems to take her away from home duties. But our negro women are American daughters of aliens whose home life has not generations of culture behind it, and our work must be practical.

Yet a large percentage of our negro women preside in homes of their own in all these cities where the Southern Federation of Negro Women's Clubs has been privileged to meet. The majority of these club women have helped their husbands to purchase homes by their thrift and economy. Many of these residences are situated on prominent streets. They are well-designed, painted cottages of six and eight rooms, with bath and hot and cold water contrivances, well ventilated, and constructed with an eye to sanitary arrangements. These homes are tastefully furnished.

The hostesses who have entertained the delegations of the Federation as the years have passed, not only know how to keep house, but how to cook and serve well-prepared meals properly in well-appointed dining-rooms. The same women have attended the daily sessions of the conventions, and are those who give the addresses of welcome, direct the federated clubs of the city, and conduct those Mothers' Conferences that are proving vital helps. These women are the leaders in the side trips, trolley rides, and local receptions given as recreations to the visiting workers. They are women following their chosen pursuits—dressmaking, millinery, manicuring. They are clerks, stenographers, trained nurses, teachers, workers in every field of labor that helps them to make a living and buy homes. In many of our largest cities a goodly percentage of the bank depositors are negro women. This means a nest-egg for the purchase and ownership of homes. The negro women are unmodern in that they assume a share in working to pay for homes for their families. In many instances young married couples unite their savings in buying homes—in this order of helpmate may lie some of the reason for gain in the sacredness of the marriage tie.

From all these club centers of the South there radiates over each State an influence that has caused marked improvement in the home life of women gaining instruction in domestic affairs from the club conferences to which they belong.

I have emphasized the educative force of the club, because it has been by this means, certainly, that the passing generation of negro women has been able to meet the demands of family responsibilities.

Young negro women of to-day are developing under fairer conditions. The home training combined with the school training of head, hand, and heart develops that steadiness of purpose that underlies strong, sturdy character.

Our young woman is already taking her place in various spheres of life, regardless of precedent. Her training fits her for home life and the larger

social service of the school-room. She does with her might what her hands find to do. A college girl directs a steam laundry or makes soap in a large laundering establishment. She has spent four years at Greek and Latin, but has charge of a broom factory where girls are manufacturing brooms of all sorts and sizes. She has gained all the training possible in the schools of her native heath, and by arduous sacrifice has worked her way through the best New England schools of domestic science that she might be thoroughly prepared to teach. She has a laboratory for her theory classes in cooking. She teaches practical cooking daily to large classes of white-capped, white-aproned girls, with individual towels and holders, and at the end of each week in one school alone four hundred and fifty negro girls have learned to cook by doing. No more helpful encouragement has come for this work than the testimonials from white women of the South interested in the improvement of some of these girls.

Young negro women are teaching hundreds of their sisters the same principles of dressmaking and millinery that they were taught in the training-schools of Pratt and Teachers' College. And these young women are not misfits. They are not despondent in their calling. They are putting in brain with the would-be drudgery, and are making marked success of industries where

women with fewer advantages might have failed to show their pupils the true dignity of labor.

The present indications of advance in the life of negro women are most hopeful for the future of the race. With the home training that is becoming possible, with the training that our schools afford, with the inheritance of true worth that made the parents do their utmost to bequeath to their children honest, upright lives, the young negro women will possess that wealth of character that will be the means eventually of dispelling the greatest barriers that may confront the race.

Whether or not we attribute this gain to school, club, or religious influence, we do know that much is due to the club, and we know that the future of the race is dependent upon the women and their standards of living. Whatever force is at work that is developing that strength of character which is the bulwark of an individual or race, we hope it will obtain a permanent hold in the life of negro women.

It remains with the greater mass of our women to make the weal or woe come quickly or linger. But the signs of the times are bright. The educative forces are at work. The greater mass is being leavened, and we thank God that there will be no retrograde. There has been none and there will be none!

Tuskegee, Alabama.

The Greater Love

By Henry Hoyt Moore

The bee that sips her sweets from flowers fair,
Flying on careless wing now here, now there,
With azure skies above, green sward below,
And soft south-wind to bear her to and fro,
Might seem the soul of self-devoted ease,
Her life a draught of nectar without lees.
Not so! Her prime is full of strenuous deed
That shames our own in generous meed
Of work for others' good. Long summer days
She builds her golden house, with guerdons stays
Her Queen, uprears her young, and stores her food—
Then sudden shuns her wealth, her home, her brood,
And seeks new haven on an unknown sea,
Leaving her life-work to posterity.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN¹

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter IX.—The Summons on Mount Marcy

ON that summer day, three years ago, when the Republican party nominated Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President, I was lying on my back, stricken down by sudden severe illness. My wife had telegraphed to him that I longed to see him; but in the turmoil of the convention the message did not get to him till the morning after the nominations were made. He came at once from Philadelphia, and it was then that I, out of pain and peril, heard from his own lips the story of his acceptance of the new dignity his countrymen had thrust upon him. "Thrust upon" is right. I knew how stoutly he had opposed the offer, how he had met delegation after delegation with the frank avowal that he could serve the party and the country better as Governor of New York, and I knew that that was his ambition; for his work at Albany was but half finished. It was his desire that the people should give him another term in his great office, unasked, upon the record of the two years that were drawing to a close. He had built up no machine of his own. He had used that which he found to the uttermost of its bent, and of his ability—not always with the good will of the managers; but he had used it for the things he had in mind, telling the bosses that for all other legitimate purposes, for organization, for power, they might have it: he should not hinder them. Now, upon this record, with nothing to back him but that, he wished the people to commission him and his party to finish their work. It was thoroughly characteristic of Roosevelt and of his trust in the people as both able and will-

ing to do the right, once it was clearly before them.

He knew well enough what was on foot concerning him. He was fully advised of the plans of his enemies to shelve him in the "harmless office" of Vice-President, and how they were taking advantage of his popularity in the West and with the young men throughout the land to "work up" a strenuous demand for him to fill the second place on the ticket. So, they reasoned, he would be out of the way for four years, and four years might bring many things. As Vice-President he would not be in 1904 anything like the candidate before the people which two years more as Governor of the Empire State would make him. Back of the spoils politicians were the big corporations that had neither forgotten nor forgiven the franchise-tax law that made them pay on their big dividend-earning properties as any poor man was taxed on his home. Anything to beat him for Governor and for the Presidency four years hence! The big traction syndicates in the East made the pace: Roosevelt for Vice-President! He was not deceived; but the plotters were. Their team ran away with them. The demand they desired came from the West and swept him into the office. From perhaps one State in the East and one in the West it was a faked-up call. From the great and bounding prairies, from the rugged mountain sides, and from the sunny western slope of the Rockies, where they knew Roosevelt for what he was, and loved him; from the young men everywhere, from the men with ideals, it was a genuine shout for the leader who spoke with their tongue, to their hearts. Senator Wolcott spoke

¹ Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

their mind when he brought him the nomination: "You, everywhere and at all times, stood for that which was clean and uplifting, and against everything that was sordid and base. You have shown the people of this country that a political career and good citizenship could go forward hand in hand. . . . There is not a young man in these United States who has not found in your life and influence an incentive to better things and higher ideals." Against such a force traditions went for nothing; it was strong enough to break more stubborn ones than that which made of the Vice-Presidency a political grave. In 1904 it was to be Roosevelt for President.

Roosevelt yielded. His friends were in despair; his enemies triumphed. At last they had him where they wanted him.

Man proposes, but God disposes. Now in joy, and again in tears and sorrow, do we register the decree. One brief year, and the nation wept at the bier of William McKinley. Of his successor the President of Columbia College wrote: "He was not nominated to satisfy or placate, but to succeed. The unspeakably cruel and cowardly assassin has anticipated the slow and orderly processes of law."

He himself, standing within the shadow of the great sorrow—though, light of heart, we knew it not—spoke these brave words to his people: "We gird up our loins as a nation with the stern purpose to play our part manfully in winning the ultimate triumph; and therefore we turn scornfully aside from the paths of mere ease and idleness, and with unfaltering steps tread the rough road of endeavor, smiting down the wrong and battling for the right, as Greatheart smote and battled in Bunyan's immortal story."¹

The campaign of that year none of us has forgotten. An incident of it lives in my memory as typical of the spirit in which the people took his candidacy, and also with a sense of abiding satisfaction that one thing was done right, and at the right moment, in my sight. I was coming

up from Chatham Square one night in the closing days of the canvass, when a torch and a crowd attracted me to a truck at the lower end of the Bowery, from which a man was holding forth on the issues involved in the National election. He was not an effective speaker, and the place needed that, if any place did. The block was "the panhandlers' beat," one of the wickedest spots in the world, I believe. I stood and listened awhile, and the desire to say a word grew in me until I climbed on the wagon and, telling them I was a Roosevelt man, asked for a chance. They were willing enough, and, dropping tariff and the "honest dollar," that had very little to do with that spot, I plunged at once into Roosevelt's career as Governor and Police Commissioner. I thought with grim satisfaction, as I went on, that we were fairly within sight of "Mike" Callahan's saloon, where the fight over the excise law was fought out by Policeman Bourke, who dragged the proprietor, kicking and struggling all the way, to the Elizabeth Street station. He had boasted that he had thrown the keys of the saloon away, and that no one could make him close on Sunday. Bourke was made a sergeant, and Roosevelt and the law won.

But of that I made no boast then. I told the people what Roosevelt had done and had tried to do for them; how we had traveled together by night through all that neighborhood, trying to enter into the life of the people and their needs. As the new note rose, I saw the tenement blocks on the east of the Bowery give up their tenants to swell the crowd, and was glad. Descrying a policeman's uniform on its outskirts, I reminded my hearers of how my candidate had stood for an even show, for fair play to the man without a pull, and for an honest police. I had got to that point when the drunken rounder, who by right should have appeared long before, caromed through the crowd and shook an inebriated fist at me.

"T-tin s-soldier!" he hiccupped. "Teddy Ro-senfeld he never went to Cu-u-ba, no more 'n, no more 'n—"

Who else it was that had never been to Cuba fate had decreed that none of us

¹ The concluding words of Vice-President Roosevelt's speech at the Minnesota State Fair, Minneapolis, Sept. 7, 1902.

should know. There came, unheralded, forth from the crowd a vast and horny hand that smote the fellow flat on the mouth with a sound as of a huge soul-satisfying kiss. He went down, out of sight, without a word. The crowd closed in over him; not a head was turned to see what became of him. I do not know. Who struck the blow I did not see. He was gone, that was enough. It *was* enough, and just right.

Which reminds me of another and very different occasion, when I addressed a Sunday-evening audience in the Cooper Institute, at the other end of the Bowery, upon my favorite theme. The Cooper Institute is a great place, a worthy monument to its truly great founder. But its Sunday-evening meetings, when questions are in order, have the faculty of attracting almost as many cranks as did Elijah the Restorer to Madison Square Garden. I had hardly finished when a man arose in the hall and, pointing a menacing finger at me, squeaked out:

"You say Theodore Roosevelt is a brave man. How about his shooting a Spaniard in the back?"

I had been rather slow and dull up till then, in spite of my theme; but the fellow woke me right up. My wife, who had come over with me and sat in the audience, said afterward that she never saw a man bristle so suddenly in her life.

"The man," I cried out, "who says that is either a fool or a scoundrel. Which of the two are you?"

I don't believe he heard. His kind rarely do. They never by any chance get any other side of a subject than their own, for they never can shake themselves off for a moment. He stood pointing at me still:

"Does not Holy Writ say, 'Thou shalt not kill?'" he went on.

"Yes! and on the same page does it not say that 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,' even if he is the President of the United States?"

The audience by this time was upon its feet, yelling its delight. It was what it wanted. The crank sat down. In the front row a red-faced Irishman jumped up and down like a jack-in-the-box, wildly excited.

"You let him alone," he shouted to

the people, shaking his hat at them; "let Professor Riis alone. He can take care of himself. Teddy Roosevelt is the greatest man in the country;" and, turning half toward me, he shot up a fist like a ham and, grabbing mine, yelled out, "I druv him oncet!"

Crank after crank got up with their questions, and as I looked out over them bobbing in the amused crowd like corks on a choppy sea, there came into my head Solomon's precept to answer a fool according to his folly. The President's first message was just out.

"How shall we interpret it?" queried a pedantic spectacled loon, with slow deliberation, checking the points off on his fingers; "shall we class it as an economic effort or as a political discourse, as a literary production or as a—"

"The President's message," I interrupted, "has just been rendered into the language of the blind, and *they* don't have any difficulty in making it out."

The meeting broke up in a great laugh, amid a storm of protests from the cranks, whose fun was spoiled. They were not looking for information. They had come merely to hear themselves talk.

I guess it is no use beating about the bush, telling stories; I have to come to it. But I haven't got over the shock the news from Buffalo gave me up there in the Canadian wilderness. I hate to think of it.

Roosevelt had gone to join his children in the Adirondacks, with the assurance of the doctors that President McKinley was mending, and in no danger. He had come straight to Buffalo at the first news of the murderous attempt upon the President's life, thereby giving great offense to the fault-finders, who could see in the Vice-President's solicitude for his friend and chief only a ghoulish desire to make sure of the job. And now, when he went with lightened heart to tell his own the good news, they cried out in horror that he went hunting while the President lay fighting death. They were as far from the truth then as before. He, knowing little and caring less what was said of him, was resting quietly with his wife and the children, who had been sick, at the Upper Tahawus

Club on Mount Marcy. No one in that party had thought of hunting or play. Their minds were on more serious matters. It was arranged that they were all to go out of the woods on Saturday, September 14, on which day Mr. Roosevelt had summoned his secretary to meet him at his Long Island home. He had come from Buffalo only two days before. Friday found them all upon the mountain: the Vice-President, Mrs. Roosevelt, and their nephews, the two Robinson boys, and Mr. James McNaughton, their host. Ted, the oldest of the Roosevelt boys, had gone fishing. The rest, with two guides, formed the party.

Far up the mountain side there lies a pretty lake, the "Tear in the Clouds," whence the Hudson flows into the lowlands. There the party camped after a long and arduous tramp over the mountain trail. Mrs. Roosevelt had gone back with the children. From his seat on a fallen log Roosevelt followed the gray outline of Mount Marcy's bald peak piercing mist and cloud. Up there might be sunshine. Where they were was wet discomfort. A desire grew in him to climb the peak and see, and he went up. But there was no sunshine there. All the world lay wrapped in a gray, impenetrable mist. It rained, a cold and chilly rain in the clouds.

They went down again, and reached the wood-line tired and hungry. There they spread their lunch on the grass and sat down to it. Upon the quiet talk of the party there broke suddenly an unusual sound in that quiet solitude, the snapping of a twig, a swift step. A man came out of the woods, waving a yellow envelope in his hand.

Silence fell upon them all as they watched Mr. Roosevelt break it and read the message. It was brief: "The President's condition has changed for the worse.—CORTELYOU." That was all. He read it over once, twice, and sat awhile, the message in his hand, grave shadows gathering in his face. Then he arose, the food untouched, and said briefly: "I must go back at once."

They fell in behind him on the homeward trail. Silent and sad, the little procession wound its way through the gloomy forest. Dusk was setting in when

they reached the cottage. No news was there. The Vice-President's secretary, warned in the early morning by despatches from Buffalo, had started for the mountains on a special train, but the road ended at North Creek, more than thirty miles away, and from there he had been telegraphing and telephoning all day that he would wait till Mr. Roosevelt came. Of this nothing was known on the mountain. The telephone line ended at the lower club-house—ten miles farther down—and the messages lay there. No one had thought of sending them up.

Mr. Roosevelt sent runners down at once to find out if there was any summons for him, and made ready for an immediate start before he changed his clothing. He was wet through. The dusk became darkness, and the hours wore far into the evening. He walked up and down alone in front of the cottage, thinking it all over. It could not be. He had arranged to be advised at once of the least change, and no word had come. Up to that morning all the bulletins were hopeful. There must be some awful mistake. Black night sat upon the mountain and no message yet. He went in to snatch such sleep as he could get. Too soon he might need it.

In the midnight hour came the summons. Mr. McNaughton himself brought the message: "Come at once." In ten minutes Mr. Roosevelt threw his grip into the buckboard that was hurriedly driven up, and gave the word to go.

How that wild race with death was run and lost—for before it was half finished President McKinley had breathed his last, and there was no longer any Vice-President hastening to his bedside—will never be told. But for a frightened deer that sprang now and then from the roadside, stopping in the brush to watch wide-eyed the plunging team and the swaying lantern disappear in the gloom, no living thing saw it. The two in the wagon—the man on the driver's seat and the silent shape behind him—had other thoughts: the one for the rough trail which he vainly tried to make out through the mist; at any moment the wheels might leave their rut or crash against a boulder, and team and all be flung a hundred feet down a preci-

pice. As for the other, his thoughts were far away at a bedside from which a dying man was whispering words of comfort to his weeping wife. Mechanically, when the driver turned to him with warning of the risks they were taking, he repeated, as if he had scarcely heard: "Go on—go right ahead!"

The new day was an hour old and over when the vehicle stopped at the lower club-house, mud-splashed from hub to hood. Here Mr. Roosevelt heard for the first time from his secretary, who had watched sleepless at the other end of the wire, the tragedy then passing into history in the city of Buffalo. Secretary Loeb knew the dangers of the mountain roads on a dark and rainy night, and pleaded with him to wait till morning.

"I will come right through, as quick as I can," was the answer he received; and before he could ring the telephone bell, Mr. Roosevelt was in his seat again, and the horses were plunging through the night toward the distant railroad.

Down hill and up, through narrow defiles, over bare hillsides where the wheels scraped and slid upon the hard rock and the horses' hoofs struck fire at every jump; on perilous brinks hidden in the shrouding fog, and tenfold more perilous for that; now and then a bog-hole

through which the wheels of the buckboard sank to the hubs; past a little school-house where a backwoods dance was just breaking up, the women scattering in sudden fright as the traveler drove by. Then the wayside hotel with waiting horses in relay, and two-thirds of the way was covered.

Once more the gloom and the forest; once more the grim traveler gazing ahead, ahead, as if he would pierce the veil of fate and wrest from it its secret, repeating his monotonous "Go on! Keep right ahead!" In the city by the lake William McKinley lay dead. Through the darkness rode the President, clinging obstinately to hope.

So the dawn came. As the first faint tinge of it crept into the night, and trees and rocks whirling past took on dim outlines, the steaming horses drew up at the railroad station at North Creek, where a puffing engine had been in waiting many hours. From the platform Secretary Loeb came down, bareheaded:

"The worst has happened," he said. "The President is dead."

So, to this man, who had been tried and found faithful in much, came the call to take his place among the rulers of the earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Virgin's Bower

By Mary Thacher Higginson

As still as a cathedral close,
And guarded by a wall of green,
A garden full of lilies grows
Which no man's eye hath ever seen.
Only the fragrance, like a prayer,
Escapes to bless the outer air.

Some time the hidden must be known:
A stranger's step will scale the wall,
And claim the blossoms for his own,
And glean the petals as they fall.
Ah! let him come with careful tread,
With reverent hands, uncovered head!

But should a reckless soul find room
Within this kingdom of delight,
And trample down the lilies' bloom,
And put the singing birds to flight,—
Before such havoc meet my eye,
Be kind, O God! and let me die.

The Penny Paper

By Mary White Ovington

A SUDDEN change of environment gives a unique vividness to new impressions: thus we feel most keenly the stillness of the country when we approach it from the noise of the city streets. Such impressions may sometimes be worth recording, and I venture to give one of my own on moving from a quiet, well-to-do residence quarter of a city into a region of factories and tenements. The streets which I left were lined with private dwellings occupied by old American families somewhat conservative in their tastes. I came into a district where nearly every one lived in a tenement—a mixed population of German, Irish, Scandinavian, English, Scotch—the children often American-born. Amid these conditions new impressions were many, and one of the most startling was the omnipresence of the sensational penny paper. It was on the table in nearly every home that I entered, its jokes were a part of the vocabulary of the streets, and its latest robbery or murder was a subject for frequent discussion. Accustomed to regard sensational journalism as vicious, I at first refused to look at what every one about me was reading; but it soon seemed better in all humility to discover, if possible, the reason for the paper's popularity. Taking the most widely read of the penny evening dailies, I studied it, therefore, for months at a time, often comparing it with the three-cent conservative sheet to which I was accustomed; and by questioning those who were fond of the sensational paper, I endeavored to look upon it from their point of view as well as from my own.

The one-cent and the three-cent dailies compared column by column for the same evening showed a dissimilarity that was prodigious. One was a record of important current events in the Nation and the world. The other ignored these matters. Familiar with the percentages of "yellowness" given by Dr. Delos F. Wilcox in his article on the American

Newspaper,¹ I found as I read week after week that the differences were greater than any percentages could bring out. One evening the penny journal did not print a word concerning the city, the State, or the Nation. Another time it had half a column, while the three-cent paper had nine and a half columns. Almost the same figures appeared again—two-fifths of a column, against nine and three-quarters. In one penny journal, out of thirty-three columns that could come under the heading of news, eight were given to criminal items and ten to sporting notes, chiefly comments on a coming prize-fight. Another six were personals, stories of the private life of unknown persons. A little over one column was given to labor matters, as against one and three-quarters on the same subject in the three-cent daily. (The illustrations are included in these figures.) Another evening a page and a half was devoted to the tale of a daughter seeking recognition from her mother. Both parent and child were persons unknown to history. They had no position that should have placed them before the public; and yet, in a paper published in the city of New York, the news of Nation, State, and municipality, of business and reform, was dismissed with a few words to make space for their unimportant story.

This was the method of the paper. A like treatment of current events occurred night after night. I used to imagine the scorn of the founders of our first dailies should they return to earth some evening to read the news in a penny sheet. How vexatious and fruitless would be their search for any record of the political condition of their country and of the world!

To understand the reason for this astonishing difference in the character of the news in the one-cent and the three-cent journals, it was necessary to

¹Annals of the American Academy, July, 1900. (Editorial in *The Outlook*, August 25, 1900.)

consider the homes which the two papers reached.

I knew where I had seen the three-cent daily—on the library table in a room where the chairs were large and comfortable and the wall-spaces were filled with pictures and books. In such a spot, with the best thinkers and storytellers within hand-reach, the newspaper represented only a small part of that printed matter which contributed to the thought life of its reader. Its place was a useful one as retailing the history of the day, but it was limited. The penny paper, however, on the kitchen table in the tenement, occupied a more important place. Here the family possessed not even a shelf-full of books. There might be a "juvenile," taken from the public library, but usually it was read only by the children. I remember that we have been told charmingly of the appreciation of the book in the tenement—in Boston. But, except in the Hebrew quarter, the same tale could not be told in New York. I have loaned books to women in the tenements who handled them with affection and read them with understanding. I remember one evening, the eve of a holiday, sitting in a workingman's kitchen and seeing my host eagerly snatch up the volume brought to him from the library by his son. The title was "A Winter's Tale." "That's right," he said. "I wanted one of the comedies. I can read it while I look after the furnaces to-morrow." But lovers of good reading are a small minority in our cities. If this were not so, the penny paper would not exist as it is. I once met with half a dozen pleasant young workingwomen who had been persuaded that they wanted to join a reading class. "Tell me of some man or woman in a story whom you admire," I asked. Not one of them could recall the name of any character in any book which she had read. Books were not their companions. Since going to work they had rarely opened them; but they did turn over the leaves and read in the evening paper. And this paper, to please them and the many others, men and women like them, should be something very different from a three-cent conservative

sheet. Instead of recording current events, it should rather be a collection of story and sermon, adventure and joke.

Here, I believe, we gain an understanding of the sensational evening journal. It is written primarily for those who read no other printed message. Thus it is not a careful publisher of public news, sorting the important from the unimportant, and presenting a history of the day that shall be of value to historians in the future; it is a miniature library for those who are accustomed to no other reading. The subjects it contains are many. They are treated in various ways—by the historian, essayist, or purveyor of gossip. But it continually studies the taste of its readers, and, knowing that every one likes a good story, it reserves to the novelist the foremost place. For this reason the girl seeking recognition from her mother takes precedence over a National event. And with all the world to hear from, it is possible each day to recite some thrilling tale of love, adventure, or of dark crime.

Looking closely at these stories, we soon see that they are written from the standpoint of providing interesting fiction, and only secondarily as news. They dwell on details unimportant to the reader who desires a simple statement of the facts, but needful to him who seeks a thrilling tale. I well remember reading of a murder where the man was accused of killing his wife. The picture of their room, the exact location of the bed and door and window, held my unwilling attention. The crime as news was in no way entitled to the space awarded it. It was a "Study in Scarlet," and while I might prefer mine as told by Mr. Conan Doyle, it was not difficult to realize that others would enjoy the excitement of hearing of this present-day murder.

No portion of the paper so well illustrates this use of news as fiction as the personal notes, the stories of private individuals with whom the public has no reason to be concerned. In an issue dating some time back, these, in abbreviated form, are a few of such items:

Brooklyn.—A jilted girl is dying of a broken heart.

Corning, N. Y.—A man marries his mother-in-law.

Cleveland, Ohio.—A wealthy man's wife runs away with an iron-molder.

Asbury, N. J.—A case of hysteria looks like death.

Easton, Pa.—A wealthy farmer left his home four years ago and went to the poorhouse. Death just occurred.

(It is perhaps needless to say that none of this news appeared in the three-cent paper of the same date.)

Looking at these items, we see that all but the first occurred outside of New York City. A local paper of Corning might possibly find the news of the agreeable if somewhat unusual marriage cited worth printing, but unusual marriages take place every day, and no New York paper publishes them for the benefit of the inhabitants of the remote town where they occur. These "personals" are not important current events, but skeleton stories that the editor hopes may arouse an emotion of interest in the reader. To be told in a few lines of a jilted girl who is dying of a broken heart lacks in entertainment to those who have followed for three volumes the story of Lily Dale; and the picture painted of the case of hysteria is moonshine compared with the creeping horror of the "Fall of the House of Usher." But Trollope and Poe require for their perusal a reader familiar with the diction of good literature and capable of continuous, coherent thought. The penny paper only asks a few moments' attention, and it tells its story with a successful appeal to the emotions and sentiments of its habitual readers.

Murders and robberies and love tales do not, however, make up the whole of this library, nor are they, I think, the most popular section of it. The humor in the paper comes last, but it is read first by nearly every one who buys it. Watch the little boy in the car spend his penny for a paper. He puts his head down to read, and his shoulders shake over the joke. "What do you buy the paper for?" I have asked one boy after another, and the answer has always been, "De jokes." And they are good jokes, illustrated by men who excel in their craft.

This library is not lacking in straightforward words of advice, for men and

women like to hear questions of right and wrong discussed and are willing to listen to the preacher. And if they read day after day the tersely written editorials and the sympathetic, common-sense preaching, they will find matter for thought. The sentimentalism of the preacher is not likely to please the man who handles familiarly his Marcus Aurelius, but some of the editorials might stand on the shelf by Hazlitt or Stevenson and not feel ashamed, so forcefully and sanely do they speak. There is also the poetry, usually of a didactic character, pointing the moral with an obvious finger, and occasionally echoing with startling accuracy the words of others. We may feel fairly confident that here, as in other libraries, verse is taken from its shelf by the few.

The better to make clear the heterogeneous character of this penny journal in distinction from the simpler make-up of the conservative sheet, ask a dozen widely read men and women what they read their paper for. They will all answer, "The news"—political, economic, a recital of the events of the twenty-four hours of public importance. They will add that they also look for the accounts of the sports of college or club, for what is going on in the city in art, drama, music. Ask a dozen working men and women what they read their evening paper for, and the answers will be more diversified. The men would read it for good political news if they could find any, but they buy it for other things—the prize-fight and robbery. "I always read the murders," says one young woman, and "I read all the divorces," say many more. One man turns first to the advice to the love-lorn, and one to the editorial. All enjoy the jokes. If the jokes were omitted, may we not safely predict that the paper's circulation would sensibly decrease? But what subscriber would discontinue his three-cent daily if it failed to furnish him its usual fifty lines of decorous wit? Yet he knows the need of a good laugh, and enjoys it with his "Pickwick" or "Tramp Abroad."

It would be easy further to elaborate this figure of the newspaper as a library, and, moreover, to point out the grave omissions on its shelves. But we may

all do this for ourselves, dreaming, too, of what such a newspaper might be. There is one point, however, which must long since have occurred to us—that to use truth as fiction is a business fraught with suffering to the men and women whose life stories are published as entertaining or revolting romance, and that to persecute a man on trial for crime, to hunt him with the gay heartlessness of the writer of a good detective story, is to expose him to mediæval torture. To know that the many are amused can be but poor comfort to the victim whom the reporter prods on to furnish good sport. Such a method of dealing with the facts of men's lives deserves the most serious criticism. I have not meant, however, either to accuse or to defend sensational journalism, but, if possible, to explain it. It is so important a phenomenon to-day that we cannot too carefully study its methods and the reasons for its power.

Sometimes it seems as though the world had grown thoughtless and com-

monplace in its literary taste. The circulation of the public libraries shows an enormous preponderance of books read only for entertainment, and the sensational paper advertises a circulation that touches the million point. But with many of these readers we must remember that there is no question of retrogression. They have not dropped Shakespeare for Beatrice Fairfax. They are looking for the first time at the world of recorded thought. To some it is an effort merely to read print. How should we expect from them the swift appreciation of beauty and truth that comes to those who from childhood have lived with the best literature? It is very likely that the standard of the penny paper is lower than they wish it to be. Fearing to lose in popularity, it exaggerates the sensational to the point of repellence. But the paper is the precursor of a better understanding of that literature which shall be to its readers, not a passing entertainment, but a continuing joy.

German History¹

IN our opinion, for the English reader there is no more admirable contribution to the history of Germany, as a whole, than in these volumes. It is true that we have some interesting shorter histories, and, in German, notable longer accounts, whether of particular periods or of all the periods. But Dr. Henderson's so-called short history stands in a class by itself.

The work is extremely well indexed, printed, and bound, as befits its text; in another edition it might be accompanied with profit by a few more maps; the insertion of dates on the margins of the pages would also add to its value. The work is one which, like Green's "History of the English People," lends itself to lavish illustration, and we hope that some day it will be published in such a welcome edition. For that, however, we can afford to wait; the dates and maps are more immediately desirable.

To the special student, even more than to the general reader, the excellence of this text lies in its apparent freedom from prejudice. Founded on a thorough examination of original documents and sources, we here find the great figures in German history painted as we must believe they really were. Dr. Henderson indulges in little hero-worship, especially in describing ecclesiastical personages; the various Popes and those four great figures of the Reformation period, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and Zwingli, are shown to be very human, often only too deplorably human, and certainly dishearteningly intolerant.

Our author wisely gives to us, as much as possible, such glimpses of these and other personages, political, religious, literary, as may be pictured in their own words. For instance, from Frederick the Great we have this characteristic bit of cynicism:

How hard-hearted men are! They say to me, "You have friends." Yes, fine friends who cross their arms and tell me, "We

¹ *A Short History of Germany.* By Ernest F. Henderson. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

wish you all success." "But I am drowning. Throw me a rope." "Oh, no, you will not drown." "Yes, I must sink the next moment." "Oh, we hope the contrary. But if it should happen, be convinced that we shall place a fine inscription on your tomb."

In story-telling a contemporary commands a vividness of style hardly to be imitated by any successor. Dr. Henderson's history offers excerpts from many contemporary accounts, and in his selection the historian shows a keen sense of humor. For instance, describing Rudolf of Hapsburg, that warrior noted for zeal in increasing his boundaries, the Bishop of Basle is quoted who prayed: "Sit still on Thy throne, O Lord, or the Count of Hapsburg will shove Thee off." A thousand such touches, which another historian might disdain to include, give plenty of color and high lights to these two volumes. To the general reader, at least, anecdotes describe history far more graphically and distinctly than do dry-as-dust details as to battles, campaigns, and administrations. The Joachims and Henrys and Charleses stand out with sharper outline when the historian takes pains of this kind, and maybe a few more pages, to put us into intimate relations with the old warriors and kings, who are, to most readers, merely names.

The work sheds incidental light, not only on persons, but also on movements, some of which seem to have found culmination in our own day—that against the Jews, for instance, as noted in the recent Kishenev massacre. If we deplore the willful ignorance and bigotry of the Czar, who is at the same time the head of the orthodox Greek Church, we may remember, after reading these pages, that the head of the Latin Church has been guilty of greater bigotry. Under the Pope's rule, Jews once were compelled to dress in such a manner as to be easily distinguished, were forbidden to hold office with Christians, to look on while knights were disporting themselves in the tournament, to carry on commercial enterprises in which Israelites had hitherto been leaders. It is no wonder that they became usurers. It was the only resource left to them; for centuries the Church had pronounced the taking of interest to be usury and had forbid-

den all Christians thus to soil their hands.

Speaking of the change from rural to civic life which took place in Germany in the thirteenth century, Dr. Henderson raises the pertinent question whether the revolution of ideas was not greater at that time than even in the fifteenth century with its compass, its gunpowder, and its printing-press, or in the nineteenth with its steam and railways. Or take the Hanseatic movement in the succeeding century, when, as Dr. Henderson justly says, German architects attained triumphs still reckoned among the greatest of their kind, when master-singers worthily took the place once held by the troubadours, when learning abandoned the monasteries for the public schools and universities (Heidelberg, founded 1386, was the first to be established on German ground), when the German language had superseded the Latin as the language of public affairs. The Hanseatic League was the outgrowth of the necessity for traders to unite for mutual protection. It was a civic league formed first of all not for political purposes but for commercial ends. Its members were either individuals or whole cities, and at its summit of power it numbered no less than seventy-seven cities.

So, throughout the centuries from Charlemagne and Otto, the author takes us step by step toward the modern unification of Germany, to the proclamation of William the First as Emperor in 1871. Had that monarch been an absolute autocrat like Frederick the Great, Dr. Henderson points out, or, on the other hand, had he been merely a figurehead, it is difficult to say how German unity could have been accomplished. Fortunately, he possessed the very qualities that made all Germans willing to accept his leadership, while Bismarck showed the strength of Hercules in leveling the supervening obstacles. We are glad to have the colloquy definitely narrated which took place between Bismarck and the Prussian King at Versailles relative to the imperial title. It seems that the latter did not really thirst for it. He was willing to remain merely the President of a great German federation.

If these volumes are thus notable in matter, they are no less so in manner. Written by one who brings to his work a signal freshness, buoyancy, and vivacity to crown his patient labors as an investigator, Dr. Henderson's style is vital in the best sense. It seems to us more finished than was evident in his "History of the Middle Ages in Ger-

many" or in his "Side Lights on English History." In all of these works the profit to the reader from the union of such matter and manner is that he may come to regard history, not from the standpoint of a student in a distant age from the events described, but rather, as much as possible, from the standpoint of a contemporary.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Anacaona and Other Poems. By John M. Morse. The Grafton Press, New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 185 pages.

Autobiography of the I or Ego, or the Metaphysics of an Interloper and Impostor, Himself in the Role of Confessor. By Charles K. Wheeler. Published by the Author, 9 Park Square, Boston. 5×6¼ in. 115 pages. \$1. net.

Between the Acts. By Henry W. Nevins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 387 pages. \$2.50, net.

Some parts of this collection of sketches—half story, half study of unusual conditions of life—have real distinction such as makes them worthy of the rather unusual physical form in which the publishers have issued them. Others, however, are disagreeable because of unpleasant realism, and still others are disagreeable because of the hopeless, dreary tone which seems just now to be unhappily prevalent in much English fiction. Mr. Nevins, years ago, wrote a volume of studies of the life of the London poor in the form of fiction, which were quite worthy to rank, in point of art, with the work of Mr. Arthur Morison in this direction. The subjects he touches on in the present book are varied: glimpses of the tragedy of the Boer war, life in the slums of London, a picture of an Oxford Don lost in theological and social doubt and vaguely trying to find himself (this seems to us the best of the sketches), and some little love dramas.

Blessed Hope of the Lord's Return (The). By Rev. A. W. Pitzer, D.D., LL.D. William Ballantyne & Sons, Washington, D.C. 5¼×7 in. 87 pages.

Consul (The): A Sketch of Emma Booth Tucker. By her Husband, Commander Booth Tucker. The Salvation Army Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 192 pages. Paper bound, 25c.

An appreciative memoir of the woman who, with her husband, from 1896 to the time of her death in October of last year, was in charge of the Salvation Army in America.

Desert Botanical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution. By Frederick Vernon Coville and Daniel Trembly Macdougall. Illustrated. Published by the Carnegie Institution, Washington, D.C. 7×10 in. 58 pages.

Education as Adjustment: Educational Theory Viewed in the Light of Contemporary Thought. By M. V. O'Shea. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 317 pages. \$1.50.

Professor O'Shea finds a copious current of opinion as to the true aim and method of education, and great need of filtering it through scientific principles. Established principles in biology, sociology, and psychology supply this filter. Doctrines that contain some truth, but fail in more or less important points, have expressed themselves in theories of unfoldment, of formal discipline, of knowledge-getting, of practical utility. Briefly criticising these, Professor O'Shea sets over against them the theory of adjustment to the environment in which life must be lived, as the theory by which evolutionary principles must guide education out of a rather chaotic and backward state. He brings cogent reinforcement to this view from psychology in particular, and its present doctrine of mind as a reacting mechanism, a dynamic and functioning organ. "Learning has for its end, speaking neurologically, to establish a network of just those neural processes that are required for adjustment to any situation." Dealing with the scientific aspects of the subject in an untechnical and popular way, Professor O'Shea discusses in detail the implications of adjustment, its relation to social organization, its effect on teaching, and the method of attaining it, closing with a searching critique of his chief antagonist, the advocate of formal discipline. Professor O'Shea writes clearly and keenly. He is unquestionably correct in regarding a large amount of educational theory as the product of a personal bias of interest or inclination, and in demanding a scientific temper as the chief desideratum for sound educational aim and method. His readers should look with interest for the future volumes he promises.

In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. Analysis and Notes by Charles Mansford, B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3¼×6 in. 228 pages. 75c., net.

Months and Moods: A Fifteen Year Calendar. By Edward Curtis. The Grafton Press, New York. 8×11½ in. 58 pages. \$1. net.

Musical Instruments of All Nations: Catalogue. The Crosby Brown Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art. No. I. Europe. No. II. Asia. No. III. Keyboard Instruments. Illustrated. Published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Paper bound. No. I., 25c. No. II., 10c. No. III., \$1.

The collection which is here catalogued was described in *The Outlook* for March 1, 1902. It began with four instruments intended for a private music-room; it now comprises two thousand eight hundred instruments, and is one of the most valued treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The prefaces and descriptions in these catalogues are full of interest to any who are at all acquainted with music. Among the curiosities is a "jester's flute" of the eighteenth century, so devised that the innocent victim who attempts to play it discovers that the force of his breath, instead of sounding a musical tone, ejects flour into his face. Another curiosity is a violin horn, which is practically a French horn incased in a violin, with the mouthpiece issuing at the upper end of the neck, so that the instrument when held like a 'cello can be blown as well as played with the bow. The design of the collection is to have families of instruments represented rather than to have merely rare or valuable ones exhibited. The educational value of the collection is therefore apparent. The catalogues are well indexed, and contain lists of portraits and other musical accessories in the collection.

Psalms in Human Life (The). By Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 415 pages. \$3.50, net.

In August, 1863, when the infamous guerrilla leader Quantrell had burned Lawrence in Kansas, and massacred a hundred and fifty of its inhabitants, those members of Plymouth Church who had escaped with their lives met on the following Sunday, and, after reading Psalm lxxix, "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance," departed to their ruined homes. This incident, not mentioned in the present volume, is typical of its general exhibition of the Psalms as mirroring the experiences of human life from the early ages to the present time, but with a certain difference between former days and present. In the modern world the scene of trial in which the lyric utterances of ancient faith and hope serve to strengthen the soul is less on the battlefield and in the public arena, and more in the secret chambers of thought, as in such lives as those of the philanthropist Howard and Carey the missionary. The multitude of cases cited by Mr. Prothero of the use of the Psalms in critical moments of individual or social experience make a mass of biographical and historical memorabilia of the most varied kind. This copious material is chronologically distributed into twelve chapters, and well indexed for reference. By the aid of the index this volume will impart fresh interest to the use of the Psalms in devotional meetings or family worship.

Red Blood of Odd Fellowship (The). By Elvin J. Curry. Published by the Author, Baltimore, Md. 5×7½ in. 273 pages.

Rover Boys on Land and Sea (The). By Arthur M. Winfield. The Mershon Co., Rahway, N. J. 5×7½ in. 266 pages. 60c.

Self-Cure of Consumption Without Medicine (The). By Charles H. Stanley Davis, M.D., Ph.D. E. B. Treat & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 176 pages. 75c.

Singoella: A Swedish Romance. By Viktor Rydberg. Translated by Alex Josephson. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 210 pages. \$1.25.

Tamarack Farm: The Story of Rube Wolcott and his Gettysburg Girl. By George Scott. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 236 pages. \$1.25.

A naïve, artless little book, partly autobiographical. Despite its lack of literary form it has some genuine human experiences and some rustic fun. In large part it deals with the Civil War.

Temple Bible (The): Joshua and the Conquest of Palestine. By Rev. W. H. Bennett, D.D. Joseph and the Land of Egypt. By Prof. A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in.

Of the conquest of Palestine by the Hebrews, which occupied some two hundred years, only so much is covered by this treatise as is connected with the leadership of Joshua. Professor Bennett's standpoint is with the moderate school of criticism. He recognizes nothing miraculous in the crossing of Jordan or the fall of Jericho, but does not hold with those who regard great heroes as personifications of tribes. Professor Sayce has repeatedly reinforced the conservative side in Biblical study, and brings aid to it again in his present volume. The Egyptian story of the "Two Brothers," singularly parallel to that of Joseph in Potiphar's house, he regards as of later date, and as its "echo" rather than its original. The story of Joseph is treated throughout as historical, and there are few who will not be glad if this stands as the final verdict.

Tragedy of King Lear. By William Shakespeare. Edited by William J. Rolfe, Litt.D. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 304 pages.

This edition was first published in 1880, and has attained a very wide and deserved popularity, for the series of books to which it belongs is one of the best that has been put into the hands of American school-children. "King Lear" is now revised and is substantially a new edition along the same lines as the revised "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and other plays which have preceded it and which Dr. Rolfe has brought up to date. The chief changes have been the omission or abridgment of notes on purely textual variations, the omission of the "Critical Comments" from the Introduction, for which Dr. Rolfe has substituted familiar comments of his own, and the introduction of a concise account of Shakespeare's meter as a preface to the notes.

Voice of the River (The) : A Dartmoor Story.
By Olive Katharine Parr. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 205 pages. \$1.25.

Who's Who, 1904: An Annual Biographical Dictionary. (Fifty-sixth Year of Issue.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 1,700 pages. \$2.

American readers are exceptionally fortunate in the fact that the supply of copies of the English "Who's Who" for 1904 were on their way to this country before the fire took place which destroyed the whole, as we understand, of the English edition. We comment so often upon the continual usefulness of this volume and that of its American namesake that we need only say that the present edition has been materially enlarged,

and that it shows the same carefulness and accuracy that have marked the former issues.

Winchester Centennial, 1803-1903 (The): Historical Sketch of the Universalist Profession of Belief Adopted at Winchester, N.H., September 22, 1803. The Universalist Publishing House, Boston. 5¼x8 in. 218 pages.

The centenary anniversary of the Universalist Churches observed last year was an event of some significance in view of the theological changes to which they have contributed their share. The historical and commemorative addresses made on that occasion, together with the exposition of principles given by representative men in that denomination, constitute a volume of value to thoughtful people in all churches.

Correspondence

France and the Roman Catholic Church

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Permit me, as a warm admirer of *The Outlook* and one who has done what little he could to extend its circulation, to express my surprise at the attitude taken by your magazine in the matter of the expulsion of the Catholic clergy and sisters from France. I recognize, of course, that people have different religious views and look at religious dogmas from different standpoints, but that is quite a different proposition from siding with atheism in its war on any form of Christianity. I have never been able to determine from reading his writings what Dr. Lyman Abbott's views are in regard to Christ; but he certainly professes to be a minister of Christianity, and I, for one, have always regarded him as a very able and intelligent Christian clergyman. It must be evident to any one that the present anti-Catholic crusade in France is really anti-Christian, and that in reality it would be as much opposed to Protestantism as it is to Catholicity, if the former had the same religious strength in France. The honors paid to Renan not very long ago, and the insults paid to the memory of the late Pope, clearly show that. I was in Switzerland thirty-odd years ago, when the same class of atheists were busy confiscating Catholic churches and expelling Catholic bishops and priests from Geneva, and then, as now, the Protestants of this country and Europe applauded, although the men who were the leaders in the movement openly denounced all religion, and spared no occasion to ridicule the Deity and spit upon the name of Christ. It would seem to me that, aside from any question of Christian charity, Christians should not applaud attacks by the enemies of all religion on any branch of Christianity.

I am also surprised to see, in a paper as conservative and temperate as *The Outlook* usually is, the charge that the monks in France are both disloyal and degenerate,

(See page 95, issue of September 12.) I have had the pleasure of seeing some Marist Fathers in this city who were among the clergy expelled, and though I have had a great deal of experience with degeneracy, I have been unable to discover any evidence of either mental or moral weakness in them. Among those who have been expelled have been a number of Jesuits, and whatever may be thought of Jesuits, a man must be very ignorant of that order who can find much degeneracy in its ranks. The English Passionists, who were also expelled, have never been considered degenerates, as I happen to know, in either this country or England; in fact, this charge of degeneracy seems to be a gratuitous insult, which, in an unchristian spirit, you have hurled at the heads of men whose theological views do not happen to agree with your own; whether the Sisters are also degenerates you do not say, but as they have been expelled from France, I presume they are. It is deeply to be regretted that all branches of the Christian Church do not possess more degenerates of the kind whose expulsion from France you so loudly applaud.

J. F. CARRÈRE.

[We have no doubt that our correspondent is in part correct, that the anti-Catholic crusade in France was partly an anti-religious crusade. But it is also, in our judgment, true that the ecclesiastical organizations in France ought to set the people an example of obedience to law, and should take authorization from the government for their organization, since this authorization is required by the law.—THE EDITORS.]

Save the Big Trees

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Not long ago the Outdoor Art League of California determined to work for a bill for the preservation of the Calaveras Big Tree Grove of California.

Former bills, approved by the Public

Lands Committee and the Senate, had failed to obtain a hearing in the House of Representatives. To prevent a like fate attending the new bill, this League resolved to follow President Roosevelt's suggestion, and make the matter one of National interest. To this end it essayed the organization of a council of influential men and women in each State, whose duty it shall be to form a strong Congressional committee to act in conjunction with the California Representatives in devising ways and means for securing the passage of the bill.

Literature relative to the big trees, a personal letter, and a petition form were mailed to each United States Senator and Congressman, to each State Governor, and many State organizations.

Because the value of the trees as scientific documents must appeal to the world of scholars, the co-operation of all college presidents in all the United States was asked.

The fact that ten State Governors promptly responded, enthusiastically offering their active support, stands in strong evidence that the big trees have become a National issue.

The Governor of one great Eastern State referred the matter to the State Forest Commission, which immediately acted upon it, drafting a set of resolutions indorsing the bill, ordered a copy thereof sent to their United States Senators and Congressmen, and then re-recommended the matter to the State Forest Association, requesting them to form a State Council for the purpose of determining the best means of advancing the bill.

Letters from thoughtful people, writers, and distinguished men are received demonstrating a real fraternal feeling between the States and a National pride in the possession of "our trees."

State Federations of Women's Clubs have promptly sent in thousands of names. Civic societies, municipal improvement clubs, forestry associations, and the American Park and Outdoor Art Association have indorsed the wisdom of the bill by returning petitions with signatures amounting to over half a million names.

It is a propitious beginning. Enthusiasm runs from Maine to South Carolina, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is the voice of the people.

ELLA C. B. FASSETT,
Corresponding Secretary
Outdoor Art League of California.

A Unique Reform School

Our readers will remember that The Outlook has from time to time called attention to the excellent work of the Berkshire Industrial Farm at Canaan Four Corners, New York. We have received a letter from

Dr. Franklin Carter, ex-President of Williams College, containing a renewed appeal for public support of this unique reformatory. "This work," says Dr. Carter, "begun with the great idea of the training of bad boys into honesty, purity, and helpful service, has been steadily prosecuted with this end in view. Many boys, handicapped by evil habits and on the sure road to crime, have been lifted by the healthful surroundings and gentle influences of this home to a better life. Some boys who have already been under arrest have been redeemed and after a year or two at the school have gone out to be a help rather than an expense and a curse to society." In the opinion of The Outlook there is no more important philanthropic work for society to perform than the physical, mental, and moral training of boys and girls whose family associations and environment are depressing and contaminating; for, as Dr. Carter says, "One boy reformed may mean the arrest of currents of misery and crime that would lay waste more than one township and make business for detectives or police, in this age of swift travel, all over the land." It is quite appropriate that readers of The Outlook should consider the needs of the Berkshire Industrial Farm, since through their generosity one of the cottages of the Farm was originally built. Further information may be obtained from and contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Robert Carter, Morristown, New Jersey.

For Church and Bible

The Congregational Church-Building Society, which closed its first year with an income of \$1,768, closes its fifty-first with an income of over \$222,000. During this period, with a total income of over four and a half millions, it has secured through various agencies some seventeen millions of church property, much of it in strategic centers of population. As feeders and sustainers of home and foreign missionary work the importance of the church-building agencies of the several religious bodies can hardly be overestimated. In the present instance the opportunities for useful work outrun the slowly growing resources—a fact true of benevolent societies in general. The American Bible Society apprehends that it may be obliged seriously to curtail its operations, unless large special gifts are received before April 1. Largely because of a shrinkage in legacies, the benevolent gifts of the past year have fallen about \$50,000 below the average of the last ten years, and a large increase of gifts from societies and churches becomes necessary. On March 7 the Society joins with the British and Foreign Bible Society in celebrating the centenary of the latter. Arrangements are making to secure an observance of Sunday, March 6, throughout the Protestant world as "Bible Sunday."

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The Week in Congress

In the Senate the only important discussion of the week was on the Gorman-Culberson resolution calling upon the President to inform the Senate whether any existing additional correspondence about the Panama resolution and treaty exists, and if so to furnish it to the Senate. The debate turned upon the question whether it would be courteous to the President or susceptible of being interpreted as a lack of confidence to omit the customary clause, "if not incompatible with the public interest." The clause was finally inserted by a vote of 39 to 20—almost a strict party vote, although Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, voted against his party. The resolution was then unanimously adopted. It is understood that the proposed Republican amendments to the Panama treaty (described last week) will be dropped as unnecessary and likely to cause delay. Mr. Bacon, in speaking for his resolution advising the President to settle Colombia's claims amicably, declared that there was prevalent a rumor that Colombia would be satisfied if the United States should devote \$10,000,000 to the construction of a railroad from the line of the Canal to the city of Bogota. Upon this Senator Platt, of Connecticut, commented that if this country established the policy of paying \$10,000,000 as the price of peace in every case where a foreign country had a difference with this country, there would be no end of such claims. A resolution of inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Bunau-Varilla and the allegations that he promoted the Panama insurrection in the United States, and claimed to have assurance from our Government as to its future action, was introduced by Senator Stone. In the House Mr. Hemen-

way, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, called attention to the fact that the current estimates amounted to over \$747,000,000, and that expenses must be reduced by \$42,000,000 if a deficit was to be avoided. The existing surplus, which some people seem to think inexhaustible, is already pledged for the Isthmian Canal, public buildings, and river and harbor improvements. Is double mileage payable to members under the law and practice? The question here was really not (as some have thought) whether the famous microscopic interval between the regular and special sessions constructively entitled members to pay for an imaginary journey home and back, but whether the Constitution makes a distinction between a regular and a special session. The House unanimously voted not to pay itself double mileage, and by this "self-denying ordinance" renounced its claim to \$145,000. Mr. Bede, of Minnesota, in a humorous political speech declared that "a little bunch of Populists in Wall Street cannot dictate the nomination of either party." He justified the ascription of Populism to Wall Street financiers and "reorganizers" by their love for "fiat values" in watered and manipulated stocks.



The Retiring Secretary of War

February 1 marks the close of one of the most remarkable administrative careers in the history of the country. When Mr. Root became Secretary of War, the Department was demoralized by the inefficiency with which the emergency of the Spanish War had been met by his predecessor; political influence had succeeded in getting inexperienced militia officers into places whose respon-

sibilities were too much for them; the troops had been wasted by avoidable disease and needless hardship; popular enthusiasm naturally aroused by a conflict had subsided. Moreover, the Nation was suddenly confronted with an entirely new problem—the government of island possessions which could be undertaken only by the army; in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, in each of which places conditions were different from those in the others, there was presented the alternative of anarchy or military rule; peoples who had known no government except that which was despotic had to be taught what government “for the people” was before they could learn anything of “government by the people.” In the army there was disorganization, in the newly acquired islands discontent and violence, and among the American people not a few who were unable to see that the United States could undertake to supplant disorder with law without mercenary motives. It was under these conditions that President McKinley called Mr. Elihu Root to leave a lucrative law practice and set about this task of creating the beginnings at least of civilization. That those who were readiest to find fault at first are now as dumb regarding his failures as they then were dumb regarding his successes is the most significant testimony to what he has accomplished. What that has been The Outlook has related as the weeks have passed, and summarized at the time his resignation was tendered last summer. He has made of the army a better organization than it has ever been before, giving it coherence on the one side with the War Department by the creation of the General Staff, and on the other side with the militia of the several States, and has used it as a constructive instrument for transforming Cuba from a Spanish colony into a free republic, and for preparing Porto Rico and the Philippines for civil government. That this work has been done, not by a man of military training, but by a civilian, is a new justification of the American principle that the army is subordinate to the civil body and a new proof that the United States can furnish men for emergencies.

The New Secretary of War Governor Taft, who takes up the work which Secretary Root lays down, enters upon his duties with the support of an almost unanimous public opinion. The only peril he faces is that which has been said threatens those of whom all men speak well. He was a Judge of the United States Sixth Judicial Circuit when, in 1900, he was selected by President McKinley to go as head of the Philippine Commission to investigate affairs in the islands and take charge of what was not under the direction of the army. Without in any way minimizing the services of the other members of the Commission, we think the popular judgment that Governor Taft was the real force in solving the difficult problems set before the Commission is sound. On July 4, 1901, he was inaugurated as the first Civil Governor of the islands. He has succeeded in bringing to a practical settlement the troublesome question involved in the disposition of the friars' lands; he has kept pure the civil service in the islands; he has furthered the progress of the Philippine schools; he has been instrumental, especially by appearing in person before committees in Congress, in making actual conditions in the Philippines known to the American people; he has succeeded in lessening the undue influence of unscrupulous and selfish Americans and Filipinos; he has become intimately acquainted with the people of the islands, and has made them in turn acquainted with the best type of Americans; and throughout he has gained not only the respect of the Filipinos due to his ability, but also their affection through his frank, kindly, and strong personality. Twice he has refused appointment to the Supreme Bench of the United States, although his own personal desires would have led him to accept it; the first time because of his own sense of duty to the Filipinos, the second time because of the urgent protest of the Filipinos themselves—both times from motives that did him the highest honor. Though he has left the Philippines, he enters an office where he can still help to have the Nation's conduct of Philippine affairs carried on in the interest

and for the welfare of the Philippine people. In addition to his disinterested spirit and administrative experience, he has a further unique qualification as Secretary of War. For nearly four years he has seen the army of the United States not only in camp but in active service on the field, and has come to know American soldiers from the private to the major-general. Now, under the President, he is placed in authority over the army, which will continue to do its work in the Philippines under his direction.



Mr. Bryan and
Party Issues

Mr. Bryan's remarks on the issues of the coming campaign in New York

last week and subsequently at other places have been read and commented on with lively interest because of their bearing on the possibilities of harmony between the radical and conservative wings of the Democratic party. Mr. Bryan has avowedly spoken only for himself, but it is a recognized fact that he stands for a considerable portion at least of the voters who cast their ballots in his favor four years ago. All comments on these expressions of his views seem to agree that they are the outspoken, frank, and consistent utterances of an honest man; but there is equal unanimity in the feeling that Mr. Bryan has done anything but promote the desired party harmony, and that this seems now more remote than before. As to the re-indorsement of the Kansas City platform by the coming National Democratic Convention, Mr. Bryan said: "I believe in making the platform stronger than ever." "People tell us," he declared, "that the money question is dead; it is not dead." As Mr. Bryan's utterances on the silver question have been widely misquoted, we give his exact words:

The Kansas City platform, following the Chicago platform, declared for bimetallicism, and pointed out the means of securing it. Nothing has arisen to discredit the principle of bimetallicism. The increased production of gold, and the better times that have followed an increase in the circulation, have vindicated the quantitative theory of money, although the world has not yet been relieved of the necessity for silver. This Nation must be bimetallic or monometallic, and if mono-

metallic it must consider what the effect will be if we assist in driving all the world to a gold standard, and compel twice as many people to use gold as use it now. And the ratio? If we are to have bimetallicism at all, what other ratio is there than the present that is seriously supported? . . . Some, I among them, believe that the money plank, as well as the other planks of the Kansas City platform, should be reaffirmed. Let those who are opposed to this plan offer a platform which suits them. Will they indorse the gold standard outright? They dare not do it. Will they declare for bimetallicism at some other ratio? They have no intention of doing so. What will they do? If they have their way, they will attempt a confidence game upon the people—they will prepare a platform so ambiguous, so uncertain, and so meaningless that, like the platform proposed by one of your New York papers recently, it would suit the Republican party as well as the Democratic party.



What is the
Main Issue?

Later on Mr. Bryan explained that he did not mean to be understood as saying that the question of gold and silver was the paramount issue in the coming campaign, but that it was still one of the issues to be considered. The broader and more pressing issue he formulated as follows:

Shall the money-changers rule the United States? That question includes all the issues—the currency, labor, trusts, and the rest. Do you know of any measure for the benefit of the masses that the money-changers have not opposed? Free silver is only one of the relief measures. They have opposed all of them. Whenever any measure is proposed for the benefit of the masses, there is immediate opposition from Wall Street. It is all right for a party to make a fight against trusts, but how can it be effective when the Wall Street bankers, with their vaults full of watered stock, contribute to the campaign funds?

He had already asserted in his Madison Square speech that corruption in political campaigns was to be attributed to both parties, and he went so far as to say that in 1892 the Democrats spent \$2,000,000 to carry New York and Indiana, and that one Trust Company contributed \$175,000 to the campaign fund—a statement which has since been denied by one of the officers of the Democratic National Committee of 1892. As part of the moral issue Mr. Bryan urged a vigorous campaign against trusts, corporations, and abuses of the

money power, and for the application of moral principles to the labor question. He would lay all the blame for foul politics on the spirit of commercialism in American political affairs:

"Will it pay?" has been substituted for "Is it right?" and, as a consequence, our legislative assemblies—city, State, and National—are becoming auction rooms, in which Governmental privileges are knocked down to the highest bidder. Is it strange that two Senators have been indicted for selling their political influence? Is it strange that Government officials and members of Congress have been interesting themselves in Government contracts? Is it strange that boodle investigations are bringing to light wholesale corruption in State and municipal government? Is it strange that those who use the Government as a business asset employ a part of their ill-gotten gains to purchase further legislation or further immunity? Is it strange that many obscure voters use their suffrage—the only political asset they have—as a source of pecuniary profit, when they see more prominent citizens using the Government for private gain? Is it wrong for the voter to sell his vote? Certainly. But he cannot sell unless there is a purchaser, and there would be no purchaser but for the fact that the Government has been turned from its true and legitimate channel and made the instrument by which some enrich themselves at the expense of the rest of the people.

When great corporations which are known to be careful and economical in their expenditures contribute large sums for the election of certain candidates, or for the support of a particular party, can you doubt that they expect and will receive a return in the way of Governmental favors?

On the very same day upon which Mr. Bryan spoke in New York, the leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, Mr. John Sharp Williams, positively declared, replying to a direct inquiry in Congress, that he hoped that silver would have no part in the Democratic platform. He illustrated his position by saying that he did not question the right of his forefathers to secede, but that he was not such a fool as to advocate secession at this particular time.

The Sanitary Situation at Panama

One of the indications that the United States will do the work of digging the Panama Canal in a scientific and businesslike way is the fact that already careful preliminary study has been made of the sanitary

problem involved. That this is a serious element in the question is denied by no one, but prompt and thorough measures will be taken to protect the workmen and make the percentage of illness comparatively light. Unofficial reports show some encouraging facts. In the first place, that first upturning of the soil which in such a country always brings fever has already been accomplished under the French companies to a much larger extent than has been generally supposed. We learn also from the correspondent on the Isthmus of the New York "Tribune" (and we congratulate that paper, by the way, on the really noteworthy excellence of the letters this correspondent has been sending; they constitute an unusually thorough piece of journalistic work) that experts have already made a complete sanitary survey of the Canal zone, and that Colonel W. M. Black, who is watching the engineering work going on at the great Culebra cut, is "the man who cleaned up Havana" under the American occupation, while Surgeon-Major Guy L. Edie, who might be truly called the man who cleaned up Manila, has just returned to Washington with full notes as to the sanitary needs of the undertaking. Dr. Edie thinks that the town of Panama and the line of the Canal near it present no serious sanitary difficulties—pure water, a sewerage system, thorough disinfection of houses having germs of yellow fever, smallpox, and other diseases are needed, but, on the whole, the condition is better than it was at Manila. Beyond lies a hill country, naturally well drained, and with plenty of good water. At and near Colon are the greatest dangers. Colon stands on a coral island and is partly surrounded by vast impassable and unwholesome swamps. The result is thus described:

The prolific cause of disease in this division [Colon, and from Colon to Bohio, fourteen miles] is found in the low-lying ground, the entire absence of drainage, the frequency of pools, ponds, and quagmires, where mosquitoes breed unmolested; the absence of an adequate supply of pure water, and the utterly unsanitary mode of living. These conditions are of such long standing that nearly every house in Colon, as well as in the whole of the first division, is infected with the germs of yellow fever and smallpox.

Life amid such surroundings has been, and still is, merely a question of "the survival of the fittest." There are no reliable mortality figures or percentages procurable anywhere on the Isthmus, but we know from reports, observation, and the scant records of the Colombian army, that the death-rate has been excessive in the high land as well as in the low, and especially in this division.

The Canal authorities will not only have to supply sanitary facilities and make regulations, but will have to teach the people of the country to regard them—a difficult but not hopeless task. Vigorous police and sanitary supervision over the whole zone is essential. At Colon drainage, pure water, disinfection, the destruction of mosquitoes (now recognized by every expert as fruitful breeders of yellow fever and malaria), the enforcement of reasonable diet and drinking habits among newcomers—all must be insisted upon and carried out on a large scale. Dr. Edie thinks that if twenty thousand men are engaged on the work, about two thousand will have to be carried on the sick list all the time. Fortunately, the French built a large hospital (they spent \$3,000,000 on it), which will be turned over to the United States. Another, Dr. Edie recommends, should be built at once near Culebra. Despite all drawbacks and difficulties, Dr. Edie is of the opinion that disease would form even a more serious obstacle on the proposed Nicaragua route, because that is an "untamed jungle," and we should have to go through the deadly process of "subjugating the ground"—that is, stirring up the soil by first operations.



**"Original Package" Evasions
of Liquor Laws**

A bill which passed the last House of Representatives without division, but in some way failed to be brought to a vote in the Senate, is now, in a slightly amended form, before the Judiciary Committee of the present House, and may have a course similar to that of last year unless the temperance forces throughout the country give it vigilant attention. It is known as the Hepburn-Dolliver Bill, and provides that liquor transported within the boundary of any State, both "before and after delivery" to the consignee, shall be subject to the police powers of

the State to the same extent and in the same manner as if the liquor had been made within the State. That there should be need for such an act is rather a surprising development. Originally, it may be recalled, it was taken for granted that a State could regulate the sale of products shipped into it from other States, provided it did not discriminate in favor of home producers. When the Supreme Court decided that the sale of liquor shipped from other States could not be controlled by State laws so long as the liquor remained in the "original packages," Congress passed the Wilson Act of 1890, declaring that liquor shipped into any State should, "upon arrival" in such State, be subject to the same State regulations as liquor produced therein. When the constitutionality of this act was upheld by the Supreme Court, the "original package saloons" were for a time practically stamped out; but later the Supreme Court held that liquor did not "arrive" within a State, so as to be subject to State laws, until it had been delivered to the consignee. The effect of this decision has been described as follows by Congressman W. I. Smith, of Iowa:

Under this holding "the practice has grown up in Iowa by which a non-resident ships a large number of jugs into his State addressed to himself, and then the soliciting agent goes about selling these liquors at retail in the town, and simply transfers bills of lading, thus carrying on a retail business in that town in violation of the will of a majority of the people. . . . Under the decision . . . liquors could be kept in large quantities in the office of the express companies, and retailed from there to whoever would pay the case charges, the value of the liquor, and the cost of transportation."

Nor is this method of evasion of State laws confined to commonwealths with State prohibitory laws covering all or part of their territory. Dispensary laws, local option laws, and even high-license laws may be evaded in the same way. The present bill is receiving much of its strongest support from the South, where local option and dispensary laws cover the greater part of the territory and their execution is embarrassed by the original package trade. The advocates of the Hepburn-Dolliver Bill do not, they state, propose to keep any individual from

importing liquors for his own use, but claim that the sale of such liquor is properly under the control of State laws. They therefore call their measure a "State's right bill."

The modified plan puts the schools at the service not of the people but of political leaders. The original plan should be insisted upon by all who care for the educational system of the State.

Educational Unification in New York

The plan for unifying the control of public education in the State of New York has been still further modified. Our readers will remember that the plan reported in our issue of January 16 was to this effect: that the Board of Regents, which now controls higher education, so far as the State has to do with it, should be reduced in numbers, and the members of the Board should have a term of nine years instead of a life tenure, and be put in charge of the whole educational work of the State; that the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, in which rests the control of the common schools, should be abolished, and instead a Commissioner of Education should be created, be named by the Board of Regents, and become the Board's executive officer. The bill reported last week changed this plan so as to make the Commissioner of Education a creature of the Legislature, but subject to dismissal by the Board of Regents, who should have the power to name his successor. The plan now being considered, with fair chance of enactment, involves a still more pernicious modification, for it provides that the Legislature shall fix the term of the Commissioner for six years, and within that period shall have the power to name his successor if the office become vacant. This means that for six years the whole educational system of the State, common schools, high schools, and universities, so far as they come under State control, may be put to the uses of a partisan politician. The plan ought to fail. The State has had the experience of having its charities "unified" into a political machine; it would be a senseless act for it to repeat the experience with regard to its schools. The original plan makes the schools subject to popular control, for it abolishes life tenure in the Board of Regents, so that the people can change the composition of the Board.

A Home Rule Proposition for New York

As every one who has any acquaintance with conditions in New York City knows, the existence of blackmail in the police department is largely due to the fact that the sale of liquor on Sunday except by hotels is prohibited, while a great majority of the dwellers in certain parts of the city demand, not open bar-rooms, but the opportunity of buying beer on Sunday. In December the Association of Neighborhood Workers, which includes nearly all settlements of the city, investigated the saloons in propinquity to the settlements. Out of 389 saloons, 325 were open, at least to those who were known to the saloon-keepers or their employees. There was very little boastfulness. The bar-rooms were being used for quiet social gathering, and beer was being carried to the tables of families to whom its use was as familiar and unquestioned as is that of tea or coffee. All this, however, was systematic violation of law, which could go on only by the consent of the police. The purchase of this consent enforced by the police constitutes a large part of police blackmail, and the power to say what saloons shall open and what shall close constitutes a large part of the power of Tammany local politicians. As reported in our columns last week, there is now an effort being made to change this condition by giving the people the opportunity of deciding whether they want liquor purchasable on Sunday. If this opportunity were given them, the source of illegitimate revenue and political power would be largely closed; for if the people declare in favor of Sunday opening, all saloons can remain open, and none need pay either money or homage for the privilege of opening; if the people declare against Sunday opening, the demand for open saloons will be rendered to a large degree ineffective. A bill for city local option is now before the Legislature.

It gives each borough the right to vote Yes or No; and if any borough votes Yes, the sale of liquor will by virtue of that vote become legalized "in rooms other than bar-rooms" during hours to be designated by the Mayor, the Commissioner of Police, and the President of the Borough. The bill is not ideal. The borough division is, in our opinion, too large and contains too heterogeneous a population; the limitation of the vote simply to "yes" or "no" is too rigid; larger discretion ought to be given the voters, as is given to voters now in rural communities. But the bill, even if it cannot be amended to advantage, is a long step toward the ideal, and ought to pass. It has the opposition of up-State legislators who think they represent the moral sense of their constituents, as well as the opposition of Tammany politicians who do not want to be deprived of a source of money and power. Certainly the voters of rural communities ought not to withhold from New York City the rights they themselves enjoy.



The Right to Live The people in New York City who use the elevated roads and the Brooklyn Bridge in the well-named rush hours have long since given up hopes of maintaining their right to comfort; they now ask whether they have the right to live and the consequent right to demand adequate protection for life and limb. What is to be considered in the investigation of the horrible death of a young woman on the Sixth Avenue elevated road last week is not merely the question as to the precise degree of fault to be attributed to the guard on the car, to the platform man, or to the woman herself, but the conditions which make such a tragedy possible. It is well known, for instance, to thousands of people that, whether or not in this case the car gate was closed before the bell was rung to start the car, precisely this thing occurs daily. The guard, George, immediately after the accident declared that the gate was open, that the car platform was so crowded that he could not shut the gate, and he was so pressed upon that

he could not even ring the bell to stop the train. This was the first report made by the man who ought to know the facts best, and allegations by the officers of the company that the gate was shut, and that the victim clung to it despite the effort of the platform guard to pull her away, will be regarded with suspicion by those who have noted the exceeding promptness of railroad officials to deny damaging statements and by those who have seen time and again the exact state of things described by the car guard. It is safe to say that in no German or French city would a train be allowed to leave a station in such frightfully congested state as may be seen every night on the New York elevated roads. It may be that until the underground roads are in use it may be necessary to permit people to stand in the aisles of the cars, but the platforms should be kept clear even if some citizens are late to dinner. Doubtless the average American would prefer to take his risk and go quickly, but he ought not to be allowed to choose. Closed theater exits and crowded car platforms are alike death-traps. The general inefficiency of elevated road management may be judged of from the fact that after this poor woman was hurled to the track no fewer than six trains were allowed to pass the station before the body was rescued, and it is quite possible that she was killed by one of these later trains. To say, as does Mr. Hedley, the superintendent, that to comment on this accident is to invite a panic, that it is impossible to enforce the rule requiring the platforms to be clear, that there is no need at the station where this death occurred of guard rails such as many stations have, that there is no need of more platform guards—all this is to insult common intelligence. On the day following the elevated road disaster a woman at the Brooklyn Bridge was trampled under foot and with difficulty rescued from the rushing crowd and carried off screaming with fright and pain. And this kind of thing happens not at all infrequently. How long will the New York State Railway Commission and the city municipal authorities allow barbarous incidents like those described to recur?

Consecration of Bishop Greer

The consecration of the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer as Bishop Coadjutor of New York at St. Bartholomew's Church, of which he has so long been the rector, on Tuesday of last week, was an unusually impressive service. More than twenty Episcopal bishops were present, and in the procession not less than five hundred clergymen found place. The laymen of the Church were also represented by some of the best-known men in New York. The service gained in dignity and impressiveness by its simplicity. There was no elaboration of any kind, in accordance with the traditions and practice of St. Bartholomew's Church. The fact that Bishop Dudley, who was to take part in the services, died suddenly on Sunday lent a touch of pathos to the occasion; and in the introduction to his sermon Bishop Doane spoke feelingly and beautifully of one who had been so long associated with the older members of the episcopate present. The consecration services, which began at eleven, lasted until nearly two, and the church was crowded to the doors by a great congregation drawn together by the magnitude of the diocese, the personal popularity of Dr. Greer, and the essential importance of the occasion. Inside the chancel the company of bishops included such notable figures, among the older men, as Bishop Hare, Bishop Scarborough, Bishop Whittaker, and, among the younger men, Bishop Lines, Bishop Brewster, Bishop Talbot, Bishop McVicar, and Bishop Mackay-Smith; Bishop Potter presided. At the close of the service the clergymen present and many of the laymen were the guests of the St. Bartholomew parish at a luncheon at Sherry's; and later there was a meeting of both clergy and laity to discuss the new Apportionment System started by the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Bishop Greer, on taking the chair, was greeted with applause so long-continued, spontaneous, and full of affection that it was impossible for him at first to find words. Dr. Lloyd, the Secretary of the Board of Missions, Mr. Wood, editor of the "Spirit of Missions," Dr. Rainsford, and Dr. Van Kleeck, Archdeacon of Westchester,

took part in the discussion. In the evening, in spite of the extremely disagreeable weather, a missionary meeting held at St. Thomas's was very well attended. Dr. Greer again spoke and paid a tribute to Bishop Dudley, who was to have been one of the speakers on that occasion, and whose voice was always urging the missionary responsibility home upon the conscience of the Church. Mr. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, also made an address.



The Sermon The sermon at the consecration was preached by Bishop Doane, of Albany, whose gift for preaching on notable occasions has long made him a familiar figure on all great church festivals and services. The significant part of his address, which gave the profoundest satisfaction to the great majority of his hearers and most admirably interpreted the spirit of Bishop Potter's administration of the Diocese of New York, and the spirit with which Bishop Greer has inspired St. Bartholomew's parish, is to be found in these words :

For one, I welcome with all my heart and all my hopes the growing spirit in the Church to-day of reconciliation and of recognition. The day is past and gone, it seems to me, when men cannot be sure that they are asserting truth unless they do it in the way of denying and denouncing error, or when the only satisfactory assurance of what one possesses himself is found in declaring that some one else does not possess it.

When unity is won, it will be, not by pride in apostolic succession, but by the humbleness of the apostolic spirit; not by insistence upon catholicity as meaning merely, what it does in part, an unbroken hold upon the authority of the past, but meaning still more the universalness of full sympathy with the age in which we live, and a larger outlook upon the wide future of the wide world; not by the denial of grace in sacraments not ministered by men episcopally ordained, but by manifestations of the holiness which the grace of these sacraments breeds in ourselves.



Wage-Earners' Opinions of the Church

An interesting expression of workmen's views of the Church was elicited recently by the pastor of a downtown church in New York. Over seventy-five men, whose occupations ranged from packing corn-

starch to running a tugboat, attended a dinner given by the Rev. H. Roswell Bates, pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church. A Hebrew printer declared that most non-Christians were decidedly indifferent to the Church. An engineer thought that ministers ought to wear clerical dress; for, he inquired, how can workingmen pay special respect to a minister if he does not know a minister when he sees one? A packer of cornstarch begged to differ with this opinion:

I have had dealings with ministers in three of the toughest wards of New York. A minister came one time dressed in his clerical coat while I was at work, and I was so embarrassed I did not know what to say. For fear he would speak to me about the Church I hurried him upstairs, where I was not so well known, and for weeks after every man and woman in the place teased me because my "parson" had called; and if it had not been for the clothes I wouldn't have cared. The average wage-earner cares nothing about the minister's wearing his collar hind-side before with a high-cut vest, and above all things hates a dude. The real appeal is in the man himself, whether or not he is agreeable and companionable. I praise those churches whose members are friendly and cordial, characteristics which attract the wage-earner—for the lack of such spirit is driving them away. Now for a piece of advice to ministers: "Don't inquire too much into the past of any man who is starting out to attend church."

When a vote was taken, there were only two dissenting from the opinion that a minister has the most influence who dresses like other men. The discussions revealed decided opinions that the wage-earners class all rich men in the same category—judging them, as one of the speakers said, by the accounts of dinners where monkeys are actually brought to the table, luxurious banquets and weddings, and high living, which appear in the daily papers, that gifts to libraries and to colleges do not constitute a good use of wealth; that the Charity Organization Society (one of the most efficiently managed of charitable associations) does not fulfill its purpose; that ministers go to churches which pay the highest salaries; and that fresh-air work and floating hospitals are the best objects for the gifts of the wealthy. Such an expression of opinion indicates, on the one hand, points on which many

if not most wage-earners are subject to misapprehension, and on the other side faults in the church and in philanthropic organizations that need remedy.



America and China According to advices from Chifu, reporting military preparations in China, the Government of that country seems notably surer of itself since the ratification of the Americo-Chinese and the Japano-Chinese Treaties. The provisions of these treaties include some points concerning which the Japanese have been diplomatically contending with Russia—the upholding of Chinese territorial and administrative integrity in Manchuria, and the establishment of the open door of commerce, not only on the Manchurian coast, but at one point in the interior. Consequently, the treaties make Manchuria less valuable to Russian ambition, political and commercial. Some observers claim that Russian trade cannot compete with American trade if Manchuria is to enjoy the benefit of the "open door," but this opinion is hardly justified by the reports of Mr. Miller, American Consul at Niuchuang, long the only treaty port in Manchuria. To the new treaty ports provided for by the Americo-Chinese Treaty, Antung on the coast and Mukden on the Liao River, Messrs. Davidson and Cheshire, as American Consuls, are to be sent immediately. Though these men have had long experience in eastern Asia, to assist them the State Department has authorized the detail of a student interpreter to each place. Some years ago Congress made provision for the training of a number of young men in the Chinese language. There are now seven under instruction at our Legation in Peking. The experiences of the American consuls in Manchuria will afford a test of Russian sincerity. The Russian Government has entered a formal denial with the State Department of the authenticity of the interview ascribed to Mr. Plançon, the Russian diplomatic agent at Port Arthur, wherein he declared that Russia would obstruct the admission of the new American consuls to Manchuria. We heartily welcome the formal statement of the

Russian Foreign Office that it will adhere to the pledges concerning Manchuria given to the American Government by Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador at Washington.



Japan and
Russia

Now that the Manchurian "open door" has been conceded, Russia will, we believe, show an accommodating spirit in arrangements to be made to insure the success of the Americo-Japanese policy, even though such a spirit may not be shown by Russia's unwillingness to concede to Japan the unrestricted admission of foreigners, which would permit the establishment of foreign settlements such as exist at Shanghai and Hankau, for instance. Regarding Korea, Russia is understood to have withdrawn her absurd pretensions. She still insists on one point, however, and one which is of prime importance to her. She declares that Japan's privileged position shall not carry with it the control by Japan, through fortifications on the Korean side, of the Korean Strait, thus checking the free, direct seapassage between Siberia and Manchuria. "Would not such fortification," the Russians very naturally ask, "prejudice the interest of all the maritime powers?" In our opinion, these differences can be arranged diplomatically. But there is one of far greater importance, which Russia has evaded since 1895, when, with Japan in possession of southern Manchuria, the Russians declared that "the integrity of China" compelled them to press Japan to give back southern Manchuria to China. Japan did so. A year later Russia herself was occupying southern Manchuria! It is not surprising, then, that Japan asks now for written guarantees. Japan presses Russia not alone for an agreement to the original Japanese demands—the Russian recognition of Chinese and Korean integrity, of Japanese commercial rights in Manchuria, and of Japanese commercial and political preponderance in Korea. Japan insists, and with right, that Russian agreement in these demands shall be other than in the verbal form often used whenever a government does not wish to be irrevocably held to them. Japan requests a written treaty. To this a high

Russian official replied last week: "In Korea we have granted practically everything. In Manchuria we already recognize the treaty rights of Japan and the other Powers. Russia has declared her intention not to annex Manchuria; therefore why comply with a demand that is tantamount to a humiliating reiteration of a former voluntary declaration?" The whole case is there. Why should it be "humiliating" to Russia for the nations to hold her to her promises, whether they are "voluntary declarations" or not? At all events, Japan expects so to hold her; otherwise the diplomatic conflict may give place to one of arms. Japan does not desire the latter conflict. If she must fight, however, she wishes to fight now, when she is ready and when she knows that every day's delay is of advantage to Russia. We believe that the Russians are really more reluctant to begin hostilities than are the Japanese, and that they will endeavor first to exhaust every diplomatic resource. If a war comes, it will, we think, be the work, first, of those in the Russian Government who see in such a crisis a chance for personal aggrandizement, and, secondly, of those who believe that national aggrandizement demands the absorption not only of China by Russia but ultimately of all Asia.



War Preparations

Japan's arrangements last week for a possible war were largely financial—the issuance of a domestic bond issue of \$50,000,000; the doubling of the land, income, and sugar taxes; a suspension of all public works not urgent; finally, a retrenchment in administrative expense. All these decisions met with popular approval; the total increase in annual revenue from them is no less than \$40,000,000. The Mikado himself is a personal subscriber to the new bond issue. It will increase the national debt by nearly one-sixth. Irrespective of these resources, the Government can command about \$100,000,000 in cash—certainly a far smaller sum than Russia's cash reserve. But the Japanese are really better off than Russia financially, as their debt is very small in compari-

son. If war must come, Japan's expenses would also be but small compared with Russia's, owing to the latter's enormous distance from her base of supplies. Not only Russia proper but America is drawn upon for supplies for the Russians. Last week three special trains arrived at San Francisco from Kansas City and Omaha with over three million pounds of mess beef for the Russian army. The Russian navy will almost equal the Japanese in numbers as soon as the ships now on the way reach Manchurian waters. In Manchuria itself the Russians have been as busy in the construction of a telegraph line to the Korean frontier as have the Japanese beyond that frontier in the completion of the trunk-line railway for which they have a concession. Russian fears that, in case of war, the first Japanese objective would be the cutting of the Manchurian railway are confirmed by the report that bridges on that route have already been found mined, and that, disguised as Chinese laborers, many Japanese are already working on the railway. Russia has now in Manchuria at least half as many men as Japan proposes to mobilize. Man for man, unarmed, the average Russian may possibly equal two average Japanese. It is possible, however, that, armed, the average Japanese may be found to equal two Russians.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire

The text of the recently published correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire has now reached this country. The Duke is President of the Liberal-Unionist Association. He is the greatest Whig noble in England. He is one of Edward VII.'s intimate friends. His opinions carry weight quite irrespective of party lines. These opinions have rarely been original or striking; they have always been very carefully considered. The published correspondence, extending over two months, justifies the Duke's reputation. In 1886 he and Mr. Chamberlain, together with other Liberals who could not follow Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule or "separatist" policy, founded the Liberal-Unionist

Association. With characteristic audacity, Mr. Chamberlain recently attempted to obtain control of this still powerful Association and its funds to further his protectionist campaign. In this he opposed the free-trade element represented by a majority of Liberal-Unionists. As the head of the Liberal-Unionist Association maintained to resist Irish separatism, the Duke of Devonshire stoutly resisted any attempt to pervert the Association's energy or money from the purpose of its being. He may not be so brilliant a letter-writer as Mr. Chamberlain, but in his protest against the latter's pretensions he stands on impregnable ground. He has also been making some anti-Chamberlain speeches quite equal to his opponent's in vigor. The Duke described Robin Hood and the merry men of Sherwood Forest as real protectionists. "They took spoils from the rich in order to give to the poor." On the other hand, "protectionists of the Chamberlain type propose to tax the poor for the benefit of the rich."



Armenia and Albania

American troubles in Armenia have been serious enough at Van, Harput, and elsewhere. Erzerum is now added to the list. The American College for Girls at the latter place has been recently housed in a fine modern building, valued there at \$10,000. This would correspond to about \$30,000 here. The building has just been destroyed by fire, which, according to the despatch from Constantinople, is believed to have been of incendiary origin. The school was attended by about a hundred and fifty girls, under the charge of Miss Agnes Lord. Turning to Turkey in Europe, a despatch from Salonika announces that large reinforcements of Turkish troops have been sent into Albania and Macedonia. This is due to the news that several thousand Albanians had closed the roads in their province so as to check the progress of the new international gendarmerie organized under the Austro-Russian reform scheme. The Turkish Government has now notified the Austrian and Russian embassies at Constantinople that the

Macedonian revolutionary committees have arranged with the Albanians, in return for liberal rewards, to have them kill every foreign officer sent into the Turkish provinces in connection with the reorganization of the gendarmerie. Thus, whether in Asia or in Europe, the Turk's rule means misrule.



An Italian Students' Congress

At Rome recently a Congress of Students was held for the purpose of discussing moral and religious questions. Delegates were present from the various Italian universities, and also from Switzerland, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, and America. Mr. Meyer, American Ambassador at Rome, presided at the opening session, and the opening address was delivered by Mr. John A. Mott, of New York, Secretary of the World's Students' Christian Federation, and well known as organizer of the students' movement in America and in different countries of Europe. Mr. Mott's endeavors have been among the most interesting ever put forth for moral and religious regeneration. We trust that the movement now inaugurated in Italy may be followed by the success which has attended similar endeavors in other parts of the world.



Political Candidates

The Republican Nominee

The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the Republican Convention in June next seems to us to be as certain as anything future can be in politics, in which all things are somewhat uncertain. We predicate our belief on the fact that he unmistakably has the public sentiment of his party behind him; that in every important step he has taken he has been sustained by his party, despite much serious opposition from certain party leaders. Before he was Governor of New York State he adopted Civil Service Reform, and practically and vigorously maintained it, and no balking by machine leaders has availed to prevent the steady progress of that reform in National politics. As Governor he urged

the taxation of public franchises, and brought down upon himself the wrathful opposition of certain public corporations and corporation representatives in State politics; but the measure went through, the Court of Appeals sustained it, and the suggestion of repeal has died without even an effort to realize it. He pressed upon Congress Cuban reciprocity, and the vigorous hostility of the beet-sugar interests was able only to delay but not to defeat the measure. He insisted on some anti-trust legislation; the unconcealed hostility of certain politic politicians who denied the wisdom rather than the justice of the measures proposed did not avail to prevent Congress from enacting them. He urged the promotion of General Wood, and, notwithstanding as bitter and prolonged a fight against it as so influential a Senator as Mr. Hanna could make, the promotion may now be regarded as assured. He took action in Panama which brought upon him a flood-tide of criticism, much of it independent and some of it Republican as well as Democratic; but all indications point to the ratification of the treaty with Panama and the early commencement of operations upon the Canal. We do not recall any important measure that he has advocated which has not aroused opposition, generally from influential men, nor one—with possibly a single exception—which has not been accepted by his party and adopted as a part of its programme. That exception is his advocacy of a Commission to revise the tariff in order to meet present conditions; but the end of that recommendation is not yet. From these indications, far more than from resolutions of conventions or utterances of leading Republican journals, we judge that Mr. Roosevelt has the great bulk of his party behind him. And American political history indicates very clearly that when a candidate has the bulk of his party behind him, political leaders, who appear to determine nominations, have no choice but to carry out in their conventions the will of the rank and file.

It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has made bitter enemies. Against him can never be uttered the condemnation, "Woe

unto you when all men speak well of you." He has a character which makes warm enemies as well as warm friends. Few men are neutral, few men indifferent, concerning him. The enthusiasm which Mr. Riis, in his life of Mr. Roosevelt, shows for his friend could doubtless be matched by a hostility as enthusiastic in those to whom Mr. Roosevelt is *persona non grata*. He talks with a freedom which is almost an abandon, and there are always plenty to report and some to misreport so free a talker. He hates covetousness, and his abhorrence of it has inspired a prosecution of grafters and corruptionists which has enlisted the hostility not only of those whose profits are cut off and whose reputation is blackened, but also of those, and their name is legion, who look on such offenses with indifference if not with complacency, and who think the remedy for corruption is not to expose it and cast it out, but to cover it over and conceal it. His insistence that law shall protect the public from respectable oppression by capitalistic monopoly, and that the law shall be enforced against the multi-millionaire, has aroused the bitter hostility of a considerable class of men who object to any action which curtails their power, as all men possessed of unlimited power always have and probably always will object. Special interests imagining themselves endangered by his policies—as the beet-sugar manufacturers by Cuban reciprocity, or formerly exempted corporations by his franchise tax—are hostile to him alike for what he has done and what they fear he may do. There is serious objection to him in the army, not only from men whom he has passed by in his disregard of the principle of seniority, but from others more disinterested, who merely believe that personal favoritism has become the basis of promotion in the place of political favoritism. Finally, that considerable body of men who dread any departure from traditions, not knowing whither departure may lead, are afraid lest the future action of Mr. Roosevelt may prove dangerous, though they can hardly deny that his actions in the past, even when they have departed from traditions, have proved safe. They

are not able to point out any immediate disaster to the country from the creation of the Coal Commission or the prompt recognition of Panama, but they have a dread lest these shall prove precedents which will somehow lead on to future peril, not now very clearly seen or even very clearly defined.

It is not to be doubted that these elements of opposition to Mr. Roosevelt are some of them singly influential in the inner councils of the party; taken together they might constitute a formidable opposition to his nomination, were it not that only one of them, the last, can be openly avowed. It is impossible for any man to make his own personal dislike to Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Roosevelt's vigorous prosecution of the grafters, or his call for the prosecution of the Northern Securities Company after the Court to which the case was presented had declared it illegal, or his demand for anti-trust legislation after it had been adopted as a principle by both parties, or his urging on Congress generous trade arrangements with Cuba and the Philippines, an avowed ground of antagonism to him. Criticism of one recommendation for promotion, whether justified or not, hardly affords a basis for arguing against his renomination. The party is too clearly committed to his Panama policy, and it is too clearly acquiesced in if not approved by the country, to make it possible to use that policy as an argument within the party against him. The only reason avowed, though it often conceals the reason really entertained, is the charge that he is impetuous—though, curiously, the same journal which condemns his celerity of action in Panama applauds it in China. No one has yet been found willing to be offered as an alternative candidate. In succession the names of Hay, Root, and Taft have been suggested, but none of these men are taken seriously as candidates, not because each one of them would not make an admirable President, but because this country is quite sure that no one of them would allow his name to be used against his chief. And though Senator Hanna's name is still talked about, and his disavowals are in certain quarters received with suspicion,

we can see no good ground for the doubt cast upon them. Doubtless Mr. Hanna is pleased to have his name suggested, as who would not be? Doubtless he is glad to have his admirers constitute as large a body-guard as they will, for, apart from his special reasons for desiring political prestige and power in Ohio, it would be strange if he were not glad to be reckoned with by the future administration as a real political power. But we believe that he is quite in earnest in his reiterated declaration that he does not desire and will not accept the nomination for the Presidency, and that his name cannot be used with his consent to divide the party to which he belongs and in which he is so influential a counselor.

For these reasons, unless some extraordinary and now unlooked-for events occur between this writing and June next, we look for the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt, if not by acclamation, at least without apparent serious opposition. As to the nomination of a Democratic candidate there is much greater doubt. We reserve for next week some reflections on that party and the probabilities of its action.



Japan and Russia

It is probably a mistake to suppose that Russia really wants war with Japan. Russia wants an ice-free port on the Pacific. She wants an uninterrupted Pacific coast line. She wants new trade. But will she fight for these?

The best Russians—men like the Czar and Witte, for instance—do not seek war. They mean that their country shall become great and self-supporting, but they see no reason for any other external development than that which can be arranged by diplomacy. In the present exigency they are the friends of peace; first, because convinced that Russian prestige and power in Asia are not worth the price of a war presumably long, terribly destructive, and far more costly to Russia than to Japan, owing to the vast distance over which Russian troops and supplies must be transported; secondly, they are the friends of peace

because they see that Russia is in vital need of that industrial, commercial, educational, and social development which a war would grievously interrupt.

Conversing recently with a friend, Sergius Witte, late Finance Minister, said: "We do not want mere promoters and speculators here. We want people who will stay with us and develop the country. There is a greater chance for a real American organizer, properly accredited, in Russia than anywhere else in the world." "Yes," replied his visitor, "but for that you need to reform your politics." "Why?" replied the Finance Minister; "for every emergency we can at once frame a law and put it into operation, and our people immediately obey it." "But the people are not represented. Their rights must be safeguarded by a more popular government." Not such a man, but Plehve and Pobiedonostsev—the Minister of the Interior and the Procurator of the Holy Synod—are back of the tyranny in Finland and in Transcaucasia; they may have been back of Kishenev. They have been thought to be in the ascendancy because Sergius Witte, known to oppose the present Russian course in Finland, was removed from the Ministry of Finance and "kicked upstairs" to the Presidency of the Council. But he laughs best who laughs last. Perhaps the President of the Council may also be made Chancellor of the Empire. Perhaps, with his exact understanding of the finances involved, he may still supremely influence the Czar in the decision of that momentous question, Shall Russia fight Japan?

It is true that Russia has long been regarded as a Great Power. It is true that Japan has just attained that dignity. Yet Japan's commercial marine is much greater than Russia's, and so is Japan's ability to raise a loan. More important still, Japan has proportionately three times as many children in elementary schools as has Russia. Russia's three times Japan's population, Russia's fifty times Japan's territory, sink into deserved insignificance beside this impressive educational fact. In trade and education Japan is outdistancing Russia. War would not help but hinder Russia in that race.

While the real aggressor in the Russo-Japanese crisis has been Russia, not Japan, the aggressor has represented the reactionaries who whisper to the Czar that a war would defer a political and social crisis. "But a war would precipitate this very crisis," say the wiser and more far-seeing counselors. These will be joined by many sincere American friends of Russia in urging upon the Czar—the creator of the Hague Peace Tribunal—not to enter upon a war with Japan. On his side this war could only be one of conquest; on the side of the Japanese it would be a fight to uphold historic territorial and commercial integrities, not only for themselves but for all the world.

● Halt!

Three service pension bills are now before Congress. One, which is said to be strongly urged by the Grand Army of the Republic, provides that every survivor of the Civil War who served ninety days and has reached the age of sixty-two years shall receive a pension of twelve dollars a month, and every widow married to a soldier prior to June 27, 1890, shall receive the same pension. Representative Sulloway, Chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, has introduced a bill which proposes to give to each soldier who served ninety days, and has reached the age of sixty-two years, eight dollars per month; sixty-six years, ten dollars per month; and seventy years, twelve dollars per month; it gives to soldiers who served two years more an additional increase of two dollars per month; it provides that the pensions of widows who married soldiers prior to January 1, 1870, and who are now on the rolls drawing eight dollars, shall hereafter receive twelve dollars per month; and it gives an increase to the men who served ninety days, with further increase to the men who fought through the entire war, and increases the pensions of the widows who married soldiers during or immediately following the war. A third bill, introduced by Representative Loudenslager, of New Jersey, Chairman of the Pensions Committee of the House, aims to combine

the features of both these measures, and provides a pension of eight dollars per month for all surviving participants who saw ninety days' service during the Civil War, regardless of their age; ten dollars per month to all who have passed sixty-two years; and twelve dollars for those who are sixty-eight years of age or who had three years of service. This arrangement is also to apply to the widows of soldiers.

At first little attention was paid to the various schemes for still further increasing the pension list; but later reports indicate that a very serious effort will be made to secure definite legislation during the present session; and the impression prevails in Washington that the sentiment in favor of the service pension bill is rapidly growing in the House of Representatives. Great pressure has been and will be brought to bear on Representatives to secure the passage of such a measure. A committee of the Grand Army of the Republic has been in Washington urging the adoption of some such measure upon the members of the House, and, it is believed, upon the President. The appeal which such legislation makes to Congress is always a strong one, and, for evident reasons, a difficult one to resist. It is a great misfortune, moreover, that the party in opposition cannot effectively criticise or oppose such measures. Mr. Cleveland fought the evil tendencies of the pension system with characteristic persistence and courage; but the Democratic party has always been at a disadvantage in dealing with this kind of legislation, and its policy has been to accept what it could not oppose without exposing itself to a very effective kind of criticism.

This is a misfortune for the country, because the service pension, although it has been a part of our legislation in the past, is thoroughly vicious in principle. Any attempt to oppose pension legislation is always met by the declaration that the opposition is unpatriotic and lacking in gratitude to the men who served their country in a time of great peril. This criticism has always been used and always will be used, not only by men whose convictions are behind it, but by a still greater number of men

who use it in the spirit of demagogues. This country has never been ungrateful to its soldiers. It is a rich country, with immense resources, and it is under incalculable obligations to the men who fought in the Civil War; but because it is rich and grateful the integrity of its action in such matters as this ought to be more carefully guarded. Very great discredit has been brought upon the veterans of the Civil War by the persistent hunting for pensions which has characterized many of those whose records during the war were of the briefest and whose claims since the war have been the most extensive and vociferous. As a rule, men who fight best say the least about it, and those who love their country most devotedly are the slowest to exact payments for their patriotism.

The principle of the pension service is vicious because it is an attempt to put a cash valuation on service of country. No nation ever yet paid for such services as were rendered by the soldiers of the Civil War, and no country expects to. A country asks men sometimes to give up their lives for it as a sacrifice. To attempt to pay for this sacrifice would destroy at a blow the sublimity of the service, the beauty of the devotion. The men who served during the Civil War were paid at the time as much money as the Government could afford to pay. They were asked to do something out of loyalty and devotion; they did it, and their record has gone into history. It is an insult to these men at this late day to attempt to pay them for what they did, and nothing could be worse for the morale of our citizenship than the diffusion of the idea that every man who does anything for his country must be paid for it, and his widow after him. Men owe services to their country which they are expected to discharge as a matter of duty and not as a matter of commerce. Their country offers them opportunities of self-sacrifice which are among the most precious things which it puts in their way. To pay them for sacrifice is to eliminate the noble element from it and to turn what should be one of the purest expressions of patriotism into a commercial transaction. If the United States has any

more money to devote to pensions, let it be given where it belongs—to men who are actually disabled by their service and who need the help of the Government because of physical injuries received in the discharge of public duty. These men cannot be paid too much consistently with the resources of the country; but to add another army of able-bodied men to the great roll of our pensioners, and to increase the financial burdens of the Government by the sum of at least \$40,000,000 a year, will still further cheapen the pension list, and will undoubtedly lead to further legislation in the same direction. When and where will this legislation stop, and this enormous drain on the public resources come to an end? If the service pension is granted to all men who saw any service, however brief, in the Civil War, it must be granted also to the men who had anything to do with the Cuban war, and a precedent will be established which will make a drain which even this country could not stand, and which will turn the natural generosity of a country into a vast system of public charity. Mr. Lincoln said that it seemed to be the intention of one-half of the American people to live on the other half.

It must not be forgotten, moreover, that a great sum of money is involved. Congress was notified the other day by one of its best-informed members that there must be a reduction of the appropriations of the year by at least \$40,000,000 if a deficit was to be avoided. A service pension, if adopted, would involve an increase of at least \$40,000,000 a year, at a time when our revenues are decreasing and the condition of the treasury calls for vigorous and courageous retrenchment.

There is another side of this public question which has not generally received attention, and that is the unfairness of further increasing the burdens of the South. The war ended more than a generation ago. The principles for which the Federal armies fought have been finally established; the sincerity and integrity of purpose, the devotion and courage, of the South are universally recognized in the North; sectional feeling

has almost entirely disappeared, national feeling has taken its place. The South has borne tremendous burdens and is still bearing them as a result of the war; it is unfair to that section to make another great addition to those burdens.

The demands for legislation in favor of service pensions ought to be resisted by Congress in a spirit of courage and patriotism. Such demands ought to be defeated as a matter of patriotism; those who care most for the reputation of the veterans of the Civil War ought to oppose them. All the pension attorneys, the professional patriots, the thousands of men whose connection with the war was of the slightest and most unimportant kind, but whose declarations of heroic service and of unselfish patriotism are most insistent, will clamor for this legislation on the ground that the country owes it to the men who fought for it. The country owes to the men who honestly and patriotically fought for it more than it can repay, and more than it ought to try to repay; but to put their service on a money basis would be to degrade those services.



The Spectator

The Spectator has had two or three sets of cousins visiting in New York lately, and has helped them to see the sights. The song runs, "There's only one New York!" but nothing is more misleading than this fond assertion as applied to the New York of the stranger and the pilgrim. The native New Yorker learns to realize this as he leaves his own settled standpoint and sees his own city through the eyes of what might be called the "City Week" contingent. The Spectator's first set of relatives, for instance, were serious-minded. They began their revel with the Metropolitan Museum, and ended it with the Aquarium. The Museum of Natural History, the Bronx Zoo, Grant's Tomb, the Stock Exchange, the Statue of Liberty, the Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park, the Hall of Fame—these were their happy hunting-grounds. Except for the Exchange, these are spots which the native New Yorker never visits unless the stranger

takes him there. Yet, when he does visit them, this unfamiliar side of his own city fills him with pride and public spirit, though his ignorance is often touching compared with that of the cousin from Kankakee who has read the guide-book while coming on in the train.



These travelers carried home a splendid and instructive impression of the metropolis, yet the Spectator has misgivings as to whether what they saw was really New York. They finished up by mounting the big automobile coach, with guide and megaphone, that starts up the avenue every day to take sightseers to all points of interest. "*Seeing New York*" is blazoned on its sign in large insistent letters; yet the Spectator is sure that more is missed than seen. In the same way, when his second set of cousins arrived and settled themselves, without misgivings, at one of the largest caravansaries of the city, a pilgrim's palace founded, as some native wit once observed, "for the promotion of exclusiveness among the mareses," it was not the real New York, somehow, that they seemed to reach. The house was full, and presented an instructive study of the local rich from all over the continent. It might have been called the "All-America." From Kalamazoo and Kansas City, from Leadville and Los Angeles, those who had "made their pile" had come to see New York. The youngest cousin's eyes were as wide as saucers as she sat in "Peacock Alley" in a gilded chair after dinner and watched the endless promenade of the glittering crowd. Evidently she expected the Spectator to point out all the notabilities of New York amid the bespangled, bediamonded, ermine-enwrapped throng. The Spectator would have liked to; but New York was conspicuous by its absence. As a place for the native to see strangers, and for strangers to see one another, it offered unparalleled opportunities; but as a place to see fashionable New York, it might as well have been the Bowery.



This, however, the Spectator did not feel called upon to explain to the youngest cousin. Besides, he rather enjoyed

the show himself, on the principle of Emily Dickinson's quaint lines :

"Menagerie to me
My neighbor be.
Fair play !—
Both went to see."

Since the strangers had come to dress parade in Manhattan, why should not the Manhattanite—who loves parades—sit and look his fill? The Spectator joined himself in spirit to the youngest cousin, and was ready, with her, to enjoy the New York of the stranger—that brilliant surface New York of the cafés, with their gilding and looking-glasses and bands of music, the theaters, the big department stores in winter holiday trim, the opera, the Portrait Show, and all the rest of it. Paris is not more gay and glittering nowadays than this side of New York. It is an expensive business to see the city in this way, of course, and the reflex influence of the rich and lavish visitor is felt in the end by the native, who finds prices and tips rising by leaps every year. For this reason, the wary dweller in Manhattan seeks out the café not yet known to the casual pilgrim from Peoria or Portland, and relinquishes it when their vanguard begins to take possession; but the proprietor puts on more gilding, doubles his prices, and is happy, while the newcomer never guesses that the intimate city atmosphere he seeks forever recedes before him.



The Spectator's third set of relatives were the most difficult to satisfy. They wanted to see the slums of New York. Now, the Spectator, like most New Yorkers, does not know anything about the slums except in the most vague and general way, and has only the wish to avoid and get rid of them. Why any one who does not have to see misery and vice should desire to see them in their worst expressions is beyond his conception. New York is not proud of her slums. They are being abolished wherever possible. But there is, of course, no denying that to a connoisseur in slums they are the most perfect examples in America; and these cousins were connoisseurs. They had seen the slums of Chicago and of San Francisco, and they were pre-

pared to be critical. The Spectator tried to get out of it, weakly, by exhibiting the foreign quarters that lie south of Tenth Street on the East Side—the Saturday night markets of the Italians, the Chinese shops, the Armenian and Jewish districts. But these were far too thriving and honest, with all their unspeakable dirt and overcrowding, to satisfy the determined amateur sociologists. So the Spectator hunted up a mission chapel expert, and willingly handed them over to his somewhat wearied but kindly guidance. There is a story of two church workers from a small town who came to New York on a similar slum hunt, and were more than satisfied. One of them was asked by a friend, on her return, where she and her husband had been. "In the slums of New York for a day and a night," she answered, enthusiastically. "My dear, it was hell upon earth! We had a *splendid* time!" The Spectator hopes his cousins were as well pleased. But he also hopes that Father Knickerbocker will get rid of this slum exhibit for visitors before many years have gone by.



Philip Gilbert Hamerton remarks somewhere that no man can learn, in perfection, more than one language. So perhaps no man can learn to know more than one city—his own. After the Spectator had seen the last sightseer off from "City Week" in an evening train, and came down Fifth Avenue alone in a hansom, he looked down to where the lighted prow of the "Flatiron" parts the tides of two great avenues, down the vista of electric lights and big hotels and crowded vehicles and thronged sidewalks—the great evening panorama of the New York streets—and realized the magnificence, the complexity, the charm, the unending novelty, of this rushing, cosmopolitan, tremendous city of Manhattan, with its millions of individual destinies and its great collective hopes. The stranger's New York is a surface New York. The real New York takes a lifetime to know; but to know and love it is a liberal education, and to dwell in its borders is to be, truly, a citizen of the world,



Men of the Hour in Japan and Russia

ON the following pages will be found the portraits of many of the Russian and Japanese leaders whose personalities have inevitably come to the front in the crisis arising through the clash of Russian and Japanese interests in Manchuria and Korea. The contrast of racial type and character as shown in these two groups is marked.

The Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, is a man of admirable self-restraint, as are all the Japanese. They will carry on negotiations with Russia to the utmost limit, but once aroused they will fight to the death and to their last man. Count Katsura, the Prime Minister, is fortunate in having as advisers not only the members of his own Cabinet, but also that wider group of statesmen from all parties who, with the Cabinet, are known as the elder statesmen. Among these are Field-Marshal Yamagata and Oyama. Marquis Yamagata was the best known of the Japanese generals in the Chino-Japan War of 1894-5. He is now well advanced in years, but his military prestige is undimmed. Admiral Ito (not, it will be noted, a relative of the famous statesman of the same name

—one extremely common in Japan) and General Oyama will on sea and land respectively be foremost leaders of Japan's forces.

Of all the Russian representatives, Count Lamsdorf is the only one with a German name and German ancestry. In his case the final *f* cannot be expressed either by the *ff* or by a *v*. Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, is more typically Muscovite in appearance than is the Czar, for instance. The latter bears a strong resemblance both to the Prince of Wales and to Prince Henry of Prussia, but his face is finer than either of these. His expression, while inscrutable, is full of sympathy and feeling; one instinctively thinks that the lofty idea of the Hague Tribunal could come from such a man. Admiral Alexiev has practically supreme military and naval command for Russia in Manchuria, and would inevitably be a central figure in war-time. General Kuropatkin, the Russian War Minister, has been a soldier since he was sixteen years old, and his forced march of six hundred miles was one of the famous events of the war with Turkey.

COUNT KATSURA
Premier of Japan.



VICE-ADMIRAL ITO
Chief of Japanese Naval General Staff.



MARSHAL YAMAGATA
Leader in war with China.



MUTSUHITO
Mikado of Japan.



MARQUIS OYAMA
Japanese Field Marshal.

ADMIRAL ALEXIEV
Commander of Russian forces in the East.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN
Russian Minister of War.



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COUNT CASSINI
Russian Ambassador to the United States.

NICHOLAS II.
Czar of Russia.

COUNT LAMSDORF
Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.



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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF SENATOR HOAR



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. SCHERVÉE

SENATOR HOAR'S HOME AT WORCESTER

A Half-Century of Public Life¹

By Lyman Abbott

THESE two volumes constitute a very interesting portrait gallery. In it are portrayed the most notable public characters in our political history since 1869, when Mr. Hoar entered the House of Representatives. The autobiography, of course, runs back of that date, but in the previous period deals chiefly with Massachusetts politics and Massachusetts men. The work is more than a portrait gallery; it is a kind of cinematograph, since these men are portrayed in action. The papers have given many extracts from these volumes. They will constitute a magazine of anecdote for some time to come. They are, indeed, rather reminiscences than an autobiography. But, in our judgment, the most interesting figure in the entire collection is that of the portrait-painter. He is not conscious that he has painted himself. His characteristics have to be picked out as the

result of a somewhat careful reading of a story which, in the thought of the story-teller, has to do almost wholly with others. He is the center of the story; but only as a guide upon a mountain-top is the center of the mountainous panorama which he is describing to the tourists. Senator Hoar's autobiography is distinctively unegotistic. There is as little direct reference to himself as is possible in a work avowedly given to telling the story of his own life. But neither is there any painfully conscious endeavor to avoid the use of the personal pronoun. We-gotism, said Dr. Lyman Beecher, is worse than egotism. There is no we-gotism in these reminiscences; no cumbrous attempt to avoid the appearance of egotism by such circumlocutions as "the present author," or "the writer of these pages." When Mr. Hoar speaks of himself, he says simply "I," and so bears unconscious testimony to the absence of that self-consciousness which is the essence of egotism.

We shall not undertake to say whether

¹ *Autobiography of Seventy Years.* By George Frisbie Hoar. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 2 vols.

Senator Hoar is a genius or not. This would require us to define genius; and, so far as we know, genius has never been very satisfactorily defined. But for nearly forty years he has been a prominent figure in National politics; sometimes one of the most influential, at all times one of the most interesting. In all the qualities which go to make up the best type of American statesmanship we should not know to-day whom to name in either the House or the Senate as his superior. If it is true that new days involve new duties, it is also true that they call for new men; and Senator Hoar has not seemed to us to apprehend the new day on which the country has entered or the new duties which that day involves; but this is not to under-rate either his abilities or his worth. Only the future can finally determine whether Senator Hoar's adherence to tradition or President McKinley's departure from it was right. But whether Mr. Hoar is a genius or not, he has that remarkable combination of contradictory qualities which constitutes a greatness as rare as genius, and as valuable. Perhaps it is genius. And these contradictory qualities are held in such equipoise, they so counterbalance each other, that one rarely appears in excess of its counterbalancing fellow or impels the possessor to any course of action which its fellow-quality would forbid. Thus his contradictoriness of faculties leads, not to any inconsistency of action, but, on the contrary, by their harmonious interaction, leads him in a consistent and honorable path.

Senator Hoar is by nature a singularly modest man; placing no high estimate on his own powers; not meek, but certainly the reverse of self-assertive; never pushing himself forward for recognition. "I have never," he says, "lifted my finger or spoken a word to any man to secure or promote my own election to any office." His early ambition was certainly not a self-conceited one. "I supposed I was absolutely without capacity for public speaking. I expected never to be married; perhaps to earn twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a year, which would enable me to have a room of my own in some quiet house,

and to earn enough to collect rare books that could be had without much cost." His first nomination for office—to be Representative in the Massachusetts House of Representatives—was made without his previous knowledge, and he would not accept it until he had counseled with his father: "the Convention adjourned to see if the infant candidate could get permission to accept." He was then but twenty-five years of age. This nomination was apparently due to an extempore speech made by him in the City Hall at a Free Soil mass-meeting the previous year. He was seen in the audience; was called on unexpectedly—"my father and brother were known as leaders in the Free Soil party, and that, I suppose, made somebody call on me"—he made his way to the platform in response to the demand of the audience, intending only to make his excuses; "but the people were disposed to be good-natured and liked what I said." It was taken down, printed in the Free Soil papers, and brought him straightway into demand as a Free Soil speaker. This modest estimate of himself and his abilities reappears again and again in his autobiography. His early political strength he attributes to "the good will of my competitors. So if any one failed to get a majority it was easy to transfer his strength to me." He was nominated to Congress without solicitation on his part and really against his will. "I had gone to take a ride while the Convention was in session. So they were obliged to wait for me. I was found with some difficulty, and went in and made a brief speech." We wonder whether American political history contains the account of any other man who kept the first Convention waiting while he decided whether he would accept, and the second Convention waiting while he was hunted up and brought in to declare his acceptance. His subsequent election to the Senate was equally unsought. His life has emphasized the principle which he puts tersely in the sentence: "A man who is his own candidate is commonly a very bad candidate for his party."

Such a spirit of modesty is liable to run into self-depreciation and self-discouragement. The modest man doubts

his abilities, and therefore lacks that kind of confidence and courage which self-conceit bestows. If he fails at any point, he is apt to charge the failure against himself, to conclude that another

bilities which office imposed upon him. His bitterest enemy has never accused him of trimming, cowardice, or a too great readiness to abandon a doubtful or failing cause. In 1853, when he was



A PORTRAIT OF HON. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR MADE BY BRADY, ABOUT 1869, WHEN MR. HOAR ENTERED THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

man in his place would have succeeded, and to be discouraged and ready for retreat. But, while Senator Hoar never sought office, he never failed to take up with courage the duties and responsi-

but twenty-seven years of age, on a local question concerning the Constitution of Massachusetts, he "joined the rebels against the dominant faction of my party." He not only joined the rebel-

lion but instigated it, and did probably as much as any one man to make it a success. In so doing he apparently set himself in antagonism to an overwhelming popular sentiment, though the event proved that only vigorous agitation was necessary to change that sentiment. A year later he faced a riotous throng in Worcester, and by his courage saved the city from the disgrace of mobbing a pro-slavery United States Commissioner, if he did not also save the pro-slavery Commissioner's life. How he stood out against his party in the Philippine matter and against the overwhelming majority of his own Massachusetts constituents—though, curiously, he thinks the majority of Americans were with him—all the world knows; all the world, happily, honors a brave man whether it believes that he is right or wrong, if it believes his bravery is honest and unselfish.

This courage is not put on for special occasions; nor is it born of a native combativeness. It is that of a careful, serious-minded, conscientious man, who seeks no great occasions, but who means to do his best to meet them when they come. Called to the Massachusetts House, he devoted himself to a study of the English factory legislation and Macaulay's speeches, and became an earnest advocate for shortening the hours of labor by legislation, making in 1852 "a speech in favor of reducing the time of labor in factories to ten hours a day, which, so far as I know, was the first speech in any legislative body in this country on that subject." Entering the United States House of Representatives, and notified that he would be assigned to the Committee on the Revision of Laws, with characteristic assiduity he set to work to prepare for the possible duties which this appointment might involve. He had little knowledge of United States jurisprudence, and resolved to make a systematic study of the subject.

I took with me to Washington a complete set of the Reports of the Supreme Court of the United States, and purchased Abbott's Digest of those decisions, then just published. The first evening after I got settled I spent in reading the opinions of the Supreme Court. I took the Digest, beginning with the letter A, reading the abstracts, and then reading

the cases referred to. I got as far as Adm and read the cases relating to admiralty practice. The next morning the Speaker announced his Committees and the House adjourned. After the adjournment, Judge Poland, Chairman of the Committee on the Revision of the Laws, called the Committee together and laid before them a letter he had just received from Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, asking for a change in the law in regard to monitions for summoning defendants in Admiralty. The change had been made necessary by some recent decisions of the Court. The other members of the Committee looked at each other in dismay. None of them was familiar with the question, or knew at all what it was all about. I then stated to them the difficulty, the necessity for a remedy, and the recent decisions, giving them the names of the cases and the volumes where they were found. They were all quite astonished to find a man from the country, of whom probably none of them had ever heard before, having the law of Admiralty at his tongue's end. If the question had related to anything in the Digest under Adm, or anything thereafter, I should have been found probably more ignorant than they were. But Judge Poland took me into high favor, and I found his friendship exceedingly agreeable and valuable. I do not remember that the Committee on the Revision of the Laws had another meeting while I belonged to it.

The conscience and courage of Mr. Hoar, coupled with this carefulness, make him always an independent student of the questions with which he has to deal, and might easily operate to rob him of political leadership, if not of political influence, as it has some equally able and honest men—Carl Schurz, for instance. But here comes in a curiously counterpoising quality—a loyalty to organization which makes Senator Hoar, though the most independent of Republicans, always a Republican and never an Independent. In our judgment, he gives too little credit to the Independents, whom he delights to call Mugwumps. For, in our judgment, the safety of the country lies in this rather small body of men who belong to no party, and who cast their votes now for one party, now for the other, and by compelling in the party leaders on either side a healthful respect for those who hold the balance of power, develop in both parties a moderation in counsel and a decent regard for the Ten Commandments in action. But if we do not wholly agree with Senator Hoar



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. SCHERVEE

SENATOR HOAR'S LIBRARY IN HIS WORCESTER HOME

in his supreme party loyalty, we can at least understand it. If anything could drive him from the Republican party, it would be the dishonesties practiced by some men high in its counsels during President Grant's second term. But he puts tersely and effectively the principles which kept him in the party despite this public corruption:

I never thought that the proper way to put an end to this state of things was to abandon what I deem sound political principles, or to abandon the party that was formed to establish them. I should as soon have thought of turning Tory because of like complaints in the Revolutionary War, or of asking George III. to take us into favor again because of like scandals which existed during the Administrations of Washington and John Adams. But I thought, in common with many others, that a party of sound principles could be made and should be made a party of pure politics.

It certainly ought not to be difficult for the Independent to understand and honor this position, little as he may

agree with it. It is the position of the loyal Roman Catholic who fought a losing battle in the Roman Catholic Church against the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, but, when the battle was lost and the Vatican Council had issued its decree, never for a moment thought of leaving the Church. It is that of many a Protestant who remains in the Church of his choice though some things in the creed affront his intellect and some inconsistencies in the lives of certain of its members offend his conscience. It is this principle of loyalty to the party organization, this belief that the interests of the country are safer in the hands of his party, despite some errors, than in the hands of the opposing party, despite some truths and some virtues, that made Senator Hoar adhere to the Republican organization notwithstanding his vigorous opposition to the expansion policy which it had adopted.

Yet this adherence to the Republican

organization does not make him intolerant of his political opponents. He does not get their point of view, but he does not deny their right to possess a point of view different from his own. He is a partisan, but not an intolerant one. Though he never believed in secret societies in a Republic, he, on principle, refused to challenge jurymen because they were Masons and his opponent was a Mason. He gives high praise to some of his Democratic colleagues in the Senate, though his characterization of the Democratic party is severe, not to say savage, and is in our judgment unjust: "The strength of that organization in 1900, as it is to-day, was in Tammany Hall, in the old Southern leaders committed to a policy of violence and fraud in dealing with ten million of our American citizens at home, aided by a few impracticable dreamers who were even less fitted than the Democratic leaders to be trusted with political power."

But, in general, his only intolerance is toward vice and crime. Against these, however they may manifest themselves, he has a splendid wrath. His conscience is his dominant faculty, and as nothing could induce him knowingly to sanction them by his vote, his speech, or his silence, so nothing can induce him to condone them or to leave them unresisted. No chapter in this work has given to us a higher sense of Senator Hoar's conscience, courage, and fighting ability than his chapter on Benjamin F. Butler. A gentleman of cultivation, whose early ambition was a modest salary, enough to buy some rare books, and a quiet life giving leisure to study them, hates a conflict with a vulgar blackguard. He instinctively crosses the street and leaves the blackguard in possession of the sidewalk. It was this dread of billingsgate that led so many men in Massachusetts, whose personal taste was stronger than their conscience, to leave Benjamin F. Butler unassailed and unproved; that led lawyers and witnesses to dread him at the bar, and political adversaries to dread him on the platform. When Senator Hoar tackled him, we may be sure it was not for the pleasure of the battle, nor for the honor of a possible victory, but from a sense

of duty which is always the inspiration of the highest courage.

It is of course disagreeable, and in most cases it would seem unmanly, to speak harshly of a political antagonist who is dead. In the presence of the great reconciler, Death, ordinary human contentions and angers should be hushed. But if there be such a thing in the universe as a moral law, if the distinction between right and wrong be other than a fancy or a dream, the difference between General Butler and the men who contended with him belongs not to this life alone. It relates to matters more permanent than human life. It enters into the fate of republics, and will endure after the fashion of this world passeth away.

It must be said that Senator Hoar was well equipped for battle with such an opponent. He was master of satire, ridicule, invective. He may have sometimes used them in political debate when it was not deserved; but this autobiography shows little indication that he did so. In the main they were used to castigate men who richly deserved the castigation, and never more vigorously and effectively used than in holding General B. F. Butler up to the scorn of his fellow-citizens. Not even Junius, we venture to think, contains a finer specimen of invective than that furnished in Senator Hoar's brief biography of Mr. Butler when he was running the second time for Governor of Massachusetts; nor can we doubt that this brief and pungent biography contributed no small share to Mr. Butler's defeat. It is too long to quote here; but a brief specimen from one campaign speech may be quoted as furnishing at once an illustration of Senator Hoar's courage, his fine scorn of dishonesty, and his power of sarcasm. Mr. Butler had proposed to pay the National debt and all other debts, public and private, in irredeemable paper money, and for this purpose to issue a series of Government bonds, bearing interest payable only in greenbacks, which in turn could be redeemed only by exchanging them for the bonds. Senator Hoar thus characterized this scheme:¹

He [General Butler] had said, in explaining and defending his fiat money scheme, that the

¹ This was very different from Secretary Windom's inconvertible bond scheme, which was to issue a limited number of bonds, payable only in greenbacks for investors to purchase, in order to provide thus a self-acting system by which, in hard times, when interest was high, the currency would increase, and in good times, when interest was low, currency would diminish.

word "fiat" means "let there be." God said, "Fiat lux," "let there be light," and there was light. He argued that fiat money was excellent, from the very fact that it cost nothing and had no intrinsic value. So, if a bill were lost or destroyed, a new one could be supplied without cost. He also said that it would stay in the country, and would not be sunk in the morasses of Asia, especially in China and India, where silver and gold were absorbed and never heard of in civilized nations afterward. I quoted these sentences with the following comment: "That, fellow-citizens, is precisely the difference between Omnipotence and Humbug, between the Almighty and General Butler. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. General Butler says, Let there be money, and there is—rags. This is the first time in our history that the American workingman has been gravely asked to take for his wages money it costs nothing to make, that it is no loss to lose, that it is no gain to get, and that even a Chinaman won't touch."

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that Senator Hoar is a cynic or a pessimist, or that his general disposition is satirical. The satirical disposition generally accompanies an egotistical spirit, and, as we have said, Senator Hoar is the reverse of an egotist. He is also the reverse of a cynic. There is nothing Pharisaic about him; none of that air of "I am holier and I am wiser than thou" which, in some of the professed reformers of the distinctly Puritan type, is so irritating to men of common mold. On the contrary, he rather over-appreciates than under-appreciates his contemporaries. They seem to his kindly vision greater, we think, than they will seem to impartial history. To personal assaults upon him he interposes that most impenetrable of answers—a good-humored consciousness of his innocence, as in the famous "fish-ball letter," too long to be quoted here (Vol. II., 271-3).

The intensity of his National feeling, his anti-slavery principles, his Republican partisanship, do not prevent him from entertaining the kindest feeling toward the South. He urges National aid to public education in the South—a measure unfortunately defeated by a combination of Republican hostility to any measure that involved appropriation of money to the South and of Democratic hostility to any measure that had in it a suspicion of Federal centralization; and he finally succeeded,

against much Republican hostility, in carrying through an appropriation for the rebuilding of the William and Mary College in Virginia. "I came," he says, characteristically, "to the conclusion that it would tend very much to restore the old affectionate feeling between the States to rebuild this college without inquiring too strictly into the merits of the case as tested by any strict principle of law."

Similarly, if he recognizes, as he sometimes does, foibles in the statesmen of his own party, it is with no satirical contempt, but with a smile of genial good humor, that he regards them. Senator Sherman proposes to him to go over and see the new electric railroad, as a great curiosity, and cautions the driver to be careful. The horses, he says, are very much afraid of the electric cars. "I said: 'I suppose they are like the labor reformers. They see contrivances for doing without their labor, and they get very angry and manifest displeasure.' Mr. Sherman pondered for a moment or two, and then said, with great seriousness: 'Mr. Hoar, the horse is a very intelligent animal, but it really does not seem to me that he can reason as far as that.' " When he repeats the story to General Sherman, the General replies that his brother was no doubt serious: "John never had the slightest conception of a joke."

The success of Senator Hoar is not, at least in his own estimation, due to his oratory:

I have never supposed myself to possess this gift. The instruction which I had in my youth, especially that at Harvard, either in composition or elocution, was, I think, not only no advantage but a positive injury. Besides the absence of good training, I had an awkward manner and a harsh voice. Until quite late in life I never learned to manage so that I could get through a long speech without serious irritation of the throat.

Nor is his success due to his skillful use of public patronage. From the very first he refused to be a dispenser of favors; he was a Civil Service Reformer before the era of Civil Service Reform:

When I entered the House of Representatives, before the Civil Service Reform had made any progress, I addressed and had put on file with the Secretary of the Treasury a

letter, in which I said that I desired him to understand that when I made a recommendation to him of any person for public office it was to be taken merely as my opinion of the merit of the candidate, and not as an expression of a personal request; and that if he found any other person who would, in his judgment, be better for the public service, I hoped he would make the selection without regard to my recommendation.

Nor can his success be attributed to a study of popular currents and a conformity to them; he has not been one of those least honorable products of democracy, the follower who appears to lead, the rider on a current of public opinion which he really influences as little as the skillful swimmer influences the course of the wave which bears him on its surface. He has fought public opinion with all his not inconsiderable vigor, whenever he has differed with it. Nor has he achieved success by his personal magnetism, nor by that indefinable something which we call genius, and which masters men without their knowing how or why they are mastered. It has been won by his consecration to the State, his courage born of consecration, his conscience inviolable but rarely if ever dictatorial, his patriotism which his most vigorous opponents have never questioned, and his spirit of honesty and sincerity carried into public affairs. And this has been more effective than either oratory or patronage, because it has appealed to the answering conscience of the Nation. With a single quotation, illustrative of this spirit, we must bring this already too long article to a close:

The sublimity of the principle of self-government does not consist wholly or chiefly in the idea that self is the person who governs, but quite as much in the doctrine that self is the person who is governed. How our race troubles would disappear if the dominant Saxon would but obey, in his treatment of the weaker races, the authority of the fundamental laws on which his own institutions rest! The problem of to-day is not how to convert the heathen from heathenism, it is how to convert the Christian from heathenism; not to teach the physician

to heal the patient, but to heal himself. The Indian problem is not chiefly how to teach the Indian to be less savage in his treatment of the Saxon, but the Saxon to be less savage in his treatment of the Indian. The Chinese problem is not how to keep Chinese laborers out of California, but how to keep Chinese policies out of Congress. The negro question will be settled when the education of the white man is complete.

We do not in this article attempt to consider Senator Hoar's political principles. They are in general those of a Puritan Democracy, but he does not seem to us always self-consistent in applying these principles to a non-Puritan community. We cannot reconcile his insistence, in his chapter on Reconstruction, upon the principle that popular education is the essential foundation of popular government, with his insistence, in his chapter on the Philippines, that we should have left the Filipinos to establish their own popular government without any previous popular education. Nor do we attempt to tell the story of Senator Hoar's public career. It appears to us to have been always directed to the highest ends and inspired by the highest motives, and to be alike honorable to him, to his State, and to the Republic. We have here attempted to construct, out of the materials which he has unconsciously furnished us in his autobiography, an analysis of his character. In the remarkable counterpoise of apparently contradictory qualities kept in harmonious activity by his dominating conscience and his moral energy, this character is one of the most interesting, as it has been one of the most influential and useful, characters in the life of the Nation for the nearly forty years which have elapsed since his first election to the House of Representatives in 1869. We congratulate him on an exceedingly interesting story exceedingly well told; but we congratulate him far more on a public service well rendered and a public life nobly lived.

OLD-TIME FLOWERS

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF THE BEE" ETC.



ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. HORACE MCFARLAND

THIS morning, when I went to look at my flowers, surrounded by their white fence, which protects them against the good cattle grazing in the field beyond, I saw again in my mind all that blossoms in the woods, the fields, the gardens, the orangeries, and the greenhouses, and I thought of all that we owe to the world of marvels which the bees visit.

Can we conceive what humanity would be if it did not know the flowers? If these did not exist, if they had all been hidden from our gaze, as are probably a thousand no less fairy sights which are all around us but invisible to our eyes, would our character, our faculties, our sense of the beautiful, our aptitude for happiness, be quite the same? We should, it is true, have other splendid manifestations in nature of luxury, exuberance, and grace; other dazzling efforts of the superfluous forces: the sun, the stars, the varied lights of the moon, the azure and the ocean, the dawns and twilights, the mountain, the plain, the forest and the rivers, the light and the trees, and, lastly, nearer to us,

birds, precious stones, and woman. Those are the ornaments of our planet. Yet, but for the last three, which belong to the same smile of nature, how grave, austere, almost sad would be the education of our eye, without the softness which the flowers give! Suppose for a moment that our globe knew them not: a great region, the most enchanted in the joys of our psychology, would be destroyed, or rather would not be discovered. All of a delightful sense would sleep forever at the bottom of our harder and more desert hearts and in our imagination stripped of worshipful images. The infinite world of colors and shades would have been but incompletely revealed to us by a few rents in the sky. The miraculous harmonies of light at play, ceaselessly inventing new gayeties, reveling in itself, would be unknown to us, for the flowers first broke up the prism and made the most subtle portion of our sight. And the magic garden of perfumes: who would have opened its gate to us? A few grasses, a few gums, a few fruits, the breath of the dawn, the smell of the night and the



THE HOLLYHOCK



THE COMMON BLUE VIOLET

sea, would have told us that beyond our eyes and ears there existed a shut paradise where the air which we breathe changes into delights for which we could have found no name. Consider also all that the voice of human happiness would lack! One of the blessed heights of our soul would be almost dumb, if the flowers had not, since centuries, fed with their beauty the language which we speak and the thoughts that endeavor to crystallize the most precious hours of life. The whole vocabulary, all the impressions of love, are impregnate with their breath, nourished with their smile. When we love, all the flowers that we have seen and smelt seem to hasten within us to people with their known charms the consciousness of a sentiment whose happiness, but for them, would have no more form than the horizons of the sea or sky. They have accumulated within us, since our childhood, and even before it, in the soul of our fathers, an immense treasure, the nearest to our joys, upon which we draw each time that we wish to make more real the clement minutes of our life. They have created and spread in our world of sentiment the fragrant atmosphere in which love delights.

That is why I love, above all, the simplest, the commonest, the oldest, and the most antiquated; those which have a long human past behind them, a long array of kind and consoling actions; those which have lived with us for hundreds of years and which form part of ourselves, since they reflect something of their grace and their joy of life in the soul of our ancestors.

But where do they hide themselves? They are becoming rarer than those which we call rare flowers to-day. Their life is secret and precarious. It seems as though we were on the point of losing them; and perhaps there are some which have lately disappeared, discouraged at last, of which the seeds have died under the ruins, which will no more know the dew of the gardens and which we shall find only in very old books, amid the bright grass of the Illuminators or along the yellow flower-beds of the Primitives.

They are driven from the borders and the proud baskets by arrogant strangers from Peru, the Cape of Good Hope, China, Japan. They have two pitiless enemies in particular. The first of these is the encumbering and prolific *Begonia Tuberosa*, that swarms in the

beds like a tribe of turbulent fighting-cocks, with innumerable combs. It is pretty, but insolent and a little artificial; and, whatever the silence and meditation of the hour, under the sun and under the moon, in the intoxication of the day and the solemn peace of the night, it sounds its clarion cry and celebrates its victory, monotonous, shrill, and scentless. The other is the Double Geranium, not quite so indiscreet, but indefatigable also and extraordinarily courageous: it would appear desirable were it less lavished. These two, with the help of a few more cunning strangers and of the plants with colored leaves that close up those turgid mosaics which at present debase the beautiful lines of most of our lawns, these two have gradually ousted their native sisters from the spots which these had so long brightened with their familiar smiles. They no longer have the right to receive the guest with artless little cries of welcome at the gilded gates of the mansion. They are forbidden to prattle near the steps, to twitter in the marble vases, to hum their tune beside the lakes, to lisp their dialect along the borders. A few of

them have been relegated to the kitchen-garden, in the neglected and, for that matter, delightful corner occupied by the medicinal or merely aromatic plants, the Sage, the Tarragon, the Fennel, and the Thyme, old servants too, dismissed and nourished through a sort of pity or mechanical tradition. Others have taken refuge by the stables, near the low door of the kitchen or the cellar, where they crowd humbly like importunate beggars, hiding their bright dresses among the weeds and holding their frightened perfumes as best they may, so as not to attract attention.

But, even there, the Pelargonium, red with indignation, and the Begonia, crimson with rage, came to surprise and hustle the unoffending little band; and they fled to the farms, the cemeteries, the little gardens of the rectories, old maids' houses, and country convents. And now hardly anywhere save in the oblivion of the oldest villages, around tottering dwellings, far from the railways and the nursery-gardener's overbearing hot-houses, do we find them again with their natural smile; not wearing a driven, panting, and hunted look, but peaceful,



LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY



THE FUCHSIA

calm, restful, plentiful, careless, and at home. And, even as in former times, in the coaching days, from the top of the stone wall that surrounds the house, through the rails of the white fence, or from the sill of the windows enlivened by a caged bird, on the motionless road where none passes save the eternal forces of life, they see spring come and autumn, the rain and the sun, the butterflies and the bees, the silence and the night followed by the light of the moon.

Brave old flowers ! Wallflowers, Gilly-flowers, Stocks ! For, even as the field-flowers, from whom a trifle, a ray of beauty, a drop of perfume, divided them, they have charming names, the softest in the language ; and each of them, like tiny, artless ex-votos, or like medals bestowed by the gratitude of men, proudly bears three or four. You Stocks, that sing among the ruined walls and cover with light the grieving stones, you Garden Primroses, Primulas or Cowslips, Hyacinths, Crocuses and Cinerarias, Crown-Imperials, Scented Violets, Lilies-of-the-valley, Forget-me-nots, Daisies and

Periwinkles, Poets' Narcissuses, Pheasants' Eyes, Bears' Ears, Alyssums, Saxifrage, Anemones : it is through you that the months that come before the leaf-time—February, March, April—translate into smiles which men can understand the first news and the first mysterious kisses of the sun. You are frail and chilly and yet as bold-faced as a bright idea. You make young the grass ; you are fresh as the water that flows in the azure cups which the dawn distributes over the greedy buds, ephemeral as the dreams of a child, almost wild still and almost spontaneous, yet marked already by the too-precocious brilliancy, the too-flaming nimbus, the too-pensive grace that overwhelm the flowers which yield obedience to man.

But here, innumerable, disordered, many-colored, tumultuous, drunk with dawns and noons, come the luminous dances of the daughters of summer ! Little girls with white veils and old maids in violet ribbons, school-girls home for the holidays, first-communicants, pale nuns, disheveled romps, gossips, and

prudes. Here is the Marigold that breaks up with her brightness the green of the borders. Here is the Camomile, like a nosegay of snow, beside her unwearying brothers, the Garden Chrysanthemums, whom we must not confuse with the Japanese Chrysanthemums of autumn. The Annual Helianthus, or Sunflower, towers like a priest raising the monstrance over the lesser folk in prayer and strives to resemble the luminary which he adores. The Poppy exerts himself to fill with light his cup torn by the morning wind. The rough Larkspur, in his peasant's blouse, who thinks himself more beautiful than the sky, looks down upon the Dwarf Convolvulus, who reproach him spitefully with putting too much blue into the azure of his flowers. The Virginian Stock, in her gown of jaconet, like the little servant-maids of Dordrecht or Leyden, arch and demure, washes the borders of the beds with innocence. The Mignonette hides herself in her laboratory and silently distills perfumes that give us a foretaste of the air which we breathe on the threshold of Paradise. The Peonies, who have drunk their imprudent fill of the sun, burst with enthusiasm and bend forward to meet the coming apoplexy. The Scarlet Flax traces a blood-stained furrow that guards the walks; and the Portulaca, creeping like a moss, studies to cover with mauve, amber, or pink taffeta the soil that has remained bare at the foot of the tall stalks. The chub-faced Dahlia, a little round, a little stupid, carves out of soap, lard, or wax his regular pompons, which will be the ornament of a village holiday. The old, paternal Phlox, standing amid the clusters, lavishes the loud laughter of his jolly, easy-going colors. The Mallows, or Lavateras, like demure misses, feel the tenderest blushes of fugitive modesty mount to their corollas at the slightest breath. The Nasturtium paints his water-colors or screams like a parakeet climbing up the bars of its cage; and the Rose-mallow, *Althæa Rosea*, Hollyhock, riding the high horse of her many names, flaunts her cockades of a flesh silkier than a maiden's breast. The Snapdragon and the almost transparent Balsam are more timorous and

awkward, and fearfully press their flowers against their stalks.

Next, in the discreet corner of the old families, are crowded the long-leaved Veronica; the red Potentilla; the African Marigold; the ancient *Lychnis*, or Maltese Cross; the Mournful Widow, or Purple Scabious; the Foxglove, or Digitalis, that shoots up like a melancholy rocket; the European *Aquilegia*, or Columbine; the Viscaria, that, on a long, slim neck, lifts a small, ingenuous, quite round face to admire the sky; the lurking *Lunaria*, that secretly manufactures the "Pope's Money," those pale, flat crown-pieces with which, no doubt, the elves and fairies by moonlight carry on their trade in spells; lastly, the Pheasant's Eye, the Red Valerian, or Jupiter's Beard, the Sweet-William, and the old Carnation, that was cultivated long ago by the Grand Condé in his exile.

Beside these, above, all around, on the walls, in the hedges, among the arbors, along the branches, like a people of sportive monkeys and birds, the climbing plants make merry, perform feats of gymnastics, play at swinging, at losing and recovering their balance, at falling, at flying, at looking up at space, at reaching beyond the tree-tops to kiss the sky. Here we have the Spanish Bean and the Sweet Pea, quite proud at being no longer included among the vegetables; the modest *Volubilis*; the Honeysuckle, whose scent represents the soul of the dew; the Clematis and the *Glycine*; while at the windows, between the white curtains, along the stretched string, the *Campanula*, surnamed *Pyramidalis*, works such miracles, throws out sheaves and twists garlands formed of a thousand uniform flowers so prodigiously immaculate and transparent that they who see it for the first time, refusing to believe their eyes, want to touch with their finger the bluey marvel, cool as a fountain, pure as a source, unreal as a dream.

Meanwhile, in a blaze of light, the great white Lily, the old lord of the gardens, the only authentic prince among all the commonalty issuing from the kitchen-garden, the ditches, the copses, the pools, and the moors, among the



THE WILD CLEMATIS IN SEED

strangers come from none knows where, with his invariable six-petaled chalice of silver, whose nobility dates back to that of the gods themselves—the immortal Lily raises his ancient scepter, august, inviolate, which creates around it a zone of chastity, silence, and light.

I have seen them, those whom I have named and as many whom I have forgotten, all thus collected in the garden of an old sage, the same that taught me to love the bees. They displayed themselves in beds and baskets, in symmetrical borders, ellipses, oblongs, quincunxes, and lozenges, surrounded by box hedges, red bricks, earthenware tiles, or brass chains, like precious matters contained in ordered receptacles, similar to those which we find in the discolored engravings that illustrate the works of the old Dutch poet Jacob Cats. And the flowers were drawn up in rows, some according to their kinds, others according to their shapes and shades, while others, lastly, mingled, according to the happy chances of the wind and the sun, the most hostile and murderous colors, in order to show that nature acknowledges no dissonance and that all that lives creates its own harmony.

From its twelve rounded windows, with their shining panes, their muslin curtains, their broad green shutters, the long, painted house, pink and gleaming as a shell, watched them wake at dawn and throw off the brisk diamonds of the dew and then close at night under the blue darkness that falls from the stars. One felt that it took an intelligent pleasure in this gentle, daily fairy scene, itself solidly planted between two clear ditches which lost themselves in the distance of the immense pasturage dotted with motionless cows, while, by the roadside, a proud mill, bending forward like a preacher, made familiar signs with its paternal sails to the passers-by from the village.

Has this earth of ours a fairer ornament of its hours of leisure than the care of flowers? It was fine to see thus collected, for the pleasure of the eyes, around the house of my placid friend, the splendid throng that tills the light

to win from it marvelous colors, honey, and perfumes. He found there translated into visible joys, fixed at the gates of his house, the scattered, fleeting, and almost intangible delights of summer, the voluptuous air, the clement nights, the emotional sun rays, the glad hours, the confiding dawn, the whispering and mysterious azured space. He enjoyed not only their dazzling presence, he also hoped—probably unwisely, so deep and confused is that mystery—he also hoped, by dint of questioning them, to surprise, with their aid, I know not what secret law or idea of nature, I know not what private thought of the universe, which perhaps betrays itself in those ardent moments in which it strives to please other beings, to beguile other lives, and to create beauty.

Old-time flowers, I said. I was wrong. When we study their history and investigate their pedigrees, we learn with surprise that most of them, down to the simplest and commonest, are new beings, freed men, exiles, newcomers, visitors, foreigners. Any botanical treatise will reveal their origins. The Tulip, for instance (remember La Bruyère's "Solitary," "Oriental," "Agate," and "Cloth of Gold"), came from Constantinople in the sixteenth century. The Ranuncula, the Lunaria, the Maltese Cross, the Balsam, the Fuchsia, the African Marigold, or *Tagetes Erecta*, the Rose Campion, or *Lychnis Coronaria*, the two-colored Aconite, the *Amaranthus Caudatus*, or Love-lies-bleeding, the Hollyhock, the *Campanula Pyramidalis*, arrived at about the same time from the Indies, Mexico, Persia, Syria, and Italy. The Pansy appears in 1613; the Yellow Alyssum in 1710; the Perennial Flax in 1775; the Scarlet Flax in 1819; the Purple Scabious in 1629; the Saxifrage *Sarmentosa* in 1771; the long-leaved Veronica in 1731; the Perennial Phlox is a little older. The Indian Pink made his entrance into our gardens about 1713. The Garden Pink is of modern date. The Portulaca did not make her appearance till 1828; the Scarlet Sage till 1822. The Ageratum or *Cœlestinum*, now so plentiful and so popular, is not two centuries old. The *Helichrysum*, or Ever-



CINERARIA

lasting, is even younger. The Zinnia is exactly a centenarian. The Spanish Bean, a native of South America, and the Sweet Pea, an immigrant from Sicily, number a little over two hundred years. The Anthemis, which we find in the least-known villages, has been cultivated only since 1699. The charming blue

Lobelia of our borders came to us from the Cape of Good Hope at the time of the Revolution. The China Aster, or Reine Marguerite, is dated 1731. The Annual or Drummond's Phlox, now so common, was sent over from Texas in 1835. The large-flowered Lavatera, that looks so confirmed a native, so



THE GARDEN CHRYSANTHEMUM

simple a rustic, has blossomed in our gardens only since two centuries and a half; and the Petunia since some twenty lusters. The Mignonette, the Heliotrope—who would believe it?—are not two hundred years old. The Dahlia was born in 1802; and the Gladiolus is of yesterday.

What flowers, then, blossomed in the gardens of our fathers? Very few, no doubt, and very small and very humble, scarce to be distinguished from those of the roads, the fields, and the glades. Before the sixteenth century those gardens were almost bare; and, later, Versailles itself, the splendid Versailles, could have shown us only what is shown to-day by the poorest village. Alone, the Violet, the Garden Daisy, the Lily-of-the-valley, the Marigold, the Poppy, a few Crocuses, a few Irises, a few Colchicums, the Foxglove, the Valerian, the Larkspur, the Cornflower, the Clove, the Forget-me-not, the Gillyflower, the Mal-low, the Rose, still almost Sweetbrier, and the great silver Lily, the spontaneous finery of our woods and of our snow-frightened, wind-frightened fields—these

alone smiled upon our forefathers, who, for that matter, were unaware of their poverty. Man had not yet learned to look around him, to enjoy the life of nature. Then came the Renaissance, the great voyages, the discovery and invasion of the sunlight. All the flowers of the world, the successful efforts, the deep, inmost beauties, the joyful thoughts and wishes of the planet, rose up to us, borne on a shaft of light which, in spite of its heavenly wonder, issued from our own earth. Man ventured forth from the cloister, the crypt, the town of brick and stone, the gloomy stronghold in which he had slept. He went down into the garden, which became peopled with azure, purple, and perfumes, opened his eyes, astounded like a child escaping from the dreams of the night; and the forest, the plain, the sea, and the mountains, and, lastly, the birds and the flowers, that speak in the name of all a more human language which he already understood, greeted his awakening.

Nowadays, perhaps, there are no more unknown flowers. We have found all or nearly all the forms which nature

lends to the great dream of love, to the yearning for beauty that stirs within her bosom. We live, so to speak, in the midst of her tenderest confidences, of her most touching inventions. We take an unhopèd-for part in the most mysterious festivals of the invisible force that animates us also. Doubtless, in appearance, it is a small thing that a few more flowers should adorn our beds. They only scatter a few impotent smiles along the paths that lead to the grave. It is none the less true that these are new and very real smiles, which were unknown to those who came before us; and this recently discovered happiness spreads in every direction, even to the doors of the most wretched hovels. The good, the simple flowers are as happy and as gorgeous in the poor man's strip of garden as in the broad lawns of the great house, and they surround the cottage with the supreme beauty of the earth; for the earth has till now produced nothing more beautiful than the flowers. They have completed the conquest of the globe. Foreseeing the days when men shall at last have long and equal leisure,

already they promise an equality in sane enjoyments. Yes, assuredly, it is a small thing; and everything is a small thing, if we look at each of our little victories one by one. It is a small thing, too, in appearance, that we should have a few more thoughts in our heads, a new feeling at our hearts; and yet it is just that which slowly leads us where we hope to win.

After all, we have here a very real fact, namely, that we live in a world in which flowers are more beautiful and more numerous than formerly; and perhaps we have the right to add that the thoughts of men are more just and greedier of truth. The smallest joy gained and the smallest grief conquered should be marked in the Book of Humanity. It behooves us not to lose sight of any of the evidence that we are mastering the nameless powers, that we are beginning to handle some of the mysterious laws that govern the created, that we are making our planet all our own, that we are adorning our stay, and gradually broadening the acreage of happiness and of beautiful life.



THE PEONY



A Literary Prophet

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER, the one hundredth anniversary of whose death passed almost unnoticed in this country last month, was one of the most influential men of modern times. By profession a teacher, he became later a preacher, writer, critic, and philosophical historian; but in every vocation he was pre-eminently a seer, a man of direct insight, of profound and sensitive feeling for the life of things, and of extraordinary interpretative power. When his "Fragments"

was published, he was an obscure teacher; but instantly Winckelmann discerned his quality and wrote, "Who is this modern Pindar who has made his appearance amongst you?" and Wieland declared, "This, to be sure, is a madman or a genius," while Lessing, the most acute critical mind of his time and one of the greatest critics in the history of art, said, "He is, at any rate, the only man for whom it is worth my while to publish my ideas." When, a little later, seeking refuge from the storm of

discussion which had overtaken him after the publication of "Fragments," the young Herder met the young Goethe at Strasburg, the two men who were to profoundly influence not only German literature but modern thought became fast friends; and in 1776, through Goethe's influence, Herder was called to Weimar, where he became court preacher and superintendent of the schools, and one of that literary circle, composed of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and others, which made Weimar for a time the most influential city in Europe. Herder was not, technically speaking, a great scholar, but he had explored many different fields of knowledge.

It was not through his knowledge, however, that Herder was to serve his race; it was through his immense spiritual vitality, his faculty of getting at the heart of things. The prophet's spirit was in him, the prophet's function was his; and, more perhaps than any other man in the group of great men of which he was a member, including Kant, Winckelmann, and Lessing, he vitalized and vivified the intellectual life of his time. He was one of a small group of men who divined, without clearly discerning, the principle of development, and applied that principle to an explanation and interpretation of the arts. His principal work, "Ideas for the Philosophy of the History of Mankind," is discursive and fragmentary, but it is full of divination, of insight into the intimate and controlling relations between the work of a race and the conditions and history of that race. It regards work as a spiritual revelation, and explains the race by the things which it has done.

When Goethe declared, "Everything that man undertakes to produce, whether by action, word, or in whatsoever way, ought to spring from the union of all his faculties," he put in a few words Herder's fundamental doctrine. In an age which had become in the last degree artificial and conventional, in an art period in which French influence was still supreme, Herder reasserted the prime importance and significance of genius, the authority of the intuitive as contrasted with the purely logical processes in the arts, of the synthetic as op-

posed to the analytical quality of mind, of the creative as contrasted with the critical spirit. He led his generation back to the primitive sources of poetry and art. "Our minds," he declared, "to-day are differently framed from those of primitive men, owing to the education of our youth for so many past generations. We are accustomed to reflect and analyze so much that we hardly see or feel any more. We no longer poetize in or on the living world; our poetry is not the result of the contact of objects with our soul; we manufacture artificially both the subjects and the modes of treating them; and we have practiced this so long and so frequently, and we begin to do so at so early an age, that a free education would have small chance of success with us." "Poetry," he declared, in its happiest ages "lived in the ears of the people, on the lips and in the harps of living bards; it sang of history, of the events of the day, of mysteries, miracles, and signs. It was the flower of a nation's character, language, and country; of its occupations, its prejudices, its passions, its aspirations, and its soul." In these words are to be found the germ of the whole modern theory of the interpretation of the arts. Herder's doctrine can be stated in a few words: genius, growth, nature.

Saturating himself with Homer, with the Bible, with the Percy Ballads, with Shakespeare, and with the earlier and more unsophisticated writers of his own race, Herder appeared among men of his time like a prophet who brought the air of a nobler age, the movement of a fresher thought, the outlook of a finer vision. He was a revolutionist because all fresh ideas are revolutionary, but his genius was in the last degree constructive. For artificial he substituted natural conceptions; for the idea of conventional and arbitrary arrangement the great idea of natural development. In this way he not only vivified all the arts, but he brought them together in one sphere.

The words written on his tomb and on the statue at Weimar, "Life, Love, Light," express the spirit of Herder and define the fundamental aspirations of his soul.

The City and the Boys

By Cora Clark Cooley

ACTING upon the theory that no boy is by nature a criminal, but that if he becomes one in later life it is due largely to his environment and lack of training, the present city administration of Cleveland deemed it the part of wisdom and humanity to expend money in preventing the boy from entering the pathway of crime, rather than to expend it in building jails for him after he had become a hardened criminal. Accordingly the Juvenile Court was established, presided over by a Judge whose duty it is to consider all cases of juvenile offenders.

One need only to visit this Court any morning it is in session to realize how much such an institution was needed, and how the establishment of the Farm School in connection with it is one of the most important and necessary things that Cleveland has undertaken. Here is the case of the boy who, with drunken, brutal parents, is charged with being a truant and with running away from home; there, a little homeless fellow, whose mother is dead, whose father has deserted him, and whom a policeman has found wandering on the streets, crying and begging to be taken to the Farm School; yonder, a little fellow whose father has been killed in an accident, and whose mother, left to support her family of six children, must go out washing every day except Sunday to supply even their barest necessities. These are only a few of many cases.

These boys need the wise care and guidance of both father and mother, but often have had that of neither. Naturally as bright and intelligent as the boys in more favored circumstances in comfortable homes, but condemned to the life of the streets and all its attending evils, they have been brought into court for various petty offenses. Formerly, pending trial, such boys were thrown into prison with hardened criminals, and the first irretrievable downward step toward a criminal life was taken. If tried and pronounced guilty, there was

no other course than to send them to some penal institution. When released, the stamp of the criminal upon them, branded as one of "the gang," they very naturally and almost inevitably drifted from bad to worse, until sooner or later, for a really criminal offense, they were once more behind the bars.

These conditions have now been changed, and the majority of the boys who are brought before the Court are released after being committed to the care of an "official father," for it is deemed wisest and best, whenever possible, to keep the boy in his own home, even though that home is not all that it should be. These official fathers are among the leading citizens, who have interested themselves in these boys, and have volunteered to have a kindly watch and care over them. The boys report to them at regular intervals as to their conduct, and the fact that some one is taking a friendly interest in them, and expecting them to do the right thing, is very often sufficient to keep them from any further serious depredations. But there are a number who are practically homeless and friendless, or whose surroundings and opportunities are too wretched to give even the slightest hope for upright lives; these are committed to the Farm School.

The farm which has been secured for this Boys' Home is situated in a secluded spot in the country, twenty-three miles from the city and within easy access of the suburban railway. The movement is somewhat in the nature of a municipal experiment. The revenue for the support of this Home School is derived from a tax levy, and its management becomes a regular department of the city government. It has been the endeavor of those in charge of this work to make the surroundings at the Farm as homelike and attractive as possible. All the buildings have been constructed with a view to the well-being and comfort of the boys who were here to find a home, the real meaning of which most of them



ONE OF THE BOY FARMERS

have never known. The main or administration building, surrounded by lofty maples of a century's growth, is already completed, as also are three cottages. Other cottages will be added from time to time as needed. These buildings will be supplied with water from the many mineral springs on the farm. Instead of the boys being crowded together in one large building, as is the institutional idea, they will be divided among the cottages in groups of eight or ten each. In charge of one cottage will be the carpenter and his wife, of another the teacher and his wife, and of still another the farmer and his wife. Thus each cottage will be a home by itself, separate and apart from the others. The effort will be to train the boys so that they will cling to the family life, and, when men, naturally take their places as members of society. As the medical profession is depending more on nature and less on medicine, so the method is to make the surroundings wholesome and attractive, and to allow nature and nurture slowly to develop the normal man.

In the main building are two large recitation-rooms, one of which has already been fitted up with desks, maps, charts, and many other things necessary to the modern school-room. Here, for five hours of the day, the boys are under the care of a teacher, who instructs them in all the essential branches taught in the public schools. In addition to their regular school work, they will obtain a knowledge of different trades. This opportunity will be afforded in the process of the erection of the needed buildings and the varied work of the farm. This will constitute a practical manual training school.

One of the greatest pleasures of the boys is to write and receive letters, and instruction as to the proper method of writing has become a part of their regular school work. The following are letters which were sent to official fathers. The first was written by one of the boys soon after his arrival at the Farm, and the other several months later :

Dear friend

I am sorry that I done that mr cannel I will never do it again. we gat our school

desks already. we gat three more boys know, one of them tride to run away. Sondag i went to see some wood chucks. I saw a rabbit in the bushes, then we didnt see him and a boy said if it [the rabbit] is smart [enough] to lay down and a man said sure it is, then the boy hit as hard as he could and we saw the rabbit run and a man thrun his ax and pudner [pretty near] hit him.

now I will close

My Dear Sir—

I received your kind letter and was very glad to hear from you. The reason I did not write Monday was because I was painting late and was very tired. I like this place better than I did home. I like to paint and there is plenty of it to do out here. I can milk every cow except the hind tits of a cow. Johnson is her name. I like to milk very much. I do everything I am told and get along fine. There is another boy who milks his name is Eddie Brown. He can milk very well. I would like to see every one learn to milk. The boys here each has as much to do as the other. One half of the boys sweep the house one week and the other side washes the dishes. I and my side is washing this week. They all like to wash dishes so do I. As soon as the hanging lamps come, we are going to have night school. I and the rest like to go to school. I guess I will close. Hoping when this reaches you, you will be well.

From Yours Truly

The most attractive room in the main building is the large living-room, reading-room, and library combined. This room, with its bright walls, attractive pictures, easy chairs, and large library table well filled with papers and books, and, best of all, its deep, old-fashioned brick fireplace with its crackling wood fire, is indeed a most attractive spot for a homeless boy on a cold winter evening. When the room was finally finished and its furnishings complete, and the boys were gathered there for the first time about the cheery open fire, Mr. Lohmann, the Head Master, said he thought they could not have been happier had they been in heaven.

In the management of the school, the purpose is to give a good degree of liberty and responsibility, for it is felt that, while a military discipline may be the proper method for the training of boys for soldiers, it is not the best to be pursued in training them for citizens. As far as is practical and expedient, the plan of self-government is practiced, and thus far it has proved to be most

efficacious. At first it is difficult for them to rid themselves of the idea that this is a penal institution, and that they are to be subjected to the same rough treatment to which they have been accustomed. One of the new boys said to one of the old ones: "I expect youse get lots of lickings down here." "No, we don't," said the other, "but we have to do what *he* says." The boy was quite right when he said they did not get "lickings," for it is felt that the old method of flogging a boy tends to de-

little fellow, on arriving at the Home, finding everything so new and strange, missing the noise and confusion of the crowded city streets, became homesick and ran away. No sooner had he reached the city than he begged to be taken back. As this is contrary to the usual custom, it was determined to allow the other boys at the farm to decide. After discussing the subject, they finally voted to allow him to return. When the vote had been taken, a boy in the corner of the room arose and of his own



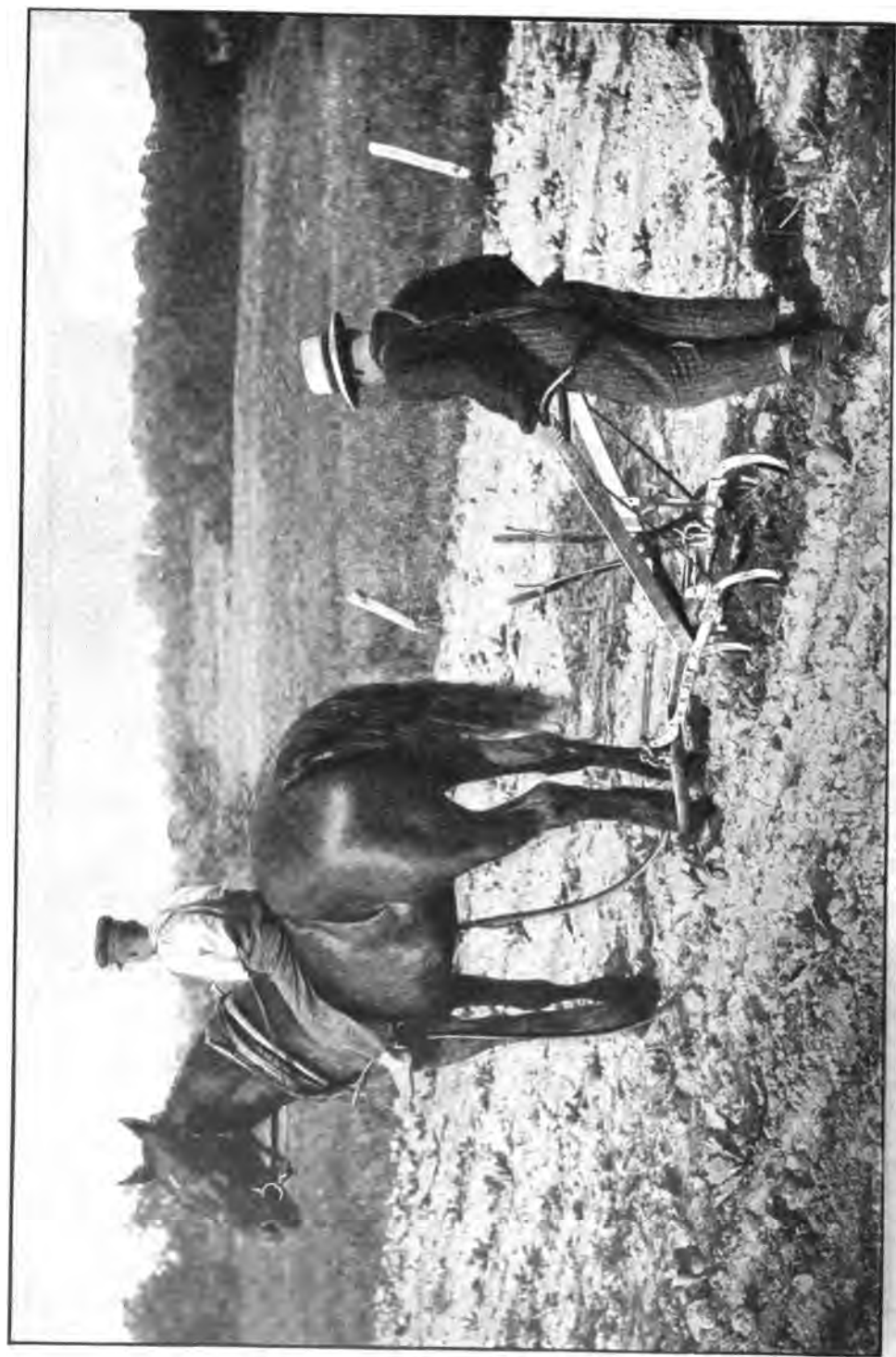
INSTRUCTION IN HOUSE-PAINTING

stroy his self-respect, and to make him morose, sullen, and revengeful. The unruly ones are sent to bed on a diet of bread and water, there to meditate in quiet on their conduct.

Whenever possible, the boys are allowed a voice in any important matter which affects the immediate welfare of the little colony. To those who regard them as outcasts, it would be surprising to see what a sense of fairness and justice they exhibit, and how their discussions are generally governed by common sense and good judgment. One

accord made the motion that the next boy that ran away should not be permitted to come back. This motion was unanimously carried. The sentiment against running away had been established, and these boys voluntarily had accomplished what no amount of bolts, bars, and high fences could possibly have done. Many other questions which come up for settlement are disposed of in the same manner.

The feeling of responsibility is further increased by making each boy, as far as possible, accountable for some partic-



BOY FARMERS PLOWING

ular task. Some have charge of the cows, others of the horses, others work in the fields, and upon others devolve household tasks. Thus, very early in his life at the Home, the boy is made to feel that he is a necessary part of the little community. He comes to have a deep interest in its various duties and activities, to take a pride in having everything "go off well." It is wonderful how soon this spirit of loyalty is developed, and how intrusting him with responsibility and making him feel that you have confidence in his ability and honor brings out all the manliness there is in a boy. Instead of cuffs and knocks, kind words and fair treatment; instead of the school of vice and crime, the school of honesty, self-reliance, and self-respect; instead of the dirty pavement and the crowded street for his playground, the fresh green fields and pastures, the forest, and the brook with its swimming-hole; and with it all, plenty of sunshine and pure air. One boy said, "I never knew there was such nice air; you can breathe out here." Another one said, "Well, I'm glad I'm out here. Up there in the city, I just couldn't get away from the gang. Why, one of the fellers said he'd kill me if I didn't steal and do the things he wanted me to. Here it's different. I'm going to try to be a better boy."

With all the study and work, there is a wide margin left for play, which is so essential to the healthy and proper development of a boy. Baseball and foot-

ball are the favorite outdoor sports. Later there will be a regularly laid out athletic field and a gymnasium. There is the swimming-hole in summer and the skating-pond in winter. Then there are the many games supplied in abundance for the long winter evenings. Almost every boy, too, has his own particular pet, as a dog, a rabbit, a kitten, or a dove.

On one of the days of our visits to the Farm, one boy was painting, another cultivating, another digging a trench, others were working in the garden and fields, still others were washing dishes, sweeping, and scrubbing, while some of the smaller ones were hunting up "the new little calf, all black with a white spot on its nose." Late in the afternoon, though it was shivery weather, all went in swimming. In the evening they gathered in the large living-room of the administration building, around the blazing fire, and, after singing until they were hoarse, listened eagerly and intently to the reading of Ernest Thompson Seton's story of Molly Cottontail. The story was long, the room was warm, it had been a full day of work and play; one head after another began to nod, and an occasional snore was heard. Evidently it was bedtime; the good-nights were said; soon all were sunk in peaceful slumber.

Already there are thirty-six boys on the Farm, and a very cosmopolitan group it is, as almost every nationality and religion is represented.



PLAYTIME

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

THE eightieth anniversary of the birthday of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was quietly observed by his many friends on the 22d of December last. It might well have been made the occasion of a public celebration; for Colonel Higginson has long been a representative man of letters, and, after a singularly high-minded, honorable, and distinguished career, has reached a point where a little warm-hearted appreciation cannot harm him. Dr. Holmes once said to the writer of these words, "It does no harm if a man is spoiled after he is eighty." It is a fortunate coincidence that at this time there has come from the press a book so full of Colonel Higginson's personality and preserving so much of his knowledge and observation of persons, of movements, and of the age in which he has lived, that it has the value of an autobiography. To read the story of American literature from the hands of one who has taken part in the making of that literature, and has known nearly all the men who have had most to do with giving it direction and position, is very like the experience of the man immortalized by Browning, who had seen and talked with Shelley. In this survey Colonel Higginson is able to speak of the entire creative period of American literature from personal acquaintance and, in most cases, intimate knowledge of writers and writings. He was the associate of men whose names are now foremost in our literary history. He is himself an accomplished practitioner of the art of literature, and he is in all respects a representative man of his period.

A French biography of Colonel Higginson, entitled "A Typical American," appeared not long ago, and any one acquainted with his versatile career must perceive the aptness of the title; for he is one of those dual natures whose sword-arm is both of the flesh and the spirit, and whose life exhibits in miniature the evolution of the national ideals. Colonel Higginson has been unceasingly militant for all that is best

in our achievement in liberty and culture; he has battled on the field, from the platform, and at the desk, and he has had the satisfaction of seeing many of the causes for which he fought established in fact and confirmed in wisdom. His has been the reward of benign service, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," and to him, and to Dr. Hale, better perhaps than to any others of the older generation still lingering among us, can we look for the illustration and proof of Rabbi Ben Ezra's eulogy of the veteran's triumph:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made."

It is, therefore, with a feeling not untinged by a certain deference that the reviewer takes up the Lowell Lectures of Colonel Higginson, delivered in January, 1903, in Boston, and now appearing, edited by Mr. Henry Boynton, in book form as "A Reader's History of American Literature."¹ This work differs from all the recent histories in its vein of personal testimony. It is not primarily the product of a scholar, but of an essayist who knows his subject, however, as the pilot, after long acquaintance, knows the channels of his river.

In one of the opening pages Colonel Higginson quotes a definition of literature—one of Bacon's neglected touchstones—which ought to be brought again into active service: "Literature hath something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the show of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do." To explain the comparative sterility of the American first offerings in literature, Colonel Higginson finds a very illuminating contrast and parallel in the instances of Greece and Rome. The early intellectual life of Greece expressed itself in poetry, while that of Rome found its utterance

¹ *A Reader's History of American Literature.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Henry Walcott Boynton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ALFRED HOUGHTON CLARK

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

in the less æsthetic energies of oratory and statesmanship. The poets came only after the orators and statesmen had grounded a complex civilization. "At the dawn of our national life, American intellect found its strongest utterance, not like Greece in poetry, but like Rome in oratory."

Of all the personal reminiscences, those which describe Colonel Higginson's first meeting with Whittier in a

cheap Boston restaurant and his first hearing of Poe are the most impressive. The latter particularly ought to be saved and added to the authentic memorabilia of this myth-misty personality :

One may still recall his strange face, with its ample forehead, brilliant eyes, and narrowness of nose and chin ; an ideal face, anything but coarse, yet with the look of oversensitiveness which, when uncontrolled, may prove more debasing than coarseness. It was a face to rivet one's attention in any

crowd, yet a face that no one would feel safe in loving.

After his introduction to the Boston audience, Poe stood shrinking and then began, in a thin tremulous voice, an apology for his poem, as if he anticipated harsh criticism and desired to forestall it:

When, at the end, he abruptly began the recitation of his perplexing *Al Aaraaf*, everybody looked thoroughly mystified. . . . The lines produced no very distinct impression on the audience until Poe began to read the maiden's song in the second part. Already his tones had been softening to a finer melody than at first, and when he came to the verses:

"Legeia! Legeia!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
Oh! is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?
Or capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross,
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air),
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?"

his voice seemed attenuated to the faintest golden thread; the audience became hushed and, as it were, breathless; and every syllable was accentuated with such delicacy and sustained with such sweetness as I never heard equaled by other lips. When the lyric ended, it was like the ceasing of the gypsy's chant in "The Flight of the Duchess;" and I remember nothing more, except that in walking back to Cambridge my comrades and I felt that we had been under the spell of some wizard. Indeed, I feel much the same, in the retrospect, to this day.

In some of his conclusions Colonel Higginson differs from those of conventional criticism, and in some cases he corrects accepted but erroneous opinion. Parkman, in his view, is our greatest professional historian, because his work is equally admirable for its accuracy and its literary charm. Thoreau, contrary to the common report sanctioned by Lowell, was no misanthrope. His attitude toward civilization has been unnecessarily misconstrued. The "shanty life" on the shore of Walden Pond was not the haunt of a voluntary exile, but of a poor young man, loving nature and desirous of recreation. His cabin was only two miles from his mother's door, and he went to the village every day or so to get the news. Holmes "is likely to stand as one of the few great humorists of the world"—a judg-

ment that is more zealous than discreet. Irving's fame depends not on its specific gravity but on its "specific levity." Lowell, who was always liable to entanglement in his own wealth of thought or fancy, as a creator lacked that element of genius which is "the capacity for taking pains;" his prose work, however, contains the soundest body of criticism that America has yet produced. Another judgment, which is against Whitman, suggests that the amorphous poet of individualism and democracy, in using his catalogues of nouns and other parts of speech, fires "bird shot," which, for the purposes of true poetry, is scattering and ineffective. To Lanier Colonel Higginson devotes a number of appreciative pages, predicting that, though we have only a glimpse of what he might have done, he will live long as the Sir Galahad among American poets. He also has a personal predilection for that "metaphysical" poet, Emily Dickinson.

The most resonant note in this octogenarian's survey of our literature is its optimism and its unabated faith in the future of American letters. Professor Norton once declared that possibly the United States would mean less to civilization than Ecuador; but neither the dominance of mercantile philistines nor his distrust of what he regards as imperialism in Pacific seas can subdue the faith for which Colonel Higginson has fought and by which he still lives. He thinks the three present dangers to American letters are puritanism, prosperity, and science; but he finds no ground for fear.

Out of our strong forward-bearing American life, with its apparent complications and its essential simplicity, is to come, some day, a purer national expression than we have yet known. We are still in allegiance to Europe for a thousand things, for traditions, for art, for scholarship. For many years we must go thither, as did Robinson Crusoe to his wreck, for many of the very materials of living. We need some repression, no doubt, as the Old World has never been backward in reminding us; but what we need still more is expression. Spenser's Britomart, when she entered the enchanted hall, found above four doors in succession the inscription, *Be bold! Be bold! Be bold! Be bold!* And only over the fifth door was the inscription, needful but utterly subordinate, *Be not too bold!*



BRIXLEGG

A Passion Play in the Tyrol

By Hamilton W. Mabie

IN the Tyrol much of the simplicity and *naïveté* of the old peasant life still lingers. To those secluded valleys the tourist goes in considerable numbers, but he has not yet succeeded in effacing the characteristic qualities of a kindly and simple-hearted people. If he leaves the highways of travel, he comes at once face to face with primitive customs and finds himself among men and women of an earlier and less sophisticated age. Even in the valleys already devastated by the advance line of the host which every summer invades the pleasant places of the Old World the peasant still keeps his courtesy and his old-time standards. He shows no desire to turn more pennies than are fairly his own, or to make more hay in the sunshine of midsummer prosperity than his fields legitimately put within his reach. He touches his hat as he did in the days when a traveler rarely passed his door, and he rates his hospitality and service in terms which show no aptitude to follow the too prevalent modern habit

of basing his returns not on what he supplies but on what he can get.

Among such a people a Passion Play can be presented in the twentieth century with that simplicity and sincerity of feeling which enables a modern audience to listen to and look at a mediæval interpretation of the most sacred story in the history of the world without repulsion or protest of the artistic or religious sense. Such a dramatic rendering of the tragic drama of the crucifixion is possible only to a Roman Catholic peasantry; a people to whom their religion is a matter of every-day, homelike, intimate association, and who are devoid of the self-consciousness which inevitably comes with the modern view of these things and the modern sense of man's relation to them. The peasants of the Austrian Tyrol are still childlike enough to take the great story into their hearts and express it in their bearing and gesture with the unconscious simplicity and directness of childhood. When they cease to be children, the Passion Play will no longer appeal

to them, or they will make it sacrilegious. To-day they present it with the undaunted literalness of childhood, but also with its tender and beautiful simplicity of feeling; and the story is safe in their hands.

All the world has heard of Oberammergau, but very few people have heard of Brixlegg—a little town on the edge of the beautiful valley of the Inn, where the Alpbach comes down to meet it. Both streams have the rush of the Alpine torrent in their swift movement; as one watches the Rhone sweeping under the bridges at Geneva, or the Arve and Arveiron rushing tumultuous from the glaciers that give them birth through the noble valley of Chamouni, or the Piave winding its swift way through the passes of the Dolomites, or the Inn sweeping in a great curve about Innsbruck, he sees again those lonely fastnesses among the high Alps where the snows are continually renewed under the burning sun of midsummer. The little hamlet of Brixlegg lies just out the Inn valley within the shelter of the Alpbachthal, and the river, flowing through the very heart of the town, fills the air with the sound of rushing water. It is a place very pleasant to look at, with its noble framing of

hills, its long road, its quaint, well-kept houses, with flowers in every window, and its air of old-world ripeness and quiet.

On the day of the Passion Play this road was crowded with pilgrims, some of whom had come from afar to catch this glimpse of an old and beautiful form of human speech; for there was a time when such plays were the normal language of faith and devotion. The crowd was not great in numbers, but it filled the narrow thoroughfare and taxed the hospitality of the little town to the utmost. It was a quiet crowd, bent mainly on finding places in the rude building which serves as a playhouse, and making sure of its luncheon in the intermission. The peasants of the section were present in great numbers, and were not concerned with questions of food and drink, for they had brought the hard bread, the inevitable sausage, and the equally inevitable cheese which furnish so large a part of their diet.

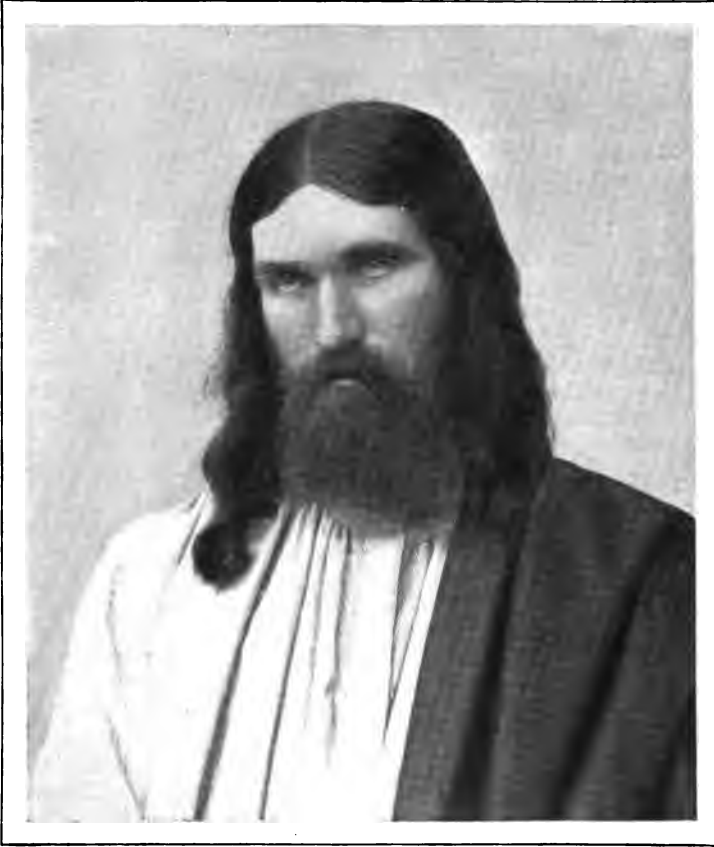
Promptly at half past nine a cannon was fired and the crowd made its way to the seats in the barn-like structure which serves as a playhouse. This is of the simplest construction, but well arranged and admirably adapted for its purpose.



MARY AND JOHN



CHRIST AND MARY



CHRIST

The rafters of the roof are in full view, and after the money-changers and the cages of them that sell doves in the Temple have been overturned, the birds seek refuge on these beams and fly about as they will to the end of the day. There are a few cushioned seats filled by strangers; the audience as a whole sat on wooden benches, as it has been accustomed to sitting from its youth. The stage is spacious and simple in decoration. On either side of the curtain are arched passages through which mobs will presently be moving, restless, excited, and clamorous; nearer the front

are boxes, in one of which Pilate will later show himself in Roman dress. A second gun announced the beginning of the play, and the audience became suddenly silent as the small curtains under the boxes at the side of the stage were raised and the chorus filed on to the stage. The leader was a man of fine presence, of impressive bearing, and of a full, sweet voice. It was his function to introduce the play and to announce the tableaux. When he had done this, the chorus moved back on either side the curtain, stood in silent attention while the curtain was raised, and returned to

their places after it had been lowered, and sang some appropriate chant or hymn.

The play is very simple in construction, and gives more dialogue than that presented at Oberammergau. The story begins on Palm Sunday and ends on Easter morning, each great act in the drama being prefaced by a tableau from the Old Testament foreshadowing or typifying the New Testament incident or event. After the prologue spoken by the leader of the chorus, the curtain rose on the scene in which Adam and Eve are driven from Paradise by the angel with the flaming sword. In this picture the earliest projection of the great shadow falls on the imagination. This tableau was admirable in posing and color, but it was not until the more elaborate tableaux were presented that the extraordinary artistic feeling and arrangement of groups and single figures were brought home to the audience.

After this glimpse of the earliest transgression and the earliest punishment, the drama of redemption and reconciliation opens with a singularly beautiful representation of the triumphant entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. The whole scene was vividly conceived by those who took part in it and as vividly presented. They were, apparently, unconscious of the presence of an audience; they seemed to feel only the presence of the Christ. The group of little children breaking out of the arched way and moving in advance of the procession could hardly have been more thoroughly animated by or absorbed in the spirit of the unique spectacle of the stainless teacher riding victorious to his death. There was not a

trace of self-consciousness in voice, feature, or action; the picture was instinct with the vitality of a crowd, which lives for the moment not in its individual but in its collective consciousness. These children, waving palm branches in their hands, were intent only on the figure riding slowly in the heart of the throng. From that figure the moving picture received its light, as in Rembrandt's great study of the Presentation in the Temple the radiance streams from the child. The Christ looked his difficult part, and acted it with perfect simplicity and discretion. The figure was slender and erect, the features singularly regular, the expression tender and sweet without loss of strength, the manner majestic without a touch of exaggeration. He, too, like the men about him, seemed to see and feel nothing but the great experience he and they were interpreting.

Then followed in rapid succession the events which crowded the last days of Christ's life. Some of the scenes were affecting by reason of the simple pathos which invested them with the sadness of perfect love in the moment of supreme surrender. Such a scene

was the parting of Christ from Mary, interpreted with a beautiful unconsciousness which laid bare the deepest human emotion. Throughout the play it was the humanity of the drama, its intimate association with the common lot and fortune of men, which invested it with dignity and robbed it of all sacrilege. The Christ bore himself from the beginning with a dignity and patience which made the audience instinctively recognize the divine in the human and unconsciously recognize the transcendent dignity of the



CALIPHAS



MARY

simplest human relations and experiences over all the trappings and shows of royalty and power. It was the Christ of the sinful, the sorrowful, the heavy-laden, who moved and spoke; and in the presence of his spotless integrity and tender helpfulness the splendor of the High Priests and the rich robes of the Pharisees seemed tawdry and cheap.

It was in the larger tableaux that the artistic feeling of the performers was most vividly brought home to the audience; and those who were of English blood must have felt that they had never before seen real living pictures. In the representation of the feeding of the multitude with manna in the wilderness, which preceded the Last Supper, and the raising of the brazen serpent, which preceded the crucifixion, the stage was crowded with figures; old men and young, girls and women of all ages, children and even babes. To those on the stage the curtain, which was raised twice on every tableau, must have seemed up an interminable time; to the audience the inter-

vals were barely long enough to reveal the extraordinary harmony of color, the effectiveness of grouping, the perfection of individual posture, the marvelous stillness of the crowd, caught, apparently, by a sudden light on the desert, in perfectly unconscious attitudes. The children, many of them half clad, were as motionless as statues and as free from any suggestion of conscious posing as if they had been caught at play. Those who saw most clearly the uplifted faces of the multitude waiting for the manna will despair of conveying, by any description, the beautiful intentness which pervaded the picture and was a revelation of the artistic feeling in the souls of the peasant actors.

In the striking tableau of the raising of the brazen serpent in the wilderness the abandon of the children was especially noticeable. This was, perhaps, the most effective of the many living pictures which set the great motive of the passion play in vital relations with the past. It was impossible to look on it unmoved,

so appealing was the pathos of sorrowful and helpless humanity which penetrated it. The marvelous quality which the little children contributed to the general effect was the complete relaxation which they showed in every limb. They lay in their mothers' arms as if death had already smitten them, every muscle and limb emptied of all influence of the will; not only motionless, but inert and lifeless. There was something in this abandon which only the simple-minded can achieve; and one of the secrets of the lack of convincing power in a great deal of contemporary art lies in its extreme sophistication, its inability to recover "the first fine careless rapture" which is the gush from the deepest spring in the soul.

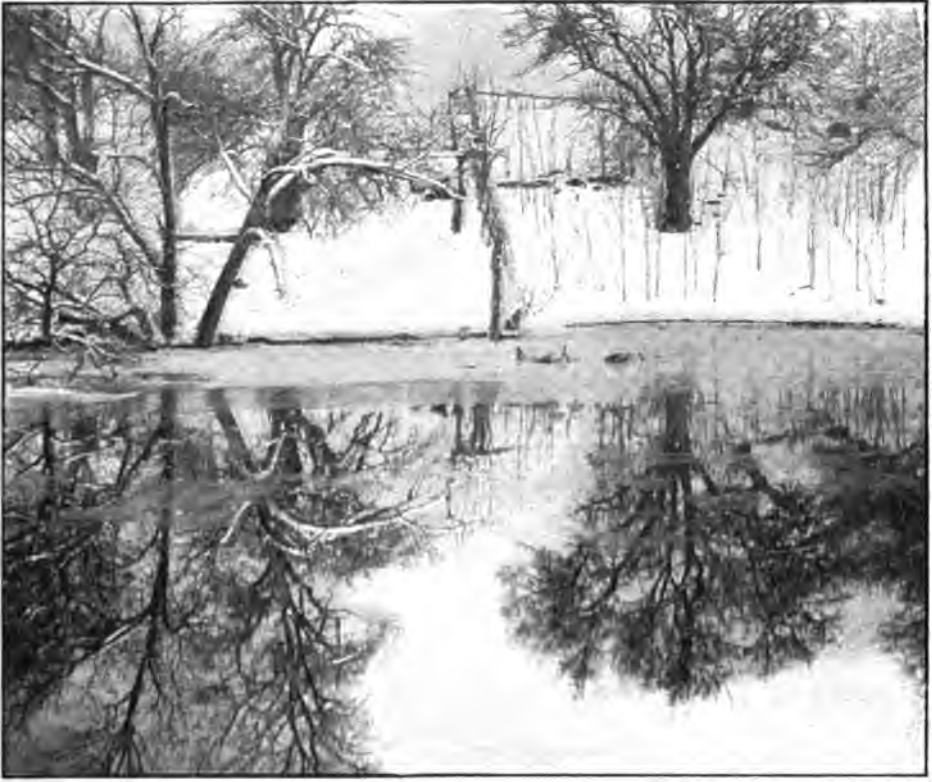
In the acting and spoken parts the men were far more effective than the women; they showed more dignity of bearing, more dramatic power, better vocal quality. The women were more intense, more aware of the presence of the audience, less musical in tone and pitch of voice. They seemed to be more self-conscious, and missed the charm of perfect simplicity. They had, apparently, lost something of the peasant quality without gaining the resources of a richer culture. Mary looked her part admirably, but neither spoke nor acted it convincingly. There was a touch of the stage in her voice and gesture. John, on the other hand, was convincingly tender and meditative, and one had only to look at his sensitive face to understand why his place was nearest the heart of the Master. Peter was rugged, vehement, impulsive, and penitent; Judas, self-seeking, out of sympathy with the group to which he was attached but to which he did not belong, and, in the tragic close, a shade too dramatic. The priests were hard, cold, uncomprehending—the embodiment of that kind of formal orthodoxy which is cruel through sheer blindness of heart, and makes a bitter travesty of that which it professes to guard with jealous care by its deep-going lack of the religious instinct and spirit. The mob was admirably handled; full, on one day, of unreasoning enthusiasm, and, on another, the easy prey of the leaders who played upon its baser

passions; marching in one moment, after the manner of mobs, with waving palms and jubilant hosannas about the hero of the hour, and in another shouting itself hoarse with imprecations and the terrible cry, so familiar to those who have tried to lead society to better things, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

The story was interpreted with such simplicity that not a jarring note was struck until the very end; at the close, in the last terrible scenes, there were two or three places where one involuntarily closed his eyes and shivered; the realism was too great for a sophisticated spectator to bear. But even in these scenes there was no lack of reverence; there was simply a difference, centuries old, in the way of looking at sacred things.

The first part of the play ended at twelve; the second began at one, and it was five o'clock before the halleluias of the resurrection were sung. During all these hours the audience sat motionless and intent. To a visitor the spectators who came from a distance seemed to feel the pathos of the story far more deeply than the peasants; the latter were quiet and attentive, but they showed no sign of emotion; they seemed to take the tragedy as a matter of course. The fact that the Christ and Peter and John and Judas were men with whom they had played and with whom they worked may have taken from the play the terrible intensity with which it appealed to the spectator from abroad; or it may be that the wide differences of religious education and habit made them less responsive while not less interested. It is quite certain that the English-speaking Protestant must learn and unlearn many things before he can speak intelligently of the religious life of the Roman Catholic peasant in a country like Austria.

With the fall of the curtain the crowd seemed to melt away, and when night fell there was no sound in the little hamlet save the rush of the river. The heavens and the hills seemed to be in a closer fellowship that night because the divine and the human in the life of man had been set forth with such tender and beautiful simplicity.



February

By Sara Andrew Shafer

Photograph by Wallace Nutting

The laggard sun, on frosty morn,
Throws long beams through the stubble corn.
Against the sunset, naked trees
Weave magic bredes and trceries.
From woodman's ax the splinter bounds ;
The flicker's cheery tapping sounds ;
Ice thaws, and in the quickening flood
Are vague, fond hopes of leaf and bud,
When, lo ! like fleck of living sky—
Full-songed, a bluebird sweet flits by !



AN INDIAN BY CHOICE

This is a New York white boy living with the Indians. See page 353.



Among the Navaho

By A. W. Dimock

Illustrated with Photographs by Julian A. Dimock

THIRTY years ago I was present at the councils at Fort Sill which terminated in the surrender of Satanta and Big Tree, Kiowas, to their tribe. There were speeches by Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Buffalo Good, Quirts Quip, and other chiefs of the Kiowas and Comanches, who were present in force. The negotiations were as between equals; the United States finally abandoned its position, surrendered the captives, and thereafter "all went merry as a marriage bell."

On the following day another council was held, this time at the Agency, two miles from the post, at which the Government demanded the surrender of five Comanches who were accused of raiding in Texas. The Agency building was crowded, and surrounded by armed and angry Indians. As I entered, Black Beaver, of the Delawares, with whom I

was acquainted, came to me and told me that the Indians were very angry, there was going to be trouble, and that I had better go away quickly. I saw Jack Stillwell, the young scout of Beecher's Island fame, with whom I had camped, standing by a window, and repeated to him what Beaver advised. Stillwell said there was a good chance of a Canby massacre unless the Commissioner changed his tune. I asked him what he proposed to do when the trouble began. He pointed to his horse, tied just outside the window where we stood, and said that if he was alive *after* the trouble began he would be on that horse. The proceedings of the council, turbulent from the beginning, culminated in a fiery speech by Black Horse, who closed by saying: "Here are the men you want: why don't you take them? You say it means war if we don't give them up;



NAVAHO WOMAN SPINNING

then it may as well begin now." Cartridges were churned into the barrels of Spencer rifles, revolvers drawn, and bows strung, and the lives of half a dozen white men hung by slender threads. I was sitting beside Lone Wolf on a bench near the corner of the room, armed only with a little pocket Derringer, when Iron Mountain, an old Comanche chief with whose band I had recently been camping and hunting buffalo, put his arm around me and drew me into the corner. Other Comanches placed themselves in front of me until I was shut out from the proceedings, to my very considerable relief. A pacific speech by Toshoway, the oldest chief of the Comanches, who interrupted Black Horse, gave the Commissioner the opportunity to withdraw his demand, for which at least one white man was grateful.

This was before the Custer massacre, while yet the Apaches were in a condi-

tion of perennial revolt, and other tribes were living upon Uncle Sam through the winter, buying cartridges of the Indian traders for use in the spring against soldiers and citizens alike. Where this council met are to-day the stations of two great railroad systems. Where I then camped, scores of miles from the habitation of a white man, are now great cities with churches and colleges, elevators and electric lights, banks and opera-houses. Where then buffalo grazed in herds of thousands and tens of thousands are fields of corn and cotton by the square mile, farmed by the white men who lease them from the Indian to-day, but who will own them to-morrow. The wealthy Indian proprietors drive around the country with their families in carriages of every description, not even excepting an occasional hearse. The famous, or infamous, Geronimo occupies a house near Fort Sill, where



A NAVAHO BOY

he grotesquely poses as an imperial prisoner, posturing—for a consideration—for artist or evangelist indifferently. Some of the old prairie dogs may yet be seen near the post; everything else has changed. From substanceless wanderers these Indians have become of the wealthy communities of the world. The Government safeguards their property and rights, and provides lavishly for their secular requirements and the education of their children, perhaps as wisely as defective instruments permit. The field is a favorite of churches and missionaries; a board of distinguished citizens exists in the interest of the Indian; the Sequoia League, named for the Cherokee Cadmus, and incorporated "to make better Indians," keeps tab on the lot. Mr. Charles F. Lummis is President of this league, David Starr Jordan is the head of its executive committee, and

its membership includes a daughter of John C. Fremont, a granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher, Archbishop Ireland, and a score of others of merited distinction. Individual philanthropists labor for and among the Indians—men who encourage them in industrial pursuits, and women who first teach them the use of water and combs, and get around to their spiritual condition later. Sometimes they must preach the gospel of cleanliness to communities whose every drop of water has to be packed six miles. The common purpose is to transform the Indian into a good citizen, make him industrially independent, and incidentally to substitute the complicated necessities of civilization for the simple requirements of the aborigine. From every railroad in his country tourists throw nickels and kodakers toss dimes and dollars to Indians who line the stations, women and children with baskets,



A BURRO TRAIN LOADED WITH WATERMELONS COMES TO TRADE



NAVAHO BOY AND GIRL HERDING SHEEP

with babies, with alleged curios, all with the cry of the daughters of the horse-leech. Appeals are made to Eastern organizations, and car-loads of food are contributed by the charitable for the relief of the suffering Indians. The recipients then trade off the food they do not want for the tobacco and trinkets they do. As we left the Atchison railroad at Cañon Diablo, we met a young New York boy of good family who

pleasing. He has abated his superstitions and laid aside many of his gods to worship the almighty dollar of his white brother.

The subject has been considered from every standpoint excepting—the Indian's. His rights and customs are ignored, his ethics and religion violated, his traditions and prejudices outraged. It might be well to educate him on the lines of his interests and tastes. Well-



"BIG MEDICINE MAN"

wanted to be an Indian. He had succeeded so well in appearance that passengers threw nickels and an orange to him. He promptly threw back the nickels and "soaked" the conductor with the orange. The illustration that precedes this article may carry the first news of him for many months to one who often asks "where is my wandering boy to-night?"

The old fierceness has been battered out of the Indian, but the cringing attitude which has taken its place is not

meaning men have tried to make agriculturists of the Navaho. Give a Navaho fifty acres of land and, excepting for a little corn, it will go uncultivated; but let him have a hundred cattle and horses and a thousand sheep and he and his family will herd them. Yet his methods are primitive and wasteful. His lambs arrive at all seasons, and one-third die of exposure. Interbreeding is slowly ruining his flocks. Sometimes traders buy rams for the Indians and



A TYPICAL NAVAHO INDIAN

make helpful suggestions which the Indians adopt, for the traders inspire their confidence with the same certainty with which the officials excite their distrust. The obnoxious hair-cut order of last year, often carried out by violence, illustrated the official capacity for manufacturing trouble. Young Navaho said, "You may cut off our heads, but it will take soldiers to cut our hair," and older members of the tribe repeated, "Remember Bosque Redondo and our promises." Many gave up employment rather than be degraded.

After a big rain this curious country

of the Navaho is cut up with little cañons ten or twelve feet deep with vertical walls, at the bottom of one of which we found ourselves with a broken wagon. It was late at night, yet a near-by Navaho opened his hogan to us, while his wife prepared a supper of roast horse, roast corn, coffee, and peaches. The little fire of sage-brush that cooked the supper and lit the hogan far into the night while we talked would scarcely have warmed a civilized stove. It shone upon a fine old face, as the Indian talked earnestly to us of his people, his life, his children, and his troubles. His voice

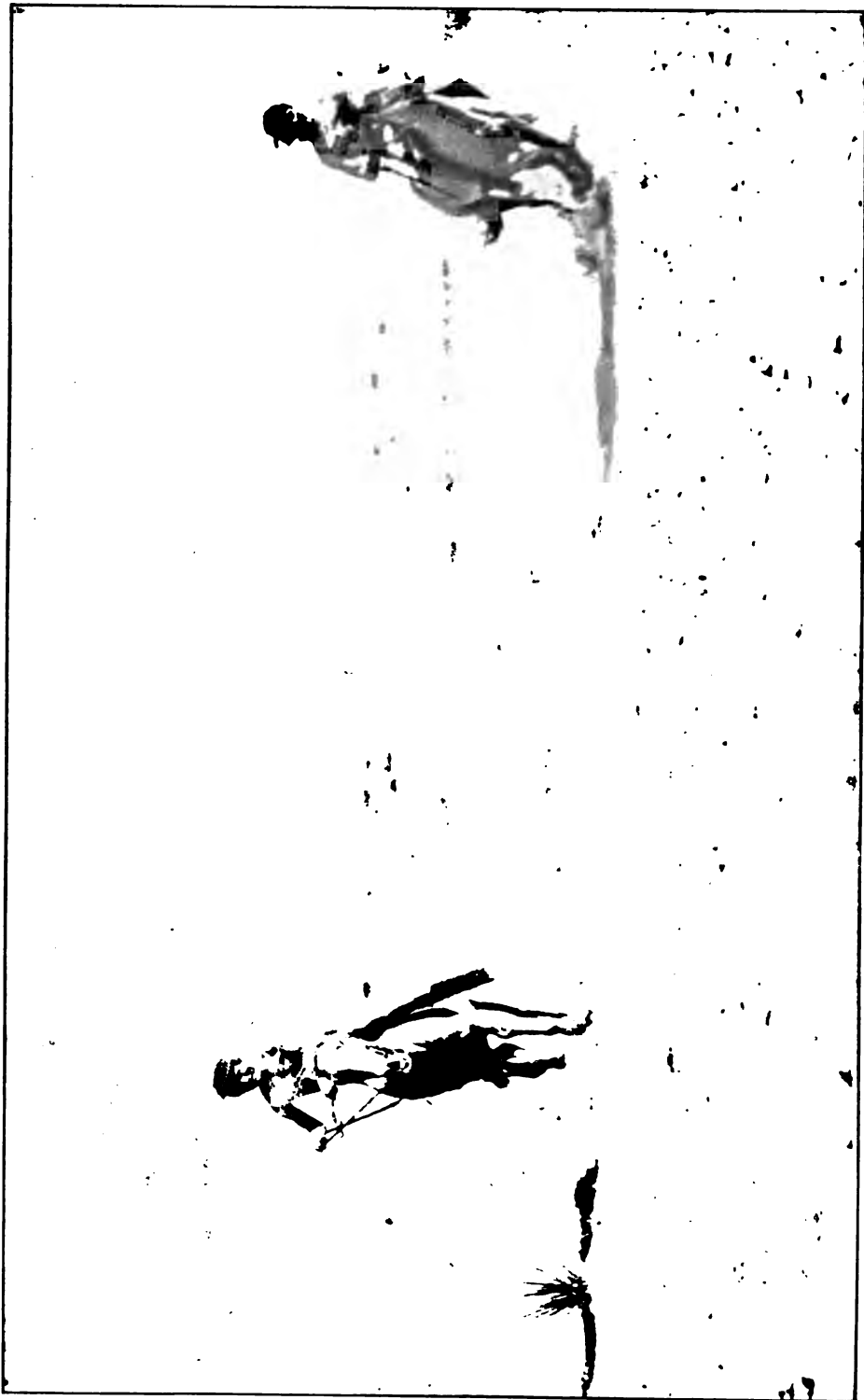
trembled with earnestness as he said that he wanted no help from Washington, only that he might be let alone. He cared for his cattle and his corn, his wife for the sheep and goats, she spun and wove the wool, and they had plenty to eat and skins and blankets to trade. If Washington wished to cut the hair of his children and put them in schools, it could do so, but they ought not to be sent to school with the Mokis, nor far away to be taught to forget him. As he talked, his wife sat opposite him carding wool, often looking up in his face, and sometimes caressing the sleeping baby beside her. The next day, in front of the hogan with her baby beside her, she spun the carded wool into yarn with the aid only of a little stick attached to a small wooden disc. As we were leaving, the Navaho asked me to give him a paper which would tell the agent not to take away from him the home which he had built beside the Little Burro Spring, a spring that he had walled up for the free use of everybody. He said that Washington thought the Navaho were dogs, but liked the Mokis because they told lies and said they liked Ameri-

cans, and that now the Washington agent had told him to give up to Mokis, men of another tribe, his home on the reservation of his own tribe.

"One story is good until another is told," and there may have been reason for the agent's action; but to leave that sense of injustice rankling in the mind of that Indian was to display a want of the tact essential to the proper management of those big children whom we call Indians. One unpractical philanthropist obtained from the Government an appropriation of five thousand dollars to dam the Little Colorado. The dam was built in the sand and rested upon faith, which might have been good from his point of view, but from an engineering standpoint was a bad dam foundation. Of course it went out when the water came in, which happens infrequently, as the river only flows about two months in each year. When we crossed the Little Colorado, the water was fetlock deep and the heat intense, but a day or two later a storm left the ground covered for days with several inches of hailstones, and the river bank-full and unfordable. A friend who crossed with us, compelled to meet a



NAVAHO BOYS TAMING AN UNBROKEN HORSE



A RACE BETWEEN NAVAHO BOYS

lecture engagement, had to swim a stream that swept him well down among the quicksands below the ford. If the dam had stood, it would have been worthless, for the water of this portion of the Little Colorado is so alkaline that even the Mormons could not utilize it, and its quicksands each year swallow cattle and sheep by the thousand. The money wasted on this dam would have established a score of wells with pumps, each of which would have made available grazing territory with a radius of ten miles. I know of a well of this kind established by private enterprise, with a pump which is seldom at rest. Navaho boys and girls bring their flocks of sheep and goats to the troughs provided, and pump by the hour until the animals are satisfied. Mounted on ponies or burros, these children who herd the sheep are a happy lot. A Navaho boy of eight or ten years requires no saddle, and can improvise a bridle from a bit of rope. He climbs the foreleg of the pony, then swings by the mane to the neck, and scrambles on his back. If he tumbles off, he rolls like a ball from under the pony's feet, but seldom lets go of the rope. Often a girl will swing down from her saddle to pick up a motherless lamb, while her small brother captures an old sheep or goat, which is then compelled to nurse the foundling.

Of the Indians of the Southwest the Navaho are the manliest and the least civilized. Once warlike, they were starved into submission by Kit Carson and his command in 1864, and were confined at Bosque Redondo. After four years of homesickness and some scurvy, they promised to be good and were sent home. To this day "Remember Bosque Redondo" from the lips of one who *does* remember cools the young Navaho blood.

The Navaho are superstitious—like other imaginative people. They believe in an invisible supreme being, but have different gods for special uses—crops, stock, etc. They believe that a goddess now lives in the Pacific Ocean, who planted a Navaho boy and girl on the top of a mountain which appeared just above the ocean, and afterwards came back and brought them cattle, sheep,

and other animals. They have a superstitious reverence for the sun, moon, and stars. The medicine man goes out from his ceremony and says he sees the sun; then the patient gets well. The Navaho will not willingly kill anything except for food, not even a rattlesnake. He would no more step over the trail of the snake than some civilized women would sit at table in a company of thirteen. They believe in their medicine men and delight in their incantations quite as a civilized spiritualist enjoys his séances. One night I visited a hogan (the wigwam of the Southwest) to see a medicine man cure the sore eyes of a woman. Men and women sat around the outer wall, while children roasted corn at the fire in the middle of the room. The woman to be cured sat on a sheepskin with her young baby in her arms. Beside her the medicine man shook a rattle of turquoises and shells within a dried gourd, and led a monotonous but not unmelodious chant in which the men in the room joined. On the ground were bags of tobacco and cigarette-papers. An up-lifted paper meant "pass the tobacco." The medicine man made a mess of herbs and powders in a basin of water, and anointed, exhaustively, both woman and baby. The baby received the attention with the gravity of a graven image, until the soles of its feet were touched, when it squirmed and screamed like an infant of civilization. Mother and child finally drank the decoction. The New York boy with Indian proclivities and long hair said to the woman, "Why don't you stop this nonsense?" She replied, "Why don't your Government cut your hair?" After forty-eight hours of mummary the Indian woman assured me that her eyes were cured. I thought of an old friend, once a clergyman, afterwards a Christian Scientist, whose little daughter was reading in my library, with the pages of her book nearly touching her nose. "Your father must take you to an oculist; those near-sighted eyes need glasses." The myopic orbs were turned upon me as she replied, "I'm not near-sighted now; I used to be, but Christian Science cured me." Lifting the blanket that served as the door to a hogan, there sat before me a man

making medicine for the cure of a sick child. The little one, obviously dying, lay in the lap of its mother, whose startled face voiced the hopelessness that had just come to her. As I turned from the room where I felt I had no right to stay, there was a low moan from the mother, who drew her blanket over her head—the child was dead.

Hospitality is a matter of course with these people. If you are near a hogan at meal-time and are hungry, you stop there. You sit on the ground by the fire and help yourself to roast horse, lamb, or beef. While an Indian woman was broiling some mutton from a sheep which she had just killed that we might be fed, we were using the camera. Our New York Indian said to her, "He's taking your picture, and your head is away from him." "That's the way I want my picture taken," was her reply; and later as we were eating she said, "Now I'll take your picture while you eat."

The man of influence among the Indians is the trader. There are Indian villages from which a white man is turned back unless he has a paper from a certain trader, and where a pass from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs would be waste paper. He is their adviser, confessor, and banker. I had a prejudice against Indian traders, extending over thirty years, but I saw one walk half a mile to break into a locked hogan for the use of three children who were herding their flocks far from home. He told them he would make it all right with the owner of the hogan, who was a friend of his. He gave flour, baking-powder, salt, sugar, and coffee to a woman who said she was hungry and had no money.

"It's all good business," said he. "I live by these people; they are good to me and I am good to them." As we talked a Navaho boy rode up to the

store and with much earnestness told the trader that two Mokis had stolen his brother's coat, and asked him to get it back. Half an hour later the Mokis, with burros burdened with watermelons, came to trade. The trader accused them of having stolen the coat. Butter wouldn't have melted in their mouths as they denied having seen the coat, and opened their packs for inspection. "Never mind your packs, take off your saddles," said the trader. Under a saddle-blanket was the coat, which was returned to the boy, who pointed out that the silver buttons had been cut from the coat. Again the Mokis professed ignorance, until the trader told them that their burros would go to his corral and stay there until the buttons were found. When the buttons were forthcoming, the trader said, "Now I will show you what it costs to be thieves," and gave their largest melon to the Navaho boy to pay him for having to ride eight miles for the coat. He broke two other melons upon the ground and invited the Indians present to help themselves.



BURROS

A trader's store is a good place to study the Indian. A young enthusiast from the East, a member of the Sequoia League, stays all day behind the counter of a trader friend, and writes up vocabularies all the evening. He is in the way of learning the language if he does not ruin his friend by his trades, and has already modified his views of the confiding nature which makes the Indian the easy victim of the unscrupulous trader. One night he good-naturedly opened the store after it had been closed to allow an Indian, whose request he did not understand, to point out on the shelves the thing he wanted. The Indian only wanted a drink of water. The young man hailed from an athletic college, and was always ready to ride the bucking broncos of the Indians, and

once challenged their champion runner to a hundred-yard dash. I refereed the affair. Two Indian girls left their flocks to act as seconds for their countryman, their duties consisting in helping him to dress, in the ultra-fashionable meaning of the word. They held up the game until their offered bets of a silver button, the equivalent of a dime, had been taken, and the coins deposited with the trader who acted as stakeholder. The contestants agreed to start themselves, but the troubles of Babel possessed them, and it was only after half a dozen false starts that they came flying down the course. It was a dead heat, as I explained to the dissatisfaction of everybody, especially the girls, who were sure their champion had won.

There was an unbroken horse in the corral which was counted an "outlaw," and a young Navaho was invited to ride him. He was allowed help to saddle the horse, but was forbidden to choke him after the method of the Indians in breaking their own ponies. He conquered the horse, but sat through a bucking performance that left blood running from both his nostrils. Some system of wireless telegraphy brought a lot of Navaho youngsters from considerable distances to see the bronco-busting and the foot-race. They raced for us on foot and on their ponies, picked up handkerchiefs

from the ground while riding at full speed, and wrestled. In the evening there was music on a flageolet, singing and dancing in American style, all of which the young Navaho imitated with glee, and then danced for us after the fashion of their own people, until, in the small hours, the trader stopped the performance by turning the boys loose among his watermelons, after which they rolled themselves in blankets on the prairie beside the store.

In the morning, after a breakfast for which they brought the water and did the work, one after another of the lot of bright-faced youngsters mounted his pony, thanked us as nearly as he could in our language, and laughed with delight at our attempts to reply in his. I thought of the knights of the rueful countenance I had seen in the Indian schools, with their cropped hair and their neat clothing; of the round-ups that kept the rolls full, when the superintendent, as one of them told me, found the truant children by the crying in the houses; of the two youngsters who were captured ninety miles from their school by an Indian agent, an Indian policeman, and two cowboys, who found it easy to follow their trail—for it led to their homes—and it seemed to me that I had found the line of least resistance in the treatment of the Navaho.

To the Friendliest of Poets

By George Herbert Clarke

Chaucer, kind heart, who with the score and ten
Laughed your long way through Kent's a-greening fields,
So mild, my gentleman! yet your arch pen
Its ancient freshness yields.

Life was to you no dreary heaviness,
No, nor a fretting puzzle for the mind;
You saw the best and worst, and both would bless,
For both were of mankind.

The "smale fowles" lusty would be singing,
The summoner his "stif burdoun" would bear,
But in your poet-soul the music ringing
Was sure the sweetest there.

Maister of words, and lover of the human,
Refresh us ever with your vernal prime;
A tonic draught for us, or man or woman—
Your frank and winsome rhyme!



"THE GONDOLA BESIDE THE WATER DOOR"

Venice

By Henry Atkins

This is the magic place of all the world!
Imagination's very dream come true.
Could those great flags against the church unfurled
Elsewhere have countered such delicious blue?
Only Enchantment, gayly in control
Of all things wonderful, could reunite
Such color, form, material, and soul—
Unveil a second Venice to the sight!

That gondola beside the water door
Of the Palazzo—moored beneath the trees—
There's sheer enchantment—what could move you more?
Its very mirror, trembling to the breeze,
Seems more substantial: see above the wall
Pomegranates, oleanders, pearl and red—
Watch its reflection mount to meet the fall
Of every dropping petal, wept or bled!

And domes and towers, and Art in its own clime—
Art of uplifted stone and brush and pen—
These are the past, wonders of that old time
When gods still went among the sons of men.
Then Venice bloomed, the blossom of the hour—
The last sweet petal at its heart uncurled;
Slowly they fall—but still how fair the flower!
This is the magic place of all the world!

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen

By Jacob A. Riis

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter X.—What He is Like Himself

NOW that by good luck I have after all presented in something like orderly fashion the main facts in Theodore Roosevelt's career—of which every one knows more or less, and which he regards as more or less significant, according to his attitude toward the old college professor's prediction, many years ago, that his students might rate our people's fitness for self-government by the headway Roosevelt made with his ideals and ambitions—

now that we have got so far, I can hear my reader ask: "But about himself; about the man, the friend? You promised to tell us. We want to know." And so you shall. I am going to tell you now—at least, I am going to try. Here, a whole week, have I been walking about the garden, upon which winter had laid its rude hand, and put all the flowers to sleep; only the wild thyme I brought down from the Berkshire Hills stands green and fragrant, as does the sunny field where I dug it, in my memory

ever. A whole week have I walked about among the bare bushes, poking in the dead leaves, trying to think how. Something very learned and grand had come into my head. But how can you analyze your friend? Men's minds and men's motives you may analyze, if you care and have a taste that way—and a pretty mess you will make of it more than half the time. But resolve a sunbeam, or a tear, into its original elements, and what do you get? So much oxygen, perhaps; so much salt—let the chemist tell in his learned phrase; and when all is told your sunbeam and your tear have escaped you. Whatever else you have, them you have not. No, I shall not try that. I shall tell you of him just as I knew him. I like him best that way, anyhow—just as he is.

But first let me give fair warning; if there be any among my readers still-hunting for special privilege, let him get off right here; for he won't like him. Whether it be the Trust that has nothing to conceal—dear me, no!—yet most strenuously objects to the public knowing about its business; the corporation with franchises paying big dividends but no taxes; the labor leader who has stared himself blind upon the dividends, and to whom the pearly gates shall not swing unless they have the union label on them; or the every-day dolt who must have the railroad track between himself and his brother of darker skin, of different faith or tongue or birthplace; who, like the woman of the Four Hundred in Philadelphia, "must be buried in St. Peter's churchyard because, really, on resurrection day she must rise with her own set"—whichever his own particular folly in this land of no privilege and of an equal chance, and wherever found, he will be against Roosevelt, instinctively and always.

Such a man will fight Roosevelt at the polls and in the convention; he will bet his money against him, and pour it out like water across every party line that held him before, and by the measure of his success we can grade our own grip on the ideal of the Republic. That was what the professor I spoke of meant, and he was right. And so are they, according to their light. Roosevelt is

their enemy, the enemy forever of all for which they stand.

Because he stands for fair play; for an even chance to all who would use it for their own and for their country's good; for a broad Americanism that cares nothing for color, creed, or the wherefrom of the citizen, so that, now he is here, he be an American in heart and soul; an Americanism that reaches down to hard-pan. "Ultimately," he said at Grant's Tomb, when Governor of New York—"ultimately, no nation can be great unless its greatness is laid on foundations of righteousness and decency." And at Syracuse on Labor Day I saw ten thousand stirred by his words: "If alive to their true interests, rich and poor alike will set their faces like flint against the spirit which seeks personal advantage by overriding the laws, whether that spirit shows itself in the form of bodily violence by one set of men or in the form of vulpine cunning by another set of men." These are his professions. I know how they square with his practice, for I have seen the test put to him a hundred times in little things and in great, and never once did he fail to ask the question, if there was any doubt about it, after all was said and done, "Which is right?" And as it was answered, so was the thing done.

His ambition? Yes, he has that. Is it to be President? He would like to sit in the White House, elected by the people, for no man I ever met has so real and deep a belief in the ultimate righteousness of the people, in their wish to do the thing that is right, if it can be shown them. But it is not that. If I know anything of the man, I know this: that he would fight in the ranks to the end of life for the things worth fighting for, rather than reach out a hand to grasp the Presidency, if it were to be had as the price of one of the principles upon which his life has been shaped in the sight of us all. He might, indeed, quarrel with the party of a lifetime, for he would as little surrender his conscience to a multitude of men as to one,¹ and he has said that he does not num-

¹ Governor Roosevelt's speech to the West Side Republican Club, New York, March, 1899.

ber party loyalty with the Ten Commandments, firmly as he holds to it to get things done. Party allegiance is not a compelling force with him; he is the compelling force. "I believe very firmly," he said to the State Bar Association in New York, in 1899, "that I can best render aid to my party by doing all that in me lies to make that party responsive to the needs of the people; and just so far as I work along those lines I have the right to challenge the support of every decent man, no matter what his party may be." That is his platform, always was. In matters of mere opinion I can conceive of his changing clear around, if he were shown that he was wrong. I should expect it; indeed, I do not see how he could help it. It was ever more important to him to be right, and to do right, than to be logical and consistent.

And that really is his ambition, has been since the day he rose in the Assembly Hall at Albany and denounced the conspirators of his own party and of the other to their faces; to do the right, and to so do it in the sight of his fellow-men that they shall see that it is the right and follow it; that the young, especially, shall make the high and the right choice at the beginning of life that puts ever more urgent questions to the succeeding generations. That is the mainspring and the motive. "Because he thinks he is so much better than all the rest?" I can hear my cynical neighbor ask. No, but because to him life is duty first, always; because it gave him certain advantages of birth, of education, of early associations, for which he owes a return to his day and to his people. I wish to God more of us felt like that; for until we do, our Republic will be more of a name and of an empty boast than we have any right to let it be. Sometimes, when, in the effort of class privilege to assert itself here as everywhere, the fear comes over me that it will not last, I find comfort in the notion that it has hardly yet begun, and that it cannot be that He in whose wise purpose men must grow through struggling, will let it pass so soon. A hundred years of the Republic, and we are only beginning to understand that what it

was meant to mean, and alone can be made to mean, is opportunity; that the mere fact of political freedom is in itself of little account, but can be made of ever so much; that different levels there will be in a democracy as in a monarchy, but not of rank nor, indeed, of wealth, though for a while it may seem so; but according to our grasp of the idea of the responsibilities of citizenship and its duties and standards. There is the cleavage, and his is the highest level who would serve all the rest. Service to his fellow-men; that is the keynote to Roosevelt's life, as faith in the Republic and love of country are its burning fire. Well did President Eliot, when he bestowed upon him the degree of his Alma Mater, call him a "true type of the sturdy gentleman and high-minded public servant in a democracy."

There! I freed my mind, anyhow. I was thinking, when I spoke of consistency, of the fellows who mistake stubbornness for principle, and what a beautiful mess they make of it. There came one of that kind to the Board of Health in Brooklyn, and wanted his landlord compelled to put a broken window-pane in. The landlord said it was not in the lease and he wouldn't do it. And for two weeks his wife had been sleeping under it, in danger of pneumonia every hour of the night.

"But," said they, "have you let her sleep there all this time without putting in the pane?"

"Yes, sir!" said he. "Yes, sir! I did it on principle!"

But about himself. You know how he looks. To my mind, he is the handsomest man I ever saw; and I know I am right, for my wife says so too, and that settles it. Which reminds me of the time I lectured in a New York town, with a deaf man in the audience who was no friend of Roosevelt. The chairman introduced me with the statement that he had heard that the Governor called me "the most useful man in New York." My friend with the ear-trumpet didn't quite catch it, and was in high dudgeon after the meeting.

"Didn't I tell you Teddy Roosevelt ain't got no sense?" he cried. "The idea of calling that man Riis the most

beautiful man in New York! Why, he is as plain as can be."

By handsome I do not mean beautiful, but manly. Stern he may, indeed, appear at times, though to my mind nearly all his portraits do him hideous injustice in that respect. I have seen but two that were wholly himself. One was a pen-sketch of him on horseback at the head of his men, climbing some mountain ridge. There he had on his battle face, the dark look I have seen come in the middle of some pleasant chat with gay friends. I knew then that he was alone, and that the burden was upon him, and I felt always as if, upon some pretext, any pretext, I would like to get him away where he could be by himself for awhile. The other, curiously, was an old campaign poster from the days when he ran for Governor. It hung over my desk till the boys in the office, who used to decorate the volunteers' slouch-hat with more bows than a Tyrolese swain ever wore to the village fair, made an end of it, to my great grief. For it was the only picture of him I ever saw that had the smile his friends love. There was never another like it. And it is for them only. I have come into a room packed full of people crowding to speak with him, and seen it light up his face as with a ray of sunshine from a leaden sky, and his hand go up in the familiar salute I meet out West nowadays, but nowhere else. Odd how people, even those who should know him well, can misunderstand. "I saw him several times in Colorado," wrote one who likes him, after his recent Western trip, "and he pleased me very much by his growing tenderness toward men and animals. His chief weakness has always seemed to me his almost cruel strength." To me he has always seemed as tender as a woman. Perhaps they had been on the hunting-trail together; or on one of his long Washington walks that were the terror of his friends. I am told they lay awake nights, some of them, trembling for fear he might pick *them* out next.

By contrast there comes to me the recollection of a walk we took together in the woods out at Oyster Bay. It was after I had been sick, and some one had

told him that I could not walk very fast, and must not, any more. So I infer; for we had not gone five furlongs at the old clipping gait, he a little ahead, thrashing through the bushes, when he suddenly came back and, taking my arm, walked very slowly, telling me something with great earnestness, to cover up his remorse. I have never anywhere met a man so anxiously considerate of a friend's weakness as he ever was and is, though happily in this instance there was no need of it. I have been learning to ride these days, and ride hard, to show him, and also to have the fun of going out with him again. I cannot think of anything finer.

It seems to me, when I think back now, that all the time I have known him, with all the burden and care of such a career as his on his shoulders, he was forever planning some kind act toward a friend, carrying him and his concerns with him incessantly amid the crowding of a thousand things. His memory is something prodigious. I happened once to mention to him that when next I came to Washington I would bring my little boy.

"And don't forget," I said, "when you see him to ask if he goes regularly to Sunday-school." To his laughing inquiry I made answer that the lad would occasionally be tempted by the sunshine and some game up by the golf-grounds, whereupon I would caution him to keep his record clear against the day when he would see the President, who, being the boys' as well as the papas' President, would naturally ask him if he "went regular." And of course he must back me up in this; for little boys remember, too. The thing had long since gone out of my head when I brought Vivi to the White House; but not so with him. He took him between his knees and asked him, first thing, if he went to Sunday-school like a good boy; and so the day and my reputation were saved, and the boy made happy; for he *had* kept his slate clean.

It was at that visit that, after a thorough inspection of the premises, the President asked the lad what he thought of the White House.

"Pretty good," said he. "But I like

better to ride up and down in the elevator at the hotel." It was his first experience with an elevator, and he made full use of it.

The President considered him thoughtfully a moment. What visions of politicians and delegations passed before his mind's eye I know not; but it was with almost a half sigh that he said: "So would I, my boy, sometimes."

That slouch hat of his, by the way, at which some folks took umbrage, at the Philadelphia Convention, I don't believe he gave as much thought to, in all the years he wore it, or one like it, as did those good people in the three or four days of the convention. He did not wear it because the rough riders did, but because it is his natural head-gear. He began it in Mulberry Street, and he has kept it up ever since. He hates a stove-pipe, and so do I; but I thought to honor him especially one day, when I was going traveling with him, by putting on mine; and all I got for it was, when General Greene got into the carriage with a straw hat on, a deep sigh of relief and an "Oh, I am so glad you didn't come in a top-hat," with a malicious gleam toward me. Next time I leave it home. Perhaps it was to pay me for being late. He had arranged to pick me up at my home station, when going through to the city; but his train was a full half-hour ahead of time, and who could have foreseen that? What other President, do you suppose, would have waited fifteen minutes at the depot with his special train while he sent up to the house for me, and then received me with a laugh?

That was characteristic of him, both the waiting and the being ahead of time. It was night, and there was nothing on the road to hinder, so he just slammed through. In that also he is a typical American in the best sense: given a thing to be done, he makes sure of the way and then goes ahead and does it. "The way to do a thing is to do it," might be his motto; it certainly is his way. But the man who concludes from that that he runs at it headlong makes the mistake of his life. I know absolutely no man who so carefully weighs all the chances for and against, ever

with the one dominating motive in the background—"Is it right?"—to steer him straight. In the Police Department he surprised me over and over again by his quick grasp and mastery of things until then foreign to his experience. He would propose some action and turn it over to me for review because I had been there twenty years to his one; and I would point out reefs I thought he had forgotten. But not he; he had charted them all, thought of every contingency, and done it all in an hour, when I would be poring over the problem for days, perhaps weeks. And when it had all been gone over he would say:

"There! we will do it. It is the best we can do. If it turns out that there is anything wrong, we will do it over again." But I do not remember that he ever had to.

Mere pride of opinion he has none. No one ever estimated his own powers, his own capacities, more modestly than he. Something I said one day brought this matter up, and few things have touched me as did the humility with which this strong man said, "I know the very ordinary kind of man I am to fill this great office. I know that my ideals are commonplace. I can only insist upon them as fundamental, for they are that. Not in the least doing anything great, I can try, and I am trying, to do my duty on the level where I am put, and, so far as I can see the way, the whole of it." And I thought of his talk to the New York Chamber of Commerce on the "homely virtues" as a solvent of our industrial and other problems, and his counsel to every good citizen to be able and willing to "pull his own weight." He has to pull the weight of all of us along with his own. If these plain sketches help some who do not know him to make out how patiently, how thoughtfully he labors at it, how steadfastly he is on guard, I shall be glad I wrote them.

As I am writing this now, there comes to mind really the finest compliment I ever heard paid him, and quite unintentionally. The lady who said it was rather disappointed, it seemed. She was looking for some great hero in whom to embody all her high ideals,

and, said she, "I always wanted to make Roosevelt out that; but, somehow, every time he did something that seemed really great, it turned out, upon looking at it closely, that it *was only just the right thing to do.*" I would not want a finer thing said of me when my work is done. I am glad I thought of it, for I know that he would not, either. And it comes as near as anything could to putting him just right.

Perhaps a good reason why he grasps things so quickly and correctly is that he looks for and tries to get at the underlying principles of them; deals with them on the elementary basis of right and fitness, divested of all the conceit and the flummery which beset so many things that come to the Executive of a great nation. I had gone out to see him at Oyster Bay, heavy with the anxieties of mothers all over the land who had sons soldiering in the Philippines. There was news of fighting every day, but only the names of the killed or wounded officers came by cable. There was a War Department order against sending those of the privates who fell, or who died of cholera; and it resulted that when, say, Company H of the Fifteenth Regiment had been in a battle, every mother who had a boy serving in that command went shivering with fear for six long weeks before the mails brought word whether her boy was among the "thirteen private soldiers" who fell, or not. I had been asked to put the case to the President, and get him to cut the red tape, if possible; but, against expectation, I found a tableful of soldiers and statesmen at lunch, and I saw clearly enough that it would be hard to get the President's ear long enough.

But, as luck would have it, I was put beside General Young, fine old warrior, whom I had met before, and I told him of what was on my heart. He knew of no such order when he was in the Philippines, and we got into quite a little argument about it, which I purposely dragged out till there was a lull in the talk at the President's end of the table, and I saw him looking my way. I asked him if he knew of the order.

"What order?" said he; and I told

him—told him of the mothers fretting for their boys all over the land. He looked up quickly at Adjutant-General Corbin, who sat right opposite. It was what I wanted. *He* knew.

"General," said Mr. Roosevelt, "is there such an order?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said he, "there is."

"Why?" President Roosevelt wastes few words when in earnest about anything.

General Corbin explained that it was a measure of economy. The telegraph tolls were heavy. An officer had a code word, just one, to pay for, whereas to send the whole name and place of a private soldier under the Pacific Ocean might easily cost, perhaps, twenty-five dollars. The President heard him out.

"Corbin," he said, "can you telegraph from here to the Philippines?"

The General thought he might wait till he got to Washington; he was going in an hour.

"No," said the President; "no, we will not wait. Send the order to have the names telegraphed, now. Those mothers gave the best they had to their country. We will not have them breaking their hearts for twenty-five dollars or for fifty. Save the money somewhere else."

And he sent one of his rare smiles across the table, that made my heart light, and many another, from Maine to Texas. The order went out from the table then and there, and, before we had finished our luncheon, was speeding under the sea to the far East.

I was an unintentional listener that day to the instructions Generals Young and Corbin received for their interview with Emperor William; they were about to go abroad. I doubt if ever greeting from the Executive of one great country to the head of another was more informal than that, and, equally, if there ever was a heartier.

"Tell him," said the President—"tell the Emperor that I would like to see him ride at the head of his troops. By George, I would! And give him my hearty regards. Some day we shall yet have a spin together."

I hope they may. Those who know

Mr. Roosevelt and have met the Emperor say that in much they are alike: two strong, masterful young men of honest, resolute purpose, and the faith in it that gets things done. But they face different ways: the one toward the past, with its dead rule, "by the grace of God;" the other to the light of the new day of the living democracy that in its fullness shall make of the man a king in his own right, by his undimmed manhood, please God.

I am told that the generals carried out their instructions in the spirit in which they were given, to the great delight of the Emperor, who asked General Corbin if he had ever before been in Germany. The General said, not in that part of it.

"Which part, then?" asked the Emperor.

"In Cincinnati and St. Louis, your Majesty," responded the General, and the Emperor laughed till his sides shook. His brother had told him about those cities.

We went home in the same train, and General Young and I sat together in the car. I had been reading the "Sunday-School Times," and it lay on the opposite seat, so that the General could read the title. He regarded it fixedly for a while, then poked it cautiously with the end of his stick, as who should say, "I wonder—now—what—" I read him like a book, fighting-man to the finger-tips that he is, but said nothing until curiosity got the better of him, and he asked some question about it. Then I reached out for the paper.

"Oh, yes, General! This is the paper for you. See here"—and I pointed to a column telling of all the big fighters in the Old Testament, the Maccabees and the rest, with their battles in chronological order, and what they were about. The old warrior's eyes kindled.

"Well, I never!" he said, and took the paper up with an evident respect that contrasted comically with his gingerly way of before. The General of the army will forgive me for telling on him. He has my heartiest friendship and regard. I expect to see him yet conduct a Sunday-school on Maccabean lines, and we shall all be glad. For

that is what we and the Sunday-school want.

But though ordinarily President Roosevelt is the most democratic of men, he does not lack a full measure of dignity when occasion requires it. The man whom I had seen telling stories of his regiment to a school full of little Italian boys in the Sullivan Street slum, had, a little while after the interview with the generals, to receive a delegation from the French people, and it happened that one of the guests of that day was present. He told me that he never was prouder of the President and of his people than when he saw him meet the distinguished strangers. And so were they. They spoke of it as the honor of a lifetime to be received by President Roosevelt.

It is just the human feeling that levels all differences and makes kin of all who have claim to the brotherhood; searches out and lays hold of the good streak in man wherever it is found. It accounts for the patience I have known him to exercise where no one would have expected it; and it accounts, to my way of thinking, for the friendships that have existed between him and some men as far from his way of thinking in all other respects as one could well imagine. I know. I ever had a soft spot for "Paddy" Divver, with whom I disagreed in all things that touched his public life as fundamentally as that was possible. But there was a mighty good streak in "Paddy," for all his political ill-doings. As a police judge he came as near doing ideal justice in all matters that had nothing to do with politics as any man who ever sat on the bench, and he was not bothered in his quest by the law half as much. I remember—but no, "Paddy" is dead, and the story shall remain untold. Some would not understand; but I did, for I had in mind the Kadi administering justice in the gate, and this fellow needed that kind if the law *was* powerless to reach him.

I told the President when, at his recent visit to Ellis Island, he had personally heard the case of a woman detained under the rules, but whom my friend on the police bench would have discharged with a ten-dollar bill in her

pocket, that his judgment was almost equal to "Paddy's," whereat he laughed in amusement, for our dealings—"Paddy's" and mine—had been the cause of his poking fun at me before. But when I told him of what befell me in Chicago on a visit there, he said he should presently have to cut my acquaintance, and I was bound to agree with him. I had gone to the ball of the Hon. Bath-house John's constituents, to see the show; and when their great leader heard of my being from New York, nothing was too good for me. Evidently he took me for "one of the b'ys," for when the champagne had opened wide the floodgates of liberality and companionship, he ad-

dressed me confidentially in this wise: "B'y, the town is yours! Take it in. Go where ye like; do with it what ye like. And if ye run up against trouble—ye know, the b'ys will have their little scrap with the police—come to me for bail—any crime! any crime!"

Say not that the freedom of the city by the lake has not been conferred upon me. It has. Even Mayor Harrison will have to own it.

But this chapter has outrun its space, and I haven't yet said what I had in mind concerning Theodore Roosevelt. I will drop reminiscences and settle right down to it now.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Bright Green Pole

By Alice Ward Bailey

THE arbor-vitæ hedge between Henry Coleman's and Rob Turner's measured five feet nine. Rob, measuring six feet, could look over it; Henry, measuring five feet eight, had to stand on a soap-box which he kept for that purpose concealed under the hedge. They had been friends since childhood, since the adjoining estates had been purchased by their fathers. Henry was four years the senior, a priority which did not count now, but which placed them in different sets when they were younger, and rendered the big boy's kindness to the little one a condescension. A man cannot very well condescend to a fellow who tops him by half a head, although, it must be owned, Rob preserved the traditions of his boyhood in seeking Henry's advice upon nearly every topic which concerned him. He was seeking it this morning so early that he whistled several times before Henry appeared.

There was a troubled look in Rob's dark eyes, and he kept plucking little twigs from the hedge and throwing them aimlessly away.

"She has me in a box," he said, "and she knows it." He glanced nervously over his shoulder in the direction of the house.

"She can't hear you," returned Coleman, reassuringly. "She's banging away at the kitchen stove."

"That's another thing," exclaimed Rob. "I didn't realize she was so noisy until I began to hear every sound for May and the boy. Twice a day, regularly, she takes that stove apart. I find her bending over it, peering into the entrails, taking the omens. Then she claps it together and bangs it, as she's doing now."

"I should think you'd be glad to be rid of her."

"I should."

"Then why don't you let her go?"

"Hang it, there's no one else!"

"Pay her the extra dollar, then."

"She isn't worth it, and I can't afford to, and I won't," replied Rob, arranging his reasons according to their strength.

"You'll have to come around to a Pole."

"I can't do it," Rob answered. "I can't ask May to train a Pole."

"Do it yourself."

"You'd like to see me, wouldn't you?"

"It isn't such an enormous undertaking; they're quick to learn."

"Much you know about it. Margaret trained Zofia. You didn't have anything to do with it."

"I could have," declared Henry.

"Besides," said Rob, "there aren't any."

"Yes, the Browns are going South. You can get theirs. She's been in this country over a year."

"We-ell, I'll think of it," said Rob, and walked away, leaving Henry to kick the soap-box under the hedge and re-enter the house.

"I wish Margaret was here," he soliloquized. Mrs. Coleman had taken her maid and gone to her mother's, where illness, dearth of servants, and a houseful of fatherless children implored her aid.

"I wish Margaret was here," he repeated. "She and Zofia could train a girl in twenty-four hours." He really believed they could.

Rob knew better. He had heard through his wife Mrs. Coleman's version of the story of Zofia's training. His heart sank as he mounted the stairs to his wife's room. He was still anxious about her. She looked up brightly as he entered, but that didn't signify. May would look up brightly if she were at the last gasp. He glanced inquiringly at Miss Galloway, the nurse. She nodded encouragingly.

"But I wouldn't let her talk much," she said, as she left the room.

As soon as they were alone together, Rob took his wife and child in his arms. The moment was too blissful for any hazard, and yet, in spite of himself, he let out a sigh which was not one of content.

"What is it, dear?" inquired his wife, tenderly. "Don't be afraid to tell me. I am quite strong now. Has anything more been broken?"

"Only the partnership," returned Rob, humorously. "Bridget and I have dissolved. I've decided to give up Irish Home Rule."

"Have you—any one in view?" inquired May, quietly, but her heart was beating an accelerando.

"Yes," Rob replied, confidently. "A *bright green Pole*."

May laughed, as she was expected to do.

"I should prefer some other color," she said, faintly.

"So should I," he acknowledged.

"But Henry thinks we'll like her."

"Margaret had a time teaching hers."

"You sha'n't," returned Rob, stoutly. "I'll teach her myself."

"Oh, Rob!"

"I will. She'll be all taught when you come downstairs. You're not to think about it—! Did you ever feel anything so soft?" He touched with a diffident forefinger the top of his infant son's head.

Within a week Bridget went and Boronoça came, all smiles and blushes, to be instructed by this strange American man who used so many unintelligible words and was so very kind. He appeared to have the greatest confidence in her; she met it with corresponding zeal.

"How does she do?" inquired Henry the morning after, over the hedge.

"Do? Why, man, it's marvelous! She had a fire in the kitchen stove at five o'clock, without any one's calling her, and I had forgotten to give her any kindling—'little kindles' she calls them—so she split them herself."

"Of course you don't want to do any of those things. They expect to do them." Henry pulled complacently at his pipe.

"I've come to the conclusion," said Rob, humbly, "that the reason Poles are disliked is because they make such demands upon our ability to teach them."

Henry smiled.

"Yes, sir," continued Rob. "We defend ourselves with criticism. We feel our shortcomings. I never saw such an appetite for work."

"I thought you'd like her," said Henry, modestly. "You'll have to teach her, but—"

"Teach her?" cried Rob. "All I have to do is to give her a hint and off she goes like a trout with a line. I have to keep 'paying out;' she'll take any amount. Yes, May's doing finely, and the boy is *great*!"

Rob went towards the house as if he trod on air. The next morning he came again, not quite so exuberant in his praise.

"She's *all right*," he said, hesitatingly, "but—she's a '*plunger*.' She assumes to know everything, and of course she can't."

"She wants to please you," said Henry.

"Yes, I know," was his reply. "But she makes such wild dashes at things, and then they're not always right. I hate to say much, she's so easily discouraged; but, then, she's just as easily set up again. But, say, aren't they queer? Does yours rap on a loaf of bread to see if it's done, and listen to it like a robin at a worm-hole? It was good bread, though, Henry. I showed her how to make it, myself."

"How'd you know?"

"Read up. I tell you this is an education which works both ways. Lucky it's my vacation. Good-by."

Two days passed before he came again. Henry was about to go around by the road to inquire into the cause, when he heard the familiar whistle.

"What's up?" he asked, as Rob's curly head appeared above the hedge.

"Nothing much," was the noncommittal reply.

"The Pole?"

Rob nodded. "Do you know that they'll lie?" he asked.

"Oh yes," returned Henry, nonchalantly. "They lie in all languages. Did you think they didn't in Polish?"

"I didn't think much about it," said Rob, soberly. "But Boronoça's lying shows care and forethought. It is the cultivation of a lifetime. I don't believe I'll ever break her of it."

"Probably not," said Henry. "But she makes good bread—"

"I can't stand and watch that girl all day," interrupted Rob, tragically. "And I'll have to if I can't trust her."

"What did she lie about?"

"About the prunes. The nurse likes them for breakfast. She says there's a great deal of iron in them. I told Boronoça to soak them over night and then stew them—that was what the nurse told me. Well, I got uneasy in the night and came down to see if they were soaking. The box hadn't been opened, and I couldn't find the hammer. It's astonishing how many places she contrives to have for things. Anyway, I didn't want to make a racket, so I let it go. I came down to breakfast and there on the table were the prunes. I knew from their

looks they hadn't been soaked, but Boronoça insisted that she soaked them the night before. I saw the box unopened at two A.M. I couldn't make her own up. She actually showed fight."

"Most frightened animals do."

"But she can't do that with May."

"She won't try. Don't worry. All housekeepers have to have these ups and downs." Henry grinned, but Rob was looking the other way and did not see him.

"Another thing," he pursued, hesitatingly. "I *think* she helps herself to the dainties that are brought in for May."

"Think? How much do you know?" returned Henry, sagely.

"I don't know anything," exclaimed Rob, irritably. "I don't know half as much as I did when I began. If she'd do as I tell her—but she invariably offers a substitute! I told her to black the kitchen stove, and she went out and weeded the flower-bed. I told her to put clean papers on the pantry shelves, and she swept the sidewalk. Did you ever hear of anything so—irrelevant?"

"Probably she didn't understand."

"Yes, she did. I acted it all out for her. But she hates to put things in order. She'd rather do heavy gymnastics. I found the library waste-basket, unemptied, sitting on the ash-heap behind the barn! Henry, it's a great deal harder to be a superior than an inferior."

"Keep cool," counseled Henry. "By your own representations she has learned a good deal already. The nurse will stay four weeks longer. Boronoça will be able to run things by that time. You say she makes good bread."

"Excellent."

"And can broil and roast?"

"To perfection. She's the only girl we ever had who would stand and turn a thick steak over a hot fire until it was done, and not burn it."

"And she washes and irons well."

"First rate."

"What more do you want? May will show her about the frills. If Boronoça only doesn't pick up a man—"

"Are they—inclined that way?" faltered Rob.

"Very much so. They'd as soon marry a man as look at him."

Rob groaned.

"Cheer up!" said Henry. "She probably won't do it right away."

"She doesn't seem to know any one," said Rob. "She sits on the back steps when her work is done and sings. She sings her way through Sunday afternoons and Thursday, when the other girls are out. It's kind of pathetic to hear her, Henry, singing that little monotonous melody over and over. Her love of flowers is pathetic, too. She can't bear to throw them away. Those that are sent down from May's room she gathers up and sets in bottles around the kitchen, bleached things, regular ghosts. She dotes on everything that grows. She almost wept when I trimmed the grape-vine. She never forgets to feed the cat and the dog. I thought"—here Rob's voice took on a tender tone—"I thought she'd be kind to the baby."

"She will; and she'll be devoted to May. They have a heap of sentiment. If she doesn't go and waste it on some man—"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Rob, retreating.

The suggestion followed him, and made him more and more uneasy. When Boronoça came into the dining-room where he and Miss Galloway were at luncheon and announced, "Like some Josef see," he threw down his napkin and sprang up in dismay.

"What is she saying?" asked Miss Galloway, reflecting the consternation on his face.

"It's—a man," he explained. "Excuse me," and he left.

"Good mornin'-ser!" said Josef.

He was tall and good-looking, unlike the undersized, low-browed men Rob had seen in the fields. He wore his scarlet sweater jauntily. When he took off his cap, he displayed a dark, well-shaped head. Rob's heart sank.

"Boronoça," he said, sternly, over his shoulder, "go sweep the front steps."

Boronoça went, sulkily. She had swept the steps once that day, and she didn't see why she should be sent to the other side of the house when there

was "a beeyutiful man" in the kitchen. Besides, there was something she wanted to ask him.

"Mr. Coleman send trim apple-tree," explained Josef.

How very inconsiderate of Henry!

"Where ladder?" demanded Josef. "An' saw?"

"I'll show you," said Rob, leading the way to the barn.

He did not leave until he had seen Josef in the top of the tallest tree. Then he returned to his luncheon. Miss Galloway had finished, and he could proceed as rapidly as he chose. He meant to be through before Boronoça—there she was now, half-way across the lawn; straight to the foot of the tree containing Josef she went, and, looking up into the branches, poured forth a continuous stream of trill and twitter and squawk, recalling to Rob's indignant ears the notes of an amorous young blackbird. "Shameless thing!" he ejaculated as he hastened after her.

"Boronoça," he called, "did you sweep the steps?"

"Yeh," she answered, promptly.

"And the walk?"

"Yeh."

"I'm through luncheon. Go in and do your dishes. And, Boronoça," he came near and spoke in a low voice, "I don't want Josef disturbed at his work."

Boronoça returned to the kitchen and her master to the library, but it was not long before Josef could be heard disturbing himself, rapping at the kitchen door and asking for a drink of water. There were more trills and twitters and squawks on Boronoça's part, and a calm flow of gutturals on the part of Josef.

"It's of no use," sighed Rob. "I might as well attempt to tie up the winds or hold back the Atlantic Ocean. Henry's got me into a nice scrape!"

He reproached his friend that very afternoon, seeking him in his own house for the purpose. "After all you'd said!" he cried, reproachfully.

"It wasn't after, it was before," returned Henry. "We talked about the apple-trees a month ago. How did Josef do?"

"He *did* well enough. They all do.

But they are so abnormally quick about it. He had the trees all trimmed and was visiting with Boronoça before I could turn around."

Mrs. Coleman looked up from her work with a smile. Her mother was improving, and she and Zofia had returned.

"Poor Mr. Turner!" she said. "It is hard to be both housekeeper and chaperon."

"I shouldn't mind if May were about the house," said Bob, pathetically. "As it is, I don't dare let Boronoça out of my sight. I am all out of patience with her."

He showed this plainly. Boronoça studied him furtively, from under her drooping eyelids.

"Bake 'em apple?" she proposed, when he returned.

"No," he answered, abruptly. "There aren't any."

"Ye-es, bee-yu-ti-ful-nice!" she cried, producing four great smooth-skinned russets.

"Where'd you get those?" he demanded, off his guard.

"Josef," she responded, demurely. "Find in barn."

She brought them in at dessert, pared, cored, and seasoned in the way he liked. Miss Galloway exclaimed over them. Boronoça watched her master.

"Jus' eat," she begged. "No eat t'day. Little few, all-a time!"

He smiled in spite of himself. She was radiant.

"Bee-yu-ti-ful-nice cream," she urged, and brought a pitcher full.

"We never had any cream when Bridget was here," he said, reflectively. "And her baked apples were always burned."

"I think you have a treasure," said Miss Galloway.

"I wish I didn't have to watch her," he mused. "But I shall have to, until May is about again."

The next day he carried his papers from the library up into a small rear room commanding a view of the yard. Through the forenoon Boronoça was occupied; he could hear her singing over her work. Not long after noon, however, he caught a glimpse of her print gown in the orchard. He made haste

to follow, slipping from tree to tree. There she was, the fascinating Josef beside her. He was offering something—was it himself? No, she wouldn't shake her head like that if it were. She was complaining, with gestures, almost with tears, of what? She had everything—except Josef; and she had him now. Still, they did not act like lovers. Was it some political rumpus, some Polish Mafia, which so exercised them?

"Much I'd know about it," complained the helpless eavesdropper, whose accomplishment in Polish was limited to '*Jak sie panu powodzy? Bardzo dobrze!*'"

Suddenly Josef darted forward, caught a dry stick from the ground, and with it made three swift strokes in the path.

"Ah," he said, solemnly.

"Ah," repeated Boronoça, with equal earnestness.

Again he plied the stick and said, "*Bay*," and Boronoça repeated "*Bay*."

Then, with a flourish, he swept a great circle.

"*Tsay*," he cried; and "*Tsay*," shouted Boronoça.

Rob silently withdrew.

"Boronoça," he said, gently, after dinner that night, "would you like to learn to read and write English?"

"Yeh," she answered, respectfully.

"Do you know Polish?"

At this she burst forth; much of what she said he could not understand, but "me no can," "my mudder letter," and "Josef me tell," gave him all he needed to know.

"Henry," he said to Coleman when they next conferred over the hedge, "just think what learning to read means to that girl!"

"I know what it would mean to you if she could read English," returned Henry, practically.

"Could she learn anything in four weeks?"

"She'd learn something," averred Henry.

"I think she would," returned Rob. "I think she would."

He began that very night, printing the letters into an old diary that he had not used. She learned them almost at a glance. Then he added a few simple, every-day words. She seized upon them

with such avidity that suspicion of her again awoke; and when, at ten o'clock, after he had said good-night to May, he heard a low voice in the kitchen, the suspicion grew. He cautiously advanced. The lamp on the wall burned brightly. The table was covered with a red cloth. The stove was blacked, the teakettle shone. But there was no one there save Boronoça. She stood with her elbows on the table leaning over the little old diary. "C-u-p, cup," she was saying. "S-p-o-o-n, spoon."

"I wish May could see her," thought Rob. "But I don't want her to know a thing until she comes down stairs."

Brief, formal visits had been made by the invalid, leaning on her husband's arm, and Boronoça had been despatched on errands to the large, sunny upper room dedicated to the mother and child, but there had been no assumption of authority on May's part, no acknowledgment of it on Boronoça's.

"She'll consider me a usurper when I do take charge," said May.

"No, indeed," declared her husband. "You have only to lift that little finger of yours and she'll go down in a heap."

He was only too glad to prolong Boronoça's novitiate. It was fortunate that May was not within hearing, for the ambitious scholar kept up a continuous murmur: "S-t-o-v-e, stove," or "T-a-b-l-e, table."

At last one day May refused to submit to further coddling, exchanged her luxurious kimono for a neat house gown which cleared the floor, bound her long braids decorously about her head, and declared herself ready to inspect the house. Rob attended her. Miss Galloway began her packing, with one eye on the cradle.

They gave the front of the house merely a glance—there was a veneer of order, but sharp eyes saw dust in the corners—then made for the kitchen.

"Wait a minute," called Rob. "Boronoça and I have a surprise for you. Get your book, Boronoça."

Boronoça, trembling with eagerness, produced the diary. "'Good-a mornin','" she read. "'H't iss a nice-a day.'"

"You always begin with conversational phrases," explained Rob.

"What *is* she doing?" asked May.

"Reading," was the proud reply. "Go on, Boronoça."

"The name of the doggie—"

"Dog," corrected her teacher.

"Dog iss Dandy," finished Boronoça, and stopped for approval.

"Who taught her?" inquired May.

"I did," replied her husband. "I knew if she could read, all you'd have to do would be to hand her a book and let her study it out. She knows a lot of household words. Spell 'cup,' Boronoça."

"C-u-p, cup, s-p-o-o-n, spoon, repeated Boronoça, glibly. "D-i-s-h, dish."

"I gave her the principal words in the cook-book," explained Rob. "What's that, Boronoça?"

"Bif."

"And that?"

"Bakum."

"Bacon," corrected Rob. "She doesn't always pronounce a word right, but if she identifies it with the object that is the main thing. Do you think you can get along now?" He looked at his watch. "If you can, I'll go down to the office. Keep Miss Galloway till I get back." He kissed his wife, threw a careless "good girl" to Boronoça, and left the two standing there, mistress and maid, assuming for the first time their true relations. They examined each other critically. The mistress saw a heavy, sallow face, the patience of centuries, its evasions and reserves, the shoulders of a beast of burden, skillful hands.

"She will try me, but I shall find her valuable," she said to herself. The maid saw frank eyes, smiling lips, the mien of authority mingled with kindness. She did not attempt to express what she felt except by a smile, which lit her dull features into comeliness.

"We shall be friends, I am sure," said May, holding out her hand.

Boronoça stooped, with a pretty foreign gesture, and raised it to her lips. No: a word of complaint did the new sovereign utter, but when the old one returned he found her pale and grave.

"Did Boronoça bother you? Wasn't she all right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," May answered. "But—where *do* you suppose I found the potato-masher? *In the library behind the couch!*"

"O-oh!" ejaculated Rob, penitently. "That was my fault. She came in with it in her hand the day Mrs. Aldrich was here, and I caught it—before Mrs. Aldrich looked—and dropped it behind the couch. I forgot all about it. And she's left it there ever since."

"I suppose she thought that was where it belonged," said May. "There were other things—but never mind, now."

"I thought," said Rob, sensitively, "that I was getting everything in line." That was May's turn to be penitent.

"You have done wonders," she cried. "And to think of your teaching her to read!"

"She has nearly a hundred words on her list," said Rob. "If she keeps on—"

"She will be the best girl we ever had," finished May.

Boronoça "kept on," accumulated more words and many recipes, swept out the corners, and laboriously scalloped fresh papers for her pantry shelves every Saturday. Outwardly she was intensely American, but the first touch of frost reminded her and every one else that inwardly she was Polish. The keen thrust of autumn found the joints in the armor civilization had put on, and touched the wild nature beneath.

"I don't know what I shall do with Boronoça," said May to Margaret. "She is so restless and uneasy."

"They are always like that in the fall," returned Margaret. "Zofia isn't as bad this year as she was last. I suppose it will wear off in time. You know they worked in the fields in their own country, and when harvest time comes around the old habit asserts itself."

"I should think they'd be glad of a comfortable home when it gets to be as cold as this," said May, poking the fire.

"So should I," agreed Margaret, holding out her hands to the blaze. "But if they felt as we do they wouldn't sift ashes and wash windows. It's a merciful provision of nature."

She laughed light-heartedly; so did May. Neither dreamed that at that

moment a "provision of nature" was playing them a trick of quite another sort. Boronoça and Zofia were taking their "Thursday afternoon out," and they were taking it as far "out" as possible, leaving the orderly town with its well-paved streets far behind. They "scuffed" the sand of the country roads with their feet, climbed fences to gather goldenrod and asters, chased a chipmunk from post to post of the rambling rail fence, until they came to Dan Simpson's farm. There they happened on a picture which, for the moment, obliterated every careful impression made by previous months of service. Dan Simpson was husking his corn. The brown field thickly set with stacks stretched away to the shadows of the wood. Here and there on the ground were piled the stubble and the little heaps of golden corn. In the shelter of the stacks men were sitting—and girls, too! Boronoça ran forward with a scream of delight. Some of the girls she knew; she had seen them at church. Two or three of the men she had seen; one, the beautiful Josef, she had talked with in Mr. Turner's orchard. He looked up, hearing her, and waved his hand. Dan Simpson himself came forward.

"Lookin' fer a job?" he inquired. "Jo, ask 'em if they want to work."

Jo put the question and named the price.

"Five cent a bushel!" repeated Boronoça. If it had been less, she would have been dazzled. The yellow ears dazzled her, and the shining brown stubble, and the October sunshine over all. The freedom of it, the zest, the gayety, combined to form an irresistible appeal. She began to unbutton her jacket and to loosen her collar, moving her head back and forth as a horse does when he is being taken out of the harness.

Zofia rebuked her. "What would you do?" she demanded in Polish.

"Just for an hour," pleaded Boronoça.

"There is no hour to spare," demurred Zofia.

"I will be home to light the fire," promised Boronoça. "Go you, if you will; I stay."

She tossed off her heavy hat and seated herself on the ground not far

from Josef. He threw a stalk at her; she threw it back, then attacked a pile of unhusked corn. Not a girl in the company could keep pace with her; the men equaled her only by an effort. While her fingers flew, her tongue ran, on and on, with stories and proverbs, and she sang the melody with which she had consoled herself sitting on Mr. Turner's back steps. Zofia stood and watched her. Now and then she made a movement as if to unbutton her own jacket, but refrained. She had been in this country longer than Boronoça. She knew it was not easy to find the good place, and that when it was found one must not offend. The October sun, high above the horizon when they came, suddenly dropped out of sight behind the wood. Zofia resolutely walked away in the direction of home. Boronoça sang on. The husks flowed away from her lap in a stream. Still, under her lashes, she watched the short, stout figure of Zofia moving down the road. When it reached the turn, she sprang up, letting her lapful of ears fall to the ground.

"Good-by," she shouted, and, catching up her hat, began to run.

"Come back to-night," called Josef after her. "We husk by the moon."

Boronoça made no reply. She was saving her breath for running. She overtook Zofia just as she was turning in at Mr. Coleman's gate.

"First you know, you lose the good place," said Zofia, disapprovingly.

Boronoça made no reply. At that moment she did not care for the good place. She washed her supper dishes in a deep reverie, then went out and looked at the sky. The moon was young yet. There would be nights and nights of husking—at five cents a bushel—under the open heaven, in pleasant company. She drew a long breath, then ran noiselessly up to her room and put on a short dark skirt and a scarlet jacket brought from home. On her head she set a small black cap. She could hear Mrs. Turner singing to the baby. Mr. Turner was in town.

"Nobody come," she muttered. "Lock door." She hid the key under the mat, and started off across the fields.

She let herself in at midnight, unde-

tected, and was up at five as usual. She prepared the breakfast, did her work, swept, baked, with a finish and a grace which aroused May's suspicions.

"They don't do like that unless they have uneasy consciences," she said.

"Nonsense," replied Rob. "You haven't had Poles. They're different. They haven't any consciences."

Boronoça's certainly did not trouble her. Nobody blamed her except Zofia, and Zofia was envious. She would have done the same if she had dared. Dan Simpson called her a "good girl." The other workers praised her and worked harder when she was there. That week ended and another began. They would finish by Saturday night, if the weather held. Every day was crystal clear, every night was diamond bright. As long as she lived Boronoça would never forget those days and nights. Effort was play to her. Achievement was intoxication. So they came to Saturday night, the end.

Rob was working late that night on some plans. He had told his wife not to be troubled—and not to disturb him. She awoke at midnight with a shiver. The house had grown very cold. Boronoça had forgotten to bank the furnace fire, and it was nearly out. May touched the bell which rang in Boronoça's room, and when no answer came slipped into dressing-gown and slippers and tiptoed around to ascertain the cause. The door was open. A lamp burned low. She turned up the flame and glanced hurriedly at the bed. It had not been occupied. Thoroughly aroused now, she fled to the library.

"Oh, Rob," she called. "Boronoça is not in her room!"

He looked up wearily.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"After twelve. The house was cold—"

"So it is!" he exclaimed. "Let me attend to that first."

He soon returned, and began to put on his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Over to Henry's. I saw a light. They expected to be out late. Go back to bed, May."

His voice was stern. He felt respon-

sible for that girl. He was the one who engaged her, taught her.

"Henry," he began, "I think we have been deceived in Boronoça."

"I'll call Zofia," said Henry.

Zofia gladly told all she knew. She had been expecting just such an opportunity.

"I'll go over to Dan Simpson's," said Rob, "and I'll tell him some things."

"We'll stay with May," said Margaret.

Rob could not have told just what he expected to find—a barrel of beer, no doubt—dancing, probably. They would wind up with something of the sort. Now that Boronoça had had a taste of the wild merrymaking rife among the Poles in that locality, could she be induced to settle down again into the tame existence she had led? Yet how could he let her go? The thought of his well-cooked dinners and his immaculate linen, and the hard-earned dollars which Boronoça had helped him save, weakened his first resolution to discharge her on the spot. He would relieve his pent-up feelings on Simpson, but with Boronoça he would be kind, though firm. He heard the sound of voices before he reached the farm. They were not drunken voices; they were gay, good-humored, but not drunken. Simpson was saying something to them. He was paying them off. They lined up before him, the men in their jerseys, the girls in close-fitting jackets, many bareheaded. Now it was Boronoça's turn.

"One hundred and seventy-five bushel," announced Simpson.

Every one cheered.

"Makes eight seventy-five," said Simpson, handing her the money.

Again every one cheered.

"T'anks," said Boronoça. "Good-a night."

Like a bird she flew across the fields. Rob emerged from his shelter by the barn and followed slowly. The night was as bright as day. Far before him he could see that flying figure. It did not pause.

The air was an elixir. It had already relaxed the strain of study and dispelled the fogs of worry. He was thinking calmly, reasonably, now. After all, what had the girl done? She had invested her surplus energy where it made sure returns, not in foolish dissipation, but in honest work, honestly rewarded. She had not neglected any household task. What could he charge her with, save being out late? And he remembered now that no stipulation had been made, when he engaged her, as to hours.

May met him at the door.

"Boronoça's come," she whispered. "She came ten minutes ago. Margaret stayed. I didn't say anything."

"I wouldn't," said Rob.

"Aren't you going to say anything?"

He shook his head.

"Not till I know a good deal better than I do now *what to say!*"

Freneau's Poems¹

THE second volume of Professor Pattee's very complete collection of Freneau's work covers the first poetic period, 1775-1781, and the era of "The Freeman's Journal," 1781-1790, when Freneau was most prolific as a satirist and as a poet. This work is on a much more elaborate scale than Freneau's positive contributions to American literature would justify; but the scale is not too elaborate when his significance as a pioneer poet and his relation to the Revolutionary period are

taken into account. If his verses were sifted and that which is of permanent value as poetry collected, there would be left but a very small residuum; yet even the rest of Freneau's work is valuable because it reflects the mood of a stirring and eventful period, and because it furnishes rich material for the historian of the future. The republication of his work on so elaborate a scale is further proof of that movement towards the recovery of our own past which has made such progress during the past few years; and Professor Pattee's work, like the admirable work of the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler, is not only a contri-

¹ *The Poems of Philip Freneau: Poet of the American Revolution.* Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. II. The University Library, Princeton, N. J.

bution to our literature, but also to our early National history.

Freneau was chiefly and foremost, so far as we are concerned, a lyrical poet; but to his own generation he was chiefly and foremost a satirical poet, with command of a sharp, stinging, biting style, with great skill in hitting the weak points of his enemies and in pointing out their defects and failures. The temper of the Revolutionary period on the side of its bitterness, the hate of the moment, has left no more important document than Freneau's satirical poems. If one wishes to see what the patriots thought of George III., of the King's party in England, and of the Tories in the colonies, he will find an expression of that thought in the most malicious possible form in Freneau. Freneau hated the sinner quite as much as he hated the sin, and took a very human delight in excoriating the Tory as well as denouncing Toryism. His satire is very uneven, but at its best it is swift, relentless, incisive, and biting. It cuts to the bone. In the midst of this bitterness there are bits of pure poetry—the first naïve, spontaneous utterances of the poetic spirit in our literature. Everybody remembers Scott's eulogy of the lines "To the Memory of the Dead at Eutaw Springs," which he called "as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language;" and everybody remembers also that the author of "Marmion" took the line "And snatched the spear, but left the shield" from that poem and used it with

a very slight change. The transfer was undoubtedly made inadvertently. Everybody remembers, too, that Campbell borrowed without credit from Freneau the second of the very apt lines,

The hunter still the deer pursues—
The hunter and the deer, a shade.

Perhaps the best known of Freneau's poems, certainly one of the most graceful of them, is the charming little ode to

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd—
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

From morning scenes and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

This, however, is not better than two equally felicitous stanzas taken from a poem which is otherwise of the most conventional eighteenth-century type:

So nightly on some shallow tide,
Oft have I seen a splendid show;
Reflected stars on either side,
And glittering moons were seen below.

But when the tide had ebb'd away,
The scene fantastic with it fled,
A bank of mud around me lay,
And seaweed on the river's bed.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures du Dernier Abencerage (Les).

By Chateaubriand. Edited by Victor E. François, A.M. William K. Jenkins. New York. 4½×6 in. 125 pages. 25c.

Cambridge Modern History (The). Planned

by the Late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leathes, M.A. Vol. II. The Reformation. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$4, net.

Of the distinctive features of this work, produced by the collaboration of specialists, we have spoken in extended reviews of Volumes I. and VII. The title of the present

volume is a conveniently brief designation of that period of struggle against the evils of the time, partly religious, partly political, that comprised, roughly speaking, the first half of the sixteenth century. The nineteen chapters of the history are contributed by twelve writers, authorities in their several fields. The marks of scientifically treated history are manifest at many points in discriminating judgments. The chapter contributed by Principal Fairbairn on the "Tendencies of European Thought in the

Age of the Reformation" is specially illuminating. In short, we have here a volume which, with whatever defects, outranks all others in this frequented field. The appended bibliography fills more than a hundred pages.

Canada in the Twentieth Century. By A. G. Bradley. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 9$ in. 428 pages. \$4, net.

Mr. Bradley's work is one of great interest and importance. Its principal interest to those on this side of the border lies in his description of the exodus of Americans to northwest Canada, a movement which during the last few years has achieved large proportions. No one has pointed out more flatteringly than has Mr. Bradley that this movement is one not only of quantity but of quality. Never in the history of Canada, says our author, have such valuable settlers been received. "Any Canadian on the spot will admit them to be possessed of a peculiar mixture of nerve, buoyancy, and enterprise, an indefinable kind of combination that is not found in quite the same degree even among his Majesty's industrious and energetic subjects in the Canadian Northwest." Concerning another and much smaller immigration, that of the Doukhobors, Mr. Bradley has also some interesting opinions. He represents these Russians as honest, trustworthy, with some rather quaint ideas of modesty, but with an "intemperance of religion." Their troublesome disposition comes in a measure, he thinks, from the brutality of former Russian officials. We are glad to note that the vast wheat-growing possibilities of the Canadian Northwest are adequately presented. "The further north you go in America, the better the wheat, and the line seems only limited by that at which a reasonably comfortable existence can be led by human beings and by the caprices of late and early frosts." As to the more familiar aspect of the French-Canadian movement to this country, seemingly offsetting the newer movement of Americans to the Northwest, Mr. Bradley reaffirms the statement of other observers that the Canadians do not bid a final adieu to their own country, nor do they usually become American citizens.

Chronicles of a Pioneer School from 1792 to 1833. Compiled by Emily Noyes Vanderpoel. Edited by Elizabeth C. Barney Buel, A.B. The University Press, Cambridge, Mass. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ in. 465 pages. \$3.50.

History may be learned through familiar letters perhaps better than in any other way. Those who wish to obtain at first hand a capital account of social life in America between 1792 and 1833 may well peruse this sumptuous volume. Of course it recites first of all the history of the Litchfield Female Academy, long the only institution in New England for the higher education of young women. More and more this Academy became the resort of the daughters of influential families, and the school life of the pupils is pictured, together with its contemporary conditions, by diaries and letters.

Deliverance (The). By Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 543 pages. \$1.50.

Beyond question the most important work of fiction so far published in 1904. We shall speak of this novel at some length probably in the next issue of *The Outlook*.

Demosthenes on the Crown. Edited by William Watson Goodwin. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 296 pages. \$1.10.

Elements of English Composition: Designed for Use in Secondary Schools. By Tuley Francis Huntington, A.M. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 373 pages. 60c.

En Voyage: A Collection of Conversations in French and English, Adapted to the Use of Tourists and Classes. By T. M. Clark. William R. Jenkins, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 121 pages.

Evelina, or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Fanny Burney. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 477 pages. \$2.

Readers of Fanny Burney's delightful story are to be congratulated that they can now have it with illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson. He of all men was precisely the person to draw the characters and costumes which belong to this book. We judge that Mr. Thomson's work in illustrating "Evelina" will be accepted as of the same quality with that to be found in the drawings for "Cranford" and for Jane Austen's books—and higher praise could hardly be given. As to "Evelina" itself, surely nothing need be said at this late day. It retains in a remarkable manner the freshness of youth and vivaciousness diffused into it by its girl author, and one can share anew the delight and even surprise which so overwhelmed good Dr. Burney when he discovered that his child had really written a novel, and the ponderous but earnest approval expressed by gruff old Dr. Johnson at his little friend's leap into literature.

Great Awakening of 1740 (The). By Rev. F. L. Chapell. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 144 pages.

Historic Highways of America. Vol. X. The Cumberland Road. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 208 pages. \$2.50, net.

The latest addition to the valuable series entitled "The Historic Highways of America" has to do with the Cumberland Road. This survival of Washington's and Braddock's roads from the Potomac to the Ohio is perhaps more really historic than any other road used to-day in America. The volume is thus one of particular interest.

Homebuilders (The). By Karl Edwin Harriman. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 329 pages.

Here is a collection of stories or character-sketches by an author who is totally unknown, to us at least, but who deserves to be better known. Mr. Harriman's subject is the Pole in America. Some of his little tales are pathetic, some have a touch of humor, but all are real and true transcripts from actual life. The underlying element of most of them is the feeling that the Pole bears to his adopted country; and many

readers who have been wont to regard the Pole as an ignorant and vicious foreigner who stays for a while and then returns to Europe will be surprised at the evidently sincere feeling which is shown to pervade some at least of the Polish-American communities. This book has value not only as a vigorous bit of semi-fiction, but because its sociological views are clear and appeal to a sense of justice and right.

Homeric Stories for Young Readers. By Frederic Aldin Hall, Litt.D. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 200 pages.

Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By George M. Lane, Ph.D., LL.D. (Revised Edition.) The American Book Co., New York. 5¼x8¼ in. 584 pages.

No more patiently elaborated work on this subject by an American scholar has been published than Professor Lane's, who left it at his death awaiting the final touches to a thirty years' study. In this revised edition of a manual which has been generally recognized as of the highest rank the principal change introduced, besides a variety of minor corrections, is in the chapter on "Sound," which has been rewritten and expanded. Professor Lane's Grammar is of the kind which is intended to accompany the student from the start to the mastery of every detail required of the accomplished Latinist—different type distinguishing the grades of advancing study. For grammars of smaller compass, adequate to the needs of those content with the ability to read Latin fairly well, there is still a field.

Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton: Compiled from His Letters, Records of His Conversations, and Other Sources. By G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x9 in. 439 pages. \$5. net.

Reserved for later notice.

London Manual for 1904 (The). Edited by Robert Donald. (Eighth Year of Publication.) Edward Lloyd, Limited, London. 5x7½ in. 360 pages.

Memoirs of Rufus Putnam (The). Compiled and Annotated by Rowena Buell, Marietta, Ohio. Published by the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Ohio. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6x9 in. 460 pages.

Rufus Putnam not only made history; he recorded it. He kept a journal, and he kept the letters written to him, together with copies of those which he wrote. The publication of his journal, letters, memoranda, and explanatory indorsements of various papers is of distinct value to all students of history who wish to gain exact knowledge of the winning of the American West. In these papers Rufus Putnam is portrayed chiefly in his official character. We see in him a trusted counselor of George Washington, as well as the founder of the first permanent settlement in the Northwest Territory. The book is one of those volumes in which biography and history seem to have equal value. A brave leader of brave men, we follow General Putnam's course through the Colonial wars, the Mississippi explorations, the Revolutionary War, the formation

of the Ohio Company, the Indian War, and the first settlements in the Northwest Territory. Many interesting and notable characters cross the stage, Washington of course, Alexander McDougall, General Wayne, Robert Howe, Winthrop Sargent, General Heath, General Wilkinson, Timothy Pickering, Albert Gallatin. It is a satisfaction to us that so worthy a memorial as this well-printed volume has now been made to a man whom Washington declared to be the best engineer officer on our side, whether French or American. His name will always be associated with West Point, which he not only selected as a place to be fortified, but for which he also constructed the fortifications. This was followed later by his greater service in saving the Northwest from slavery. The story of Putnam's life is told with modesty, straightforwardness, and compelling sincerity.

Mrs. M'Leerie. By J. J. Bell. The Century Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 230 pages. \$1.

Readers of fiction seem to be divided into two camps as to liking or not liking Mr. Bell's Scottish tales. It is certain that his first book, "Wee Macgregor," has had a very large reading. It is equally certain that it was faithful in its presentation of Glasgow dialect and that it had a touch of universal humanity which made the book more than an amusing presentation of humble life. To some readers, however, the dialect seemed almost insurmountable and the sketches monotonous in subject. The same opinions will be held by differing critics as to Mr. Bell's new book.

My Friend Prospero. By Henry Harland. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 317 pages.

Light, dainty, graceful, and whimsical are the adjectives that best describe Mr. Harland's new story. Just these attributes made "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and "The Lady Paramount" delightful reading to those who love to give fancy an easy rein and to welcome the romance of joy and wit. Now again the author takes us to Italian scenes, and there weaves a pretty and delicately wrought texture, with pleasant, youthful figures. The story is slight, but the talk is charming, and the three or four characters have individuality. Best among them, to our liking, is the quaint little Italian girl, precocious yet childlike. The tone of the book throughout is buoyant and of a refined gayety.

Personalia: Intimate Recollections of Famous Men. By "Sigma." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 324 pages. \$1.25. net.

Few books of this general character have been printed of late years with so many and so amusing anecdotes. There has been a decided revival of interest in books of personal reminiscence and literary anecdote, and if the large number of volumes in this class of reading that continue to be put forth can maintain the level as to entertaining qualities reached by this book, the leaning of public taste in this direction will

certainly be justified. The authorship of "Personalia" is not, we believe, generally known, but it is evident that the author has had ample opportunities for meeting English people of distinction, and especially in the fields of law, literature, and the church, and to a less extent political life. His reminiscences begin with his public school, Harrow, in the early sixties. They include glimpses of Thackeray and the men of his time, and they come down to the present date. The book is a delightful one to pick up for a half-hour's reading. One can hardly turn more than two or three pages without coming across some jovial story, and the proportion of those that are new is large.

Poems. By Wilfrid Earl Chase. Published by the Author, 302 Chase St., Madison, Wis. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 20 pages. 50c.

Points at Issue and Some Other Points. By Henry A. Beers. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7 in. 273 pages. \$1.50, net.

The essays, mostly reprinted from various periodicals, that have been collected in this volume give it a many-sided interest. "Literature in Colleges" and "Æsthetic Botany," "Literature in the Civil War" and "Dialect on the Old Stage," "Emerson's Transcendentalism" and "The Queen of Hearts" (Elizabeth, daughter of James I., ancestress of Queen Victoria), are titles indicative of wide attractiveness in a volume characterized throughout by ample learning, scholarly discrimination, and literary finish. The "points at issue" are outnumbered by the "others."

Popular History of the Free Churches (A). By Silvester Horne, M.A. Illustrated. (Sixth Edition.) James Clarke & Co., London. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 449 pages.

Baptists, Congregationalists, and others,

who are usually styled by Anglicans "Dissenters" or "Nonconformists," prefer to style themselves collectively "Free Churches"—as free from State connection or control. In the interest of their present struggle to emancipate popular education from control by the State Church, Mr. Horne, a leader among English Congregationalists, has written this history of the struggle in England during the last three hundred years, and in Scotland during the last two hundred, for religious freedom. Issued last March, twenty thousand copies have already been called for. To American readers it possesses the interest which those for whom a long and sore battle has been won may find in the story of a conflict in whose final stage their kinsmen are still engaged.

Spectra of Stars of Secchi's Fourth Type (The). By George E. Hale, Ferdinand Ellerman, and John A. Parkhurst. (Reprint from the University of Chicago Decennial Publications. First Series, Vol. VIII.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8×11 in. 151 pages. \$1.50, net.

Story of Enid the Good (The): A Supplementary Reader Prepared for the Seventh Grade. By Sara D. Jenkins. The Educational Publishing Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 57 pages.

Tradition versus Truth. By John S. Hawley. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 242 pages.

Valentines. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. A numerous collection of valentines of all kinds—comic, sentimental, and fanciful. Many of them are delicately wrought, dainty, and ingenious, while the humorous ones are free from the vulgarity that is too common in comic valentines.

Wind-Swept Wheat (The). By Mary Ainge De Vere ("Madeline Bridges"). Richard G. Badger, Boston. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 95 pages. \$1.25.

Correspondence

What is the Matter at Harpoot?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

During the last few months the American papers have frequently mentioned troubles at Harpoot—the arrest and imprisonment of one of the Professors of Euphrates College; an attempt to burn one of the college buildings; the general presence of fear, etc. What is the occasion of all this?

The Harpoot district has generally been regarded as one of the most quiet parts of the Empire, although the outlying portions are full of Koords, and in the terrible events of November, 1895, this region suffered more than almost any other. About the first of June the Vali—Governor-General—of this province went on a tour of inspection to some other parts of the vilayet, and he left in his place a military officer who had no experience in civil administration. The seat of government for the vilayet is three miles from this city. At the same time the Governor of this city was transferred to another place, and his successor did not arrive till

several weeks afterward. The *locum tenens* was the Judge, a young, frivolous fellow, wholly unfitted for the place, and a tool in the hands of evil men. Just at this juncture four Martini rifles were found in the house of one of our neighbors, a poor, inoffensive man. They were in a room which is under the care of the Turkish owner of the house, but who put them there is a mystery. The Turk was not arrested, but the Armenian tenant and his young wife were imprisoned. Both were tortured to make them confess that there was a conspiracy against the Government, and that such and such persons, prominent men, and among them Professor Tenekejian, were members of a revolutionary committee. The wife was released after two days, but she was confined to her bed for two weeks from the beating and other ill-treatment which she received. Her husband was beaten so badly that the police thought he was dying, so they threw him from an upper window expecting that it would kill him, and they would report that he had

thrown himself from the window in an effort to escape. The poor man did not die, but both his legs were broken and he is a cripple for life. He is still in prison.

The finding of these guns was used by some of the enemies of the Vali and the enemies of the College here to try to prove that there was a genuine political conspiracy here; that the Vali neglected his duty; and that the College fostered revolutionary schemes. Men were beaten to make them declare that I furnished funds to the committee through Professor Tenekejian. The police became the tools of men who took advantage of the absence of the real governing officials, and the common people among the Turks were stirred up with the idea that the Armenians were plotting against the Government. Houses were searched, arrests were made, and instead of moving quietly in their work the officials seemed to take pains to excite the Turks and to unsettle confidence, so that for two or three months the condition here was one of no little peril. The Vali returned from his tour an invalid and incapacitated for service, and his successor's arrival was long delayed. It was during this interval that the attempt was made to burn one of our buildings. I need not say that, as we enjoy the protection of the Turkish Government, loyalty to the Government is one of the first lessons taught in the College. I asked a prominent Turk not long ago what was the reason that there was so much opposition to our schools, and why this crusade, and he replied that ignorance is profitable in this country, and he said that our only fault was that we opened the eyes of the Armenians! When I spoke to the Superintendent of Schools for the vilayet about this opposition, he said, "We have never for a moment had any suspicion of your schools, and we are not at all responsible for the talk against you."

The arrests began nearly seven months ago. During the preliminary examinations the men were kept in solitary confinement, and their examinations were mostly conducted at night, and the reason seems to have been that the cries of the tortured prisoners need not be heard too generally. They were heard, however, by many. Thirty-nine persons were indicted, and the trial began the 10th of August. I have attended the trials regularly, and while there may be a few persons whose sentiments are not thoroughly loyal, especially three or four from abroad, it is as clear as day that there is no conspiracy here, no "committee," and that many of the prisoners had not even a speaking acquaintance with one another. As only one charge is made, it seems to be impossible to release those against whom not a particle of evidence has been brought, and separate them from those whose case is suspicious; and as there have been complications and delay in procuring witnesses, the affair has dragged till this time, and there is danger that it may not be concluded for some months yet. It is said that some men

have been arrested in Sivas who have some relation to others from that district who are in prison here. An order has come from Constantinople to send such persons to Harpoot, and to connect their trial with those who are in prison already. The examination of the prisoners arrested in the summer was finished weeks ago. Nothing remains for them but the pleas for the defense, and yet they must wait for new prisoners and new witnesses to come from a distance.

From an ordinary point of view the whole affair seems ludicrous. After ransacking the Armenian houses of the region, not more than a dozen or fifteen weapons of any sort have been found, while the houses of Turks are well armed, and Turks carry weapons openly. What has the Government to fear from these few Armenians? As for Professor Tenekejian, if there is any one thing against which he is particularly severe it is the idea of an Armenian revolution. He has used great care that no such sentiment should find a place in the College. He is a man of high character and standing, and he has been the most prominent man in the College, hence his present misfortune. Every possible effort has been made here and at Constantinople to secure his release upon bail, but in vain. H. N. BARNUM.

Harpoot, Turkey, December 18, 1903.

Since the above was written I learn that 291 Bulgarian prisoners, in a very destitute condition, have arrived in Diarbekir, that they are confined in a khan, and that thirty of them have died since their arrival a few days ago. Thousands of exiles of the Young Turk party are scattered through the country.

A Foster Housewife

Organized charity marks its progress, not by the discovery of new forms of relief, but by the application of ever-improving methods to the time-old service of bettering the condition of the poor. It is too much to expect that every era of the world should see the discovery of new remedies for those ills that are as old as humanity. To all humanity the remedies are as familiar as the ills themselves—work for idleness, food for hunger, clothing for nakedness, warmth for cold, medicine and nursing for sickness, cleanliness and order for filth and disorder. But in the ways of providing these remedies and of making them not only curative but instructive and preventive, modern philanthropy continues to improve, to expand, and to make valuable innovations.

The latest addition to the working staff of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor is the visiting housekeeper or "foster housewife," as she has been called. Her work is not new work—it is as old and as familiar as home and mother and children. It is not done with any display of science, any demonstration of "new idea" experiments—it is the homely beautiful work of the mother for her home and family, the daily and hourly "cleaning

up," the countless little acts of domestic and personal service which go so far toward assuring comfort, health, and happiness.

For sixty years the regular visitors of the Association have entered the homes of the poor as friends, as benefactors, as counselors and instructors. There have always been the wish and the effort to combine with the friendly direction and material relief that more intimate manual service which makes the dull room brighter, the invalid more comfortable, the neglected home clean and orderly, the domestic life sweet and wholesome. With the increasing demands upon the trained philanthropic workers of a great city, the opportunities to perform these special acts of usefulness are becoming rarer, and heartfelt satisfaction has witnessed the unequivocal success of the foster housewife, who is not a trained philanthropist, but a strong, clean, capable, always cheerful houseworker. Unfamiliar with the rules of social science, she is proficient in the art of making work easy and pleasant. Many a disheartened and careless woman has watched her busy hands and smiling face and listened to her cheerful singing until interest has deepened into inspiration, and two happy women have finished the day's work that one began. Many a mother sick and anxious has watched with grateful relief the transformation in disordered home and neglected children, as the simple meals have been prepared, the little ones washed, and the rooms made comfortable as if by magic.

A few quotations from the brief daily notes of the visiting housewife will tell their own story of varied service, of useful example, of dark places made bright:

"Mrs. M— sick in bed; combed her hair, sent children to school, had their lunch ready at noontime, made toast and cocoa for Mrs. M—, cleaned the rooms."

"Showed Mrs. B— how to clean the windows and how to make soup, helped with the washing, bought wash-board and boiler, took care of the baby, who was very cross, while his mother had a rest."

"Made the fire and prepared breakfast, washed five children, bought two combs and hairbrush, washed the dishes, cleaned the kitchen, swept two other rooms."

"Visited Mrs. S—, very old and feeble, cleaned her rooms, cleared away eight pails of ashes, made tea, cleaned the kitchen pantry, bought oilcloth for the shelves, bought scrubbing-brush and soda."

"Fed three babies, washed them, made beef-tea for sick mother, scrubbed the kitchen, swept and dusted the bedroom, washed the pictures, cleaned the stove, bought stove-polish and brush."

"Washed from 9 to 11 A.M., bought clothespins and washing-powder, showed Mrs. C— how to clean the beds, took care of the baby while she got supper ready, showed her how to set the table, as the children had never sat down at the table for their meals."

"Woman very sick yet, but improving. Made her comfortable, cooked lunch for the children, cooked supper for the father and children, bought broom and soap."

"Did the washing, made toast and tea for the mother, made two beds, took care of the twins, cleaned the windows, took in the washing, bought dishpan."

"Mamie, twelve years old, is the housekeeper, as her grandmother cannot move from her chair. Taught Mamie how to clean a shelf; will go on Saturday and show her how to sweep and dust."

"Reached house 9 A.M., found four children alone, sadly neglected, one sick, the mother away in hospital. Washed four children's heads, cut one child's hair, bathed them all and put on clean clothes, burned some of the bedclothes and went to office for new ones, cleaned two rooms and beds, made beds, cooked soup for children and left them very happy when their father came home 6 P.M. Bought saucepan, kettle, and wash-basin. Will go every day till the mother is well and home again." H. I.

Popular University Extension

More than a hundred churches, social settlements, missions, and societies working for the poor in New York City are depending on the aid given to their benevolent work by the trained teachers supplied to them by the People's University Extension Society of New York—a society whose plans and methods are applicable in many American cities. Manual and domestic training of many kinds, besides hygiene, sanitation, and household science generally, form the subjects of the instruction given. In addition to all this a staff of skilled physicians is employed through the year in the instruction of mothers in the care of children and the prevention of disease. In this respect, and as a feeder of the philanthropic work undertaken by a multitude of specific charities, the plan and the achievement of this society are alike admirable. Dr. Rainsford, who knows it well as an ally of his work at St. George's, says of it, "I do not know anything better or more timely." It supplements the public-school system in ways indispensable to the children of the poor. Its instruction in manual training draws many a wild boy from the "gang" to the class-room. The city is dotted all over with the lights it kindles. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, testifies that it is "a magnificent work." But its opportunities exceed its resources, and it has to refuse many applicants for teachers simply for lack of means. Such a work should not suffer any curtailment. Among its officers are such men as Bishop Greer, Dr. MacArthur, and Mr. Jacob A. Riis; its President is Mr. Rossiter Johnson, and its Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. Eugene Whitney, to whom donations may be addressed at No. 105 East Seventeenth Street.

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Japan Severs
Diplomatic Ties

On Saturday of last week M. Kupino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, informed the Russian Government of the Japanese Government's decision to sever diplomatic relations. The official statement is as follows :

The last Japanese note in response to the Russian note of January 8 had been remitted to the Russian Minister at Tokyo on the 13th of January. The Japanese Government had insisted that a prompt response be made to it, owing to the gravity of the situation. Not receiving the answer requested, M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, has made to Count Lamsdorf on several occasions recently representations in order to secure an answer from Russia. Not having obtained this answer, he asked him to indicate the earliest date for the reply. Count Lamsdorf, while promising to make a response as early as possible, has not been able to indicate when the response could be transmitted to the Japanese Government. The Japanese Government, having vainly awaited, on its part, the Russian answer for more than three weeks, and having been, moreover, informed that Russia was making active preparations for war and was concentrating her troops and her naval forces toward Korea, is under the necessity of breaking its negotiations with Russia and of resuming its liberty of action.

Although the Russian telegraphic reply had not been received at Tokyo, its principal points are reported at St. Petersburg to have been divulged by Count Lamsdorf, Russian Foreign Minister, to the Japanese Minister there. Though making important concessions and couched in courteous phraseology, the Russian Government declined to recognize Japan's right to ask for a treaty covering the Chinese sovereignty of Manchuria or Japan's wishes regarding a neutral zone on both sides of the Yalu River, marking the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. If Japan knew in advance what the Russian unsatisfactory reply would be, we do not wonder at the

Japanese resumption of liberty of action on receipt of the news that the reply would be indefinitely delayed. Commenting on the above, M. Motono, the Japanese Minister at Paris, says :

It is untrue that Baron Komura, the Japanese Foreign Minister, received yesterday any note from Baron de Rosen. Therefore the action of Japan in breaking off relations was not a result of the Russian reply. No response has been remitted by Russia to my Government. The despatches stating that Russia sent her reply are deceptive, as we have not received it, and it is because we have not received this reply that we are determined to act with vigor. This is the situation. Russia alone is responsible. She received our last note on January 15. Can you not conceive the inquietude and the irritation at Tokyo? After three weeks of patience, we thought that was sufficient, and our dignity would not permit us to wait indefinitely.

Viscount Hayashi, Japanese Minister at London, confirms the above and declares his belief to be that the Russian reply was never sent. These diplomats would have been well within the mark in adding that Russia's apparently studied disregard for Japanese rights and susceptibilities is also a disregard for the sentiment of all commercial nations. Each of them is interested in upholding the open door of trade in Asia, and in this respect Japan is but the world's protagonist.



Russia Takes the
Same Action

In its turn, on Sunday of this week, the Russian Government issued the

following statement :

His Imperial Majesty has been pleased to order that the Russian Minister at Tokyo, with the whole staff of the imperial mission, shall leave the capital of Japan without delay. The attitude on the part of the Tokyo Government, which has not even awaited the arrival of the answer of the Imperial Government, which was sent off

during the last few days, throws the whole responsibility for the consequence which may arise from a rupture of diplomatic negotiations between the two empires on Japan.

Baron de Rosen, the able and accomplished Russian Minister at Tokyo, is making preparations to leave that capital, where he will be sincerely regretted. He has been personally popular among his colleagues and among the Japanese. In the early stages of the negotiations he strongly advocated and strove for peace, but in the later developments his views are said to have been overridden by the war party at St. Petersburg; so that he merely followed instructions. It is believed that long since he warned his Government as to Japan's "irreducible minimum," and stated at the outset of the negotiations that it was "no bargaining bluff." At his instance, Russia has receded from most of her pretensions, but she has not receded far enough, and consequently the rupture of diplomatic relations has followed. This, however, need not necessarily mean an outbreak of hostilities. A diplomatic rupture has more than once lasted for years without resulting in war. We hope that Japan's admirable self-restraint will continue to the end, that in Manchuria she will trust to the maintenance of the open door by the Chino-American and Chino-Japanese treaties; that in Korea she will watch Russia's attitude, and wait until action is inevitable:

Japanese War Preparations

In Korea the Seoul-Fusan Railway was occupied by Japanese troops last week much as the Manchurian railway has been occupied by Russian troops. The Japanese have also taken field guns to Seoul, the Korean capital, to protect their legation there, and are building barracks for the accommodation of cavalry. In Manchuria the Japanese Consul at Niuchuang has been arranging for the departure of all Japanese in that province and the Amur provinces of Russia, while the Japanese Consul at Chifu, China, has actually protested against the further export of Chinese coal to Port Arthur, the Russian stronghold. The Japanese army of over six

hundred thousand men in the active and reserve lists has been mobilized, and the troops are ready to occupy Korea if desirable. The narrow strait separating Japan from Korea makes such an occupation but the affair of a short time. The Japanese navy is ready for action, and will presumably operate from its seven harbors of refuge and repair, containing fifteen docks, several of them sufficiently commodious to accommodate the largest vessels. While the strength of the two opposing fleets in Asiatic waters is about equal in battle-ships and in cruisers, both armored and protected, the Japanese can throw a total broadside three times as great as can the Russians. The Japanese Government's preliminary estimates place the amount of money possible to raise by the sale of war bonds at five hundred million yen (\$250,000,000), a sum which, with the present cash balance, hardly equals Russia's resources. But Japan's financial position is superior owing to the smallness of her debt. On Monday of this week the first act of hostility from the Japanese navy was reported, a fleet of Japanese war-ships on the way to Chemulpho, Korea, having seized several Russian trading steamers. It is likely that such an act may be followed by reprisals. Japan thus stands technically doubly in the attitude of the aggressor. Is she so really?

Russian War Preparations

At present passengers and goods on the Trans-Siberian Railway connecting Russia with the Far East are conveyed across Lake Baikal on the ice, which lasts until May. The Russians, however, have been at work with feverish haste on a railway around the lake, and hope to have their labors completed before the outbreak of hostilities with Japan. Prince Khilkov, Russian Minister of Railways and Public Works, is now on his way to Lake Baikal to hasten the undertaking by every official means. The Russian squadron of twenty-six vessels in the harbor of Port Arthur left that place last week for a cruise toward Chifu. The vessels were cleared for action. It is said that the Japanese fleet was cruising not far off. The Russian

land force east of Lake Baikal has been increased to over three hundred thousand men out of a total active army of eleven hundred thousand, the total, with the reserve, being nearly five millions. The first movement of Russian troops last week was that of Amursk Cossacks toward the Russian island of Saghalien, north of Japan, a movement probably intended to frighten the Japanese in the northern part of their island empire. A more noteworthy movement of Russian land forces, however, was in the direction of the Yalu River, and gives rise to the suspicion that Russia means to seize North Korea. The official announcement is as follows: "Russia's love of peace has been exhausted by Japan's demands. Troops therefore have been concentrated on the Yalu River." Close to the Korean border and in the line of the Russian advance is the Manchurian port of Antung, recently made an open trade port by the Chino-American Treaty. The Russian War Office declares that the movement toward Antung has no connection with its opening as a treaty port, but is a precautionary measure to safeguard the Russian timber concessions on the Korean side of the Yalu Valley. As to Niuchuang, another of the three Manchurian coastal treaty ports, confirmation is now at hand of the reports that Russian officials there have removed several of the employees of the Chinese Inspector-General of Customs and Posts and had replaced them by Russians. Representations—a polite word in diplomacy for protests—have properly been made by the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. It is unfortunate that such an occurrence should have taken place at a time when Japan and the other commercial nations have become irritated by Russia's aggressive course, coincident with her policy of delay. Every day's delay is worth thousands of dollars to Russia in affording time for additional transport preparations for a possible war in a region nearly six thousand miles away from her base of supplies. While she has shipyards and stores at Port Arthur and at Vladivostok, the dockage at both is insufficient and the access difficult and dangerous at this time of the year. We are loth to

believe, therefore, even now, that Russia will deliberately force the choice of peace or war upon Japan. Yet, if so, the material readiness to fight will, we believe, be on the side of those who also have the moral advantage in the struggle.



What will Become
of Korea?

Last week at Seoul, the Korean capital, a Russian soldier seized a native woman and an angry crowd gathered. A body of Korean gendarmes soon arrived at the scene of the trouble, and an encounter with the Russians followed. The gendarmes fought well and overpowered the Russians, one of whom was wounded. The people of Korea seem to have been treated as a negligible quantity both by Russia and Japan, although the latter power guarantees the independence of the Korean Government and urges Russia to do the same. If the Korean Government were only worthy of respect, its distress would appeal more to the nations. As it is, the foreign Ministers at Seoul are compelled to have recourse to extraordinary measures to protect foreigners in Korea. If a really worthy Government should succeed to the rights and privileges of the present one, its position ought to be of special interest to our own Government. For by the treaty of 1882, by which America introduced Korea into the family of nations, our Government undertakes, "if other Powers deal unjustly or oppressively" with Korea, "to bring about an amicable arrangement."



China and Japan The increasing evidences of an understanding between China and Japan have led the Russian Minister at Peking, so it is reported, to inform the Chinese Grand Councilors that, in the event of war, Russia may be compelled to seize Peking, Tientsin, and Taku; hence China should consider this situation thoroughly before declaring any intention to favor Japan. In consequence of this, some Chinese fear that Russia may attack China first. On the other hand, the Japanese Minister at Peking, according to late news, has advised the Chinese

Government to prepare to deal with rebellions fomented by malcontent Chinese, if China maintains neutrality in the event of Russo-Japanese hostilities. One influence towards an espousal of Japan's cause by China comes from the fact that the pro-American Wu-Ting-Fang, late Chinese Minister at Washington and now Vice-President of the Chinese Foreign Board, has memorialized the Throne, asking that China open Manchuria to the trade of the world, the consequence of which would be that Russia would hesitate to make enemies of the Powers by opposing such a course. The Throne has also been memorialized to issue a proclamation forbidding Russia to recruit mounted brigands and others in Manchuria, threatening with severe penalties all Chinese who disregard the command and aid the recruiting. Another and more powerful anti-Russian influence in China now comes from Yuan-Shi-Kai, Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chili and Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese army. According to General Frey, of the French army, who has just made an exhaustive study of Chinese military conditions and possibilities, Yuan-Shi-Kai is the only real army leader and strategist in China. Others have called him the most influential statesman among the Viceroys and Councilors. Hence the fact is impressive that Yuan-Shi-Kai has memorialized the Throne, urgently insisting upon an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan in order to regain the now Russified Chinese province of Manchuria. Yuan-Shi-Kai significantly adds that Japan is not only better prepared for war than Russia, but that of the two Japan certainly appears to be the more disinterested.



Macedonia and
Armenia

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has published a report from the Rev. J. F. Clarke, a missionary at Samokov, Bulgaria, close to the Macedonian frontier. Mr. Clarke says that the official record of refugees who have escaped from Macedonia into Bulgaria now amounts to over twenty-three thousand. It is reported that this number will soon be swelled to thirty

thousand by the companies from the various villages which are continually crossing the mountains, braving the cold and deep snow. From such a party, numbering twenty-eight, a woman and two children perished a month ago. Mr. Clarke says that, though the central Government is supplying bread and flour to those in need, he has personally visited twenty-one places where refugees are, and has found the destitution very great. In response to the statements by representatives of the Turkish Government, that American missionaries in Turkey have always been and still are fomenters of revolution, the American Board calls attention to the asserted fact that, in all the history of the Turkish Empire, when province after province has been lost by internal disturbances and revolutions, no American missionary has been in those provinces, nor has there been any American institutions established within them. The only possible exception which might be made is Bulgaria, but Bulgaria had no American school at the time of its assumption of partial independence, and the American missionary work was just beginning. The Sultan has ordered additional troops to guard the Bulgarian frontier, and, in Asia, has also strengthened the Russo-Armenian frontier. Reports from Harput, Van, Sasun, and Erzerum, as published in the Paris journal "Pro Armenia," show that the unrest in Asia Minor is increasing rather than diminishing. Can the Sultan check it with his Kurdish guards, any more than he has checked, for the moment, the Macedonian insurrection on the other side of the Bosphorus? We doubt it. Incensed by the ascendancy of the insurrectionists, the Sultan is taking advantage of Russia's absorption in the Far Eastern crisis to inaugurate more drastic measures. The outcome of these may be war in deadly earnest. He has ordered the railway leading north from Salonika on the Aegean Sea to place its entire rolling stock at the disposal of the military authorities, and to form a coal depot at every railway station. A similar measure heralded the outbreak of the Turko-Greek War. These preparations for a possible war were thus significantly com-

mented upon on Sunday of this week in an official statement by the Bulgarian Premier:

This Government is fully informed, and it has made numerous representations to Constantinople with the view of stopping Turkish prosecution of everything Bulgarian, but its protests have not yet had the desired result. These acts, committed continuously for several months past, have compelled the Government to believe that the Porte is committing them intentionally, in order to provoke a conflict with Bulgaria, and thus justify the non-execution of the reform plan. Encouraged by Bulgaria's correct and loyal attitude, Turkey is becoming more audacious, and making the acts of Bulgaria an excuse for the concentration of troops on the frontier, with the intention of compelling the principality either to violate peace or lend its support to the Porte in its endeavor to nullify the efforts of the Powers on behalf of the reforms.



The British Parliament

Last week Edward VII. in person opened Parliament with all the ceremonial which has been in vogue since he became King. This ceremonial is one more outward sign of the more direct activity of the English sovereign in political affairs. The most interesting passage in the King's speech dealt with the Russo-Japanese situation:

I have watched with concern the course of the negotiations between the Governments of Japan and Russia in regard to their respective interests in China and Korea, and a disturbance of the peace in those regions could not but have deplorable consequences. Any assistance which my Government can usefully render towards the promotion of a pacific solution will be gladly afforded.

In the Parliamentary session which followed, Earl Spencer, the Liberal leader in the House of Lords, said he hoped that the Government's friendly offices had been offered to both Powers. Lord Lansdowne, Foreign Secretary, replied that it was an axiom in diplomacy not to offer good offices until they were asked for. Neither of the disputants had asked for it. In fact, it was an open secret that one at least of the disputants [Russia] had said that mediation was not desirable at the present time. But, should the opportunity offer, his Majesty's Government would gladly avail itself thereof.

Chamberlainism The most picturesque incident of the debate in the opening session of the British House of Commons was the attempt of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer, to defend the Government's new fiscal policy, inspired by the Chancellor's father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, late Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain, senior, is a frank protectionist, but has so far been unable to induce the reconstructed Balfour Government to go beyond that fiscal plan called retaliation. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, therefore, was not defending so much Mr. Balfour, the Premier, as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, to whom he frequently referred as "my right honorable friend, the member for West Birmingham." The Chancellor declared that the House of Commons must first decide whether or not it desired any change in the fiscal system, and until that point was settled the Opposition demand for details of the Government's fiscal reform plan could not be granted. The Chancellor's attempt to defend the Government's fiscal reform plan was hardly successful. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader in the Commons, was quite right in complaining that Mr. Balfour had long postponed a Parliamentary discussion of the Government's fiscal programme on the pretext that it was to be made the subject of careful inquiry by a commission made up of permanent Government officials. Such a pretense serves no longer. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain, as a private individual, has appointed a commission. The only way of dealing with the existing confusion, as Sir Henry pertinently added, is to appeal to the common sense of the electors of the country. Severely arraigning the Government attitude on the fiscal question, Sir Henry announced that Mr. John Morley would in a few days introduce a comprehensive amendment covering the whole situation. The text of this amendment is as follows:

It is our duty, however, humbly to present to your Majesty that our effective deliberation on financial services is impaired by conflicting declarations from your Majesty's Ministers. We respectfully submit the judgment of this House that the removal of protective duties has for more than half a

century actively conduced to the vast extension of the trade and commerce of the realm and the welfare of the population, and this House believes that while the needs for improvement are still manifold and urgent, any return to protective duties, and more particularly when imposed on the food of the people, would be deeply injurious to the national strength, contentment, and well-being.



British Army Reform

The plan of British army reform recommended by Mr. Arnold-Forster, the present War Secretary, reverses the plan of Mr. Brodrick, the late War Secretary. The latter declared that the army must repel invasion and hence be an essential part of home defense. But Mr. Arnold-Forster says that the regular army is intended for work over-sea—in India, for instance. The invasion of England need not be feared so long as England's navy is kept in proper order. The militia and the volunteers can defend England. In the new plan the part of the army which is permanently on a war footing is to serve abroad; the reserve force is to serve at home. The foreign force is to be enlisted for eight years; the reserve for three, and without any liability for foreign service. The office of Commander-in-Chief is to be abolished; an Inspector-General appointed instead, together with an Army Board. Some of these changes have already been effected by royal authority. All the heads of departments of the War Office received letters of dismissal last week, and were informed that they will be employed elsewhere. Among those appointed to the new Army Board are the War Secretary with his three Under Secretaries, Generals Neville, Douglas, Plumer, and Murray. The army reforms are thus far-reaching, and will, we believe, prove salutary.



The Fight Against Corruption in Delaware

Mr. J. Edward Addicks, in an article recently published over his signature, has given notice to the Regular Republicans in Delaware that they need expect no more overtures of "peace and unity" from him. "Straight Union Republican candidates," he says, "pledged to vote for J. Edward Addicks first, last, and all the time, will be nomi-

nated in every legislative district in the State, and all who do not like this policy can vote some other ticket." It was hardly necessary for Mr. Addicks to make another formal declaration of war, inasmuch as there has never been an interval of peace. The reputable Republicans of Delaware—the men who are opposed to wholesale bribery and vote-buying—have fought Mr. Addicks steadily for a period of ten years, and they will carry the fight to a finish. They will elect their own delegates to the National Republican Convention in Chicago, and will strive there to obtain recognition; but even if they should fail to get it, they will nevertheless contest the State. In order to throw the electoral vote of Delaware to the Presidential candidate of the Republican party, they are willing to adopt as their own the electors of the Union faction, with the single exception of Mr. Addicks. They will not vote for him as Presidential elector, nor will they enter into any compromise on the State ticket. If, therefore, Mr. Addicks insists upon being one of the electors, Delaware will certainly not cast more than two Republican votes in the electoral college. The contest in the State will doubtless result in a more or less complete victory for the Democrats, inasmuch as neither of the Republican factions is strong enough to win alone. There seems to be a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety among the followers of Mr. Addicks with regard to his financial condition. They fear that the recent depreciation in the value of speculative stocks has so impaired his resources that he will not be able to pay as liberally as heretofore for votes and service. If such should be the case, there might be a speedy disintegration of the Union Republican party, and a final elimination of Mr. Addicks from the field of Delaware politics.



Election of United States Senator in Maryland

The Legislature of Maryland elected as United States Senator last week, in place of Louis E. McComas, Isidor Rayner, of Baltimore, the nominee of the Democratic caucus. Mr. Rayner received all the votes of the eighty-eight Democratic legislators pres-

ent, while the thirty-eight Republicans voted for Mr. McComas. The apparent unanimity with which the Democrats supported Mr. Rayner in the Legislature would seem to indicate that there was no Democratic opposition to his candidacy, and that he was the choice of the whole party; but his nomination in the caucus appears to have been the outcome of a bitter partisan fight between his independent friends on one side and the old Democratic State machine, under the direction of United States Senator Gorman, on the other. The machine, it is said, might have defeated Mr. Rayner in the caucus if it had worked harmoniously for ex-Governor John Walter Smith; but Senator Gorman, for reasons of his own, threw his influence in favor of a third candidate—Bernard Carter—and thus divided the strength of the machine forces, so that it became possible for the independents to secure the nomination of Rayner. The result of the fight has no great political significance, except in its bearing upon the prospects of Senator Gorman as a possible candidate for the Presidency. The split in his party, the defeat of his candidate, and the nomination and election of an independent whom he opposed, have weakened his influence as a leader and proportionately lessened his chances as a Presidential candidate, for the reason that it is now doubtful whether he will have the hearty and unanimous support of his own party in his own State. His friends, however, assert that the factional dissensions which preceded the Senatorial election will soon be harmonized; that Mr. Gorman's influence as a leader is unimpaired; that his State will support him loyally, and that Mr. Rayner, who is an eloquent speaker, may even go to St. Louis to place him in nomination for the Presidency. The Republicans of Maryland, on the other hand, regard the election of an independent Democrat to the United States Senate as a severe blow to Mr. Gorman's prestige. Mr. Rayner, who will be remembered as leading counsel for Admiral Schley in the Sampson-Schley court of inquiry, will take his seat in the United States Senate on the 4th of March, 1905.

Altering the Anti-Trust Law

Senator Foraker has introduced in the Senate an amendment to the Anti-Trust Law which is so important that we print it entire, italicizing the passages which appear to us of special significance:

That nothing in the act to regulate commerce approved February 4, 1887, or in the act to protect foreign trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies, approved July 2, 1890, or in any act amendatory of either of said acts, shall hereafter *apply to foreign commerce*, or shall prohibit any act or any contract in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, provided that *such restraint be reasonable*, or shall hereafter authorize imprisonment or forfeiture of property as punishment for any violation of said acts, except for perjury or contempt of court.

The notion that Mr. Foraker has introduced this measure at the request of the President, or that it has his approval, seems to be conclusively negated by the opinion which has been elicited from Attorney-General Knox respecting it, an opinion which he gave to the President a year ago, when a similar measure was proposed, and which he now reaffirms. From this opinion we quote, because it puts clearly and tersely what seem to us conclusive objections to the amendment:

The amendment also proposes to repeal the Inter-State Commerce Law and the Anti-Trust Law, so far as foreign commerce is concerned. This would result in giving foreign commerce an advantage over our domestic commerce. By means of such a power the tariff protection will be largely nullified. It is well known that the steamship companies and railroads have in instances combined so that foreign traffic has been carried from Berlin to Chicago at rates 60 per cent. lower than similar goods made in this country could be transported from New York to Chicago. Tin has frequently been carried from Wales to Chicago at a lower rate than the railroads would carry tin manufactured in Pittsburg to Chicago. Boots, clothing, hardware, etc., from Germany have been carried through to San Francisco at rates 66 per cent. lower than was charged by the railroad carrier on similar manufactures of our own country from Atlantic ports to San Francisco.

While it may be a wise policy to incorporate the rule of reasonableness into the regulation by law of contracts between individuals and contracts of industrial corporations which are private corporations, that rule has never been applied to what are known as quasi-public corporations—rail-

roads, for example, which exercise public functions and enjoy public rights. They owe duties to the public as the consideration of the grant to them of public franchises, among which is the duty to refrain from restraining competition in rates, service, and facilities. This amendment would tend to relieve them from many of their most important duties to the public. Its enactment, instead of being a protection to commerce, would be to effect an undoing of very much of the most important remedial legislation of the last fifteen years.

Senator Foraker's
Mistake

Regarded as "politics," this proposed alteration, which is no amendment, appears to us exceedingly unwise. The popular sentiment against monopoly is not lessened because it is less vocal. There is a general impression that Congress has taken some effective steps toward restraining and regulating monopoly, if not toward absolutely preventing it, and the people are inclined to wait patiently to see what are the results of last year's legislation before demanding more. But if they should become convinced that Congress is inclined to take any backward step, and especially if they should become convinced that Congress proposes to sacrifice domestic interests to foreign markets, and to lessen the responsibility of the great public corporations such as the inter-State railroads, Congress would hear from the people, especially those of the great West, a protest by the side of which previous protests against railroad monopoly would appear but as mild murmurs of disapprobation. The direction in which the public want to see Congress act leads toward increased, not lessened, control of monopolies. The next act required by public opinion of Congress is a bestowment of power on the Inter-State Railroad Commission, endowing it with judicial or quasi-judicial functions, giving it powers analogous to those possessed by the Canadian Commission, and enabling it on complaint to change any rate of freight, on inter-State railroads, which the Commission holds to be unreasonable, and requiring the road to comply with the requirement pending an appeal. If this power should be set in operation and should be proved to be practicable and effective,

it will then be time enough to take off the too slight restrictions now imposed on the great railroad combinations.

Governor Taft's
Report

The last report of Governor Taft on the Philippine Islands was sent to the Senate by the President on the same day on which Governor Taft took charge of the War Department. The recommendations made by Governor Taft should receive from Congress not merely respectful consideration, but acceptance as the views of the best-informed man in the world on this subject. Whatever may be the feeling of some of the military officers in the Philippines as to the formation of a civil government whose main object is to give the Filipinos self-government as fast as they are able to undertake it, there has been no serious criticism of Governor Taft's ability as an administrator or his wisdom in meeting problems as they have occurred. The recommendations upon which most stress is laid by Governor Taft are: The reduction of the tariff on sugar and tobacco imported into this country from the Philippine Islands to not more than twenty-five per cent. of the present Dingley rates on tobacco and sugar coming from foreign countries; approval of the issue by the Philippine Commission of bonds for permanent improvements, not to exceed in amount five million dollars; giving to the Philippine Commission, subject to the approval of the President and Secretary of War, control over the shipping in the trade between the islands; and the postponement for the present of the application of the United States coastwise navigation laws to inter-island trade. Other recommendations are intended, if adopted, to encourage railroad construction, agriculture, and mining in the islands, in the first place by giving a guarantee by the Philippine Government of income on investment bonds, in the other cases by changing the laws so as to make commercial transactions less restricted than they now are. Of the general condition of the islands Governor Taft says that the worst is past as regards short food supply and

the ensuing distress, and that this has been largely brought about by the action of the Government in breaking a corner in rice by buying rice from foreign markets; that ladronism has almost ceased; that a law has been passed to deal with the trouble caused by the presence of dissolute vagrant Americans; that the number of friars in the islands has been reduced by about four-fifths; that the religious situation has been greatly benefited by the coming of American Roman Catholic Bishops and the waning of the power of the friars; that school attendance has increased wonderfully, so that there is still need of expending several million dollars for school-houses and multiplying the number of teachers by seven; that the cholera epidemic which swept away 100,000 people is decreasing because of sanitary precautions; and, finally, that the time is ripe for a period of great railroad and highway construction.



Ex-Secretary Whitney The death of Mr. William C. Whitney at his home in this city, on Tuesday of last week, recalled the extraordinary promise and performance of his earlier career, as well as the disappointing phases of the close of his life. A New Englander by birth, the son of General James S. Whitney, who was at one time Superintendent of the Springfield Arsenal and later Collector of the Port of Boston, Mr. Whitney was prepared for college at Williston Seminary, and graduated from Yale in 1863 in a class which included a number of well-known men, and in which he took high position. Two years later Mr. Whitney was graduated from the Harvard Law School. Coming directly to New York, he entered a law office, and his talent for his profession was so evident that he rapidly gathered an important clientage. His defense of the editors of the "Round Table" against a suit brought by Charles Reade for libel on account of the severe criticism of "Griffith Gaunt" brought him into public notice. Mr. Whitney soon became expert as a corporation lawyer, and his professional connections with large corpora-

tions were numerous and important. At the beginning of the campaign against the Tweed Ring, Mr. Whitney cast in his fortune with the Reform Democrats in New York City, and for the next few years was closely associated with Mr. Tilden. In 1875 he was appointed by Mayor Wickham to the office of Corporation Counsel, and was twice reappointed. He was conspicuous in organizing the Young Men's Democratic Club and the Irving Hall Democratic Club, and later he aided in organizing the County Democracy. In the Corporation Counsel's office he showed remarkable power of despatching business, and his skill and energy were of the greatest importance to the city in a critical time. It was not, however, until Mr. Whitney entered Mr. Cleveland's first Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy that his genius for organization, his remarkable knowledge of men, and his great practical efficiency became known to the country at large. If Secretary Chandler was the originator of the new navy and in a sense its father, Mr. Whitney was its real organizer. It was he who, with indefatigable energy, patience, and skill in putting the right men in the right places and persuading men with whom he had anything to do to do their work promptly and well, made the American navy an instrument of modern warfare. At the close of Mr. Cleveland's second campaign Mr. Whitney retired from politics and turned his attention to street railways in New York City, in which he already had a large interest. To those interests, and to the business interests that grew out of them or were affiliated with them, Mr. Whitney devoted the remainder of his life. For politics he substituted racing and social interests, keeping his hand at the same time on great business enterprises. Mr. Whitney's later career was a disappointment to many of his friends and to the public at large. Possessed of conspicuous ability, of a very attractive personality, living in the greatest city in the country and one of the most influential States, and of independent fortune, Mr. Whitney might have deeply influenced the life of the country through its political policies. His exchange of

this great stage for the smaller stage on which his later life was lived was accompanied by a certain lowering of ideals, a certain decline of power. The country cannot spare men of Mr. Whitney's ability; even when a sacrifice is involved, such men ought to place the use of their talents at the service of the commonwealth.



The Baltimore Fire The fire which has laid waste the business section of Baltimore can be compared in the extent of property loss only with that which in 1871 destroyed three square miles of buildings in Chicago, with a money loss of \$190,000,000, and that which devastated sixty-five acres in Boston in 1872, with a loss of about \$80,000,000. Unlike those two historic city conflagrations, that in Baltimore seems, as we write, to have involved the loss of only one life—in the Chicago fire not far from two hundred and fifty lives were lost. The origin of the fire in Baltimore was a series of explosions in the dry-goods store of John E. Hurst & Co. Just what caused these explosions seems uncertain (in some accounts gas is said to have been the explosive), and a close examination into this point must be the starting-point of investigation. It is certain that when the fire, fanned by a high wind, spread to buildings near by, wholesale drug houses, distilleries, warehouses filled with chemicals and with other inflammable material, quickly caught fire, and a terrible series of explosions followed, and for the time drove back the firemen. It is more than probable that one of the most striking lessons of the fire will be to warn city authorities to be rigorous in the laws controlling the storing and handling of combustibles and explosives. The business center of a large city would seem to be the worst place in the world for such things; to store gunpowder or nitro-glycerine in large quantities in a city would be thought the height of recklessness; yet there are many chemicals hardly less dangerous when attacked by heat or allowed to mingle when set loose by breakage. From the start of the fire at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, Baltimore was for more than a day in a state

of fear and danger. Great business buildings, banks, several newspaper offices, the finest hotel, a seventeen-story "sky-scraper" (the Continental Trust Company Building), and a large number of fine modern office edifices—all were swept away in a fierce furnace heat against which neither stone nor steel could stand. In all, perhaps a thousand buildings were destroyed. By a fortunate turn of the wind, the City Hall and Post-Office were saved and the Court-House spared from total loss. Estimates of the money loss range from \$50,000,000 to \$200,000,000. The fire insurance companies have not had such a blow for thirty years. The maintaining of order was promptly given over in part to the militia. Help was sent by fire departments as far away as New York City—no fewer than ten engines and hook-and-ladder companies were sent from New York. With this help and by the liberal use of dynamite in blowing up buildings the fire was checked on Monday noon and seemed then to be under control. The citizens of Baltimore will have the sympathy of the entire country; and beyond doubt the enterprise and energy of the sixth city in the United States will enter upon the task of reconstruction as actively as did Chicago after its similar disaster.



“The Philippines for the Filipinos”

We have received a petition addressed to both the great political parties, asking them to insert in their platforms a plank declaring in favor of the ultimate independence of the Filipinos. This petition is based upon the assumption that ultimate independence is something which either is greatly to be desired for the Filipinos, or at least will certainly be greatly desired by them. We see no evidence to believe that either assumption is true. In national affairs, as in individual affairs, it is generally best not to attempt to settle questions before they arise. It is probable that at the time of the Louisiana purchase the people of Louisiana, who were largely French and Spanish, would have expressed themselves in favor of ultimate independence.

It is certain that before the time came when ultimate independence could have been possible, the people of Louisiana would have been hostile to it, and would have greatly suffered from it. There are special reasons why it is for the interest of the Filipinos that their relation to the United States should be left to be settled by agreement between themselves and the United States, when they have reached a common national consciousness, and that the settlement should not be embarrassed by any previous commitment, either on their part or on ours.

Simultaneously with this petition we receive the complete official report of Governor Taft's remarkable address delivered at Manila on the eve of his departure from the Philippines. We wish that this address might be reprinted as a Government document and widely distributed in this country. Three points made by it ought ever to be kept in mind by loyal and liberty-loving Americans: First, by our treaty with Spain we assumed sovereignty over the Philippines, with all the obligations which such sovereignty involves. This treaty, it will be remembered, was ratified by two-thirds of the Senate, and by Democratic as well as Republican votes. Second, among the obligations which this sovereignty imposes is "the Philippines for the Filipinos," which Governor Taft thus defines: "Now, what is meant by the principle, 'the Philippines for the Filipinos'? Only this, that every measure, whether in the form of law or an executive order, before its adoption, should be weighed in the light of this question: Does it make for the welfare of the Filipino people or does it not? If it does not make for the welfare of the Filipino people, then it ought not to be enacted or executed. The doctrine as interpreted in the light of these authoritative declarations assumes that the Filipino people are of future capacity but not of present fitness for self-government, and that they may be taught by the gradual extension of self-government to exercise the conservative self-restraints without which popular government is impossible." Third, the Philippines for the Filipinos "does not"—we quote

again from Governor Taft—"include, necessarily, the independence of the Filipinos, nor any particular degree of autonomy. It is entirely consistent with the principle to object to an immediate extension of popular government on the ground that we are going too fast for the political digestion of the people and that it is not, therefore, for their good. Whether an autonomy or independence or quasi-independence shall ultimately follow in these islands ought to depend solely on the question, Is it best for the Filipino people and their welfare? It is my sincere belief that when America shall have discharged her duty toward the Philippines, shall have reduced the tariff, and made the commercial bonds between the two countries close and profit-giving to both, the Filipinos will love the association with the mother country and will be the last to desire a severance of those ties." This opinion The Outlook has long entertained, and all that we can learn concerning the progress of opinion in the Philippines confirms it.

The American people do not wish to see the Filipinos a subject people. They do not wish to see the Philippines in any way approximating the status of a crown colony of Great Britain. The Republican party has made it very clear, by the utterances of its public men, and still more by its executive action, that it desires to see self-government established as rapidly as possible in the Philippine Archipelago. It is for this purpose laying the foundations of self-government in a public-school system, in the separation of Church and State, in the practical solution of the friar land problem, and in the preliminary steps for the organization of a Filipino Legislature. When these preliminary steps have been taken, both the Filipinos and the Americans will be better able than now to judge whether the United States can, by maintaining vital relations with the Filipinos, promote justice, liberty, equal rights, and commercial prosperity in those islands. If so, The Outlook hopes we shall continue to maintain such relations. Nor do we think that we are shut up to the alternative of making the Philippines either a dependent

colony or a State within the Union. There are other alternatives which already appear measurably clear to us. A commercial union insuring the American market for Philippine products; an American protectorate securing the Philippines against both foreign aggression and native revolution, and intrusting all their foreign affairs to American direction and control; a common agreement under which all questions between the Philippines and the United States should be submitted to judicial decision; provisions securing for the Philippines a public-school system and all the civil rights involved in Anglo-Saxon civilization; and all this accompanied by a local self-government analogous to that enjoyed by a State of the Union, would probably secure to the Filipinos a much larger prosperity, both material and moral, than could be secured by independence.

The petitioners to the two political parties should change the petition to one in favor of a plank committing both parties to the principle, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," as that principle is defined both by the words and the acts of Governor Taft.



Political Candidates

Democratic Nominees

The division in the Democratic party appears to us to be far more radical than that in the Republican party. If it were a difference respecting candidates, they might both be dropped and another candidate nominated. If it were a difference respecting political expediency, a compromise would be possible. If it were even a difference respecting some one principle, as free silver, both wings might consent to leave that principle in abeyance and unite on other principles upon which they are agreed. But the difference appears to us to be one of aim and purpose and tendency. Where the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers come together, the line of demarcation between the two streams is sharply marked; but twenty miles or so below, the two currents have flowed together and no line any longer exists between

them. But on the Alleghany ridge there are springs side by side one of which flows into the Ohio River and so into the Gulf of Mexico, the other into the Juniata and so into the Atlantic Ocean. The longer the flow, the farther they are separated from each other. Such seems to us to be the case with the Cleveland and the Bryan Democracy. They not only are represented by typically different men; they not only represent characteristically different constituencies; they not only stand for different political policies; they have radically different aims and are moving in widely different and almost opposite directions. Mr. Cleveland used all the patronage at his disposal to establish the gold standard, Mr. Bryan stumped the country for free silver; Mr. Cleveland opposed the Americanization of Hawaii and would have overthrown the Hawaiian Republic if he could, Mr. Bryan went to Washington to persuade Democratic Senators to vote for the treaty which imposed on us the duty of giving to the Filipinos free institutions; Mr. Cleveland exerted the whole authority of the Federal Government to put down the labor riots in Chicago, Mr. Bryan has taken stronger ground as the advocate of organized labor than any other public leader of National reputation; Mr. Cleveland believes in leaving the adjustment of the relations between capital and labor to the operation of natural law, Mr. Bryan in more vigorous and efficient anti-trust legislation than any as yet enacted; Mr. Cleveland represents the conservatism of vested interests, Mr. Bryan the radicalism of popular demands; Mr. Cleveland stands for the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy modified by the conditions of the twentieth century, Mr. Bryan for the principles of the Social Democracy of Europe modified by the conditions of American life; Mr. Cleveland is an individualist in politics, it is not unjust to say that Mr. Bryan is the most eloquent and the most distinguished representative of American socialistic tendencies.

How these men and the constituencies which they represent can unite in the approaching election we are at a loss to see. To suppose that they will put their

convictions aside in a common effort to secure political control and political patronage is to discredit their sincerity. To suppose that they will follow the lead of Senator Gorman in a campaign based upon the race issue is to attribute to both constituencies a hostility to the negro which neither constituency possesses. They might agree on a "dark horse," but can they agree on a dark platform? It is possible that they might be silent on other issues and unite in a demand for a radical tariff revision, but Mr. Bryan's recent addresses do not indicate that he regards the tariff issue as the absorbing issue, and in this respect we judge that the American people agree with him. If either wing triumphs in the Convention, it can have but a half-hearted support from the other wing. There might be no bolt; but present appearances indicate that Cleveland Democrats would prefer the triumph of the Republican party to that of Bryan Democracy, and Bryan Democrats would prefer the triumph of the Republican party to that of Cleveland Democracy. And from their points of view both would be right, since Roosevelt Republicanism is neither as individualistic as Clevelandism nor as socialistic as Bryanism.

Under these circumstances, schemes for carrying a doubtful State by a candidate selected for that purpose appear to us to be rather the devices of politicians than the plans of statesmen. The Democratic party must first ascertain what it stands for; at present it is like a magnet with two poles pointing in opposite directions. Will Clevelandism or Bryanism control the Democratic Convention?—that is the real question, and at present no one can answer it. Mr. Cleveland's nomination is entirely improbable; his name is used because it is a good name to conjure by in lining up the individualistic forces in the Convention. Mr. Hearst's candidature is not to be taken seriously, except that it is of course possible that Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan may unite their forces in the Convention to defeat Clevelandism. Senator Gorman represents nothing but himself, the spoils of office, and hostility to the negro—not a platform likely to arouse popular enthusiasm. Judge

Parker might be nominated on a compromise platform, but a compromise platform does not seem probable. If a compromise platform is possible, Mr. McClellan would probably be as popular a candidate as could be found to put upon it. He would be approved in the South, would be as likely as any Democratic candidate to carry New York State, and has, so far as we know, neither done nor said anything especially to antagonize either the Bryan or the Cleveland wing.

But *The Outlook* hopes that there may be no compromise. It is for the interest of the country that there should be a vigorous and united party in opposition to the Republican party. But to be vigorous it must be united; and to be really united it must have certain principles and certain purposes to which it is supremely loyal. Only such a party can present to the country a clearly defined issue which the country can debate and on which it can register its judgment. The Republican party stands for a gold standard, a high protective policy, governmental supervision and control of aggregate wealth, and a policy which may be defined as a policy of expansion, as it is illustrated by our various course in Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, Hawaii, and the Philippines. We want to see the party in opposition strong enough to furnish a vigorous debate on some if not all these propositions. We therefore want to see it really and not merely formally united. And if it is to be really and not merely formally united, it must decide definitely and positively whether it commits itself to the principles and the leaders of an individualistic or to those of a socialistic democracy.



Two Novels: a Contrast

Those people—and their number is increasing—who refuse to become partisans in matters of art, and insist on the inalienable right of the human mind to enjoy every kind of excellence, will find pleasure not only in the good workmanship of two novels which have recently come from the press, but in the breadth of contrast between them. Two stories

could hardly be further apart than Miss Glasgow's "The Deliverance" and Mr. Harland's "My Friend Prospero;" the first a serious, dramatic, carefully made study of certain aspects of social conditions in Virginia at the close of the Reconstruction period, the second a piece of delicate invention, an airy romance as unsubstantial as a dream, but, like Miss Sherwood's "Daphne," well worth dreaming. "Of all peoples," said Goethe, "the Greeks have dreamt the dream of life the best." To the most uncompromising realist there come times when he realizes in his own experience that we "are such stuff as dreams are made of," and that no man keeps his soul alive in the routine of work without the visitation of dreams. Provided only a man's dreams bear the touch of high imagination and of the ideal in life and manners, they are projections of his truest self. A world without romance would be as monotonous as a world without humor, and as dreary as a world without those soft lights of dawn and those splendors of sunset that give the prosaic day a touch of poetry at the beginning and the end.

There is a breath of romance in every novel that really lives, no matter how close the study of life may be nor what clearness and substance of observation may enter into it. Miss Glasgow has never evaded the facts of experience as she understood them, and her earliest stories awoke the apprehension that she might fasten attention so exclusively on some of the darker aspects of life as to lose a large and true perspective. Her later fiction has registered a notable sanity and growth, and she has made a place for herself among contemporary American writers by virtue of the fresh interest of her material and the vigor and vitality of her treatment of that material.

Mr. Page has given us charming transcriptions of the social ideals of Virginia before the war; short stories so full of feeling, of sympathy, and of charm that they are likely to find a permanent place in our literature. In "Red Rock" he has given a study of the Reconstruction period which the historian of the future will value as a human document of high

importance. Miss Glasgow has worked in the same field, but in an entirely different vein. In "The Voice of the People" she sketched the rise of a man of the poorer class to influence, respect, and power through his own integrity, courage, and tenacity of purpose; a self-made man coming to his own in a society still dominated by aristocratic ideals. In "The Battle-Ground" she drew a graphic picture of the tragedy of the Civil War as it swept with devastating fury through the old social order. In "The Deliverance," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., she presents another aspect of the wreck of old conditions and the rise of a new order effected by the same tremendous experience. The story as a social study brings vividly before the mind the tragedy of the ancestral home in the possession of the vulgar overseer, while the heir, a farm laborer, lives in poverty within sight of the great chimneys which symbolize the generous hospitality of his fathers. As a piece of fiction the story draws its interest from the elemental passion of hate which grows hot and murderous out of these conditions, and from the still more elemental passion of love which performs again its blessed work of redemption and effects the final deliverance.

In this novel Miss Glasgow has made her readers realize for the first time the heartbreaking tragedy of a generation of young men of natural force and charm deprived of all educational opportunity, and left to face the world not only without means but without training. To a great group of men now in middle life the bitterest memory of the war is the closing of schools and colleges and the blighting poverty which sent so many youth into active life without the training which their fathers had enjoyed for generations.

It is not difficult to find defects in Miss Glasgow's story; but there is so much power and promise, such passion and vitality, in it, that it is to be counted one of the real achievements in recent fiction; a novel singularly vivid in its picture of tragic social transition, singularly powerful in its frank, bold, vigorous handling of those phases of experience

which a good many American novelists have evaded or failed to discern. Miss Glasgow has still something to learn as an artist, but she is very richly endowed with the qualities of the true novelist: feeling for life, the dramatic sense, the power and the courage of passion.

Mr. Harland is to be counted an American in spite of his long residence in London and on the Continent; and his later work, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and "My Friend Prospero," may be accepted as cumulative evidence of the American capacity for assimilation and the quickness and deftness of American talent. One admired "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" as one admires a deft, dextrous, and charming bit of delicate art on a fan or vase or a piece of metal in a palace or museum; and one admires and enjoys "My Friend Prospero" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), not because it is serious or true or a transcription of experience, but because it is none of these things. It does not pretend to range itself with the "human documents" in fiction; it is a bit of play, a piece of airy invention, a charming tale charmingly told to beguile the imagination and take the reader away from the prose of life. To judge such a tale by the standards which one applies to stories that set out to report life as the literalists see it betrays lack both of discernment and of humor. Mr. Harland's novel is not for the solemn-minded, although they are the persons who most deeply need its gayety, its grace, its wit, and its entire and captivating improbability.

It is a great mistake to suppose that children are the only class for whom playgrounds and recreation piers ought to be provided; the instinct for play and the need of it never die out of the healthy man or woman. They who have lost the ability to play are fit for all manner of treasons against the comfort and happiness of their fellows; they are likely to become oppressive and unbalanced reformers who set back the cause of righteousness by making virtue insuperably uncharitable and fanatical, or wearisome repeaters of ancient saws from whom men flee as from a pestilence, or tiresome *poseurs* who persuade

themselves that they are patriots because they never speak of the country without taking on a Fourth-of-July expansiveness of speech. If humor is a great preservative of sanity, play is an immense aid in keeping the brain clear of fanaticisms, the speech free from exaggerations and verbal pretentiousness, the heart warm and gentle and true.

For those who rush for ferryboats and jostle one another in cable cars, and are in constant peril of limb and life from their own haste or the haste of other persons as misguided as themselves, there is not only delight but sanity in breathing the air of the garden of an Italian monastery among the hills, and feeling the charm of the fifteenth-century artists, and making love to a charming princess in a world of flowers and birds and sunshine, and in the blessed leisure which makes delicate sentiment and the play of wit and the civilizing influence of good manners possible.



The Goodness of Life

The blind often have a remarkable power of vision. One of the most striking of Maeterlinck's plays, "Les Aveugles," brings out in a very pathetic way the singular divination of a situation which the blind often possess. In that symbolic drama the pathos of the desolation and helplessness of the little group of the blind left alone forever by the death of their guide and teacher is brought out with searching power; and the contrast which the subtle genius of the dramatist evokes between the peril of the blind and their helplessness is so poignant that it is almost too painful to bear. In striking contrast to this play, as well as to a great deal of current thought, is Miss Helen Keller's "Optimism," which bears the imprint of Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; the book of a young girl not yet out of college, and stamped, therefore, with a certain immaturity, but full of promise, and revealing that insight which those who know Miss Keller always feel when they are in her presence. The value of this bit of sunshine in the light of which Miss Keller interprets

life lies in the fact that it comes out of such dense darkness. It is the work of a girl bereft of sight, of hearing, and of speech, locked originally in a dungeon from which there seemed to be no escape. By an education as remarkable as any in the history of the liberation of the human spirit, Miss Keller has come to know languages, to comprehend life, to secure a command of one great instrument of expression remarkable for a girl of her years, and to turn what was apparently an irremediable misfortune into general stimulus and an immense source of comfort to others. There is a German phrase which runs, "My misfortune was my good fortune," and Miss Keller has given a new rendering to this ancient fact in human experience.

The world is filled with men and women who are crying out against life, protesting against their burdens, and filling the air with lamentations and upbraiding of Providence, whose limitations are not for a moment to be compared with those under which Miss Keller labors. Her little book is a protest against the cowardice and weak egotism which permits men to look at the universe from the point of view of their own passing experience and to declaim against the possibility of Infinite Wisdom or Infinite Love because at the moment they are passing through some painful phase of life, and rebelling against their suffering without the slightest comprehension of its possible issue in their spiritual development. Every mature man or woman knows scores of instances in which what appeared to be a misfortune has turned out to be the beginning of a prosperity; and yet scores of men and women continue to cry aloud instead of bracing their wills, bearing their burdens in silence, and giving the world what it so sorely needs, the stimulus of brave example and the sunshine of good cheer. When things are at their worst, men and women show their real quality. If society is as bad and life as hopeless as some of the pessimists declare, then there rests on them the duty of heroism, of leading the forlorn hope, of keeping up the losing fight, loyal to great ideals when nothing is left save the self-respect that comes from loyalty. Miss Keller's

book is to be commended to all those who think they are too heavily laden; who are holding Infinite Wisdom responsible for the results of their own incapacity or lack of fidelity. Her testimony is that of an expert in sorrow and limitation:

Most people measure their happiness in terms of physical pleasure and material possession. Could they win some visible goal which they have set on the horizon, how happy they would be! Lacking this gift or that circumstance, they would be miserable. If happiness is to be so measured, I who cannot hear or see have every reason to sit in a corner with folded hands and weep. If I am happy in spite of my deprivations, if my happiness is so deep that it is a faith, so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life; if, in short, I am an optimist, my testimony to the creed of optimism is worth hearing. As sinners stand up in meeting and testify to the goodness of God, so one who is called afflicted may rise up in gladness of conviction and testify to the goodness of life. Once I knew the depth where no hope was, and darkness lay on the face of all things. Then love came, and set my soul free. Once I knew only darkness and stillness. Now I know hope and joy. Once I fretted and beat myself against the wall that shut me in. Now I rejoice in the consciousness that I can think, act, and attain heaven. My life was without past or future; death, the pessimist would say, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But a little word from the fingers of another fell into my hand that clutched at emptiness, and my heart leaped to the rapture of living. Night fled before the day of thought, and love and joy and hope came up in a passion of obedience to knowledge. Can any one who has escaped such captivity, who has felt the thrill and glory of freedom, be a pessimist?

My early experience was thus a leap from bad to good. If I tried, I could not check the momentum of my first leap out of the dark; to move breast forward is a habit learned suddenly at that first moment of release and rush into the light. With the first word I used intelligently, I learned to live, to think, to hope. Darkness cannot shut me in again. I have had a glimpse of the shore, and can now live by the hope of reaching it.

So my optimism is no mild and unreasoning satisfaction. A poet once said I must be happy because I did not see the bare, cold present, but lived in a beautiful dream. I do live in a beautiful dream; but that dream is the actual, the present—not cold but warm; not bare, but furnished with a thousand blessings. The very evil which the poet supposed would be a cruel disillusionment is necessary to the fullest knowledge of joy. Only by contact with evil could I have learned to feel by contrast the beauty of truth and love and goodness.

The Spectator

Two titles of little travel books have always been found pleasing by the Spectator—Thackeray's "Cornhill to Cairo" and Aldrich's "Ponkapog to Pesth." Both are alliterative, as the quick eye and acute ear of the reader have already detected, and possibly Aldrich's would be the better, had it been the earlier. The charm of each phrase lies in the coupling of the homely with the bizarre, the familiar with the romantic; and perhaps the more unknown member of each couple is the gem to which its fellow is no more than a foil.

Yet the Spectator has ever found in the familiar itinerary delights as great as those presented by journeys in less-known regions, regions of the conventional picturesque. In either case the traveler finds what he expects, possibly because he expects what he finds. Every scene is commonplace to those who behold it every day. Even the Grand Cañon of the Colorado came to be a convenient receptacle for rubbish to the Chinese cook employed in the hotel upon its brink, and the Spectator has seen him slide potato-parings into that stupendous chasm without visible emotion. (The final adverbial clause, by the way, is true whether it be taken to apply to the observer, the observed, or the great chasm.)

Recently the Spectator was a passenger in a train that made its daily trip along the Hudson River—a trip New Yorkers make so often that the majority of passengers hardly deign more than a glance at the Storm King himself. And the Spectator, by virtue of his office, laid aside book and magazine in order that he might see what pretty pictures should unroll themselves within the narrow confines of the car window. He was intentionally alive to the picturesque, and at first found only offense in the hideousness, the provokingly needless ugliness, of the foreground, the rubbish, the dirt, the *disjecta membra* of civilization and industry. But the soft yet brilliant coloring of the Palisades was a gentle admonition to look higher and

more widely at the world. Then, the eye once caught, came the reward. The first impression was of deep tender purple, but closer seeing showed the yellowish light of the afternoon sky here and there brimming over into the purple below—making an evanescent golden fringe upon the velvety wall.

The Spectator looked along the opposite bank of the river as far in each direction as the window gave view; and then suddenly he felt how much wider is the horizon of the pedestrian traveler than that of the luxurious tourist in the palace car. By the mere turn of his head, right, left, the walking tourist commands the whole horizon at will. The gulls were rising and falling over the river, and this reminded the Spectator that birds, with their two eyes nearly opposite, must see all the horizon at once, and thus receive twice the number of visual impressions that come to the self-styled lords of creation. While turning this reflection about, the Spectator recalled the discovery of a foreign specialist—that eyes see clearly only when at rest; and that idiots' eyes never rest, and presumably give only blurred impressions. But this idea, when applied to the vision of birds, bade fair to make the Spectator a mere speculator; and so he resolutely shut the mental box containing it, and returned to his own visual experiences.

The weather outside was cold, and the workmen who came into view wore thick coats and mittens, and went about their tasks with a vigor that only Jack Frost has the secret of calling forth. Whereupon the Spectator was reminded of Thoreau's chopping wood to make himself a fire, only to find that the exercise made the fire unnecessary, and the chopped wood seem momentarily useless. While thus reflecting upon the economy of labor, the train passed beneath the walls of a prison and then immediately beneath those of its neighbor—a factory. Again a threatening series of thoughts presented themselves, thoughts dealing with the potentiality of the human labor behind bars, and the

many obstacles that lay in the way of its being made of use to the world; but thereupon another mental box had to be resolutely closed, and once more the eyes were turned outward. Luckily, there was something worth the seeing. A schooner had just tacked, and was swinging obliquely across the river, bending slightly over with the stress of the wind, and thereby making itself an exponent of nature's law, visibly an interpreter of the air-current. An automobile moving in an undeviating line loses this element of the picturesque, and thus fails to be as interesting. A railway train also lacks the charm of apparent obedience to nature, except when it wears a long back-reaching plume of smoke to say to the seeing eyes, "Behold how I dash through the air!" But neither vessel nor vehicle can long keep the attention from the glorious hill background, colored more somberly in winter, but striking a deeper note in the color scale. And, fine as are the colors of the hills, they are of the earth, earthly, when compared with the sky above, the sky at which almost no one looks unless when asked, "Do you think we shall have rain?"



The Spectator has been upon the Brooklyn Bridge cars when they have suddenly been suffused with crimson or golden light from a sunset sky that seemed a good-night blessing from heaven. Yet never an eye was raised from the thrilling accounts of the day's disgraces, disasters, and deceptions. Why are not people taught to see? We all admit that children should be led to admire good literature, good art, good music; why may they not be taught to love nature in the large? The primrose by the river is less important than the river, even to the poet; and the sky above—of all things the least subject to our defilement, the nearest omnipresent, the grandest of all nature—is it not most important of all?



The Spectator is not a geologist, and finds himself gladly wondering how far

downward the Palisades extend. If he were a specialist, he fears he might know, and perhaps wonder the less. Specialist knowledge has its place, but while it enjoys the reputation of profundity, it may be mere narrowness; and therefore the Spectator is inclined to doubt whether the young should not complete a course in mere reverence and wondering before they are led to cut open their toys with the laudable object of understanding exactly which wheel pushes which other wheel, and why. As a most unanalyzable subject, the sky has very evident advantages; and it is one of the very rare precincts wherein we may see nature at work. For a lawn isn't nature, and a stone wall is quite as much the work of man as the daily newspaper. Here the Spectator suddenly catches sight of the word "Repent" painted large upon the rocks, and, being left at liberty to choose the subject of repentance, he decides to repent of preaching when he meant only to enjoy and record. But, after all, don't we all enjoy a sound preachment better than most forms of discourse? The popularity of Thomas à Kempis, if it *were* he, and of the "Pilgrim's Progress" should teach us a lesson as to the taste of readers. Next to the Bible itself come these two great sermons, and their hold upon the people shows no sign of relaxing. Let us see all the beauty we can, and tell what truths we can, and all as cheerily as may be. Only the snail remains in close contact with his path, and no one compares his line of progress with that of the swallow to the disadvantage of the bird.



The afternoon light gradually fails, the light within the railway cars gains upon its outside rival, and the Spectator can no longer play his part. He makes himself comfortable in the corner of the car-seat just as if he were no more than a common, ordinary, travel-quick-and-read-all-the-way passenger, and somehow finds the change most natural and restful. Possibly he has been flying a little above his latitude.

What of China?

By Chester Holcombe

Formerly Secretary of the American Legation at Peking

YEARS ago the writer of this article had an interview of some length in Tokio with a Japanese official, then high, and in more recent years higher, in favor with the Mikado. Korea had only recently emerged from centuries of rigid seclusion. To save itself from seizure and absorption by some one of the Great Powers of Europe, that peninsular kingdom had entered into treaty relations with all, thus giving each an interest, commercial and political, in its continued existence as an independent nation. France, at the end of a most disgraceful attack upon China, had incorporated Tonquin with its colony in the Far East, thereby extending it northward to the southern Chinese frontier. France had not yet robbed Siam of the western portion of its domain, nor indicated, so openly as in more recent times, that its plans of territorial aggression include the southern tier of Chinese provinces and anything still further north that may be safely seized and held.

Under these circumstances it was natural that the conversation had mainly to do with the political situation and outlook in the Far East. The Japanese Minister—he was a member of the Cabinet—was greatly disturbed at the prospect for the future. He insisted that the action taken by Korea, under the guidance of China, would not save that little kingdom from attack and absorption. Holding up one hand, and separating the first and second fingers as widely as possible from the third and fourth, he said: "Here is the situation. Those four fingers represent the four great European Powers, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Russia. In the open space between them lie Japan, China, and Korea." Then, with really dramatic force, he added: "Like the jaws of a huge vise, those fingers are slowly closing, and unless some supreme effort is made, they will certainly crush the national life out of all three." He

urged, with great earnestness, that the United States, Japan, and China should enter upon a mutual agreement—a tripartite alliance—to defend the independence and territorial integrity of Korea. He was told that such action would be a wide departure from the wise and long-established policy of our Government and was out of the question. China and Japan might, however, well join in the undertaking, which, if persistently and loyally adhered to, would be sufficient. Mutual jealousy and distrust, then rife between the two, prevented any such agreement.

It will probably be remembered that the original terms of the treaty of peace between China and Japan in 1895 included the cession to Japan of the island of Formosa and a small part of Manchuria. Upon these terms being made public, Russia, presumably supported by Germany and France, though they kept in the background, served notice upon the Japanese Government that "it would not be permitted to retain permanent possession of any portion of the mainland of Asia," and named a limit of forty-eight hours within which this peremptory notification must be accepted. Within that specified limit, the writer had an interview with another Cabinet Minister in Tokio. The Japanese, a friend of years' standing, gave free vent to his feelings and shed tears like a child. Said he: "If we had only three battle-ships, we would declare war against Russia within twenty-four hours. We have but one, recently captured from China, and it will not be fit for service within six months, while the Czar has six here in our harbors. What can we do but submit to this insolent threat?" In the course of the conversation it became very clear that the motive and purpose of the warning from the Muscovite was well understood by the Japanese Emperor and his Cabinet; that Japan was ordered away from Manchuria because the Czar proposed, when the time

was ripe, to add that rich province and Korea to his own dominions. They understood, too, that such a purpose, if accomplished, could mean only the eventual destruction of Japanese and Chinese nationality. Here again was the same distinct recognition of a future crisis which had been so apparent in the earlier interview. And those who are fond of tracing parallels may find something to interest them in the comparison of this outspoken threat to Japan in 1895, with the unfriendly and treacherous efforts made by the Government of the Czar within the past year to frighten China into refusal to grant to the United States further commercial facilities in the shape of two additional open ports in Manchuria. With a difference in procedure, the motive was identical.

These incidents serve to show plainly what, in the judgment of the leaders of political thought in Japan, must be the final outcome of the numberless aggressions, large and petty, of the European Powers upon the rights and territories of the nations of the Far East, unless those aggressions are permanently checked. For that reason they are given here as not being out of line with the specific subject of this article. That the authorities of China and Korea are of the same opinion, though more timid in giving it expression and less confident of successful resistance, can be readily shown.

Thus the questions which must soon be settled between Japan and Korea, by diplomatic methods as all hope, but possibly by the sterner decision of war, are not of recent origin. They date far back. They involve far more than the comparatively unimportant point whether Manchuria shall retain Chinese nationality, or become Russian. That is only a single test case in a broad issue which may be framed somewhat in legal form as *Independent National Existence in the Far East versus Partition and Subordination to European Authority*. Stated in other words, the general issue is this: Shall the three independent nations still remaining in eastern Asia be allowed to continue their political existence, or shall they be cut or broken up and distributed piecemeal among the European

governments? Shall they be permitted to show what they can do for themselves, under the swifter impetus and active stimulant of modern life and intercourse, in the development of a new growing life in each, or shall they be reduced to the positions of colonial dependencies, handed over to the exploitation of other remote nations, to be made use of for their profit and selfish aggrandizement? This is the issue, long in sight, which now awaits decision. The statesmen of Japan have for years been active in preparations to meet this issue. From the very day of the receipt of the Russian ultimatum in 1895, they have concentrated the entire energy of the nation to the training and equipment of a magnificent army and the creation of a first-class navy. They understand—not the leaders merely, but the rank and file, the entire population—that they may be called upon to fight for their existence as a nation, and they are ready. More than this! In asserting their own rights they have of necessity become the champions and defenders of China and Korea as well. Japan stands in the open field to-day ready and determined to prove the right, by force of arms if must be, of these three peoples of eastern Asia to independent, self-controlled life against the greed and domineering ambitions of all Europe. More directly confronting that form of political creeping palsy commonly known as Russian expansion, she is really facing the world ready to defend, at all hazards and costs, the liberties of these races of the Far East. And well she deserves the admiration and sympathy of all lovers of honesty and fair play among nations.

But in all this upheaval and uncertainty in that remote quarter of the globe, What of China? Is this Empire, so populous that any other is small by comparison, capable of organizing an army of numerous millions of men, is this Empire incapable of self-defense? Having existed, substantially in its present form, from the very dawn of time, from a period of which history gives no consistent record, and where tradition fades into myth, is it to sink at last out of sight, absorbed by Russia, or carved into fragments for distribution among

the great land-pirates of Europe? Is the Chinese a decadent race? Is the growing-power which it once possessed exhausted, or has it still that virile force which will enable it to fall into line and step with modern life, and which will give to it a new career, more brilliant and influential even than that of its remote and famous past? In short, is China to become a second India, or another and greater Japan?

If the issue is to be decided by the temper, spirit, and avowed purpose of the leading Powers of Europe, then the former is to be the fact. A British writer, who professes, not without reason, to speak with peculiar knowledge upon the point, has said: "The real Chinese question is not at all what China may be able or willing to do with herself, but what the leading Powers of Europe may decide to do with China." Upon one occasion the writer was a fellow-traveler, over the short railway journey from Tokio to Yokohama, with five Ministers accredited from as many European Courts to the Emperor of Japan. The conversation fell upon matters in the Far East, and the writer questioned whether a certain proposition, advanced by one of his companions, would promote the development of China and Japan into first-class modern nations. "But, Monsieur," replied the French Minister at once, "it is not the policy of my Government to permit the growth of China and Japan into first-class powers." Which declaration was strongly indorsed by his colleagues, without exception. It is not to be doubted that these diplomatists spoke with full knowledge and authority, and that the remark here quoted correctly outlined the policy and purpose of at least five of those European Governments which have most to do with political and commercial affairs in the Far East.

Another practical evidence that this is the permanent policy of Europe was furnished in the readjustment of relations with China at the close of the Boxer disturbance. The Governments whose troops marched to Peking, and other Governments represented there without interests of any sort to protect, but anxious to secure as much of the

plunder as possible—these last were of all the most exigent in their demands—these Governments were avowedly not at war with China. They had sent their forces into the country only to give that protection to their peoples and interests which the Chinese authorities had failed to afford. Their friendly relations with the Empire were unbroken. Having exacted an indemnity, which was right in principle but excessive in amount, they forced acceptance of an agreement that, for a specified term of years, no arms, ammunition, or munitions of war of any kind should be bought by China, or permitted to be imported. They had suppressed Boxers and Government forces alike, had stripped the disturbed area of arms, and of nearly everything else. Then, having secured new pledges for the protection of foreign life and property, they withdrew, leaving the Empire without efficient means to suppress turbulence or to guard its interests, and bound not to procure such means. China was to "make bricks without straw." The ostensible motive of this restriction was to prevent Boxers or other evil-disposed natives from procuring arms. But, taken in connection with the demand for the demolition of the fortifications at Taku, it is sufficiently evident, and indeed is not disputed, that their actual purpose was to prevent the Chinese Government from securing means of self-defense against another invasion with a different object.

The absorption of China by Russia or any other single nation is a manifest impossibility. The Empire is too large, too populous, and far too intensely hostile to any such or similar loss of national life to allow of the undertaking. Aside from this, the commercial and political interests of other Powers in the Empire are too varied and too extensive, and would be too seriously affected. Any attempt of this nature would provoke war at once. By the strong opposition upon purely selfish grounds developed in certain European countries to the attempt of Russia to assume control of Manchuria, it may easily be judged what a storm would be raised if the scheme involved the entire Empire. No Government dare even broach such

a proposition to any other. It is too far beyond the range of possible events to be worthy of consideration.

The question of the partition of China was actively discussed as long ago as 1861. It is probable that something would have been done then had the parties to the project been able to agree upon the terms of division. It would have been comparatively easy and simple. The Government was more completely disorganized than it has been since. The people had less acquaintance with the "Western barbarians," and hence disliked them less and feared them more than they do to-day. They had acquired no such intense conviction of the unfriendly purpose and intention of European governments as has since been forced upon them. Japan did not then exist as a modern nation, and nothing was to be feared from her. There would have been fewer to consult and fewer among whom to divide the spoil. Germany did not then have its present form and aggressive force, had no treaty relations with, and substantially no interests in, China. Even Russia was far from being the Russia of to-day, and, with sharp memories of the then recent Crimean struggle in mind, it is doubtful whether the Czar would have insisted upon being considered, in any material way, in the distribution.

With the passage of each year since, the problem of partition has grown increasingly complicated and difficult, until it has become substantially impossible. It may be admitted that, were the leading Powers of Europe agreed upon division and upon the portion of spoil which each should receive, the iniquity might be successfully accomplished. But "there's the rub." Speaking to the practical question, it may safely be asserted that any attempt at partition would result in a general war, the end of which none dare prophesy. The peace of Europe depends upon the independence and territorial integrity of China, and the "open door" there. A new map of "what once was China" must mean a new map of Europe.

At present, and not including the subject of the often proposed dissection, three Great Powers are actively opposed

to partition. Great Britain, having of all nations the largest commercial interests in China, has decided that the volume of its trade there is greater in the undivided Empire than it would be likely to be in the Empire partitioned, including the commerce which it could control in the large area to be secured by it in the event of division. At the same time, it has served notice upon the other cormorant Powers that, in case of dissection and distribution, it will insist upon receiving the entire valley of the Yangtse River as its share. The area thus named is the very heart, the most valuable portion, of the Empire. And this demand, if insisted upon, could hardly fail to produce war, if partition were attempted, even if no other complications should arise. Japan, as has been indicated, is bitterly hostile to any division. Her statesmen have no desire to receive any European Government as near neighbor in the Far East, and, as she rightly believes, her existence as a nation depends upon resistance to further aggressions upon the part of Europe in that quarter of the globe. The United States is hostile to the partition of China in view of its own interests there, and also from higher motives. It does not believe that any genuine requirements of civilization and progress would be met by such an outrage, and it desires that China, with Japan and Korea, be left free to work out its own future in modern history, with only such advice and assistance as may be received by it without trenching upon the right to manage its affairs in its own way. Not interference, but kindly association for mutual advantage, is the policy of the United States in China. The three Governments named can easily prevent partition if they see fit to do so.

The arguments usually advanced to justify the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire by those who favor such a course are the inefficiency and corruption of the Government, its want of good faith in fulfilling treaty obligations, and the lack of capacity or disposition, or of both, in the entire race to receive the spirit and energy of modern progress, and to fit themselves, as a nation, into any place in the world and life of to-day.

Hence, it is argued, they should be broken in pieces and taken in training in sections by certain of the Governments of Europe which stand rather more than ready to engage in the task.

It is safe to say right here that these are not genuine arguments; that the question which influences these advocates of Chinese reform is not "what is best for China," but "what is best for our interests in China," which, by the way, is a very different matter. They care little about what that ancient empire may or may not be able or willing to do for itself. Their peculiar desire is to do for China. The genuine argument for partition is to be found only in the greed of domination and lust for gain of these Great Powers of Europe. The truth is that China offers the richest field in all history for the hunters after plunder. And the scheme of dismemberment is the natural sequence, the final and foul issue, of years of rivalry and strife among these Powers for political and commercial supremacy within the Empire.

While these arguments, advanced to justify partition, are insincere, they have had wide circulation, have been long before the world, and have obtained far too general credence. For these reasons they deserve a somewhat critical examination. But they are not merely disingenuous, they are also not justified by the facts. The proof of this will furnish sufficient answer to the second group of questions proposed: Is the Chinese a decadent race? Is its growing-power exhausted, or does it still possess that virile force which will, under favorable conditions, enable and dispose it to fall into the swift step of modern progress, and to again become a great nation?

The charge is very commonly brought that the Chinese, as a race, are indifferent to and unappreciative of the opportunities and benefits offered by intercourse with the Western world; that they are satisfied with their own antiquated ways and uncomfortable and unsanitary modes of life; and that they cannot be stirred or aroused to any desire for improvement or progress in any form. Some go so far as to assert that, could it be done, the entire nation would

gladly exclude all foreigners and their improvements, shut and bar the doors of the Empire once more, and turn themselves to another Rip Van Winkle sleep of centuries. From this accusation is drawn, perhaps not unnaturally, the inference that the race is essentially stolid, doltish, unambitious, immobile, and incapable of anything higher or better than the stagnation in which it exists rather than lives. From these same complainants, and almost in the same breath, is heard the charge, quoted here from one of the most enterprising and experienced of British merchants resident in China, that all "the benefit to be derived from developing China's trade and resources will ultimately pass into the pockets of the Chinese themselves." This last bitter cry, almost universal with those interested in Chinese trade, is placed beside the first and sweeping complaint for a purpose which will readily be seen. Surely both cannot be true. If they are, and if the second means anything, it means that the Chinese, in their indifferent and incapable condition, are yet more than the equals, in commercial shrewdness and ability, of the best class of Western merchants and financiers. This is not true. But it is true that the Chinese merchant, in far-sightedness, thrift, sound business principles, and reliability, is the equal of men of his calling in any part of the world. This is cordially admitted by all who know him. What, then, becomes of the first and most damaging complaint so far as it touches the large class of Chinese merchants?

An English writer, long resident in the Far East, an ardent defender of British prestige there, in writing upon the industrial development of China, has this to say of the Chinese working-man. His exact words are quoted: "Nobody has contested the fact that the Chinese are a sober, industrious nation, standing on a high level of civilization." "The future of China will not be decided by the trained armies and ironclad fleets of Europe, but by the qualities and resources of the Chinese people." "There is not an authority who has not borne testimony to the marvelous perseverance and unflagging industry of the working

classes in China." "This labor is given with the most astonishing cheerfulness, which can only be ascribed to the inherent energy of the Chinese race and to the respect for labor which is inculcated in the individual from infancy." "Respect for learning and scholarship, impressed on the minds of even the lowest and least educated classes, is one of the extraordinary results of the unchecked development of this ancient civilization." "To these characteristics one must add the tractableness and docility of the laboring masses in China. Having been brought up to regard obedience as a cardinal virtue, they easily submit themselves to authority." "The men will not allow themselves to be tyrannically oppressed, but are patient and reasonable, even when made to suffer injustice." That this writer is not a champion of the Chinese is shown by the fact that in the first chapter of the volume from which these quotations are made he remarks with evident apprehension that it remains to be seen whether these qualities can be turned to the permanent advantage of Western countries, or whether the Chinese will not use them for their own profit. In the last chapter he has reached the conclusion with manifest regret that the opening up of China is mainly for the benefit of the Chinese.

A British consular official who has spent a long life in China, who speaks the language, and is familiar with every part of the Empire, in summing up the character of the natives, asserts that they are as truthful and honest as the average man in Western lands, their fidelity is extraordinary, their sense of responsibility in positions of trust very keen, and that they have a very high standard of gratitude and honor. "I cannot recall a case," he says, "where any Chinese friend has left me in the lurch or played me a dirty trick, and few of us can say the same of our own colleagues and countrymen." The writer, after years of experience and intimate acquaintance with all classes of Chinese from every part of the Empire, is convinced that the characterization of the race as thus given by those who at least are not over-friendly does it only scant justice.

Further evidence to any extent, and equally favorable, might be produced. And it should be added that the Chinese are intensely loyal to their country and race, that they possess, as all the world knows, a high average of intellectual ability, and in that form of economy which enables man to make much of little and to take advantage of every recognized opportunity they are probably unequaled by any people on earth.

It may be suggested that, while the masses of the Chinese common people are possessed of the good and many qualities claimed for them, the ruling classes, and especially the Manchu dynasty, with which the control of affairs is supposed to rest, are unprogressive and incapable; hence there still exists the necessity for partition. The facts present a ready answer to this variation of the complaint. The Manchu dynasty does not control the affairs of the nation. Under the system of government, not despotic but parental, the people govern themselves. A British authority has said upon this point: "There is really no country in which the administrative functions are more completely decentralized than is the case in China. The people are accustomed to manage their own affairs and exercise a measure of local self-government which is unparalleled elsewhere." There is no ruling class. The Manchus are not preferred to Chinese for governmental positions. More than three-fourths of the entire staff of officials of every rank and grade, from police constable to Cabinet Minister, are Chinese; and, whether Chinese or Manchus, they are chosen, year by year and generation after generation, directly from the masses of the common people. Not political "pull" but literary ability of a sort, as determined by governmental examinations, is the only condition of admission to the public service. Poverty is no bar. And in China, as in the United States, the great men of the nation, the actual rulers of the Empire, have, with few exceptions, come from the very poor, have been those whose brains and bodies alike were exercised, stiffened, and developed by hardships and the compulsion of poverty when young.

There is as much sturdy democracy, as active a determination to mind and manage their own affairs, among the common people of China as is to be found in this land.

These, then, are the qualities and characteristics of the Chinese, not of past generations, but of to-day. And it is impossible to believe that any race thus endowed can be either incapable or decadent. Such qualities have built up other great, progressive nations, they built our own, and, unless the Chinaman is something other and less than human, which no one in his senses claims, they will produce the same result in him, if he is given a reasonable opportunity. The records of the last thirty years go far to justify this contention, and to show that, even when interfered with, China is quite able to make fair speed in the march of progress. During that period, in spite of trouble with Russia in 1880—an attempt by the Czar to seize territory in the west of China; the attack by France in 1884 and the absorption of Tonquin; the war with Japan in 1894-5, the loss of Formosa, and the payment of a large indemnity; the Boxer disturbance in 1900; the practical spoliation of North China, infliction of a huge indemnity, and possible loss of Manchuria—during this period, in spite of the interruptions and losses, and an almost numberless list of petty exactions from European Governments, the Empire has been threaded in every direction with telegraph wires; all navigable streams have been supplied with steam vessels, a large proportion of which are Chinese owned; and trunk lines of railway have been contracted for and are being constructed as rapidly as the most ardent friends of progress could wish. Cotton-mills have been established, and China has become a large buyer of raw cotton in our Southern States. In almost every line of commercial intercourse with the world outside there has been a large and growing rate of increase. Surely, if steady progress in the face of adverse conditions is any test of virile force and capacity to receive the spirit of modern life, then the Chinese lack neither.

And, it may as well be said plainly, it is just here that the real trouble lies.

The complaints brought forward by the advocates of partition are insincere and false to the fact. These advocates would be disturbed by neither lassitude, narcotism, nor incapacity upon the part of the Chinese. It is that active determination to mind and manage their own affairs, already mentioned, the numerous and increasing indications that the development of China will be mainly for the benefit of the Chinese, not lack of capacity but too much of it, which constitute a genuine "yellow peril" to them, a danger of loss of profits and loss of commercial control, and this causes them to seek the dismemberment of the Empire.

Those who desire to know more particularly what the Chinese think about it, how they regard the proposed dismemberment of the Empire and the extinction of their national life, are referred to the Boxer movement as furnishing a practical exposition of their views. It contained the concentrated wrath and hate of sixty years' slow growth. And it had the hearty sympathy of many, many millions of Chinese who took no active part in it. For, beyond a doubt, it represented to them a patriotic effort to save their country from foreign aggression and ultimate destruction. It is impossible in the closing lines of this article to go into any explanation of the causes which gave birth and development to this conviction. It can only be said, in brief, that the European Powers have only themselves to thank for the bitter hatred of the Chinese and the crash in which it culminated. Governmental policies outrageous and beyond excuse, scandalous diplomacy, and unprovoked attacks upon the rights and possessions of China, have been at the root of all the trouble. If the reader cares to study the history of that most gigantic and iniquitous of all schemes of spoliation, the opium traffic, which has debauched and impoverished the Chinese race in order that thousands of millions of dollars might be poured into the treasury of the British Government and the pockets of British merchants, he will be able to understand the depth and bitterness of Chinese feeling. And those who imagine that the vast population of the Empire will submit quietly to

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the partition of their country, or that any military force of moderate size could force it to acquiesce in such a scheme, can know but little of the Chinese character, of their intense love of country, or of their unconquerable tenacity of purpose. They are not opposed to modern improvements, but they fear and hate foreign domination, aggression, and spoliation.

The brightest spot in the outlook for China is in the increasing probability of alliance and affiliation with Japan. The recent war between these two empires appears to have developed a mutual

respect and regard which cannot fail to be of the utmost importance to both. It need hardly be pointed out that they are natural allies in resistance to European injustice and greed. China will learn from her neighbor, and accept aid and advice from that source which would be distrusted and declined if proffered by almost any other Power. Together these two great nations of the Far East may, and it is confidently hoped will, safely confront those Governments whose schemes are hostile to both, and prove their right to manage their own affairs and determine their own destinies.

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen

By Jacob A. Riis

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter XI.—The Despair of Politicians

WE had been summoned to the White House, my wife and I. I say "summoned" on purpose, because we had carefully avoided Washington; it was enough for us to know that he was there. But he would not have it, and wrote threateningly that he would send a posse if we didn't come. So we went. I do not think I ever saw a prouder woman than my wife when the President took her in to dinner. I heard her ask him if her smile reached from ear to ear, because she felt like it. And I was proud and glad, for so it seemed to me that she had at last come to her rights, and I where there was nothing more to wish for. But withal I felt a bit unhappy. I had thought to do him the highest honor I could by wearing the cross King Christian gave me, but it turned out that among the dozen diplomats and other guests no one wore any decoration save myself, and I didn't like it. The President saw, I think, that I was troubled, and divined the reason in the way he has. He slipped up behind me, at the first chance, and said in my ear: "I am so much honored and

touched by your putting it on for me." So he knew, and it was all right. The others might stare.

It is just an instance of the loyalty that is one of the traits in the man which bind you to him with hoops of steel once you are close to him. It takes no account of condition in life; good reason why his rough riders worshiped the ground he trod on. When they ate bacon and hardtack, that was his fare; and if there was any better to be had, they shared even. It was that trait that came out in him the night a half-witted farmer drove to Sagamore Hill on purpose to shoot him. He was in the library with Mrs. Roosevelt when the voice of the fellow, raised in angry contention with the secret-service guard under the trees, attracted his attention. He knew the officer was alone, out of ear-shot of the others down at the barn, and he acted at once upon the impulse to go to his aid. Before Mrs. Roosevelt could put in a word of warning, he was out on the veranda in the moonlight, his white shirt-bosom making a broad target for the frenzied man who had a cocked pistol in the buggy. He whipped up his horse when he saw the President, and made

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straight for him, but before he had gone a step the secret-service man had him down and safe. I joined Mrs. Roosevelt the next day in demanding the President's promise that he would not do it again, and he gave it good-humoredly, insisting that he had been in no danger. "But," said he, "he was fighting my fight, and he was alone. Would you have had me hide, with him, perhaps, one against two or three?" It was a hard question to answer. We could only remind him that he was the President, and not simply Theodore Roosevelt, and had the whole country to answer to.

I think I never knew a man who so utterly trusts a friend, once he has taken him to his heart. That he does not do easily or offhand; but once he has done it, there is no reservation or secret drawback to his friendship. It is a splendid testimony to the real worth of human nature that his trust has rarely indeed been betrayed. Once his friend, you are his friend forever. To the infallible test he rings true: those who love him best are those who know him best. The men who hate him are the scalawags and the self-seekers, and they only distrust him who do not know him. He never lost a friend once made. Albert Shaw summed it all up in a half-impatient, wholly affectionate exclamation when he was telling me of a visit he had made to Washington to remonstrate with the President.

"I never knew a man," he said, "to play so into the hands of his enemies. He has no secrets from them; he cannot bear a grudge; he will not believe evil; he is generous and fair to everybody; he is the despair of his friends. And, after all, it is his strength."

And the reason is plain. Had I not known him, I would have found it long ago in his insistence that the America of to-day is better than that of Washington and Jefferson. A man cannot write such things as this he wrote of Lincoln without meaning every word of it and acting it out in his life:

"The old-school Jeffersonian theorists believed in a strong people and a weak government. Lincoln was the first who showed how a strong people might have

a strong government and yet remain the freest on earth. He seized, half unwittingly, all that was best in the traditions of Federalism. He was the true successor of the Federal leaders, but he grafted on their system a profound belief that the great heart of the nation beats for truth, honor, and liberty."

Now do you wonder that he is the despairing riddle of the politicians the land over, the enemy, wherever they meet, of all the after-us-the-deluge plotters? They have not the key to the man; and if they had, they would not know how to use it. The key is his faith that the world is growing better right along. In their plan, it may go to the devil when they have squeezed it for what there is in it for them. They can never comprehend that the man who believes in the world growing better helps make it better, and so, in the end, is bound to win; or why he is closer to the people than any man since Lincoln's day. It is all a mystery and a nuisance to them, and I am glad it is.

Speaking of Lincoln, one of the few times I have seen Roosevelt visibly hurt was when some yellow newspaper circulated the story that he had had Lincoln's portrait taken from the wall in the White House and hung in the basement, and had his own put up in its place. Ordinarily he takes no notice of attacks of that kind, except to laugh at them if they are funny; but this both hurt and saddened him, for Lincoln is his hero as he is mine. It was at the time the White House was undergoing alterations, and the pictures were hung in the basement to preserve them, or there would have been no pictures by this time. Some of the old furniture was sent away and sold at auction, as it had to be, there being no other legal way of disposing of it. Even the chairs in the Cabinet room his official family had to buy at five dollars each, when they wanted them as keepsakes. Among the things that went to the auction-shop was a sideboard from the dining-room, and promptly the report was circulated that it had been presented by the temperance women of Ohio to Mrs. Hayes, and that President Roosevelt had sold it to a saloon-keeper. Resolutions began to

come from Women's Christian Temperance Union branches East and West until Secretary Loeb published the facts, which were these: that no sideboard had ever been presented to Mrs. Hayes, but an ice-pitcher with stand, long since placed in a Cincinnati museum, where it now is. The sideboard was a piece of furniture bought in the ordinary avenues of trade during President Arthur's term, and of no account on any ground. But long after the true story had been told the resolutions kept coming; for all I know, another one is being prepared now in some place which the lie on its travels has just reached.

I know what it was that hurt, for I had seen Roosevelt recoil from the offer to strike an enemy in the Police Department a foul blow, as from an unclean thing, though that enemy never fought fair. He does. "I never look under the table when I play," he said, when the spoilsman beset him in their own way at Albany; "they can beat me at that game every time. Face to face, I can defend myself and make a pretty good fight, but any weakling can murder me. Remember this, however, that if I am hit that way very often, I will take to the open, and the blows from the dark will only help me in an out-and-out fight." "Clean as a hound's tooth," one of his favorite phrases, fits himself best. It was the showing that an honest man's honest intentions were not accepted at their face value that saddened and hurt, for it smudged the ideal on which he builds his faith in his fellow-man.

It was only yesterday that a friend told me of an experience he had at Albany while Roosevelt was Governor. He was waiting in the Executive Chamber with, as it happened, a man of much account in National politics, a Federal office-holder occupying a position second to none in the land in political influence. The gentleman had come to Albany to press legislation for good roads, being interested in the manufacture of bicycles or automobiles, I forget which. While they waited, in came the Governor. There were but two other persons in the room, an old farmer and his daughter, evidently on a holiday. They were look-

ing at the pictures with much interest. Mr. Roosevelt went over to them and engaged them in conversation, found out where they were from, said he was glad to see them, and pointed out one or two of the portraits especially worth seeing. Then he shook hands and bade them come back as often as they pleased. It was clear that they did not know who the friendly man was. When they went out, he came straight across to the Federal official.

"Now, Mr. —," he said, shaking his finger at him, "the Legislature has appropriated every cent it is going to this year for good roads, and nothing you can say will change their minds or mine on that subject. So you can save yourself the trouble. It is no use." And, turning to my friend, "Do you wish to see me?" But his amazement was so great that he said no, making up his mind on the spot to talk to the Governor's secretary. The official had gone away at once.

I recommend this anecdote to the special perusal of the friends who think Roosevelt is playing to the galleries when he hails the plain man cordially. He does it because he likes him. They might have seen him one day in an elevated car, when we were riding together, get up to give his seat to a factory-girl in a worn coat. I confess that I itched to tell her who he was, but he let me have no chance. We were talking about a public institution I wished to see reformed, and he was anxious to know if there was any way in which he could help. "If there is," he said, "let me." But there was not, and I was sorry for it; for the matter concerned the growing youth and the citizenship of to-morrow, and I knew how near his heart that lay.

I have been rambling along on my own plan of putting things in when I thought of them, and I cannot say that I feel proud of the result; but if from it there grows a personality whose dominating note is utter simplicity, I have not shot so wide of the mark, after all. For that is it. All he does and says is to be taken with that understanding. There again is where he unconsciously upsets all the schemes and plots of the

politicians. They don't understand that "the game can be played that way," and are forever looking for some ulterior motive, some hidden trap he never thought of. Bismarck, it is said, used to confound his enemies by plumping out the truth when, according to all the rulers of the old-school diplomacy, he should have lied, and he bagged them easily. Roosevelt has one fundamental conviction—that a frank and honest man cannot in the long run be entangled by plotters—and his life is proving it every day. To say that the world can be run on such a plan is merely to own that the best there is in it, the cynics to the contrary notwithstanding, is man himself, which is true and also comforting in the midst of all the trickery contrived to disprove it.

It was the simplest thing in the world, when the Nation was justly up in arms about the Kishenev atrocity, to do what Roosevelt did, and that was why he did it. Friends from all over wrote to me to warn the President not to get into trouble with Russia by mixing up in her domestic troubles. Mischief would be sure to come of it. The Czar wouldn't receive the Jews' petition, in the first place, and we would have to take a rebuke if we tried to send it. But the President did not need my advice or theirs. I laughed when I read in the paper how he cut that Gordian knot that was so full of evil omen: merely telegraphed *the whole petition* to the American Minister in St. Petersburg, with orders to lay it before the Czar, and ask whether he would receive it if transmitted in the usual way. To which the Czar returned a polite answer, as he was in duty bound, that he would not; but *he had received it*, all of it, and the results were not long in showing themselves.¹ For days the cables had groaned under guarded threats of what would happen if we tried to send the petition over, and that was what happened!

Perhaps it is in a measure this very unexpectedness—more pity that it is unexpected—of method that is no method, but just common honesty, that has got

abroad among people the notion that he is a man of impulse, not of deliberate, thoughtful action. More of it, probably, is due to his quick energy that sizes things up with marvelous speed and accuracy. In any event, it is an error which any one can make out for himself, if he will merely watch attentively what is going on, and what has been going on since Roosevelt came prominently into the public eye. What position did he ever take hastily that had to be abandoned, ready as he would have been to quit it had he been shown that he was wrong? He shut the saloons as Police Commissioner, since the law he had sworn to enforce demanded it. And though politicians claimed that he alienated support from the administration he stood for, he taught us a lesson in civic honesty that will yet bear fruit; for while politics are allowed to play hide-and-seek with the majesty of the law, that majesty is a fraud and politics will be unclean. As Health Commissioner he gave the push to the campaign against the old murder-out rookeries that broke the slum landlord's back; abuse and threats were his reward, but hope came into the lives of two million souls in my city, and all over the land those who would help their fellow-men took heart of hope because of what he did. He offended a thousand spoilsmen as Civil Service Commissioner, and earned the gratitude and confidence of a Democratic President; but who now who has sense would have had him do otherwise?

He compelled the corporations to pay just taxes, and though they swore to knife him for it, the Court of Appeals has said it was fair and just. I have heard some people blaming him hotly for interfering in the anthracite coal strike. Their cellars were full of coal that winter, but their factory bunkers were not; and, singularly, I remember some of those very men, when their pocketbooks were threatened, predicting angrily that "something would happen" if things were not mended. And in that they were right; something would have happened. Perhaps that was a reason why he interfered. However, I shall come back to that later. But where is there to-day a cloud on the

¹ What they will amount to or how long they will last is another matter. The Muscovite is a slippery customer.

diplomatic horizon because of the "impulsiveness" of the young man in the White House? When were there so cordial relations with the Powers before—with England, with France, with Germany that sends the President's personal friend to represent her here? Does any one imagine William of Germany seeks personal advantage in that? Then he is not as smart as the Emperor. For the first time in the memory of diplomats, I imagine, they are able to discuss things, up at the White House, just as they are; yet they don't take a trick, and they know it.

Roosevelt is as far as possible from being rash. When people say it, I am always reminded of the difference between the Danish word *rask* and the English *rash*. *Rask* means quick, resolute. That is what he is. He arrives at a conclusion more quickly than any one I ever knew; but he never jumps at it. He has learned how to use his mind, and all of it, that is why. "I own," writes a friend to me from Ohio, "that he has been right so far every time. But next time where will we find him?" Learn to think a thing out, as he does; and when you have done it, ask yourself, "Which, now, is right?" and you will know. Watch and you will see that the real difference between his critics and him is this: they chase all round the compass for some portent of trouble "if they do this or do that," and in the end throw themselves headlong on some course that promises safety; whereas he goes calmly ahead, seeking the right and letting troubles take care of themselves if they must come. That is the quality of his courage which some good people identify as a kind of fighting spunk that must be in a broil at regular intervals. I do not suppose there is a less emotional man in existence than Secretary Root, of the War Department. He was the only one, the newspapers said, in the Cabinet who would not give five dollars for his chair as a souvenir. He could put the money to better use, and he didn't need the chair. But when he came to take leave of Roosevelt, this is what he wrote: "I shall carry with me unabated loyalty to your administration, confidence in the *sound conserva-*

tism and patriotic unselfishness of your policy, . . . and I shall always be happy to have been a part of the administration directed by your sincere and rugged adherence to right and devotion to the trust of our country." Blame me for partiality, if you will, but against Secretary Root the charge does not justly lie. He just spoke the truth.

Verily, I think that were the country to be called upon to-morrow to vote for peace or for war, his voice would be for peace to the last hour in which it could be maintained with honor. Slower than Lincoln would he be to draw the sword. But once drawn for justice and right, I should not like to be in its way, nor should I be lazy about making up my mind which way to skip. I remember once when I got excited—over some outrage perpetrated upon American missions or students in Turkey, I think. It was in the old days in Mulberry Street, and I wanted to know if our ships could not run the Dardanelles and beard the Turk in his capital.

"Ah," put in Colonel Grant, who was in the Police Board, "but those forts have guns."

"Guns!" said Roosevelt; nothing more. It is impossible to describe the emphasis he put upon the word. But in it I seemed to hear Decatur at Tripoli, Farragut at Mobile. Guns! The year after that he was busy piling up ammunition at Hongkong. They had guns at Manila, too. And Dewey joined Decatur and Farragut on the record.

I said Roosevelt had learned to use all of his mind. To an extraordinary degree he possesses the faculty of concentrating it upon the subject in hand, and, when it has been disposed of, transferring it at will to the thing next in order, else he could not have written important historical works while he was Police Commissioner and Governor. Whether this is all the result of training, or a faculty born in him, I do not know. Napoleon had the same gift. I have sat with Mr. Roosevelt in his room at Police Headquarters and seen him finish his correspondence, dispose of routine matters in hand, and at once take up dictation of some magazine arti-

cle, or a chapter in one of his books where he left off the day before. In five minutes he would be deep in the feudal days, or disentangling some Revolutionary kink in Washington's time, and seemingly had lost all recollection of Mulberry Street and its concerns. In the midst of it there would come a rap at the door and a police official would enter with some problem to be solved. Roosevelt would stop in the doorway, run rapidly over it with him, decide it, unless it needed action by the Board, and after one nervous turn across the floor would resume dictating in the middle of the sentence where he had stopped. I used to listen in amazement. It would have taken me hours of fretting to get back to where I was.

One secret laugh I had at him in those days. The room was a big square one, with windows that had blue shades. When he got thoroughly into his dictation—during which he never permitted me to leave; he would stay any movement of mine that way with a detaining gesture, and go right on—he made, unconsciously, a three-fourths round of the office, and when he passed each window would seize the shade-cord and give a little abstracted pull, bringing it down an inch or so, until by degrees the room was in twilight. By the fourth or fifth round he would acquire a game leg. One of his knees stiffened, and thereafter he would drag around with him a disabled limb to the end of the chapter, when he as suddenly recovered the use of it. I sometimes wonder if his game leg takes part in Cabinet discussions. If it does, I will warrant the country will know of it, though it may not be able to identify the ailment. I give it as a hint to nations that may be meditating provocation of Uncle Sam. I should beware of provoking the President's game leg.

Which reminds me of the time we plotted against him in Mulberry Street, putting in quarters at a raffle at an Italian feast. The raffle was for a sheep which we hoped to win, and to lead to headquarters in procession, headed by the Italian band. We even took Mr. Roosevelt around and made him spend five quarters in his own prospective un-

doing. But we didn't win the sheep. It was the Widow Motso on the third floor back who did; and when I heard her rapturous cry and saw her hug the sheep then and there, and kiss its black nose, I was glad the plot miscarried. The widow killed the sheep the next day. Roosevelt never knew what he had escaped. It was all my way of paying him for calling sheep "woolly idiots," whereas they are my special pets. There is no animal I like so much as a sheep. It is so absolutely, comfortably stupid. You don't have to put sense into it, because you can't.

I am tempted to tell you of more jokes, for he loves one dearly so long as it hurts no one's feelings. Two timid parsons found that out who saw Mr. Gilder shake hands with him at a reception and express the hope that "he would not embroil us in any foreign war."

"What," cried the President, "a war? with me cooped up here in the White House! Never, gentlemen, never!" I wonder what the parsons thought when they caught their breath. Perhaps the man I met on a railroad train and told the story to, expressed it. "There, you see," said he; "he says it himself. If he could get away he would start a fight." His fun sometimes takes the form of mock severity with intimate friends. In the swarm of officials that came to wish the President a happy New Year were the Civil Service Commissioners, headed by John R. Procter, his old colleague, all men after his own heart. Mr. Procter still laughed at the recollection of that New Year's greeting when I saw him last.¹ The President drew himself up at their approach and remarked with stiff dignity, loud enough for all to hear:

"The moral tone of the room is distinctly lowered."

No one need ever have any fear that Roosevelt will get the country into an undignified position. If unfamiliarity with a situation should lead him off the track, take my word for it he will take the straight, common-sense way out, and

¹ Poor friend! As the printer brings me the proof of this, I hear of his death. There was never a more loyal heart, a more dauntless soul, than his. The world is poorer, indeed, for his going from us.

get there. The man who in his youth could describe Tammany as "a highly organized system of corruption tempered with malevolent charity," and characterize a mutual acquaintance, a man with cold political ambitions whom I deemed devoid of sentiment, as having both, but "keeping them in different compartments," can be trusted to find a way out of any dilemma.

If he got into one, that is to say. I know him well enough to be perfectly easy on that score. It seems to me that all the years I have watched him he has tackled problems that were new and strange to him, with such simple common sense that the difficulties have vanished before you could make them out; and the more difficult the problem the plainer his treatment of it. We were speaking about the Northern Securities suits one day.

"I do not claim to be a financial expert," he said; "but it does not take a financial expert to tell that, the law being that two small men shall not combine to the public injury, if I allow two big men to do it I am setting up that worst of stumbling-blocks in a country like ours, which persuades the poor man that if he has money enough the law will not apply to him. That is elementary and needs no training of a financier. So in this matter of publicity of trust accounts. Publicity hurts no honest business, and is not feared by the man of straight methods. The man whose methods are crooked is the man whose game I would block. Those who complain know this perfectly well, and their complaining betrays them. Again, with honest money—I did not need any financier to tell me that a short-weight dollar is not an honest dollar to pay full-weight dollar debts with."

I thought of the wise newspaper editors who had been at such pains to explain to us how Roosevelt was responsible for the "unsettled condition" of Wall Street. Their house of cards, built up with such toilsome arguing, was just then falling to pieces, and the news columns in their own papers were giving us an inside view of what it was that had been going on in the financial market, and why some securities remained

"undigested." Water and wind are notoriously a bad diet; and what else to call the capitalization of a concern at thirty millions that rated itself at five, would puzzle, I imagine, even a "financial expert."

And has he then no faults, this hero of mine? Yes, he has, and I am glad of it, for I want a live man for a friend, not a dead saint—they are the only ones, I notice, who have no faults. He talks, they say, and I hope he will keep on, for he has that to say which the world needs to hear and cannot hear too long or too often. I don't think that he could keep a scrap-book, if he tried. I am sure he could not. It is not given to man once in a thousand years to make and to record history at the same time. But, then, it is not his business to keep scrap-books. I know he cannot dance, for I have seen a letter from a lady who reminded him of how he "trod strenuously" on her toes in the old dancing-school days when the world was young. And I have heard him sing—that he cannot do. The children think it perfectly lovely, but he would never pass for an artist. And when the recruit in camp accosted him with "Say, are you the Lieutenant-Colonel? The Colonel is looking for you," he did not order him under arrest or jab him with his sword, but merely told him to "Come with me and see how I do it," which was quite irregular, of course, if it did make a soldier out of a raw recruit. Oh, yes! I suppose he has his faults, though all these years I have been so busy finding out good things in him that were new to me, that I have never had time to look for them. But when I think of him, gentle, loyal, trusting friend, helpful, unselfish ever, champion of all that is good and noble and honest; when I read in an old letter that strays into my hands his brave, patient words: "We have got to march and fight for the right as we see it, and face defeat and victory just as they come;" and in another: "As for what — says of my standing alone, why, I will if I must, but no one is more heartened by such support as you give than I am"—why, I feel that if that is the one thing I can do, I will do that; that, just as he is, with or without

faults, I would rather stand with him and be counted than anywhere else on God's green earth. For, standing so, I know that I shall count always for our beloved country, which his example and his friendship have taught me to love beyond my own native land. And that is what I would do till I die.

There is yet one side of Theodore Roosevelt upon which I would touch, because I know the question to be on many lips; though I approach it with some hesitation. For a man's religious beliefs are his own, and he is not one to speak lightly of what is in his heart concerning the hope of heaven. But though he is of few public professions, yet is he a reverent man, of practice, in private and public, ever in accord with the highest ideals of Christian manliness. His is a militant faith, bound on the mission of helping the world ahead; and in that campaign he welcomes gladly whoever would help. For the man who is out merely to purchase for himself a seat in heaven, whatever befall his brother, he has nothing but contempt; for him who struggles painfully toward the light, a helping hand and a word of cheer always. With forms of every kind he has tolerant patience—for what they mean. For the mere husk emptied of all meaning he has little regard. The

soul of a thing is to him the use it is of. Speaking of the circuit-riders of old, he said once: "It is such missionary work that prevents the pioneers from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it, the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. Because of it, deep beneath and through the National character there runs that power of firm adherence to a lofty ideal upon which the safety of the Nation will ultimately depend."

He himself declared his faith in the closing words of his address to the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City the night before he surrendered his stewardship as Governor into the hands of the people; and so let him stand before his countrymen and before the world:

"The true Christian is the true citizen, lofty of purpose, resolute in endeavor, ready for a hero's deeds, but never looking down on his task because it is cast in the day of small things; scornful of baseness, awake to his own duties as well as to his rights, following the higher law with reverence, and in this world doing all that in him lies, so that when death comes he may feel that mankind is in some degree better because he has lived."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Educational Needs of the South

By S. C. Mitchell

The author of this article is Professor of History in Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia. The article is substantially the address which Dr. Mitchell delivered at a dinner recently given in New York by Mr. Ogden to the members of the Southern Education Board. Dr. Mitchell has the confidence of the community in which he lives to a very marked degree. In spirit, aim, and ideal he speaks here for a very considerable and influential proportion of people in the South whom we believe to be the real leaders in Southern opinion.—THE EDITORS.

THE advent of the General and Southern Education Boards marked a distinct epoch in the development of the South. Even before the present renaissance, here and there an aggressive man or woman was striking for a higher educational ideal. Such workers the Southern Education Board heartened and made more effective by

drawing them together in bold and concerted action. The patriotic motives which animated the leaders of the movement, and the wisdom and tact which characterized its advance, soon silenced criticism. Fresh and widespread enthusiasm was given to the educational cause through the press, secular and religious, and through the admirable addresses

of the agents of the Boards. I have heard Dr. Fraser speaking upon practical phases of education to vast crowds upon the banks of the Rappahannock, and Mr. St. George Tucker addressing throngs of country people gathered under an arbor at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Such meetings have been held in all parts of Virginia, with most encouraging results. By way of indicating how vital is the work undertaken, and the necessity therefor, a brief retrospect of the conditions in the South may not be out of place.

In the Atlantic Ocean there is only one gulf current, but in the nineteenth century there were three gulf currents. These three streams of tendency are as traceable, as measurable, and as potent in their influence as that resistless river in the sea. What, now, were these three tendencies in the nineteenth century?

I. *Liberal*.—The liberal tendency of that age was both the strongest and the most easily discernible. The French Revolution, which ushered in the nineteenth century, was a frenzy for freedom. Before the rush of its emancipating spirit there went down in irretrievable ruin the absolutist governments which had held in bondage the continent of Europe. Stein's memorable edict of the 9th of October, 1807, abolishing serfdom in Prussia, is not so much an achievement of individual genius as the most vivid expression of the differences between the old and new Europe. Other countries followed perforce, even Russia freeing her serfs in 1861. The odious distinctions of feudalism, with the obsolete privileges of the aristocrat, were one after another swept away; equality for all before the law was established; liberal constitutions were wrested from despots; the press was unmuzzled; labor was unshackled; in a word, every man was given a chance. It is pleasing to recall that it was our fathers of 1776 who intoned the dominant note of that great century. Jefferson's Declaration of Independence is the prelude to the French Revolution and its far-reaching liberal influences.

II. *National*.—The national tendency in the nineteenth century was hardly less strong than the liberal. The two tend-

encies, the liberal and the national, though separable, were found usually working in unison. Nationality is to a race what personality is to a man. The desire of each race to set up housekeeping for itself, to live under its own vine and fig tree, to feel the full force of the spirit of kinship in its unifying effect, to attain to complete racial individuality—this intense and spontaneous yearning for nationality was to transform the map of Europe in the nineteenth century. We can note only the results. Heroic Greece led off in 1829; Belgium succeeded in 1830, Holland being individualized at the same time; Italy and Germany made good their nationality in 1870; and eight years thereafter Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro reached the same goal. Poland, Ireland, and Hungary, despite heroic struggles to form nations, have failed, while yesterday the Macedonians in the Balkan peninsula were in arms against the Turk in order to win the prize of nationality for themselves. Who can doubt that they will attain it, the Berlin Treaty of Beaconsfield to the contrary notwithstanding? The stars in their courses fight for progress. Nationality has shown itself an electric and resistless force.

III. *Industrial*. The industrial tendency of the nineteenth century was also marked. Invention kept pace with liberty and nationality. On the 5th of January, 1769, James Watt announced his patent "for a method of lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in fire engines." That is regarded as the birthday of England's manufacturing supremacy, as well as marking the transition in all progressive States from the exclusively agricultural to the industrial status. In 1787 a clergyman of Kent, Cartwright, produced the power-loom. Six years later a Connecticut school-teacher, living in Georgia, invented the cotton-gin. What changes followed may be faintly suggested by recalling the fact that in 1784 an American ship landed eight bales of cotton at Liverpool, and the custom-house officers seized them, on the ground that cotton was not a product of the United States. Coal, steam, steel, electricity—these made a

new earth, giving magic wealth and power to nations in the van, such as England, Germany, and France. Society became dominantly industrial.

THE ISOLATION OF THE SOUTH

Circumstances—cruel circumstances that bring tears at the thought—had shut the South out of a share in these three mighty influences of that century. Destiny seemed to have arrayed her against them, in spite of the fact that in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century Virginia's own sons were pioneers in the advocacy of national and liberal measures. Such is the pathos and irony of the civil tragedy. Madison, as the father of the Constitution; Washington, putting his strong stamp upon the Federal executive; Marshall, giving force to the Federal judiciary; and Jefferson, drafting the preliminary ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory—these men and measures appeared prophetic of a destiny for the South the reverse of what ensued. The shift in the scene was made by Eli Whitney in his invention, in 1793, of the cotton-gin, which rendered slavery profitable in the raising of cotton, a product so well suited to the climate and soil of the South.

As a result, the South found itself at variance with the rapid changes which had swept over the world during the first half of the nineteenth century. The South was led by this train of circumstances—

- (1) To hold on to slavery in opposition to the liberal tendency of the age.
- (2) To insist upon States' rights in opposition to nationality.
- (3) To content herself with agriculture alone, instead of embracing the rising industrialism.

It was an instance of arrested development. The facts do not permit us to escape this conclusion, notwithstanding that there was so much of nobility, chivalry, and beautiful life in the old South to love and admire. It was these historic forces—the liberal, national, and industrial—that won at Appomattox over the South, in spite of the genius of Lee, the heroism of her sons, and the sacrifices of her daughters.

If this be the interpretation of the confused forces in that time that tried men's souls, then certain duties become clear as to the South of our day. These are—

- (1) To liberalize it in thought.
- (2) To nationalize it in politics.
- (3) To industrialize it in production.

Gratifyingly are these new forces at work—forces which are to re-create the commonwealths of the South in all that makes for progress and power. Education is a present ferment; industrialism, especially in cotton and iron mills, is making vast strides; the Panama Canal will put us on the pathway of the world. We are beginning to see that "if cotton is ever king, its scepter will be a spindle." By such alignments with this wondrous mother-age, we shall enable the South to take her rightful part in determining the National destiny.

The task, therefore, of the present educational movement is to help on these progressive tendencies. How can that best be done? What are the greatest educational needs of the South at this time? They are, in my opinion, two: teachers and publicists. The first will leaven the masses, while the second will flank the demagogue. It would be hard to say which of these two needs is the more pressing, the uplifting of the masses or the proper leading of the public mind.

THE NEEDS OF THE NEGRO

As concerns the negro, his primary need is likewise for teachers and leaders, moral, well trained, and deeply sensible of race responsibility. Such a man will say, with the Apostle, "Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is made to stumble, and I burn not?" Needless to say that some such leaders the negroes now have. No other race has made such progress, if you consider the depths from which it has risen and the difficulties which it has encountered. It took a thousand years to train the Teuton, from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries. He who condemns the negro because of his lack of will power either in work or morals would do well to remember that slavery weakens that special faculty in man.

The negro can neither be deported

nor repressed, but, by means of the slow and sure forces of education and religion, he is becoming capable in industry and moral in society. About such a process there is nothing dramatic, not to say tragic; but it is just, humane, and feasible—in a word, statesmanlike. It is of course understood that by education and religion for the negro I mean very practical things. His education must be both mental and manual, and his religion must be wholly moral. Fitness for life is the thing desired. Before the negro there stand four doors through which he may perhaps force an entrance: (1) thrift, (2) education, (3) religion, and (4) politics. The pity is that he bolted first for the last door—politics. But this mistake is correcting itself, as he sees that suffrage is a privilege to be gained only by the worthy, reckoned according to property and intelligence. This burrowing notion is inciting him more and more to press into the gateways of thrift, education, and religion. An anti negro plank in the next Democratic platform would be the worst political blunder as regards the South since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL TEACHERS

Such being the conditions in the South, we must have more normal schools, especially for women, better pay for our teachers in the common schools, longer sessions than at present, expert school superintendents, and, to secure these, National aid for education given through the agency of the State according to illiteracy, and available only after a minimum rate of taxation has been levied.

PUBLICISTS

The other need of the South to which I alluded is that of publicists in larger numbers. And by this term I mean, not office-seekers—they, alas! are legion—but men who can bring scientific intelligence to bear upon the economic, social, and political conditions confronting us. Such men may influence the public mind through the press, or as legislators, or as teachers, or as financiers, or in any other of the numerous callings open

to forceful leaders. The two things requisite in such a class of publicists are the spirit of social service and specialized intelligence. The advent to power in several Southern States of men thus endowed is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The conditions in the South resulting from the war have given the demagogue his day, his hey-day. Excluded largely from wholesome contact with National politics, and hence not knowing the steadying responsibilities of vast public trusts, the average politician has found in the appeal to the prejudices of the people an exhaustless mine of sordid profit. Naturally, his own powers have become contracted to the limits of the prejudices which he has tried to congeal. The stock in trade of the politician has been to dangle the bones of the skeleton in the Southern closet. At the faintest sound of that gruesome noise, all the children were straightway hushed, independence of thought and action vanished, and the stage was left bare for the wiles of the demagogue. Democracy, which is often neither economical nor efficient, ceased to become educative—losing thereby its essential virtue. There was no opposition party to fulfill the healthful function of criticism. Am I mistaken in believing that there is a general tendency upon the part of the thoughtful people of the South to escape from these leading-strings? This in part is the explanation of the new constitutions which largely remove the negro from politics. The ex-slave had enslaved the South. Democracy is government by discussion; but where only one party exists the discussion becomes a monologue. The zest of political life and the interplay of social forces disappeared. As a result, the public mind of the South became, not so much stagnant, as a fertile field for all sorts of political vagaries. The solidarity of the South came to mean the inertness of a mass. From such sterile conditions aggressive and discriminating leadership was hardly to be expected. Happily, all of this is now changing. In my opinion, no public speaker in the South to-day can intone a more responsive note than that of nationality. This was to me the remark-

able fact disclosed at the Southern Education Conference in Richmond last spring. It became evident, as the discussions progressed, that each of the Southern speakers had, in the secrecy of his own study, reached this conclusion

as to nationality, believing, forsooth, his own opinion in that regard to be novel and individual. When all came together upon this candid platform, it was with surprise that each found his own view to be the reigning opinion.

The Women of America'

Fifth Paper—The Woman in Her Club

By Elizabeth McCracken

AN Englishwoman, at the end of a year spent in traveling over the United States, exclaimed: "The most American thing in all America is the American woman's club!"

The majority of us will hesitate before we agree unreservedly with a statement so utterly without qualification, but even the most conservative are, in the words of Ian Maclaren's canny Scot, "prepared to admit" that in this peculiarly American institution, the woman's club, may unquestionably be found the very essence of democracy. The motto of an association of women in an Eastern city, "Of all, by all, for all," expresses the spirit not only of that club, but of almost any organization of women existing in the United States.

Beginning with those articles of their several constitutions which deal with "conditions of membership," and ending with the rules governing admission to the General Federation, the clubs of women in America are as a whole characterized, not by a narrow exclusiveness, but rather by a broad inclusiveness. The "requirements of members" are in very nearly all cases such as may be fulfilled by any woman of intelligence. Numerically, membership is practically unlimited. In many clubs a long "membership list" is not only permitted but urgently desired; not infrequently does a brief official communication to a woman already within the folds remind its recipient that "the aid of every member is needed, and the influence of each member should be used in securing as many new members as possible."

So strong and so prevalent is this democratic feeling that a Southern woman, prominent in the club affairs of a distinctly Southern State, in discussing with me that question which so recently threatened to disorganize the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America, the question as to the admitting to that body of associations composed of negro women, said, "We *ought* to admit them; we have no more right to keep *them* out when they are eligible than we have to keep out any other clubs which come up to the standards." The speaker was not so much a reconstructed Southerner as she was what one of her friends enthusiastically described as a "perfectly splendid club woman." She felt instinctively that a club, or a federation of clubs, is essentially, in the words of the motto of an organization in Boston, "The union of all for the good of all."

An American woman with a purpose so immediately and involuntarily seeks other women with an identical purpose, and organizes a club! One of my friends who lived for an interested winter in a village in England, in recounting to me the experiences of that winter, often mentioned a sweet and kind woman belonging to the village who gave all her leisure hours to reading to such blind persons in that place and in neighboring towns as desired her friendly services.

"Did she have any one to help her?" I instantly asked.

"No," was the answer; "but she scarcely needed any one; she knew so very few blind people; and she herself had time to read to all she knew."

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"But did she know all there were?" I inquired.

"Probably not," said my friend, "but she knew as many as she could help. She did what she could for those, and trusted that other people were being equally thoughtful about any whom they knew."

While it would ill become any person whomsoever to assail another person actively engaged in rendering unselfish aid to the unfortunate, it may not be amiss to compare the method of that Englishwoman with the method of a woman in America whose work for the blind has been no less real.

I met her about two years ago, at the very time, it chanced, when her interest in the blind was being especially aroused. In connection with her duties as a member of one of the committees of her club, she had been called upon to read to a blind man. From this man she heard of other persons similarly afflicted; these mentioned to her still others. Very soon the members of her club and her many other acquaintances received postal cards asking them to join an organization to be known as the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Adult Blind, its object being: To help the blind to help themselves. The association was formed with characteristic celerity. It easily secured a lengthy list of sympathetic members. These members were not long in discovering that in the State of Massachusetts no public provision for the care and education of persons becoming blind late in life had yet been made. Last winter the friends of the members of this new club received circulars which opened with this sentence: "Your attention is called to the fact that a resolve providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the condition of the adult blind within this Commonwealth is before the Massachusetts General Court."

The resolution became a law last February, at which time the Governor of Massachusetts appointed a Commission of three persons—"which commission shall investigate the condition of the adult blind within this Commonwealth, and may recommend legislation."

To my keen regret, I was in Nebraska on the day when the resolution was brought most definitely before the Massachusetts General Court. Among the speakers in its favor was Miss Helen Keller, who was so touched by the sincerity and earnestness of the woman through whom the whole movement had been started that she willingly consented to lend to it her own pre-eminent influence, and to appear in court and personally plead for its acceptance.

That legislation will be recommended and subsequently put into effect seems more than probable; that a public appropriation for the maintenance of training-schools for the adult blind will speedily follow seems by no means impossible. In short, because one woman in a town in Massachusetts chanced, in the course of her duties as a club member, to be called upon to read to one blind man, an association has been organized which will eventually provide opportunities so complete that all the adult blind in the entire State may learn to read for themselves.

Meanwhile, that indefatigable woman is herself doing all that she can in the direction of personal assistance to those blind persons whom she knows, and claiming the freely given services of her friends in finding and helping others. The last time I saw her, she was meditating as to how she should go about raising funds for the purpose of having Dr. van Dyke's "The First Christmas Tree," which the blind so frequently expressed a desire to read for themselves, printed in embossed type; and considering various suggested plans for the establishing in Boston of an employment bureau for the benefit of any blind persons in or near the city, who might be desirous of seeking occasions for the exercise of such manual accomplishments as they had acquired—and, as my friend confidently added, "*will* acquire in still greater measure."

The woman's club has made for itself a clearly defined place in the public life of the American Nation. Its work, in many cases, is of a public or semi-public character; and minute reviews of its smallest purpose or achievement are, consequently, duly chronicled in the daily news-

paper. If the club be located in a city, or in a town of comparatively large size, and if, in addition, it be a member of the State and General Federation of Women's Clubs, résumés of printed or publicly read reports of its work find their way into numerous magazines and newspaper articles. In short, to add to the already vast accumulation of written information regarding "prominent women's clubs" in America is impossible. The most that one can accomplish is a compilation.

I realized this more and more fully as I went last winter from one city to another, in the course of my investigation. One member, in response to my inquiries concerning the fine club-house of her organization, would refer me to a magazine, easily obtainable in any library, for a complete account of the erection of that building; another member, by way of reply to a question touching the civic work done by her club, would recommend another essay in another widely circulated periodical; another, being approached for a history of the association, would immediately mention still another article in still another representative journal. Club women in many cities very kindly sent me, in addition, the year-books, annual reports, and calendars of their various associations. Indeed, for purposes of compilation, I found every facility; but I was loth to compile; and therefore I went from the larger towns, the various clubs of which belonged to State and General Federation, to the very small villages, in which the woman's club, if it existed at all, existed apart from any federation whatsoever, and, above all, carried on its work out of the range of "the public eye."

During the months of my journeyings I discovered many of these organizations, each one living its life in a sweet seclusion; each one fulfilling its object, whether social, literary, or philanthropic, with eagerness and interest, but without excitement. Had they not been so thoroughly American in spirit and in practice, they might almost have recalled to the mind of the lingering visitor the assemblies of the chief citizens of Cranford.

The procedures of an association of

women in a little town in the far South, known as the Village Improvement Society, were especially suggestive of the "quaint ways" of the Cranford ladies. The object of the society was, primarily: To light the town. When one is reminded that this particular town was among those places which the war left very dark, and when one has reflected upon the large aims and the correspondingly small means of the association, this object gains in depth of meaning.

My hostess in the village was, I learned quite by chance, a member of the society. On the first evening of my visit, as the long twilight was fading, she invited me to go with her to light the lamps; and I followed her about the pleasant old house, holding lampshades for her, moving vases of flowers to give place to lamps, and listening to leisurely related bits of tales of the days of candles and fantastic candlesticks.

I had observed with some surprise that my hostess put two small lamps in the bow-window in one room, and another lamp of larger size on the window-seat on a half-way landing of the stairs. She made no comment either upon these or upon several other seemingly unnecessary lights, and I curbed my desire to make inquiries, until, after asking another member of the family for information concerning the whereabouts of the "back-gallery lantern," and being told that a neighbor had borrowed it, my hostess said, "Well, I can put a lamp in the kitchen," when my curiosity became quite boundless, and I asked, "What is the 'back-gallery lantern'?"

"It's the lantern I light and hang on the back gallery on nights when the moon doesn't shine," was the reply. "It throws a light on the back street."

"Are there no town lights on that street?" I questioned.

"There aren't any town lights on any street," replied my hostess. "We are hoping to have some before long; but until we do, the members of the Improvement Society are doing all they can to light their parts of the town themselves."

"And that is why you put the lamps in the windows," I said, beginning to understand.

"Certainly, it was," my friend replied,

at that moment placing another lamp before the kitchen window. "Every member of the club does it; there are a good many members; and you would be amazed to see how much light their lamps send into the streets."

The next evening, walking through a number of the streets, I was amazed indeed to see to how great an extent the lamps and lanterns of the members of the Village Improvement Society illuminated the dark ways of their town. In the window of one small cottage there shone a candle.

"I never see that candle," said one of my companions, "that I do not think of Portia, and say to myself, 'How far that little candle throws its beams!'"

"And I never see it," another added softly, "without remembering the old, old custom in Germany, of putting a candle in the window on Christmas Eve, to light the Christ Child on His way."

The Society distributed the responsibilities of lighting the streets of the town after the simplest and most natural manner. Each member of the association helped to the extent of her ability. "You know," explained my hostess, "no one in the town is very rich; and we can't afford to have regular street lamps. But almost every person in the club can afford to light an extra lamp or two, on dark nights. The lights do not need to burn after eleven o'clock, for every one is at home by that time; and the moon shines on a good many nights. Some of the members can light as many as four additional lamps and a lantern; some have only one extra lamp; and a few allow a candle for every dark night."

"How did you happen to think of it?" I asked, for I could not hear enough about so lovely a piece of public service.

My friend laughed. "How, indeed!" she repeated. "I don't quite know. A few of us had always put lights in our windows on dark nights; we needed street lamps, and we could not have them, so it suddenly occurred to us that if enough of us formed a club and pledged ourselves to light the town as much as we could, we might in that way at least approach having street lamps. It has succeeded even better than we

had expected," she concluded, with justifiable satisfaction.

"I suppose in the course of time you will buy public lamps with the club funds," I ventured.

"Our only club funds are our small weekly dues," was the reply, "all of which we save to spend at Christmas for presents for the little children in town whose parents are too poor to buy anything of that kind for them."

Without a doubt, the Village Improvement Society in that town in the far South fulfills its object; in more senses than one, it does "light the town."

Mr. Clement Scott said once: "My first play, my first Hamlet, my first Juliet, my first Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, are cut like cameos on the memory." A club of women in a little pioneer town in Nebraska always comes instantly to my mind when I recall my first Rosalind, for it was a member of that association who took me upon that memorable occasion to see the "fair princess," in whose praise Orlando abused so many young trees "with carving Rosalind on their barks."

The name of the club was the Shakespeare Society; its object: To read and enjoy the works of William Shakespeare. Ah, how the members of that organization—all of whom were women—did "read and enjoy" Shakespeare! I remember clearly; for though I was not qualified for the dignity of membership in the club, my unfeigned devotion to the worn volumes of "school editions" of the plays which I possessed occasionally prompted my august elders to invite me to a meeting of the Society, and even better still, though less often, to a stage representation of one of the plays.

Recollecting that through the great kindness of a member of that village club I was enabled to see Mr. Edwin Booth's Hamlet very nearly the last time he played it, I went to the town last winter partly to seek some one in the place who might perhaps remember the association.

"Remember it!" exclaimed the first acquaintance I met. "It isn't a thing of the past. It is even more active now than it was when you were here last. It has been meeting without interruption,

lo, these many years!—which," she added, "if you stop to count, you will find are not quite so many as you seem to suppose!"

Whereupon she began to recount to me the history of the club, in detail, since my last visit. In addition to its regular weekly assemblings, which were given over entirely to reading the plays, and listening to papers written by various members about the plays, and the life of Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan Era, and the development of the English drama, and the contemporaries of Shakespeare, and, as my chronicler sweepingly concluded, "other kindred subjects," the association had given a number of public festivities, and with the money thereby obtained had presented a complete standard edition of the "works of William Shakespeare" to the village library; and had also purchased for the same institution a considerable number of those books of history and criticism which are so useful to Shakespearean students.

"There is scarcely a person in town who isn't interested in Shakespeare," she exclaimed. "It means a great deal to an isolated community," she went on, earnestly. "Many books are out of the question; we cannot get them; but we may have Shakespeare; and 'tis enough, 'twill serve!"

"The Shakespeare Society has aroused the interest?" I suggested.

"Partly," said the member of that society, modestly. "Why, even the children read Shakespeare; and when they organized a Band of Mercy, they chose for their motto, 'The quality of mercy is not strained!' It caused a great deal of amusement, but it shows that the influence of the club extends even to the 'tender juvenal.'"

"The kindness of the club always extended in that direction," I said, heartily; and then the member proposed that we go together to call upon that other member who had taken me to see "As You Like It."

"I remember that Rosalind distinctly," she said, musingly. "I have seen others since, I had seen others before, but, in spite of her extreme youth, she was the most truly Shakespearean." With this

opinion I was not slow to agree, for that Rosalind, as it chanced, was none other than the Rosalind of Miss Julia Marlowe, which she was playing almost for the first time.

Before I ended my visit, my hostess showed me a leaf from Juliet's tomb, and a violet from Warwickshire, which one of my friends, traveling abroad, had inclosed in her letters to me, and which treasures, in a burst of fervent gratitude for that first glimpse of the heroine, who has been described so happily as "one of the most enchanting women in literature," I had bestowed upon her, as small but appropriate returns for her kindness.

"Every member of the club has enjoyed them, especially the violet," she told me; "so few of us can travel; and it thrills us to look at that flower, and reflect upon the fact that it actually grew in the very fields through which Shakespeare himself must often have walked!"

As a kind of supplement to the accounts given me by my other friend, she mentioned that the club had increased in length its membership list; and, in pursuance of its object, had done much studying along many lines. In a college town this circumstance in connection with a woman's club, literary or otherwise, would scarcely excite comment, or have attached to it any very unusual significance; but in a prairie town in Nebraska it means a great deal. Such towns, almost without exception, have for their prime objects material prosperity; their women, as well as their men, are so often, first of all and most of all, bent upon making money. Is it not something that in one such town a club of women having for its sole object the reading and enjoying of the works of "This King Shakespeare"—to quote Carlyle—should so truly be said to exist that its love for the great things of true literature is reflected even in the children of the place? Already that comparatively small and not at all illustrious association has done much to give grace and joy to the village of its members—a village which natural conditions might so readily have tended to shape into an ungraceful and joyless material-

ism. That the Shakespeare Society will continue as it began would seem so probable as to be almost certain.

The women's clubs of very small towns are, as a general rule, of a literary character. A woman in a little village in Southern California explained to me that this was due to the fact that, however limited and insufficient must often be the opportunities of women in isolated communities in other particulars, in the possession and use of such books as they can obtain, their happiness may be quite unbounded. Their familiarity with the books they read is often nothing short of marvelous. A member of a Shakespearean association in a village in northern Minnesota, looking over a copy of Mr. Sidney Colvin's edition of the "Letters of John Keats" which I had with me, was amazed that Mr. Colvin should have regarded "The web of our life is of mingled yarn" as a "less familiar" quotation, and should have considered it needful to mention in a foot-note the source of

"Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs!"

"They are not quite so easily placed as 'O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you,'" I said, in defense of the public for whom Mr. Colvin had edited.

"To any real student of Shakespeare they are," was the somewhat crushing rejoinder of that student of Shakespeare.

As a kind of mild retort, I challenged her to name offhand all Perdita's flowers; whereupon, to my delight, she vanquished me completely by reciting without an instant's hesitation the entire scene of "those flowers there."

"Our club," she reminded me, "studies Shakespeare."

Most of us are in some sort readers of Shakespeare, some of us even belong to clubs that study Shakespeare, but could very many of us quote at random whole scenes—and quote them correctly?

In another town in northern Minnesota the woman's club of the village bore the suggestive name of the Travel Club. This title was all the more interesting because the town was off the main railroad, and the one train which

stopped each day at its small station was often delayed and blocked by storms.

"It is just precisely because we can't travel that we have a Travel Club," one of the members said. "We travel by means of books and Perry Pictures."

"Where have you been?" I naturally asked.

"To the English cathedrals. That journey took all the meetings for a year; but it was well worth it. And to Athens. That needed only about half a year; but we all became so interested in Greek art that we gave the rest of the season to studying it."

"Have you been to Rome?" I questioned.

"Well, not yet," said my new acquaintance. "You see, we were going to visit all of Italy last year; we began with Florence, and we read 'Romola,' and then in some way we found ourselves reading Dante—and we are still reading Dante. We never can keep to our subject," she remarked, almost apologetically; "I am afraid you think we are very desultory."

"No," I replied, "I am only thinking of the pleasure Mr. Stephen Phillips must have given you—"

"We have never heard of him," she interrupted; and I, of course, forthwith recommended to her "Paolo and Francesca," which her club shortly afterward perused with appreciative joy.

"The Travel Club must be a great benefit to the town," I said to another member of the association.

"We hope so," she replied; "it undoubtedly is to its members. It brings them in touch with the great people and the great things of history, and that is always beneficial."

"Were they not in the club, I suppose they would read and study less," I said, tentatively.

"Much less," was the immediate reply; "it is so difficult to study alone; and, besides, the discussions between the club members at our weekly meetings are so much more valuable to each member than any amount of solitary contemplation could be."

This woman, I afterward was told, had originated the club. She was inter-

ested in foreign lands, but she found that she could not happily follow her desire to acquaint herself with the glories of those countries without calling upon her friends and acquaintances for companionship and sympathy. The democratic spirit of organization is so insistent, even in an interest in the Florence of Dante's time.

A woman in a larger town, a town boasting a woman's club which belonged to both State and General Federations, in referring to this smaller association which I had been extolling to her, suggested—not, it should be added, with any hint of cavil—that Athens and the city of the Medicis were rather distantly removed in condition, as well as in space, from a new little village in the wilds of northern Minnesota. However that may be in a final analysis it were idle to speculate; but what of the lectures we hear delivered before the Woman's Club of Omaha, Nebraska, relative to the subconscious mind; or that topic of a study given to a class in the Chicago Woman's Club which reads, "Beheading of John as a Pivotal Point in History;" or an address announced in the Calendar of the Atlanta Woman's Club entitled "Ancient History as read in Architecture"? Subjects such as these—which, taken quite at random, may yet be said to be typical fragments of the usual annual programme of any woman's club in America—may or may not have any very apparent relation to our outward National aspect; but they do evince our inner National feeling and desire; the feeling that all things past, present, and future are free to all who would have them; the desire to be, not a detached clan, but, even in the most subtle affairs of the intellect and the emotions, a united, broadly apprehending, deeply sympathetic Republic, allied each with the other, related to the world.

In a Western city of less than fifty years of age, an association of women devoted one winter to the reading of Early German History, and another year to the study of Prehistoric Pottery. When I said to the leader of the organization, "Why these things?" she replied, "Why not these things?"

Then she went on to tell me that, in

connection with German History, the class had turned to the Nibelungen Lied; and thence to Wagnerian opera; and, aside, to German drama.

"It isn't so much what you study as the way you study it," she said, with a smile.

The way in which a woman's club so frequently studies its subject may appear bewildering to the casual observer, but it is perfectly definite and coherent to its members; and this, after all, is the principal, and perhaps the only necessary, consideration.

Though the clubs of women in very small villages were, I found, almost invariably literary, associations in towns which, while larger, were still not yet cities, often had for their objects the study of domestic science and art—made feasible by the possibility of such needful equipments and teachers as could scarcely be obtained in a place of very small size. The members of these organizations were, very naturally, housekeepers who wished technical training in the adornment and management of their homes.

The Mothers' Club was very frequently the suggestive name of an association in a larger town. Before the meetings of such a club, the members often invited graduate nurses to give simple practical lectures concerning the care of children; or asked physicians to express their experienced opinions on the same subject. The president of one Mothers' Club told me that her association held a monthly reception, to which the school-teachers of the children of its members were invited. "We don't invite them for the purpose of discussing our children with them," she quickly explained; "but simply because we wish to have friendly personal relationships with the people with whom our children spend so large and important a portion of their time."

Professional clubs—those associations regarded as so particularly American by our foreign visitors—are seldom found excepting in cities of considerable size, for the obvious reason that only in such places are a sufficient number of professional women to constitute a club usually to be found. An incident which

occurred at a meeting of a professional women's association in Boston serves more vividly than many protestation to show the character of clubs of professional women almost anywhere in the United States; and also to mark the difference between such organizations in America and in England.

Among the guests at the meeting of the club—an association, it should be said, of writers—was an Englishwoman, a member of a similar society in London. She asked a number of questions about the club; and presently she said to me, "Who is your most important honorary member?"

After a moment's reflection, I mentioned the name of one of our honorary members, distinguished among women of letters, not only in America but also in England and even on the Continent.

"Who is yours?" I inquired in return.

Our guest, with a pride equal to that with which I had spoken of our most eminent associate, mentioned the name of one of the reigning family of England.

"But why the princess?" I exclaimed, in surprise; "in that capacity, I mean." I hastened to add. The London club was an association of women writers, and England numbers more than one brilliant woman author to whom high honorary position in such an organization would seem to be so utterly natural and right.

"Her Highness is a princess of the blood royal," said our guest, in a tone which, though perplexed that any explanation should be requested, was absolutely certain that no further elucidation could possibly be required.

We in America are at once so homogeneous and so decidedly individual in our organizations. The slightest circumstance of club life, no less than the most weighty, reveals this predominating characteristic. The motto of all our clubs might fittingly be those words, chosen by many, and accurately descriptive of all, organizations in this country; words embodying, furthermore, fully and unmistakably, our great National ideal: Each for all, and all for each.

Recent Histories of American Literature

LITERATURE has been defined by one writer as "the lasting expression in words of the meaning of life," and by another as "the record of the best things that have been said and done." The historian of our National literature, it may be added, should do two things: he should reveal the gradual unfolding of a nation's consciousness as it advances in culture, and, with impartial judgment, he should indicate those æsthetic elements which the nation has contributed to the culture of the world. The point of view, whether local or cosmopolitan, will, naturally, regulate the critical standard and the historian's enthusiasm.

There have been many attempts recently to write the literary history of America, and they all indicate a tendency to adopt, more and more, the cosmopolitan standpoint. The day is past when Bryant was glorified as the American Wordsworth, and when zealously

patriotic critics indulged themselves in all kinds of such vainglorious parallels.

Several years ago Professor Wendell, of Harvard, issued his "Literary History of America"—a book that was written from this distinctly cosmopolitan standpoint. It was greeted polemically by some reviewers. It was whimsical in opinion, and it was absurdly snobbish in places. It gave undue prominence to New England; it was done with an air of jaunty patronage. There was good ground for these objections, and yet, in spite of its undeniable faults, when that history was looked at as a whole it showed such logical cohesiveness, such architectural composition, that, in the matter of form, it may well suggest a model for others to follow. Against the vague yet suggestive background of our National life, the truly important figures of our literature stand out with great definiteness.

After Professor Wendell's book came

that by Professor Sears, of Brown, written in a smart, racy style, with considerable stress on the curiosities of the Colonial period, and with many illustrative extracts from the authors. The chapters read like some of our latter-day essays in which the writer is constantly on the alert for the clever and ingenious phrase. Professor Sears's volume, if not so stimulating as its precursor, was fully as entertaining. Its judgments, too, were more in harmony with accepted opinions, and, as evidence of its popular character, it brought the narrative very generously down to the present writers of the "sword-swinging" and "b'gosh" fiction.

Professor Trent, of Columbia, has published a general survey and account of our literature.¹ This book is of very considerable weight. It is one of the series of "Literatures of the World," edited by Edmund Gosse, and as such it demands that the historian should take the world's point of view. To do this with American literature should result either in a small book or else an extensive treatment of the more important authors. Professor Wendell chose the latter alternative; Professor Trent has chosen neither. He adopts "the magnified scale," and has given us a volume of six hundred pages, the first half of which treats at length those Colonial obscurities who, by his own admission, have no title to literary distinctions. He justifies his course on the ground of the necessity of studying the origins—an apology which is used for similar purposes, and much abused, by the adherents of the scientific school. Science may delve at the roots, if it will, but literature concerns itself with flowers and fruits. It may be a labor of love for Professor Trent to resurrect the forgotten dead, but in a book which purports to record the standing of America among the literatures of the world, it is surely superfluous to drag so many unimportant persons out of their graves. This is a fundamental defect in the plan.

In another aspect Professor Trent suffers in comparison with Professor

Wendell. His book lacks the latter's fine emphasis of the truly essential; it lacks the architecture—a thing which is eminently desirable and effective in narratives of a nation's higher life. The style is always discursive, frequently digressive, and the history fails to make a strong impression in the mass effect of totality. The method of running comment, pursued on the basis of chronology, often brings the trivial into too close association with the things of supreme dignity. Interesting garrulity distracts while it entertains. No literary critic ever did more to bring the essential into bold relief than did Matthew Arnold, and his method, which "starts the hare" without beating about the bush, is superior to the *causerie*—that is, for serious literary history.

Apart from these shortcomings, however, Professor Trent's book excels those of his two predecessors. It is full of thought, of sympathy, of discerning judgments. The knowledge is evidently at first hand, the scholarship is broad and deep, and the temper of the critic is at once conservative and independent. It is a difficult matter to add brilliancy to the common light of day; but Professor Trent has accomplished this in that, in the discussion of topics about which the last word is supposed to have been said, he brings the suggestive acumen of further illumination.

His chapter on Poe, for instance, is a fair case. As every one knows, Poe has had more stimulating influence upon Continental authors than any other American, and foreign critics award him the position of primacy. Why, then, is this man of original genius with less honor in his own country? Why did a Frenchman bow down to him as to a shrine, while the critics of New England condemned him as "meretricious" and "charlatan"? The fact that after the death of his wife he drank too much is not an adequate explanation. His fame at home has been discounted not only by his personal derelictions, but by the time spirit and the interests of his art. He lived and wrote in the generation of crude, hard-headed Philistines who set Jackson up as their idol, a generation that had little inclination to dream of the glory

¹A History of American Literature. By William P. Trent. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. Furthermore, the end of his art, the worship of beauty apart from all moral relations, ran dead against the dominant literary ideals of his day, and it never has, even to the present, made any striking appeal to the great majority of American readers. Poe's fate was, in a way, like that of Keats at the hands of Jeffrey; he was regarded as a "sentimental bardling." The readers who discarded Poe turned to Bryant. Americans, like the English of Chaucer's time, like the English of to-day, love preaching and books with a good moral. "It was the ethical rather than the æsthetic value of Bryant's poetry that gave it currency among his countrymen."

Professor Trent accepts the later judgment that Longfellow cannot be called "great." Longfellow was not a "fresh force." Neither in imagination nor in intellect was he strong. The author follows Arnold in denying the title of greatness to Emerson also. "It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's country to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies both of style and substance, Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. . . . His style from first to last lacks the firmness, the precision, the flexibility, the individuality we demand of prose writers whom we denominate masters."

Professor Trent, feeling that judgments upon living authors are usually fallacious, closes his history with the year 1865. Even Whitman, whose work was largely done before that time, he treats tentatively. With the censors of this huge personality he has no great quarrel. Yet any one who follows the record of the man's sincere, disinterested life must find in his character a lack of all sentimental emotionalism. His humanitarian sympathies did not die stillborn in the imagination. They were born in deeds. His service as a nurse in the Civil War is the finest gloss on his genuineness. His poetry, too, braces rather than debilitates. "The Leaves of Grass count for more in the increased devotion to sport and open-air existence noticeable in America

of late, and in the development of the idea of the 'strenuous life,' than most people think."

In closing this brief notice we may say that, in spite of our preliminary strictures about the plan and style, Professor Trent's book is the most important and satisfactory of those issued in recent years.

Professor Lawton's "American Literature,"¹ published about the same time, is a modest and intelligent handbook, supplied with bibliographical references and chronological outlines, evidently intended for school use. If the printing, paper, and binding are inferior to those of Professor Brander Matthews's similar manual, the contents are equally as good, if not better. Professor Lawton has the gift of saying much in little without seeming fragmentary. He selects comparatively few authors, and, in general, maintains a fine sense of proportion. He pursues the biographical method, on the ground that a writer cannot escape from himself, and the best way to study his life-work is to catch him at home.

There is a certain individuality given to this little book by the fresh touches of local color. We think of Hawthorne usually as a recluse, without knowing how he came by his retiring disposition. But the solitude of that "inner life barred from profane intrusion" seems more natural and inevitable when we learn that his mother, after her husband's tragic death, lived a hermit in her own room for forty years, never resuming any social relations, and eating absolutely alone. Hawthorne's sister likewise shunned company. There was the strain of unsociability, therefore, in the great romancer's heredity and in his early environment. One can better understand from this why Hawthorne became a hermit and stayed indoors so much until after dark; why, leading such a life, his mind centered so much on brooding dreams and idealisms; why, in short, he became the poet of allegorical abstractions.

If he was a man of concentrated, ingrown life, Lowell, to whom Lawton

¹ *Introduction to the Study of American Literature.* By William Cranston Lawton. Globe School Book Co., New York.

gives most space after Hawthorne, was a man of many sides and unable to settle himself into a groove. There was a certain youthful impatience about him always which craved variety rather than perfection of form. Unlike Longfellow, whose work has left "larger results of happiness than any other man in our literature," he is restive and individual, making many mistakes and having many regrets.

A paragraph at the close of the book calls up the fact that our American literature is almost wholly from the Anglo-Saxon strain. Neither the foreign emigrants nor their descendants have done much to increase its body or repute. "The failure of the German element, in particular, to give itself utterance in the highest forms of art," is especially

noticeable. The few names of very minor figures are proof of this. "Our literature much more distinctly than our national life—as a whole—is Anglo-Saxon."

There is something very reassuring in a review of the recent work of our American scholars. The time was, and not long ago, when we went to school to Germany, and came home learned, heavy, and heedless of form. We are freeing ourselves from the pedantic ideals of our schoolmasters; we are evolving scholarly ideals of our own, in which book wisdom is being supplemented by the wisdom of the world, and facts are being infused with the vital forces of life. We are realizing Emerson's ideal of the American scholar as man thinking in personal independence.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Prisoner (The). By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 506 pages.

Mr. Phillpotts has a novel and fine subject in this new romance, which is the most important book he has written since "The River." Indeed, the last book from his pen to appear, "The Golden Fetich," was such a sensational story of adventures as evidently to be a "pot-boiler." It has been forgotten by many people that American prisoners were confined in large numbers in a Dartmoor prison; that they formed a conspiracy to escape, and that some remarkable escapes were actually made. Mr. Phillpotts's American character, Cecil Stark, a worthy descendant of the famous General Stark, was such a prisoner. His adventures and his love affair form one side of this story. On the other hand we have the Devon country life and rustic character with which Mr. Phillpotts has delighted us in other tales. "The American Prisoner" has more movement, variety of character, and dramatic interest than any of the author's previous novels, but, on the other hand, the plot is not always well co-ordinated, the grace and subtlety of character-depiction to be found in "The Children of the Mist" and "The River" are distinctly less in this book, and while some of the many characters are forcible and individual, others are not entirely satisfactory—notably the polished villain, Narcot, who has the wearisome habit of continually quoting epigrams and tags of the

drama and thus succeeds only too well in proving that he is the bore the author meant him to be. In some parts of the plot also the situations are a little too melodramatic readily to find acceptance as credible. All in all, the book, although sometimes faulty, has human interest and the fascination of action.

Are We to Have a United Medical Profession?

By Charles S. Mack, M.D. Published by the Author, La Porte, Ind. 5x7½ in. 44 pages. 25c.

Castle, Knight, and Troubadour: In an Apology and Three Tableaux. By Elia W. Peattie. (Second Edition.) The Blue Sky Press, Chicago. 5x8 in. 65 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Close of the Day (The). By Frank H. Spearman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 224 pages. \$1.25.

This story seems to us to mark a distinct advance in art over Mr. Spearman's former novels. It is neither long nor pretentious, but it is simple and human. The main theme is handled in an artistic and consistent way. It describes, on the one hand, the gradual physical and financial decay of a Chicago magnate, and on the other the corresponding rise in her profession of a young girl in whom the financier interests himself and who becomes an operatic singer. The fate of the financier, who dies in poverty and cruel pain when his protégée is at the height of her success, is pitiful in the extreme. A pretty love story is well told, and with some humor. Mr. Spearman is deserving of praise for so

managing what seems to be a difficult theme as not to make his story either sentimental or sensational, and for avoiding in every way the excessive.

Divine Vision and Other Poems (The). By A. E. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 123 pages. \$1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Dynasts (The): A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars. By Thomas Hardy. Part First. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 233 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare. Edited by D. Nichol Smith. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 358 pages. \$3.

Reserved for later notice.

Ethics of Democracy. By Louis F. Post. The Moody Publishing Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 374 pages. \$2.

The chief merit of this volume is its fundamentally wholesome spirit. Mr. Post writes forcefully, sincerely, seriously, and with apt turns of humor. He is an ardent believer in the Single Tax, and dedicates his work to the memory of Henry George. He is rigorous and keen in applying moral tests to social conditions. Like the man whose disciple he is, he shows that his ethical and social faith is vitally, though not formally, religious. When he cites Biblical passages, he is generally illuminating in what theologians would call his exegesis—illuminating just because he does not intend his comments to be exegesis at all. Some readers may be surprised to find an advocate of so radical a theory as the Single Tax as conservative as is Mr. Post in his economic theories. As a matter of fact, the Single Tax depends to a great extent upon the old-school political economy, and Mr. Post defends the conclusions of that school and declares that political economy is an exact science. He is as incisive in his criticism of Socialism as he is of Imperialism; both he considers enemies of that individualism which he thinks essential to human welfare. There are gaps in his arguments. He raises questions he does not answer. He is often academic, as he admits he expects to be considered, and bookish. He writes, however, so as to stimulate the reader to find out for himself why his statements are true or why they are not. As this is one of Mr. Post's purposes in writing the book, he has to that extent succeeded.

George Fox: An Autobiography. Edited by Rufus M. Jones, M.A., Litt.D. In 2 vols. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5¼×8¾ in. \$4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

History of Modern England (A). By Herbert Paul. In 5 vols. Vols. I and II. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. Per vol., \$2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Illustrated History of English Literature (An). By Richard Garnett, C.B., Litt.D., and Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. Vols. II and IV. The Macmillan Co., New York. 7½×11 in. Per vol., \$6, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Lux Crucis: A Tale of the Great Apostle.

By Samuel M. Gardenhire. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 392 pages. \$1.50.

A tale of the reign of Nero, the persecution of Christians, the trial of Paul at Casarea, and Paul's heroic efforts for the spread of Christianity. The book includes the love story of a Roman soldier and a Christian maiden.

My Cookery Books. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 7½×10½ in. 171 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Plays, Acting, and Music. By Arthur Symonds. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 197 pages. \$2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Charles W. Kent. (Macmillan's Pocket Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 165 pages. 25c.

Reserved for later notice.

Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit. By Auguste Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 9×6 in. 410 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Robinson der Jüngere. By Joachim Heinrich Campe. Edited by C. H. Ibershoff. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 201 pages.

Sandro Botticelli. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 206 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West (The). By Robert E. Anderson, M.A., F.A.S. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 195 pages. 35 cents, net.

In this, the latest addition to the "Library of Useful Stories" series, Mr. Anderson outlines the traditional and historic accounts of the discovery of America, and draws a brief but graphic picture, a composite of history, legend, and the results of archaeological research, of the conditions prevailing among the Aztecs, Toltecs, Incas, and other peoples formerly inhabiting the Western world. Simplicity and directness characterize his narrative, and the reader's interest is well sustained.

Synoptic Text-Book of Zoölogy (A). By Arthur Wisswold Weyssae, A.M., Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 545 pages. \$4.

Turkish Life in Town and Country. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. Illustrated. (Our European Neighbors Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 336 pages. \$1.20, net.

In these days, when the Macedonian insurrection has aroused new interest in the Turkish provinces, this volume should have wide reading. It describes the Macedonian nationalities, the Albanian highlanders, the Armenian communities, the Hebrew colonies, besides describing the Turks and Turkish life as it is lived in Constantinople, its suburbs and the provinces. To our thinking the book is specially important in dealing with non-Turkish tribes and their life. The description of distinctly Turkish characteristics and customs is equally well written. It is only less interesting because more familiar.

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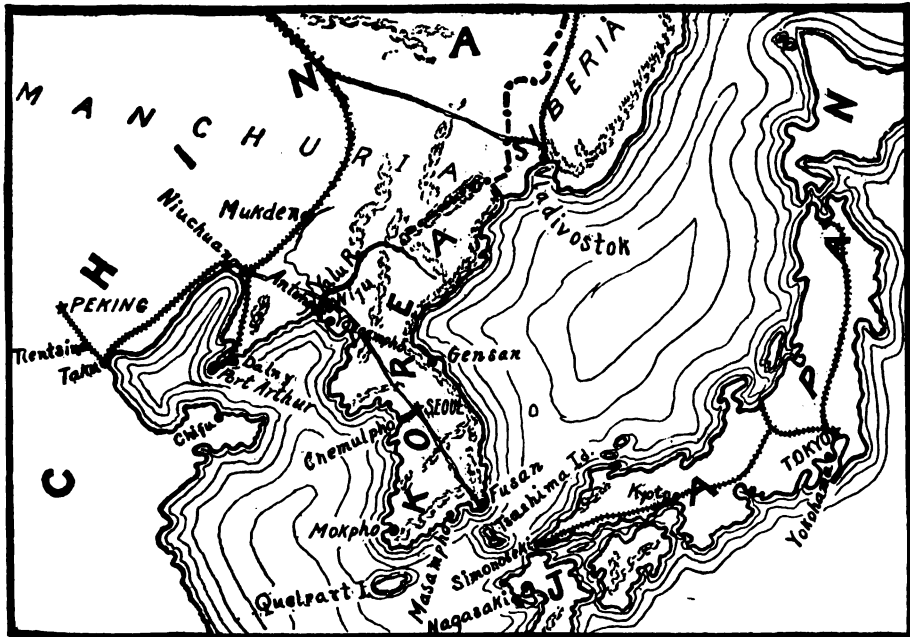
February 20, 1904

No. 8

The Outbreak of War

Japan and Russia had so long been preparing for war that the world expected to find both countries ready when the decisive moment came; that moment had been postponed so many times that even after the cessation of diplomatic relations between the two countries, recorded last week, and the withdrawal of the Japanese Minister from St. Petersburg, the hope was still entertained that the matters at issue between the two countries might be settled by diplomacy. But the war cloud, steadily growing blacker for months past and climbing higher and higher on the Eastern horizon, broke with the swiftness of a tempest on Monday night of last week, when the Japanese not only startled their enemies but gave the world a sensation by the audacity and brilliancy of their attack.

There was no declaration of war, for that formality has practically ceased to be observed; and, as a matter of fact, each side struck the other within the same day, while by some accounts the Russians fired the first shot. At nine o'clock on the evening of Monday the Russian gunboat Korietz, in Chemulpho harbor, fired on some Japanese torpedo-boats conveying transports. Chemulpho is the port of Seoul, the Korean capital. The transports contained 2,500 Japanese troops bound for Seoul. The Russian cruiser Variag, an American-built boat, joined the Korietz in the attempt to prevent the Japanese from landing. In an ensuing engagement on Tuesday the Russian vessels were defeated by Admiral Uriu's force and retreated to the harbor. An attempt a few hours later to break through the



Japanese fleet failed and both vessels were sunk, with a considerable loss of life. One despatch describes the second sortie of the Russian ships as superb, and says: "With bands playing the national anthem, the international fleet loudly cheering the bravery and gallantry of the Russians, the Variag and the Koriets faced the Japanese fleet in what was certain death." Many Russian sailors found refuge on board the English and French ships lying near by in the harbor. In humanity's interest the commanders of these ships offered asylum to the sailors, but their surrender has been demanded by Japan. Later on 20,000 Japanese troops were landed at Chemulpho. Meanwhile, at 11:30 o'clock on the evening of Monday, off Port Arthur, Manchuria, the center of Russian supplies and the base of Russia's naval activity in Asiatic waters, the Japanese fleet engaged the Russian, which was found drawn up in battle formation outside the harbor and under the shadow of the forts; the destroyers being spread out in front over a distance of five miles. While the cannonade was hottest some Japanese torpedo-boats crept along close inshore and inflicted such severe injuries on at least two battle-ships and one cruiser that the remainder of the squadron retired into the harbor. A few days later a Russian cruiser, the Askold, injured in the fight at Port Arthur Monday night or in its renewal on Tuesday, sank, while a Russian torpedo transport fouled one of the mines it was laying and was destroyed. On Monday of this week there was a report that three more Russian torpedo-boats had been destroyed by the Russian fortifications in mistake for Japanese torpedo-boats. The injuries to the Japanese fleet were slight. It has been rumored that Russia's Baltic fleet had been ordered to Manchuria and that the strong Black Sea fleet might force the Dardanelles, but neither rumor has been confirmed. Among the most important of other unconfirmed war rumors was one, persistently repeated, that three of the four Russian cruisers which have left Vladivostok had been destroyed by Japanese torpedo-boats. The latest Tokyo advices, however, state

that this Russian squadron is cruising in the Sea of Japan. These cruisers certainly sank a Japanese merchant vessel—contrary, the Japanese claim, to the laws of war. There have also been repeated reports that the Japanese have blown up bridges on the Siberian Railroad, but that forces of Japanese which have landed north of Port Arthur and not far from Dalny have been repulsed—one account asserts that out of 600 Japanese 400 were sabered by Cossacks. All these latter rumors indicate that the Japanese are trying to cut the Russian line of communication. Americans will read with interest that Admiral Uriu, the victor at Chemulpho, spent four years at Annapolis, where he graduated seventeenth in a class of seventy-four. Admiral Togo, the Port Arthur victor, has long been known as "the fighting Admiral" or "the Japanese Bob Evans."



Masampho The question now is, Is the Japanese army as effective as the Japanese navy? One of the most important moves of the combined forces has been the seizure of Masampho, an ice-free port the year round and Russia's special object of envy. One of the points at issue between Japan and Russia was the latter's determination to change Masampho from an open treaty port to a closed Russian port and to fortify it. Thus there would have been a Russian Gibraltar commanding the narrow Korean strait, which would insure free passage for Russian ships between the two Russian fortresses of Vladivostok and Port Arthur, twelve hundred miles apart. With the Japanese occupation and fortification of Masampho, however, no fleet can now pass through the Korean strait except with the consent of Japan. As a high Japanese official said last week, "In allowing us to occupy and fortify Masampho, Russia has assured the integrity of Japan and for herself has created another Dardanelles." The events of the past week have seriously crippled Russia's seapower in Asiatic waters, rendered it practically impossible for her to get assistance from home by water, made it

possible for Japan to land all necessary troops in Korea, assured Japanese security at home, and especially at the seven bases in Japan from which her fleet operates, while on the mainland she is now supplied with almost an embarrassing choice of bases from which her army may operate.

The Russian Charge of Treachery

⑤ The Russian Emperor's call to arms laid stress on an alleged

case of Japanese treachery. After pointing out that diplomatic relations had been broken off by Japan, he said that "without advising us of the fact that the breach of such relations would in itself mean an opening of warlike operations, the Japanese Government gave orders to its torpedo-boats suddenly to attack our squadron lying in the open harbor of the fortress of Port Arthur." On the same day, addressing the cadets at the Naval Academy, Nicholas II. said: "You are aware, gentlemen, that, two days ago, war was begun against us. The insolent foe came upon us by night and attacked our stronghold and fleet." The Russians forget that they did the same thing in beginning the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. The Czar was probably not aware at the time that his own forces had opened fire at Chemulpho two hours before the Japanese fleet opened fire on the Russian fleet in the harbor of Port Arthur. War begins, the authorities on international law now agree, not when it is declared, but when, after the cessation of diplomatic relations, the first act of violence is committed. Diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan were severed on February 6, Japan announcing at the time that it reserved entire liberty of action; which was a full equivalent of notice that war would begin at any moment and at any place convenient to the Japanese. This would have fully answered all criticisms of Japanese ill faith if those criticisms had been based on fact. It was the Russians, however, not the Japanese, who opened the war, and no criticism lies against them for having fired on Japanese troops without going through the previous formality of the declaration of war.

The Neutrality of the Powers

All the great Powers have formally announced their neutrality; and the proclamation of President Roosevelt was reinforced by a striking speech made by Mr. Moody, Secretary of the Navy, at the Lincoln dinner in New York City last week—a speech which may be accepted as a definition of the spirit and attitude of the Administration in the struggle between Japan and Russia. Secretary Moody declared that we are on friendly terms with both nations; that Russia had endeared itself to us by expressions of its good will in the days of our sore trial; that to Japan we occupy almost the position of a foster-mother, our navy having "broken through their Eastern exclusiveness and let in the flood of sunlight of modern civilization. We have declared our neutrality, and I can assure you that this neutrality shall be maintained. We have no interest except that the war may end speedily, no concern except that it may not bring into the struggle other nations. Under no circumstances, we can be assured, is there danger to the peace of our own Nation. We are assured that this administration and its chief know full well that this Nation loves the pleasant pathway of peace, and does not wish war." That our Government means to observe the strictest neutrality between the two great Powers now at war in the Far East is beyond all question; it remains for the people of the country to place a similar restraint upon themselves. It is inevitable that popular sympathies in these great troubles should go out to one or the other of the contending parties; but it is very important that intemperate expressions and the violence of partisanship should be entirely excluded from public discussion. We are on terms of friendship with Russia and with Japan; and while we may have strong sympathies with one side or the other, it is eminently unbecoming that Americans should take the attitude of bigoted partisans. Our Government is endeavoring, in the line of its recent diplomacy, to lessen the horrors of war by circumscribing its area; the American people ought to join sympathetically in that endeavor by repressing any

violence of feeling and maintaining a friendly attitude with both countries.



General Sentiment It would be idle to predict the possible course of such a war as that which has now begun in the Far East, but there is no reason to believe that other Powers will be involved. There has been a decided expression of French sympathy for Russia since the Russian reverses, for Russia and France have been close allies for many years past; but there is no reason to anticipate any active support of Russia by France except in some great extremity. The French would have nothing to gain and much to lose from any active participation in the Far Eastern struggle. In England public sentiment is distinctly pro-Japanese. England stands in close diplomatic relations with Japan; there is a defensive treaty between the two countries, and their interests are very largely identical; but England has not yet recovered and will not recover for a long time from the terrible losses brought about by the war in South Africa, and unless her interests are seriously jeopardized she will maintain a strictly neutral attitude throughout the war. In Germany popular feeling does not seem to have ranged itself strongly on either side, and the policy of the Government is plainly one of peace. Neither Italy nor Austria is in a position actively to back either side, if the inclination existed. The Japanese are said to be united as one man. They unquestionably feel that the independence of their country is at stake, and that unless the Russian advance is checked now it will mean in the end the practical subjugation of Japan. In Russia there was comparatively little interest in the struggle until the Russian reverses, but the disaster at Port Arthur has awakened the national feeling through the Empire, and, if reports are to be trusted, all Russia that has any voice is aflame with enthusiasm and devotion.



**Secretary Hay's Note
to the Combatants**

The circular-note of the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, to the representatives at St. Petersburg, Tokyo, and Peking, copies of which

have been sent to all the European Powers, has been so misinterpreted from fragmentary reports by the daily press that we give it here entire:

You will express to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the earnest desire of the Government of the United States that in the course of the military operations which have begun between Russia and Japan the neutrality of China, and in all practicable ways her administrative entity, shall be respected by both parties, and that the area of hostilities shall be localized and limited as much as possible, so that undue excitement and disturbance of the Chinese people may be prevented, and the least possible loss to the commerce and peaceful enterprise of the world may be occasioned.

JOHN HAY.

The meaning of this note is not ambiguous. When war breaks out between two nations, every other nation has a right to declare its neutrality and to have its neutrality respected. Mr. Hay, in 1900, at the time of the Boxer movement, alone among Foreign Secretaries persisted in treating the Chinese Government as worthy of respect and in respecting her "administrative entity," and by so doing won for the United States not only the friendship of China, but the respect of the European Powers. Now, in conformity with the same principle, he asks both Japan and Russia to respect China, to recognize the Chinese Government as a reality, and to respect its right to remain neutral. At the same time he communicates this request to the European Powers, on the presumption that their indorsement and ratification of this request will not be without its moral influence on the combatants. There is in this note not the slightest suggestion that the United States proposes to guarantee the neutrality of China, or to fix the geographical boundaries within which the fighting between Japan and China may be carried on, or that it is proposed to the European Powers to do either of these things. The note is based on the assumption that there are moral forces as well as physical forces, and that even in war such powers as Japan and Russia cannot afford to, and will not, disregard the expressed judgment of mankind. There is nothing, it will be observed, in this note to define "the

area of hostilities," except as respect for the neutrality of China puts limitations on that area. Such respect would certainly prevent Russia from marching her troops to Peking, a course which some newspaper correspondents have anticipated for her. But it would not prevent fighting in Manchuria, which her troops already occupy. Nor would assent to this note necessarily prevent Russia from maintaining her occupation of Manchuria, if she is victorious in the war, nor Japan from demanding the evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians, if Russia is defeated. China proper consists of eighteen provinces south of the great wall and east of Thibet, and respect for the neutrality of China would not necessarily prevent the combatants from conducting the war in territory under the sovereignty of China but outside of China proper, certainly not in such provinces as are already involved in the controversy. Japan has already expressed her assent to the note of Secretary Hay, conditioned upon Russia's assent. Germany, England, and France have also already expressed their approval of it, and it may be expected that all the other European nations will in time follow the example thus set. The interest of all Europe in limiting the area of hostilities as much as possible will tend to this beneficial result. Incidentally, it is a matter of American pride that Mr. Hay has, by his wise and self-restrained diplomacy, achieved another victory for commerce, peace, and the rights of an imperiled nation, by a simple appeal to the general sense of justice enforced by the general interest of mankind.



**American Interests
in San Domingo**

There is much reason to fear that before long the United States will have to adopt vigorous measures in making its name respected in San Domingo. That turbulent island still continues to be harried by bands of insurgents representing at least three revolutionary movements. Nothing could be further, probably, from the wishes of the people of the United States than to assume responsibility for the conduct of

the people of San Domingo. But not only has American property been destroyed and even American life taken, but the conditions are such that the representatives of other countries, notably Great Britain and Germany, are beginning to intimate that, if order is not established in some way, their interests will call upon them to interfere. Naturally, considering the proximity of the United States to the West India Islands, it is preferable that if there is to be interference it should be by the United States rather than by a European nation. A recent despatch from Minister Powell (who, by the way, is a colored man) specifies facts bearing out the assertion that American property interests at San Domingo are suffering heavily as a result of the insurrection. Thus, five hundred cattle belonging to a sugar plantation owned by Americans have nearly all been killed; a telephone line, the property of an American business firm, has been destroyed; another American concern has had an engine destroyed; a residence belonging to the Clyde Steamship Company has been burned. Foreign residents of other countries have suffered equally. Finally, the later statements about the shooting and killing by the insurgents of J. G. Johnson, a machinist of the United States gunboat *Yankee*, show that the killing was nothing more or less than deliberate and unprovoked murder. Mr. Powell says that the insurgents on the same day fired upon two men who were waiting for the launch, and that when the launch appeared they fired a volley at it which killed Johnson. Under instructions from Washington, Mr. Powell has sent, under strong guard, a note to the commander of the revolutionary forces demanding ample satisfaction. Enough has been said to show that the relations between the United States and San Domingo are critical. It is earnestly to be hoped that they may be adjusted by the establishment of some kind of permanent government in San Domingo capable of maintaining order on the island; at this moment, however, it cannot be said that such a government exists. In fact, the condition of affairs is little better than anarchy.

In Congress While there has been no debate of notable significance in Congress during the last two weeks, several matters of considerable importance have been determined upon or brought before Congress. One of these is the agreement in the Senate to reach a vote on the Panama Canal treaty before February 23, so that in all probability the treaty will have become law before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. It may be noted in this connection that General Reyes has been recently formally confirmed by the electors in Colombia, who were some time ago chosen by popular vote, as President of that Republic, and that he has sailed for Paris to give attention to the interests of Colombia in the legal disputes over the Canal Company which still continue in France. The Senate has had under discussion the proposed appropriation of \$4,600,000 as a loan to the St. Louis Exposition, secured by a lien of forty per cent. on the door receipts. The measure was eloquently supported by Mr. Lodge, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Hale, Mr. Gorman, and others, and incidentally a great deal of not very applicable patriotism was displayed in speeches from Senators on both sides, which glowed with rhetoric. In the House the loan was carried as an amendment to the Urgency and Deficiency Appropriation Bill in the Committee of the Whole, by a vote of 161 to 95. In the House the Naval Appropriation Bill has been reported. It carries a total amount of over eighty-two million dollars, favors the continuance of the present plans for upbuilding and enlarging the navy, and specifically authorizes the building of a first-class battle-ship of 16,000 tons, two first-class armed cruisers of 14,500 tons, three scout cruisers of about 3,750 tons, and two large colliers. An instance of deplorable rapidity in legislation is to be recorded of the House, which on one day passed three hundred and twenty private pension bills in one hundred and fifty-five minutes. Long-continued applause from both sides of the House was accorded to the conscientious conduct of Representative Shafroth, of Colorado, in announcing that he voluntarily relinquished his seat because the contest

made for it and the examination of the ballots revealed fraud in many precincts—fraud, it is needless to say, in which Mr. Shafroth had no part.



Senator Hanna Marcus A. Hanna, United States Senator from Ohio since 1897, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee since 1896, died in Washington on Monday of this week, at the age of sixty-seven. Mr. Hanna was a generous and devoted friend of Mr. McKinley. An almost romantic attachment existed between the two men, and all the light that has been thrown on their relations shows Mr. Hanna in the attitude of an unselfish supporter and not in any sense a dictator. Mr. Hanna was a party politician who represented a system which is fast going into the background, to be supplanted by a view of public life and a practice of public duties of a much higher order. He was a business man in politics rather than a statesman. He looked at the interests of the country from a business point of view, and a legislator ought to look at the interests of a country from the standpoint of a statesman; which includes the care of business interests but includes also many things which lie outside of and beyond business interests. Mr. Hanna was a straightforward, upright business man, who carried his business virtues into his public life. He was a strong friend and an equally pronounced opponent. He stood loyally by the men who were associated with him, and, according to his conscience, he was a faithful public servant. He was anxious to secure a practical working relation between the workingmen and capitalists, and his endeavors in that direction were sincere and arduous. He succeeded in dissipating a great deal of the prejudice which workingmen entertained against him, and he largely gained their confidence. Among those who knew him well were many who became his warm friends; and during the last five years he had greatly advanced in the regard and confidence of the country. The best that can be said of him is that he was a large-minded business man in

public affairs; the worst that can be said of him, that he looked at public affairs largely from the business man's point of view, and, in dealing with them, was largely governed by party considerations, and his party affiliations brought him into friendly relations with men whose methods were bad. In the fierce struggles within his own party it was charged, apparently on good authority, that his own methods were not above reproach. There were evidences that the larger interests of his later life were educating him out of machine politics into better methods and higher views.



The Baltimore Fire

Baltimore business men are showing energy and good judgment in grappling with the problems of rebuilding the burned part of the city. The enormous sums at first given as estimated losses are now seen to be exaggerated, and it is thought that \$30,000,000 will probably cover the claims upon the insurance companies. This insurance was very widely distributed, and all of the companies involved are able to cope with the heavy payments. Some of the agents even find a bright side to the calamity in the effect that it will have in "stiffening" rates for insurance, which, they say, have been too much lowered by competition. A gain to the city itself will be found in the adoption of a plan of rebuilding which will straighten out and widen the crooked and narrow streets of the congested district, and the citizens' Committee of Safety are urging the city authorities to issue no building permits until a complete plan has been agreed upon. President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, in a stirring talk about "The New Baltimore," well said: "This is not the hour for anybody to whine. Every citizen who is worthy of the name must set his shoulder to the wheel, and lend his aid to make our city better and bigger and handsomer than ever before." In this connection it may be noted that one of the serious losses of the fire was the destruction of many warehouses, uninsured, the income from which formed a considerable part of the support of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and Medical

School. The humane and expert work of these institutions will now be curtailed unless the cause appeals to the sympathies not only of people in Baltimore but of those outside who know how fine and effective is that work. The fact that the section burned contained almost no dwelling-houses was one reason why there was no loss of life and little individual suffering, and this may suggest to some other cities the undesirability of allowing a mingling of large business blocks and tenement-house blocks in close proximity. The ease with which the fire, once under way, licked up stone, iron, and steel, does not encourage too much confidence even in the best modern "fire-proof" construction, and emphasizes the necessity of preventing fires from starting rather than the feasibility of putting them out from the outside. More stringent regulations as to the storage of combustibles are needed in every large city's business section. The repeated explosions that caused this fire to spread with such rapidity still remain unexplained. In the new Baltimore also it is to be hoped that something like uniformity of height may be obtained by mutual consent. One pleasant aspect of the disaster was the cordial spirit of what may be called inter-city friendship brought out. The assistance of the firemen from Philadelphia, Washington, New York, and many other places; the municipal offers of financial help; the fact that Washington newspapers put their plants at the service of their burned-out Baltimore contemporaries; the hearty recognition of these and other friendly acts by the Baltimore people—all had heartiness and human sympathy in an unusual degree. The New York firemen in particular won high praise for their courage and skill in saving the water-front and fighting off the fire from the East Baltimore district, where dwelling-houses are closely crowded together. New York City may well be proud of these men, who, with little sleep and without regular food, cheerfully and even jovially plunged into a forty-eight hours' long struggle in which their courage, endurance, and skill were tested to the utmost under strange surroundings and conditions.

"The Apostles" Edward Elgar's oratorio "The Apostles," which was given last week, Tuesday, in New York by the Oratorio Society, has been presented only once before, namely, last October at the Birmingham Musical Festival, England, for which it was written. Though evidently in its style the work of the same composer as "The Dream of Gerontius" (of which our readers will remember we gave an account and estimate after its performance last March), it differs from it in construction and treatment. "The Dream of Gerontius" is a mediæval poem, by Cardinal Newman, interpreted by music equally mediæval in spirit though modern in resources. "The Apostles" is an oratorio based on words from the Scriptures which the composer has gathered together with great insight and arranged with dramatic power. In both works the music is as essentially a part of the dramatic construction as the music of Wagner is to his dramas, and, like Wagner's, is full of leading motives. At first hearing "The Dream of Gerontius" is more striking, impressive, poetic; it is by no means certain that "The Apostles," after it becomes familiar, will not seem to be the stronger and more real of the two works. As an example of the dramatic originality of "The Apostles" we cite the first appearance of Mary Magdalene. The scene begins with a quotation from the Gospel describing Jesus as he "constrained his disciples to get into a ship," while he himself withdrew to a mountain to pray. Then is heard the voice of Mary Magdalene crying unto God for mercy. She confesses her sinfulness and acknowledges that she withheld not her heart from any joy. Then, as a background to her prayer, is heard the chorus sounding the music of revelry. The hearers listen, as it were, to Mary's own memories as she struggles against them. The orchestra becomes more tempestuous. The storm in her soul finds its counterpart in the storm on the sea, and Mary sees the disciples toiling in the boat. Suddenly, as a figure like a spirit is descried on the waters, comes the voice of Jesus: "Be of good cheer, it is I." The storm quiets, and Mary in thankfulness ac-

knowledges God's providence and sovereignty. Another dramatic and illuminating episode is that of the betrayal. Judas is pictured, not as a merely covetous and brutal man, but as a fanatic Jew, who by attempting to force Jesus to announce himself as the Messiah thought to bring worldly glory to his tribe. When it appears that his plan has miserably failed, the voices of the priests, the very priests with whom he made his bargain, sound from the temple the psalm of vengeance that comes to Judas like the audible voice of his conscience. Of Elgar's music it is possible to give here only a brief and inadequate estimate. His mastery of the technique of the art is indubitable. He knows how to obey the canons of art and how, when desirable, to overstep them. If at first some of his writing seems self-conscious, it is only fair to say that it seems less so with increased acquaintance. His harmonies and his orchestration are ultra-modern, while his choral writing and his figured music recall old-time contrapuntalists. Much in his oratorio reminds us of Bach, not only in its method (as, for instance, the recitatives) but even more so in its spirit of personal religious devotion, that is at the same time virile. Elgar, who is a devout Catholic, has made of these two works, "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles," the vehicle of his own faith. On his score appear the letters A. M. D. G.—To the greater glory of God.



Felix Weingartner It was an impressive scene that occurred in Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening of last week. At the close of the concert by the Philharmonic Society the audience, with scarcely an exception, refused to leave the hall for several minutes, but, standing, clapped and cheered, while the members of the orchestra, arrested in their habitual sudden dispersion, half surprised, half enthusiastic, joined in the applause. What made this scene remarkable was the fact that the object of this demonstration was not a colorature singer who had capped the evening with a high note, nor a virtuoso pianist or violinist—in fact, was not, strictly speaking, a soloist at all. It was the

conductor of the orchestra, Felix Weingartner. It will be remembered by our readers that the Philharmonic Society has adopted the policy this season of giving its concerts under different conductors. Already Colonne, the French conductor whose success we have previously recounted, Gustav Kogel, of Frankfort, Henry J. Wood, the English conductor, whose romantic and emotional interpretations made a great impression, and Victor Herbert, the American conductor, have led the Philharmonic concerts. Last week it was the turn of Weingartner. He had on his programme what were really three symphonic poems (one by Berlioz, one by Liszt, and one by himself—all programme music) and the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. His triumph, as a performer upon the orchestra, was his rendering of the Beethoven symphony. His manner of leading is such that it amounts to a commentary on the music. His gestures not only control the orchestra, but also (perhaps unconsciously) call attention to the part that each instrument or group of instruments plays from time to time. No better proof than his conducting is necessary to show the supreme importance in orchestral music of the conductor's personality.



President Eliot and
Dr. Washington
on the Race Question

At a meeting held last week in New York City under the auspices of the Armstrong Association, for a consideration of negro industrial education and its bearing on the race problem, two especially notable addresses were made, one by President Eliot, the other by Dr. Booker T. Washington. President Eliot's address was significant because it was the expression of a representative New England educator, whose opinions may fairly be taken to reflect those of modern Puritans. He declared that the North and the South, the whites and the negroes, were agreed that the two races should be kept pure. He expressed his sympathy with the demand for a stronger arm for the law, and a more effective police protection against turbulent elements in the population, both North and South. He

emphasized the importance of universal education, and his approval of carrying it on in separate schools and with the aid of National appropriations. And he indicated that the only material difference between Northern and Southern opinions was to be found in the fact that at the North no one connects political equality, that is, the possession of the ballot and eligibility to public office, with social equality—that is, with free social intercourse on equal terms in the people's homes. Dr. Washington made a conclusive reply to the absurd charges which have somehow got into circulation, that education of the negro has promoted crime among the negroes. "Not a single graduate of the Hampton Institute or of the Tuskegee Institute can be found to-day in any jail or State penitentiary. After making careful inquiry, I cannot find a half-dozen cases of a man or woman who has completed a full course of education in any of our reputable institutions, like Hampton, Tuskegee, Fisk, or Atlanta, who are in prisons. The records of the South show that ninety per cent. of the colored people in prison are without knowledge of trades, and sixty-one per cent. are illiterate." What was perhaps equally important, he showed conclusively that public sentiment in the South unmistakably and overwhelmingly approves the education of the negro. He sent out recently questions to representative Southern men, covering each former slave State, asking them what effect education had upon the negro, and received the following replies. They are so significant that we publish them in full:

1. Has education made the negro a more useful citizen?

Answer—Yes, 121; no, 4; unanswered, 11.

2. Has it made him more economical and more inclined to acquire wealth?

Answer—Yes, 98; no, 14; unanswered, 24.

3. Does it make him a more valuable workman, especially where skill and thought are required?

Answer—Yes, 132; no, 2; unanswered, 2.

4. Do well-trained, skilled negro workmen find any difficulty in securing work in your community?

Answer—No, 117; yes, 4; unanswered, 15.

6. Are colored men in business patronized by the whites in your community?

Answer—Yes, 92; no, 9; unanswered, 35.
(The large number of cases in which this

question was not answered is due to scarcity of business men.)

6. Is there any opposition to the colored people's buying land in your community?

Answer—No, 128; yes, 3; unanswered, 5.

7. Has education improved the morals of the black race?

Answer—Yes, 97; no, 20; unanswered, 19.

8. Has it made his religion less emotional and more practical?

Answer—Yes, 101; no, 16; unanswered, 19.

9. Is it, as a rule, the ignorant or the educated who commit crime?

Answer—Ignorant, 115; educated, 3; unanswered, 17.

10. Does crime grow less as education increases among the colored people?

Answer—Yes, 102; no, 19; unanswered, 15.

11. Is the moral growth of the negro equal to his mental growth?

Answer—Yes, 55; no, 46; unanswered, 35.

These answers ought to satisfy the people of the North that the expressions which occasionally come through Southern newspapers from Southern men, adverse to negro education, are either misreports or reports of men living something like half a century behind the age.



The Students' Club

New York City is the largest student center in the United States. Each year five thousand young men begin their course of study in the city; besides these a thousand young men who have just finished their college course start in business life. It is estimated that over a fifth of those who come to study come as total strangers. These men are going to be more than ordinarily influential for the good or the ill of the Nation, and they are over fifteen thousand strong, carrying on their work under what are abnormal conditions free from the restraint and the wholesome impulses that are natural in their home environment. Only a small proportion of them are identified with the community as other young men are. They are out of the current of its life, and yet they bring with them to the great city a great deal of vitality. It is that this vitality may be rightly used, and that at least some of it may be expended for the benefit of those who, because of the narrow conditions in which they live, are devitalized, that the Intercollegiate Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is sustaining two club-houses and nine tributary branches in different institutions in the

city. The work is well organized. Before the end of the college year circular letters are sent to the offices of the various college Christian Associations, asking for information concerning the students who are expecting to begin the next fall their work in New York City. This information is so tabulated that the New York officials know of each man what kind of service he is best able to render. Then the officials communicate with various churches and social settlements, ascertaining what kind of service is needed and suggesting in turn men who can be of service. As a result, young men who come to this city find here not only centers of social life in the Students' Club, with its two houses, its receptions, and its various meetings, but also the chance to use what leisure time they may have in social work. Some idea of the results obtained by this canvass and organized effort may be obtained from the following figures: Of 173 men, 80 are church members, 93 are not; 72 attend church regularly, 53 are apparently indifferent, 10 not found; four have left the city, and 34 are actively engaged in some kind of Christian or philanthropic work. Reports are yet to be received from 214 men. The value of this sort of work by the Young Men's Christian Association is obvious. It is an example of the change of emphasis, which we have more than once noted as characteristic of the Association in recent years, from the merely evangelistic and sometimes pietistic to the practical, from a religion of getting to a religion of giving. The Students' Club, as this Branch is denominated, is not and cannot be expected to be self-supporting; it needs the co-operation of people who are interested in this sort of work. It needs particularly a new headquarters more adequate alike for the use of the students of various schools in the neighborhood and for the center of intercollegiate religious life in the city.



Fresh disquiet has arisen in the Anglican Church, but on a new point of controversy, not ritualistic but ethical—the right of ministers to dispute doc-

The Ethics of
Creed Subscription

trines which they affirm in the church services. Bishop Gore has called to account one of his clergy, the Rev. C. E. Beeby, for an article in the "Hibbert Journal" impugning the reality of the Virgin Birth. The Bishop wrote that clergymen who constantly recite the words of the Creed, "Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," cannot consistently hold their office unless they personally believe what they recite, and that he was bound to maintain the limits that "constitute office-holding in the Church of England." Upon this suggestion of want of honor Mr. Beeby tendered his resignation. Churchmen of the Broad school are somewhat excited by this event, and Canon Henson in particular has inveighed against the Bishop for "bigotry." In accepting Mr. Beeby's resignation, the Bishop, while forbidding him to minister or preach in the diocese, writes: "Though we do not agree with you, I think we are all likely to be the better for your act of self-sacrifice." A parishioner of Mr. Beeby, in sending him a check for £100, writes thus: "The opinions you hold are silently held by many other clergymen and by most of the educated laity; and if the expression of them is forbidden, the Church of England will cease to represent the real belief of Englishmen." The whole question of the ethics of creed subscription is thus reopened, and one result is likely to be a more acute degree of the dearth of suitable candidates for holy orders that has become already a serious problem in the Anglican Church. A writer in the "Hibbert Journal" last July attributed this dearth largely to the discrepancy between modern beliefs and ancient formularies, and the unwillingness of honest men to strain their consciences by assent to the latter. The natural way out of such a situation—a revision of the formularies—seems for the present impracticable. The formularies of the State Church cannot be revised except by or in concurrence with Parliamentary action, and just this is most repugnant to Churchmen. Were the Church disestablished, doctrinal revision might be undertaken, could the enormous inertia of Anglican

conservatism be overcome. Perhaps the strain of the present condition may add to the pressure for disestablishment.



Americans are not unfamiliar with the extraordinary license allowed to university students in Great Britain on academic occasions, but a recent outbreak of disorder at the University of Edinburgh almost passes the bounds of credulity. Three thousand young Scotchmen made a stately academic event the occasion for a kind of disorder which ought to have brought the police within the precincts of the University. On the occasion referred to, Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney-General of the realm and Lord Rector of the University, was to address the students on international arbitration. The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, Chancellor of the University, presided. But the students would hear neither these distinguished speakers nor the concert which was to occupy a preliminary hour. Some of the singers, their voices drowned by riotous horseplay, quitted the platform; others went through their parts in dumb show. This over, Mr. Balfour announced amid noisy interruptions that the Dean of the Faculty of Divinity would "open the proceedings" with prayer. The Dean did so, but his prayer was rendered quite inaudible by the indecent tumult that continued. With a submissiveness to indignity that seems almost incredible, the Lord Rector then gave his address, inaudible, because of the uproar, except to those on or near the platform. At the end two students in character-costume came forward and presented him with a toy doll. This seems to have been the one unendurable act of license, for it is reported that these two are to be "rusticated." The remarkable thing in the British estimate of this occurrence is the qualified condemnation it has received, as only going too far. "A certain amount of good-humored chaff and sarcasm is permissible on such occasions," says the Birmingham "Post"—"the speakers expect to be baited." As a piquant condiment of high culture this baiting of dignitaries

by young academicians seems intolerable to Americans, accused though they are of a characteristic irreverence toward what is venerable. Strange it is that in ancient centers of civilization a university assembly is the one place where public sentiment tolerates exception to the rule that scholars must conduct themselves as gentlemen. Such barbarism at the chief seat of Scottish culture seems to furnish fresh reason for education commissions to travel from Britain, to observe how things are done abroad.



Treasure-Hunting in London

Yankee ingenuity has often been held responsible for a good many vagaries, but it cannot be made to father the extraordinary exhibition that we hear of from London. Apparently the idea that started it all originated with an enterprising journalist of Paris. Last October this editor announced that six bronze medals, good for 3,000 francs each, and one good for 7,000, had been hidden for any one to find who could. The statement aroused the frantic interest of thousands. A workingman discovered one medal glued beneath a park bench. The excitement grew so intense with each additional discovery, and, the advertising value of the scheme being obvious, so many other newspapers adopted similar devices, that the Government interfered and prevented the continuance of all "hidden treasure" competitions, on the ground that they were lotteries. Now a London weekly has made a similar venture. People out of employment, people of moderate means, well-dressed women, vagabonds, energetic youths, clerks, laborers, by hundreds and thousands, armed with chisels, knives, forks, screw-drivers, latch-keys, sticks, lighted candles, almost every imaginable kind of instrument (though the use of shovels and pickaxes was expressly mentioned by the paper as being unnecessary), roaming around the streets in groups, in units, in crowds, at all hours of day and night, have been poking, peeking, scraping, digging, cutting up the turf in parks, undermining walls, trampling over private grounds, tearing up streets, damaging trees. One man,

following a clue given—"a fair lady"—went to Margaretta Street and dug a hole with a broken knife; he declared when arrested that he worked "in the mud in gutters chiefly." Another was found late at night scraping the ground with a stick in one hand and holding a lighted candle in the other. In a suburb a crowd of rough, profane men and youths gathered from all parts of London, wakened the occupants at two o'clock in the morning, and were finally dispersed only by about a dozen policemen. In one case a witness at hand declared that his friend, the prisoner, was merely touching the loose stones with a latch-key. "Oh, yes," commented the magistrate, "trying to let himself into the pavement." Many of the police courts are crowded, property-owners are vexed, and the London "Spectator" gives this continuous performance considerable editorial attention. Meanwhile, it is certain that all good Britons will continue to think of the French, the Japanese, and the Americans as volatile peoples.



Education in China

The past twelvemonth has seen unwonted railway activity in China. The work on the American railway concession from Canton to Hankau is being hurried, as is that on the Belgian concession from Hankau to Peking. The Germans are building railways and opening mines, for which they have concessions covering the whole province of Shantung, while the Russians by their Manchurian railway have now made it possible for a Chinese to go from Peking to London in eighteen days. Unwonted political activity has also been manifest, so we learn from the just published report of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge among the Chinese. Though the audience question occupied the attention of the whole diplomatic body at Peking for thirty years, it now occasions so little difficulty that informal tea-parties given by the Empress Dowager have become quite commonplace. The first instance of the journey abroad of a Chinese prince occurred when the Emperor's brother, Prince Chun, went to Berlin to make an apology. Prince Chen, son of Prince

Ching, the Premier, went to Edward VII.'s coronation. Prince Chen went later to Japan to study the institutions of that country. Another Prince is to go to the St. Louis Exhibition. But the greatest development is in the direction of schools and universities. The examination questions at the provincial universities show how the foreign heaven is working in China. Take, for instance, the questions asked in the province of Fukien :

Which Western nations have paid most attention to education? State the leading features of the military systems of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and France. Which are the best colonizers? How should tea and silk be properly cultivated? Describe the government, industry, and education of Switzerland, which, though small, is independent of surrounding great powers.

Formerly the professors in the few colleges for the teaching of foreign subjects were all Americans or Europeans. Now the professors are nearly all Japanese. It is natural for China to turn to Japan, even though almost everything to be learned from the Japanese comes second hand. There is a natural racial sympathy, and if the Chinese are to affiliate with any people, it would properly be with one which has been under many of the same influences.

Religion in China

Is the prospect of a possible pan-Asiatic combination under Japanese direction a cause for despondency as far as the propaganda of Christianity is concerned? No, replies the Diffusion Society. "Japan has realized that Christianity should be free, and she has not discouraged it as a teacher. She has only dreaded it as a political force." Of the sixteen thousand Protestant missionaries in the world, a sixth are in China. That their work is recognized by the nations is shown by the fact that recently the Chinese gentry in Shanghai subscribed many thousand dollars towards their International Institute, and, similarly, large sums of money have been contributed in Swatow, Amoy, Fuchau, Hangchau, Chifu, and wherever missionaries teach. A place like Wenchau, where the opening of a church was the signal for a riot, has now two churches, one holding a thousand

people, and these are insufficient for those who would attend. At the opening of a Christian college there recently, all the thirty officials of the city attended the ceremony. In our opinion, the danger to Christianity lies in the indiscriminate increase of missionaries. The need is for men trained not only in Christianity, but in comparative religion, that a sympathy with whatever is good in the various religions of China may be fostered. Secondly, the need is for missionaries trained not only in English, but in Chinese, that the standard educational and religious works of Christendom may be translated as soon as possible. No less than four Chinese universities have been compelled to establish translation departments, because there were not in Chinese sufficient text-books to fit their curricula. The missionary opportunity is evident.

The Meaning of the War

The war in the East is an issue joined between the twentieth century and the sixteenth. Curiously, it is the Western Power which represents the sixteenth century, the Eastern Power which represents the twentieth.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were characterized throughout the West by a transition of society from autocracy to democracy, in every department of life. Industrially, the laborer was set free from his shackles and given ownership of himself; politically, the people were set free from absolutism and given a representation in government; ecclesiastically, the Church was set free from the traditions which had bound her thought and was given liberty of faith and worship; to the individual was secured in all western Europe a larger measure of those rights which in Anglo-Saxon communities he had previously enjoyed. The long conflict between Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilizations was really a conflict between the liberty inherent in Hebraic ideals as they are portrayed in the Old Testament, and pagan imperialism as it existed in ancient Rome.

The one European nation which did not feel the influence of this transition

was Russia. She proved herself immune to the spirit of the age. The spirit of the sixteenth century still animates the empire and determines its institutions. There is no individual liberty in Russia. Any man may be arrested and imprisoned or exiled without a trial, a hearing, or even an accusation. There is no religious liberty in Russia. No man bred in the Orthodox Church may leave it; still less may he urge a different faith than that of the Orthodox Church upon his fellows. How little toleration Russian orthodoxy has for even an ancestral faith, if it is not orthodox, let Kishenev testify. There is no political liberty in Russia. The people have no representation in any popular assembly; none in a public and uncensored press; none in free and voluntary assemblies; none in public discussion; not even an unfettered right of petition. As there is no freedom of thought, opinion, or action, so there is no general system of popular education; partly because the conditions of life make it difficult if not impossible, partly because a State which does not permit freedom of action never provides for freedom of development. Russia in the twentieth century retains the absolutism of Italy, Spain, and France in the sixteenth.

Japan, on the contrary, has moved more rapidly than any other nation from repression to freedom, from absolutism to democracy. In half a century it has leaped from an Oriental despotism to a modern free State. Religiously, the citizen is free to change his faith and to persuade his fellows that by changing they will better theirs; politically, the people are represented in a free popular assembly related to the Mikado somewhat as the Houses of Parliament are related to the King of England; the right of petition, assembly, discussion, publication, is scarcely less safeguarded than in America; a system of popular education provides for that development which the law permits and promotes in practical exercise; and the individual, set free from the galling servitude to the military class which was an accompaniment of the old feudalism, has grown with extraordinary rapidity into a personal

freedom unknown in any other Oriental country. In her spirit, her political and religious institutions, her agrarian life, Russia represents the sixteenth century, Japan the twentieth. The war is one between an Occidental State, autocratic in form, bureaucratic in fact, very slightly modified by contact with European civilization, and an Oriental State, reconstructed as a democratic nation in half a century by its free contact with the free peoples of the West.

To which of these two combatants are we to look for protection from the "Yellow Peril"?

There are 400,000,000 Chinese. They have patience, contentment, persistent not to say stolid industry, careful not to say excessive thrift, and reverence for the past—some of which virtues might with advantage be more sedulously cultivated in our eager but impatient, aspiring but discontented, people, with their too strenuous but fitful industry, their too enterprising and extravagant expenditure, their sometimes careless optimism, their sometimes more careless forgetting of the leaders and the lessons of the past. But what fires passion and prejudice might enkindle in this people the Boxer movement has demonstrated. What peril it may threaten to European civilization by military organization, if it were ever inspired by a military ambition and furnished with modern military arms, it is not difficult to imagine. What industrial peril it might threaten if something of the eager commercial spirit of the West should ever possess it, we have in America already imagined and endeavored to guard ourselves against by our anti-Chinese immigration laws. To the European dread of the "Yellow Peril" Russian journals and diplomats appeal. Guardian against the Yellow Peril Russia claims to be. Is she?

Whether the "Yellow Peril" is real or imaginary it is not necessary here to consider. It is certain that it is to be met and overcome not by sixteenth century but by nineteenth century methods; not by repression, but by noble inspiration and wise guidance; not by force operating from without, but by life developed from within; not by being chained

by Russia, but by being set free by Japan. What all Americans must desire is that China shall receive the impulse which Japan has received, and shall be allowed to develop her own national life, her own race consciousness, as Japan has been allowed to develop hers. The "Yellow Peril" has become a peril only because Western nations have attempted to force upon China an internal life foreign to her inward impulses. She has been treated with contempt and has repaid the treatment with hatred. Russia may dominate but cannot vivify her and will not civilize her; for civilization must always be the product of a force working from within. It is not by repression of Chinese instincts, not by binding China hand and foot, not by partitioning her territory among the Western nations, not by attempting to impose on her the forms of a life which she is made to hate because it is imposed upon her against her will, that the "Yellow Peril" will be averted. There are Chinese reformers who covet for China the life of Japan; it is by co-operation with them that China is to be given the life which Japanese reformers have won for Japan. The wise diplomacy of Secretary Hay points in the right direction, the masterful and military methods of Russia point in the wrong direction. For Mr. Hay insisted on recognizing the nationality of China when all the other Powers were inclined to treat her as an anarchic mob. Mr. Hay has urged and won free ports through which modern life may enter China, while Russia has steadfastly and solidly fought against all freedom of commerce. And now again Mr. Hay urges all the Powers to recognize the right of China to remain neutral in the war between her Western and her Eastern neighbors, a right which Japan wisely concedes and which Europe is waiting to see whether Russia will concede. The neutralization of China looks to her integrity; the integrity of China looks to her free self-development; the free self-development of China under the leadership of her modernized Oriental neighbor looks to her gradual passing from a bureaucracy to a democracy, from a worship of the past to a hopeful aspiration toward a future, from a civilization

which sacrifices the individual for the institution to a civilization which uses the institution for the individual, from a pagan absolutism which long antedates the sixteenth century to a Christian freedom which is the glory of the twentieth century.

This is the reason why the sympathies of the American people are with the Japanese in this war.

A Lenten Thought

Room for God in the World

Many Protestant churches in the cities now stand open at all hours for meditation and worship; and during the Lenten season in the Episcopal churches, in addition to the usual daily services, brief special services are held, sharply limited in time, and largely attended. Men engrossed in business, clerks and employees, take twenty minutes out of their short luncheon hour for worship and meditation; and while the usual throngs are passing in the streets and the cable-cars rush along with clanging gongs, in some church in the very center of the turmoil a throng of worshipers find the silence and repose in which the still, small voice of God may be heard once more. Carlyle once gave expression to the passionate longing of hosts of men and women in the despairing wish that God would speak again. In earlier days he thought he could hear the voice of the Infinite in the speech and life of great souls, but for many decades no voice had come from the heart of the universe, no sound of recognition or of guidance had lightened the burdens or guided the feet of men!

This sense of isolation and loneliness has brought weariness and desolation to many sensitive spirits in this tumultuous age, and has driven many to find refuge in some form of mysticism or of ritualism. The rush and noise of modern industrial life sends those who cannot find strength and repose in the perception of its larger issues in the final betterment of the race back to mediævalism, with its few activities, its emphasis on devotion, its picturesqueness. In an

age in which all things are boldly and sometimes brutally questioned and discussed, many who grow weary of the uncertainties of debate and long for the peace of authority not only in faith but in worship, and who are exhausted by the rush of manifold activities and the feverish interest of the time, take refuge in a worship which recalls the mediæval mood and expresses to the eye the submission and adoration for which the soul longs. Others, who care little for forms of worship and demand a more inclusive symbolism than the ritualist offers, take refuge from the fierce materialism of the age in some form of mysticism, and this decade has seen the same sort of revival of occult philosophies and esoteric teaching which found a foothold in Rome in the third century, and which the early Church, with a true divination of the vital issues at stake, resisted with resolute and uncompromising conviction.

To many neither of these solutions of the problem is possible; they cannot find rest in escape from existing conditions either by going back into an earlier mood or by ignoring the facts of present life and taking refuge in pure speculation or in an ideal world. For many the solution must be found where the problem is presented, and no solution is possible which does not accept at their full value all the facts of life. It is easy to create a world in which all things are spiritually ordered and harmonious; the real problem is to look the facts of this actual world full in the face, and find an interpretation which at the same time gives the actual its full value and discerns in it the possibilities of the ideal. The real question with every man is not, "What could I do under different conditions?" but "What can I do with these conditions?" The task of the thinking man is not to evade difficulties by creating an ideal world, but to find a divine order in this actual world.

The age is, in an unusual degree, absorbed in material interests and given over to material pursuits. In the evolution of society there has come a period when the physical needs of the race are great, and its opportunities on a scale never dreamed of in earlier periods.

Forces and tools are now in hands of men of almost magical potency, and great tasks are laid upon their shoulders in all parts of the globe. That these tasks are absorbing too much energy and that men are neglecting for the moment other interests is evident; but those who condemn the age because it is less comfortable than some of the ages which preceded it show very great blindness of vision to its possible issues; and many of those whose artistic tastes are more thoroughly educated than their insight, whose idea of art is enjoyment rather than free expression of vital energy, are wasting in idle laments for the skill and feeling of other years the force which might better be used in bringing out the æsthetic uses of present conditions.

In the evolution of society a great working period has come out of which are likely to flow impulses and inspirations which shall make for the deepening and enriching of the highest life of the race. Life is so vast and tumultuous that people who live in their tastes rather than in the freedom and power of the creative spirit are often deafened and confused by it, and their cries of protest are pathetic in their futility. The stream sweeps on far beyond their vision, and in another age their outcries are remembered, if they are remembered at all, as illustrations of the fallibility of human prophecy.

We are living in as great an age as any that has preceded it; an age which is likely to do as much for the spiritual emancipation of the race. The tremendous tasks which engross men at the moment are material in their character, but they may have great spiritual uses; the wealth which society is accumulating is material in substance, but it may have magical powers of transmutation into health, freedom, education, wider happiness. It is idle to denounce a whole age, and ignorance alone makes it possible to pronounce against a universal movement in human affairs. It is not against our age that we ought to rebel, nor against the great movement of our time that we ought to protest; it is against too complete absorption in the age and in the movement that we ought to set ourselves. The tendency of all great

movements is to be all-absorbing and tyrannical; and no movement has ever been more absorbing and tyrannical than that which is sweeping over the whole race to-day. Of that movement men must be either masters or servants; they must direct it or become its tools. To remain masters of it they must hold themselves above it; they must look down on it from the heights of the spiritual nature; they must hold fast by their divine birthright and heritage.

The greatest need of to-day is the opportunity of hearing the voice of God. That voice is speaking in this year of our Lord as distinctly as it has spoken in every year since man began to reckon time; the trouble is that men do not listen; in the noise and rush of the age they do not seek the silence and the repose in which the still, small voice becomes audible. What is sorely needed is the open church on the crowded thoroughfare at the rushing noontide; the quiet of a true Lenten season in the very center of the turmoil; the thoughts, memories, and prayers of a spiritual Lent in the sweep and stir of an age of intoxicating activity. We shall not find peace by escaping from our age into cloisters nor by evading its hard conditions; we shall find rest and refreshment and keep our souls alive by spiritualizing work and making room for God in the world he has made and of which he is always the master.

Accommodating

It is not always easy to comply with even the simple requests of our readers. It was not long ago, we believe, that a lady begged Secretary Hay not to allow himself to die without giving to the world some account of Abraham Lincoln. Very much like that lady will seem to many readers of *The Outlook* a recent correspondent, who, after acknowledging the benefit derived from its columns, asks the editor to formulate an opinion on the race problem. Hardly have we finished reading his letter when another comes informing us that the race problem would soon automatically be evolved into a solution, if we would only stop

talking about it. We have put our mind to devising some way by which we can please both of these our friends. Like the answer to many a difficult question, the way was found close at hand, and happily a way which involves no change in our custom. Hereafter we shall sometimes discuss the race problem—that will please the one reader—and sometimes keep silent—that will please the other.

Wu-Ta-Lang, the Chinese Unfortunate Man, was so short of stature, it is said, that when he was on the ground he could not reach the gymnastic bar, and when he was on the bar he could not reach the ground. An alleviating circumstance, however, occurs to the Occidental mind—he did not need to be in both places at once. Like Wu-Ta-Lang, we are human and have our shortcomings, but we have at least his measure of good fortune.



An Increase of Library Influence

A few weeks ago a fire broke out in one of the twenty-five chambers occupied by the *Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana*. This is the library of the Popes. In it are preserved more than twenty-five thousand manuscripts of inestimable value and an almost incredible number of copies, in many instances unique examples, of rare early printed books. Its worth has been increasing, not only by addition but by discovery; for instance, a scientific treatise on the stars by Galileo was recently found there. By great good fortune, the fire was finally extinguished before it had destroyed the most important and valuable collection of literary monuments in the world. An incalculable catastrophe was happily averted.

Quite recently the Turin Library, which almost ranks in value with that of the Vatican, was seriously damaged by fire, and at this moment it is impossible to estimate, indeed to guess at, the severe loss by the world of letters through the annihilation of thousands of important manuscripts and the sole examples of first editions of world-famed books.

These include palimpsests of Cicero and Cassiodorus, Theodoret's commentary on the minor prophets, the Theodosian Codex, Pliny's "*Historia Naturalis*," and Plantin's Bible.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford and the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris are housed in non-fire-proof structures, and so are other great libraries of Europe in which are stored many of the treasures of all literature. It is thus easy to imagine that a disaster similar to that which threatened the library at Rome and caused such irremediable ruin at Turin might at any time occur at Oxford, Paris, or wherever libraries are placed in buildings of a more or less inflammable nature.

In our opinion, the fires at Rome and Turin peremptorily call attention to the necessity of reproducing by photographic processes at least the more important manuscripts and early printed books whereof but one or very few examples are known to exist—the Venetus Iliad, the Paris Plato, the earliest copies of the *Chanson de Roland* and the *Cid*, the sources of English literature found in such works as the *Codex Exoniensis* and the works of King Alfred, documents relating to English and American history, and early scientific treatises. Scholars are always in need of these documents of past generations, not in the inaccurate form of transcriptions or reprints, but in that either of the originals or of exact facsimiles. Satisfactory results can be obtained only from such study. Manuscripts and reprints do not and cannot be made to serve the purpose of scholars. The very best transcriptions, no matter how carefully written, are not to be relied upon. There is always the chance and too frequently the certainty that they contain errors unavoidable by even the most painstaking transcribers. By certain photographic processes, correct, exact, and perfect reproduction is assured. Only to such reproduction may students turn with confidence in its accuracy, a feeling never to be enjoyed when use is made of transcriptions or of reprints, though never so carefully edited and proof-read. Permission to reproduce their literary treasures may, we are sure,

be secured from the Bodleian, the British Museum, and other European libraries, on condition of supplying the library furnishing originals with one facsimile of each of its works thus reproduced.

Photographic reproduction, by colotype or other processes, of ancient manuscripts and rare books should be urged for a reason no less important than that of the preservation of literary and scientific monuments. An almost insurmountable obstacle to the advance of scholarship in America is the want of the original manuscripts, folios, and quartos necessary to historical, literary, and scientific research. These precious archives are jealously guarded in European libraries and cannot be removed thence. Consequently American professors and students are compelled to travel thousands of miles at great expenditure of time and money in order to consult priceless but irremovable manuscripts and books. Thus there is a pressing necessity for the reproduction of many important documents and rare books in European libraries. To the detriment of American scholarship, they are difficult of access to American students. The proposal to reproduce them is certainly reasonable and timely.

The initial expense of an enterprise to prepare these reproductions need not necessarily be great—say twenty-five thousand dollars. The privilege of making such an enterprise financially possible should, it seems to us, be coveted by some of the many liberal patrons of education, who in other lines have done so much for the advancement of American learning.

Especially is this so, as the enterprise would inevitably lead in America to the foundation of one or more great colotype libraries to which students of the humanities, literature, and the sciences would resort. In our opinion, these libraries would in time become the centers in America of scholastic exchange of thought. Students, brought face to face with first principles, would find inspiration in the books and documents which are the groundwork of the knowledge to be acquired.

We hope that the two library fires in Italy will teach their lesson in America.

Japan and Her People

By the Right Rev. Charles H. Brent, D.D.

Bishop of the Philippine Islands

The land of blushing cherry-bloom
And tangle-haired chrysanthemum.

EVERY one has at some time experienced the pleasure that the first glimpse of a fair scene gives. Later on we may return to view at leisure the sight which caught our fancy as we passed by; but, whatever delight there may be in a second survey, it does not possess the charm of the first. The soft thrill of the earlier impression cannot be renewed, for you can see a thing for the first time only once.

These are days in which I am having my first taste of the East in its vastness and diversity. As I leave for a season the "Pearl of the Orient," America's ocean garden, and walk abroad in the garden of my neighbor, I have eyes chiefly for the poppy; but I cannot fail to catch a glimpse now and then of other and fairer flowers. Thus my present history is made up of a series of first impressions. Johnson (or was it Boswell?) advised the plucking of an impression while it glistened with the morning dew, and I am moved by his counsel to write as I travel, bearing in mind, on the one hand, that "travelers must often be mistaken," though not forgetting, on the other, that "in everything except where mensuration can be applied, they may honestly differ." If I fail to impart to my readers new information, at any rate I may hope to interest them by presenting familiar facts through the medium of a fresh personality.

Japan is indeed a garden. No word could better describe this fair land, whose strongest appeal is to the imagination, whose first love was nature, a love that has not grown cold. The Japanese peasant touches his native hills with an eye to advantage, but his utilitarianism is not crude. His art is second only to his skill as terrace rises above terrace, each rice-clad level as grateful to the eye as a well-kept lawn.

If I were to go on the principle that

I had no brains above my eyes, I would say that the Japanese were humane in their treatment of animals. It is true that their horses have a dejected mien and that carts are overloaded, but I never saw an instance of that coarse cruelty that disfigures the streets of Christian Naples—and too often of Manila—and makes them a horror to the traveler. In Tokyo one day I watched the patient struggle of a drayman with his stubborn horse, which, from sheer perversity, stood immovable in the middle of the street. Coaxing and petting were of no avail; a bribe of sugar sweetened his mouth but not his temper; dainty morsels of grass failed to entice him out of his naughtiness; passers-by lent their muscle to the wheels of the dray—in short, every device that kindness could invent was called into play without the desired effect. Yes, a whip was used, fiercely—on the bales which formed the load. The horse was struck but once, and then not with the whip but with the end of the reins. When I left the scene, the patience of the driver seemed to be as little worn as the stubbornness of the pony, which is saying a good deal. I am told that this is not a typical incident, so I shall refrain from generalization and merely remark that it was an exhibition of humaneness worth witnessing, an incident worth recording.

Inanimate life certainly comes in for a large share of tenderness. To the Japanese gardener—and every Japanese is a gardener—trees seem to be more than trees: they are pupils to be taught, friends to be served. In their early youth he trains them according to their bent, turning their eccentricities into beauty, trailing the lace-work tracery of some sprawling branch down a hillside or along a wall, planting them with fascinating irregularity—"carefully carelessly," as I heard it expressed in Japanese-English. On the other hand, so docile is the world of trees under the

rule of these masters of arboriculture that, even if contrary to its bent, a tree is bidden retain its child-stature all its days, it cheerfully obeys. Perhaps the "dwarf Japanese,"¹ as their Chinese neighbors spitefully call them, are inspired by their sympathy with nature to reduce the height of trees in order to make them more companionable!

Love passes into veneration as age overtakes a tree. With what sympathy are its infirmities ministered to! Yonder cherry-tree has fallen into decrepitude, but his feebleness is a signal for added care; crutches are placed under his arms, and a supporting bandage about his breast, while beside him stands the royal ruin of a cryptomeria made beautiful in death by the luxuriant vines whose green embrace forms its grave.

Foreigners find the Japanese a companionable people, and less inscrutable than the majority of Orientals. On several occasions, two conspicuously, our commission was entertained by those who could not speak a word of English, but quick wit, sympathy, and courtesy almost filled in the gap which can be bridged only by the use of a common tongue. At best an interpreter is but a slender isthmus to join two continents, as every one who has been forced to this expedient is aware. But when your host makes his personality speak to you so that you almost forget the presence of an interpreter, he achieves a triumph of sympathy.

English is quite extensively understood among students, owing to the fact that it is widely taught in schools and universities; and among officials because they are frequently sent abroad to pursue in America and England as well as in other countries such studies as will add to their efficiency in the positions they occupy. Baron Kaneko, who has been twice in the Cabinet, once with the portfolio of agriculture, once with that of justice, is an enthusiastic Harvard graduate and speaks good English; Dr. Nitobé, who is in charge of the tea industry and the experimental farm in

Formosa as well as professor in one of the Japanese universities, spent many years in America, and not only speaks English but is a brilliant writer in that language; Mr. Myoshi, official interpreter for the Formosa Government, of Harvard '95; a bank clerk in Taihoku, a young engineer, a civil service employee, the chief of the Formosan government monopolies, severally told me that their command of English was due to a term of study or investigation in America. Three times I addressed in English Japanese audiences numbering from one to five hundred persons, and I was assured that the large majority followed easily all that was said.

The widespread and increasing knowledge throughout the Orient of the English language is not merely a matter of commercial convenience, but a bond of international union. As a rule, or at any rate frequently, the English merchant in the East scorns to learn Oriental tongues. He seems to feel that it would result in a loss of caste to do so. One Englishman said to me with all sobriety that a man could not learn Chinese and retain his mental balance! I shall withhold my friend's name lest some of his compatriots who have mastered that language turn upon him and rend him. Whatever the motives and causes that have encouraged or forced Oriental peoples to learn English, the effect is to weave a new strand into the cord that is beginning to bind East and West.

In the social life of Japan one misses the presence of dignified womanhood. The geisha girl, dainty, picturesque toy that she is, is a poor substitute for the matron invested with her rightful prerogative as queen of society, or for the maiden diffusing purity and refinement wherever she chooses to exert her true influence. The Japanese considers the Western woman too masterful, and is fearful lest the women of his nation should develop Western characteristics. I was told of an English girl who, after a year in the house of a wealthy Japanese as housekeeper, was dismissed simply because she was too efficient!

Japan went crazy once over Western thought and ways; but it was only for a day. The danger is past now, and

¹ Now that school-children are provided with benches, the average height seems to be on the increase, the explanation being that the national custom of sitting on the feet impedes the circulation, and in consequence the growth of the cramped limbs. It is in his legs, not in his body, that the Japanese is abbreviated.

her people are as jealous as in the days of the Tokugawa dynasty of their national character and traditions. With a quickness and receptivity that is unusual, they discern and assimilate what in their judgment is worthy of imitation in other nations, though with discrimination and without servility. When we consider that Japan has been open to foreign influence for little more than half a century, that her island empire is cradled in Eastern seas, that her historic mode of thought and life is at the opposite pole from ours, the wonder is that Western ideas and customs leave any impression, or, exerting influence, that they do not make her lose her national balance in the process.

The compactness of the nation's life is Japan's defense against the unhealthy domination of foreign influence. Loyalty to a throne which sums up in itself the history of a splendid past, which is the personification of the empire, which has had an unparalleled continuity unbroken by dynastic revolutions in spite of the long ascendancy of the Shoguns, is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the people. The difference between China and Japan is that the former begins with filial, the latter with patriotic, reverence; the former has only a race, whereas the latter has a national, consciousness. I happened to be on the train that carried the infant son of the Crown Prince to Tokyo from his country home. At every station officials, citizens, and school-children were lined up to offer homage to the wee scion of royalty. It was touching to see the profound obeisance of grave officers and aged men as the train moved in—though who is more worthy of reverence than a little child? The baby prince was old enough to smile and wave his hand from time to time at the bidding of his nurse. But he made only one speech, a speech so full of eloquence that there was no room for misunderstanding its meaning; it took the form of a lusty fit of crying toward the end of the journey, which said plainly enough, "Baby is tired of being prince, and he is going to be just plain baby"—though they say that Japanese babies never cry!

A loyal people best show their loyalty

by obeying the laws of the land. This the Japanese do; they are pre-eminently a well-ordered nation. It is a common saying that "prohibition does not prohibit." In Japan, however, it prohibits as far as opium is concerned. The law is so rigid that it is not easy to get the alkaloids of opium even for medicinal uses, and for no other purpose may they be had. It is not extravagant to say that the only vicious use of the drug in the Empire (Formosa not included) is among the eight thousand Chinese resident in the principal ports, and apparently but few of these succeed in smuggling it in. It is only fair to add that the Japanese have no tendency to become victims of the vice; the horror of its bondage has been so vividly illustrated by their Celestial neighbors that the effective ounce of prevention has been administered from the beginning. I understand that cigarette-smoking threatened to become prevalent among the young, and a law was enacted accordingly forbidding boys under nineteen to smoke. The law appears to accomplish its end. It is an interesting phase of the opium law that not merely the sale or purchase but even the possession of the forbidden drug is penalized; a person having in his house an opium "lay-out," or the drug in any form except under medical order, is liable to punishment.

The loyalty of the Japanese in the face of war with one of the most powerful nations in the world we have had opportunity to witness. They leave no room for doubt as to their courage. Nor is it hot-headed, undisciplined courage. I do not think that it is fair to accuse her "chess-players"—such is the expressive meaning of a common Japanese word for "statesmen"—of indulging in a reckless or unduly aggressive game. The justice of her contention, even if it were not based on Russia's word of honor, is hardly disputable. It may be that many of the younger generation are keen for crossing swords with Viceroy Alexiev, but Japan's "yellow press" is no more a representative press than is ours in America. As a matter of fact, the gray-headed counselors whose balance and good judgment guided Japan

through the perilous days of the last half-century are laboring for peace, if peace may be had without dishonor.¹ War, always a calamity, would be doubly so at this juncture of Japanese history. The national character would suffer whether Japan were vanquisher or vanquished. Recently born into international relations, she is too young to face the peril of so dazzling a victory as that over Russia would be, too undeveloped to bear the humiliation of being checkmated in the game. The stream of national life in the former event would become turgid and brawling; in the latter it would run shallow or even dry.

Our errand in Japan brought us into closer contact with officials than ordinarily is the lot of visitors. Interest, intelligence, courtesy, met us everywhere. There is an alertness and crispness in the official atmosphere of Japan that is stimulating. Many young men are in the front rank, and the hallmark of efficiency seems to be stamped on every department.

Baron Kodama, Governor-General of Formosa (or "Taiwan," as the Japanese, with a disregard for euphony, have renamed the island), until he assumed the vice-presidency of the army staff a few weeks since, also held the position of Minister of Home Affairs. The Baron is a conspicuous figure in political and army life, and it is probable that he will be the next Prime Minister, if he can be induced to relinquish his beloved Formosa; hitherto he would not accept a Cabinet office unless he could hold it concurrently with his governorship. Napoleonic in figure, eager in address, sparking with humor, he is both a forceful and a pleasant personality. As an officer (Lieutenant-General is his rank) he distinguished himself in the war with China. His administration of Formosan affairs marks him out as a statesman. Though the war cloud was hanging heavy on the national horizon during our stay in Tokyo, he found time not merely to expedite our official business, but also to show us much civility and hospitality. He is always ready to talk

of Formosa. Describing improvements in the capital, Taihoku ("Taipeh" and "Taihoku" are respectively the Chinese and the Japanese pronunciation of the same ideograph), he asked me if I knew the native city of Shanghai, and proceeded to say that "in Shanghai I would see what Taihoku used to be, and in Taihoku what Shanghai ought to be" in point of cleanliness and sanitation. Discussion turned upon the camphor monopoly. His description of a large camphor-tree was that "seven men joining hands could scarcely girdle it." I asked him if he knew of the *sequoia gigantea* of the Yosemite, and told a story illustrative of its size. For a moment he looked skeptical, then a twinkle came into his eye and he said: "Two men were climbing up a hill in Taiwan. They toiled up and up without seeming to get nearer the top. At last they reached the branches—and discovered that they were climbing up a camphor-tree!"

Dr. Goto, whose German education has left a strong mark on his personality, is second in authority in Formosa, and, during the absence of Baron Kodama in Japan, holds the reins of government. The law regulating the use of opium there is largely his creation—a law which, theoretically at any rate, is admirable. The population of the "Beautiful Isle," as the Dutch named it—and the name, let it be said, is well merited—is composed chiefly of Chinese (nearly two and a half million). It was deemed inadvisable to enforce a prohibitive opium law as in Japan, so the Government established an opium monopoly under its direct control. The hope is gradually to decrease the smokers by forbidding natives under twenty to use the drug, by an educational campaign, and by allowing adults who are addicted to the vice to smoke or eat opium only if they are individually licensed. Morphine-maniacs are encouraged to seek medical help to release them from their bondage. Dr. Goto believes that in the course of a few decades the island will be free of the curse, and, judging from statistics, progress is being made.

Japan's first experience in colonial administration is greatly to her credit.

¹It is almost needless to say that Bishop Brent is writing many weeks prior to the recent breaking out of war between Russia and Japan.—THE EDITORS.

Formosa bristles with problems, but they are being handled with judgment and skill. The interior is peopled with head-hunting savages, some of whom I saw on an expedition up one of the rivers; they are apparently intractable, and are continually harassing workers on tea plantations and in the camphor camps. They are small-boned and undersized, the women bearing broad tattoo marks on the face, from the nostrils to either ear. They are held in check by an advancing line of constabulary stations across the mountains. Ladroneism has also been a serious difficulty, but that, too, is being suppressed, and the tide of progress is steadily rising. The prisons are models of industry and cleanliness, fine hospitals where advanced scientific work is going on have been established in various centers, railroads are being constructed, Keelung ("Keelung," as the Japanese call it; "l" is their shibboleth, whereas "r" is that of the Chinese) is fortified and its fine harbor is being deepened, and for the first time in her turbulent career Formosa seems to have a quiet and prosperous future before her.

The religious life of the Japanese Empire is not easily described. It is not an exaggeration, however, to say that to-day the Japanese are a nation without a religion. Shintoism is little more than an interesting historic relic, once the cradle of national tradition, now a venerable ruin. Buddhism, the question of its theoretic value being laid aside, is no longer able to inspire; whatever it may be as a philosophy, as a religion it is dead. I pick up a book on art by a Japanese of note, and its preface closes with a pathetic appeal to the Buddhist priesthood to renew its vitality and kindle the imagination as it used to do in the days of old. An admirable volume on "Bushido" (the "precepts of knighthood"), after giving a not undeserved meed of praise to the early influence of Shinto-

ism and Buddhism, ends with the words: "Now its [Bushido's] days are closing—sad to say, before its fruition—and we turn in every direction for other sources of sweetness and light, of strength and comfort, but among them there is as yet nothing found to take its place. The profit-and-loss philosophy of utilitarians and materialists finds favor among logic-choppers with half a soul. The only ethical system which is powerful enough to cope with utilitarianism and materialism is Christianity; but as yet it has not divested itself of foreign accouterments."¹

Japan confesses with the lips of her own people that she stands in need of something which the splendor of her past, the bustle of Western ways, the higher reaches of education—nay, which conventional Christianity—are powerless to impart; she is waiting for inspiration. With all her lasciviousness, her questionable commercial honor, her dramatic self-consciousness, she is responsive to noble appeals; she is a nation with ideals. Painfully—yes, ye critics, often blunderingly, no doubt—the patient missionaries of Christ have been working their way into the soul of the nation. They are conscious as no one else is that inspiration can come to Japan only through her own prophets, that all that is not essential to the well-being of God's kingdom on earth—foreign garments, Western ideas—must be stripped away before the full power of Christianity can be experienced, and they are always working with this end in view. It is wisdom, not self-importance, that explains the reluctance of the missionaries to give the Japanese church immediate autonomy; the times are not yet ripe. Slowly from the bottom upward Christian truth is making its royal progress, and in one season Japan's prayer for abiding inspiration will be answered throughout her length and breadth.

¹ "Bushido, the Soul of Japan," by Inazo Nitobé.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN.—The next installment of "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," by Jacob A. Riis, will appear in the issue of *The Outlook* dated March 5, the illustrated Magazine Number for March.

The Education of Lincoln¹

By Hamilton W. Mabie

A BRAHAM LINCOLN is often classed with those whose success is inexplicable from the standpoint of preparation, and his career is frequently used as an illustration of the current fallacy that a man's success is due wholly to his native force, to his power of will, to the genius with which he was born, and that his training is of secondary importance. In the emphasis which our institutions and life lay upon individual initiative, upon the free expression of the personal force in every man, we often slur the value of training, and relegate to a secondary place that discipline by which alone a man becomes master of the ability which nature has given him. As a matter of fact, education, in the large sense of training for a man's work, can never be separated from his natural capacity. The two are inseparable; and no man harvests his genius, or touches the highest point of achievement, unless he reinforces natural ability with thorough education. No great spirit ever went to the front in human affairs, and no great achievement was ever made in any department of human life, without adequate training. Great deeds are not done by accident, nor do great men arrive at great positions by fortunate circumstances. The path is easier for some men than for others; but by all men the path must be trod with resolution, with intelligence, with cumulative power. No man climbs to the loftiest heights until he has trained himself by easier ascents; and great works are always preceded by lesser works.

Two kinds of education Lincoln required, and both he secured. In a democratic community a man must have command of some form of expression if he is to establish his authority, to carry conviction, and to push his policies into execution. Born on the old frontier,

under the roughest and crudest conditions of the life of ninety years ago, Lincoln had almost no opportunities of formal training, but he had that passion for knowledge which is perhaps, next to character, a man's most fortunate possession. He went to school, as he has told us, "by littles;" and his entire regular training at the desk, with the text-book, and at the blackboard did not exceed a year in time. The intellectual curiosity which possessed him, however, was independent of school privileges, and he was by instinct, and he became by practice, an indefatigable student, who seemed to feel the educational value of every bit of life that came his way, every kind of knowledge that was accessible to him, every fragment of time upon which he could lay his hand. One of his classmates reports that he was always at the head of his class and passed them all in his studies: "He lost no time at home, and when he was not at work was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, and carried his books to work so that he might read when released from labor;" and his stepmother declared that she had induced her husband to permit him to read and study at home as well as at school, and that in the family they took particular care not to disturb him when he was reading, but to let him read on and on until he quit of his own accord.

Very few books were within his reach, but those books were of the best; and there are a few books in literature of such vitality, insight, and comprehension of human experience, that any one of them is sufficient to educate the man who knows how to use it. It has been said that three books would make a library—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Blackstone's Commentaries; and Lincoln has left on record his devotion to these masterpieces of writing. It happened, as such things always happen to men of the Lincoln type, that the very books that he needed for his education were the books within

¹ Address delivered at the eighteenth Annual Lincoln Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York at the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday evening, February 12, 1904.

his reach. To begin with, there was that great literature in prose and verse which we call the Bible; a library of sixty-six volumes, presenting almost every literary form, touching at many points the highest altitudes of human thought, sounding in many places the deepest depths of human experience, and taking again and again the most exalted forms of literary expression. These books, translated at the happy moment when the English language had just received the impress of the genius of some of its supreme masters, he knew intimately. These sixty-six books emancipated him at once from the harsh and narrow conditions in which he was born; they set him in the great currents of human life; they brought before him the highest ideals of human character; and, above all, for the purposes of his education, they presented to his imagination the loftiest examples of human speech. Then he found in "Æsop's Fables" another of the great text-books for the education of the race, a mine of knowledge of character and of life; he found in "Robinson Crusoe" a masterpiece of clear statement, and in "The Pilgrim's Progress" a classic of pure English. Such books as these, in the hands of a boy of genius who was able to interpret them without the aid of commentaries, who knew by instinct the places in which they lived, who read with his imagination as well as his intelligence, brought the university within the limits of the log cabin and enabled the untaught provincial to become the man of his nation and one of the men of the world.

These books were his companions; there were others which he casually met and from which he derived much, for he read every book for a circuit of fifty miles. That old-fashioned biography, Weems's "Life of Washington," was the beginning of his political education; and in 1861, speaking in the Senate Chamber at Trenton, he declared that the stories he had read in that inadequate and not entirely trustworthy volume had fixed themselves forever upon his imagination. He saw, as a boy of genius would see, with his eyes as well as his mind, the crossing

of the Delaware, the daring march on Trenton, and the skillful attack on Princeton, those brilliant illustrations of the generalship of Washington which instantly commanded the attention and won the admiration of military experts on the other side of the Atlantic.

One of his companions reports that when he and Lincoln returned to the house from work, Lincoln would go at once to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. "We grubbed, plowed, weeded, and worked together barefooted in the field. Whenever Abe had a chance while at work in the field or in the house, he would stop and read." It was at this time that the boy borrowed a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington." "Late in the night, before going to rest, he placed the borrowed book in his only bookcase—the opening between two logs of the walls of the cabin—and returned to dream of its contents. During the night it rained, and the water, dripping over the 'mud-daub' on the book, stained the leaves and warped the binding. Abe valued the book in proportion to the interest he had in the hero, and felt he owed the owner beyond his ability to pay. It was with the greatest trepidation that he took the book home, and told the story and asked how he might make restitution. The neighbor from whom he had borrowed the book said, 'Being as it's you, Abe, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn three days, and the book is yours.' After reading the book, he used to tell this neighbor, 'I do not always intend to delve, grub, shuck corn, split rails, and the like.'" His whole mind, this neighbor adds, was devoted to books, and he declared he was going to fit himself for a profession.

A little later Shakespeare and Burns came his way. They were men like himself, sprung from the people, with a passionate interest in the ways and words of the people, and, like him, they were self-educated. Their estimate of life, their knowledge of the human heart, their greatness of speech both in the dramatic and lyric form, captivated the imagination of the untaught boy, and they

became his familiar companions. This was the beginning of a knowledge of these two masters of the poetic form, intimate and of the heart, which in later years proved an inexhaustible resource to the heavily burdened man of affairs, and made him an acute critic of both poets.

If Lincoln's education had stopped with the process of absorption, he might have become what Bacon called a full man; he never could have become a master of human speech; but the passion for expression was as urgent in him as the passion for knowledge, and his education in the faculty of clear and convincing speech was as thorough and, in some respects, for his particular purposes, more fortunate than that of any other man of his time. He was as eager to talk and to write as he was to learn, and he lived in a time and a community in which effective speech was at a premium. He was continually putting into his own language thoughts and phrases which clung in his mind. He turned to account every smooth surface upon which he could put his hand; the surface of the broad wooden shovel which stood beside every open fire in every log hut, the flat side of logs, the smooth plane of shingles—everything upon which a record could be made bore the impress of his indefatigable passion for expression. Years afterwards, when he was making that group of notable speeches in the East which began at Cooper Institute, a teacher of literature in one of our leading universities, drawn to him by the ideas for which he stood, was astonished at his command of English. After hearing him two or three times he sought an interview with Lincoln and asked him how he had secured his style. Lincoln expressed great surprise that he had such a thing as style, but, being pressed for an explanation, he recalled his early habit of keeping in mind until night new or unusual words or phrases which he heard in conversation or came upon in books and newspapers, thinking them over until he had gotten at their meaning, and then turning them into his own simpler speech. This practice, kept up until it became a habit, was the basis of his train-

ing in expression, in which Lincoln excelled. His skill as a debater, the human interest of his speech, his power of illustration, his quaint humor, soon attracted attention, and wherever he appeared boys and young men, and, later, older men, gathered about him to hear him talk. He did not make use of the conventional language of his time. There was a clearness about his thought, a directness in his statement, point and pith and freshness in his phrases, which arrested attention. In argument he constantly used analogies and made his meaning clear by an inexhaustible stock of stories, anecdotes, and tales. He seemed to have an innate capacity, reinforced by the best kind of training, for giving abstract thought simplicity and currency by turning it into the common speech of the men about him.

The air of the time was electric. Great questions were mooted in every country store, in every school-house, in every place where three or four men met. Books and newspapers were few; public speech was the chief instrument of political education. Every man was a politician, and every man, therefore, a debater. The boy Lincoln, the man of the people who was to be the leader of the people, was being educated day by day and year by year in the places where training for his purposes was most vital, searching, and fruitful. No university of his time could have brought to bear so many vitalizing influences upon him, nor could any English department have given him so genuine and thorough a training for the work he was to do.

Two qualities were already characteristic of this youth who was getting his education in the great school of life: the power of clear analysis, the ability to think straight to the end, to get at the heart of a question, to discard all extraneous and irrelevant matters, and to lay bare fundamental principles; and the corresponding qualities of expression—clearness, definiteness, the vital logic which transmits the entire process of man's thinking from his own mind to the mind of the man who listens to him. To these qualities must be added the possession of the literary sense, the feeling for the effective phrase,

for the fitting word, for the luminous illustration, the vivacity of an original mind, the freshness of intellectual curiosity, the flavor of a marked personality; above all, that great gift of humor which, with possibly a single exception, has been the possession of all the greatest masters of the art of literature—that quality which without cynicism lays its finger lightly and tenderly upon the weaknesses of men, brings into clear light the contradictions of human character, and envelops a whole discussion in the atmosphere of a broad, genial, thoroughly humane mind. These are the lines of Lincoln's specific training to define what was in the hearts of the men of his time, to interpret their ideals and their practical needs, and to give him a command of what may be called the fundamental qualities of human speech—those qualities which give a man's utterances depth and breadth, sympathy and light, which at the same time appeal to the confidence of men and convince their intelligence.

When we come to the broader education of this extraordinary man, his training in statesmanship, his knowledge of the historic principles at issue in the great crisis of which he was a conspicuous leader, the secret of his authority, we find ourselves face to face with the noblest and most fundamental characteristic of the American community. There are many things which are better done under other forms of government than under a democracy. If it be true, as a great German publicist has said, that administration is two-thirds of liberty, it is quite certain that this country has a great deal to learn before it has fully compassed the resources of liberty, or fully and finally developed them. So far as conditions of life are concerned—the protection of the individual, respect for his personality, guardianship of his privacy, care for his health and comfort, ministry to his love of beauty—this country has still an immense deal to learn from the older communities. Nor is there any question that in many respects democracy is the most expensive form of government devised by men. So far as it has failed to realize the highest ideals of the men who believe in it, it has failed because we have not

been willing to pay the price which it exacts. Mr. Kidd laid his finger on the secret of a great deal of the lack of nobility in our public life when he said that the defect of America is the lack of civic self-sacrifice. To make the best and get the most out of democratic institutions demands greater surrender of time, comfort, and energy than the American people have yet been willing to make.

On all these sides the democratic order is open to serious criticism; but these defects, which must be cured in time, are more than counterbalanced by that influence which issues out of the very heart of a democratic society, and of which Lincoln was not only the embodiment, but the product. He was a man inspired by the democratic spirit and formed under democratic conditions. He was educated by the structure of society in which he lived, and by the atmosphere of his country. He was taught to believe that a man is incomparably more important than his conditions; that every man commands his own destiny, that all achievements are possible to the courageous soul, and that in a democratic society every man goes to the place where he belongs. If our civilization had done nothing but produce Abraham Lincoln and Ralph Waldo Emerson, it would have justified its right to be; for these men, at the opposite ends of society, the one without formal opportunity, the other commanding all the resources of the richest culture of his time, are alike in this—that they both proclaimed and illustrated the supreme dignity and value of the human spirit; the right of a man to be himself without regard to the conditions in which he happens to be placed. There went into Lincoln, as there goes into every open-minded American boy, a sense of the supreme value of manhood as the determining factor in the man's life; and during his whole career he was urged on by those incentives to endeavor which evoke the best that is in a man and which set his personality free.

As he had prepared himself by specific and long-continued courses of training in the habit of clear thinking and of convincing expression, so he

prepared himself, by alertness of mind, by receptivity of spirit, by constant investigation and meditation, not only to share in the government, but eventually to be the government. As he rose the horizon about him continually widened. First an ignorant boy on the old frontier, later a provincial lawyer, then the legislator for a State, then the representative of a section; elected President by a great division of the country, he became finally the Chief Magistrate of the whole Nation; and it is one of his supreme claims upon the admiration of the world that, while the household over which he ruled was rent by division, to him it was to the very end an unbroken family, and in the bitterest and fiercest of civil wars he was as free from sectional hate, from the narrowness of partisanship, from the political bigotry of his time, as is the peak of the mountain range upon which the light falls, undimmed and splendid, when all the lowlands are enveloped in clouds of mist. The man who had this capacity for growth, who left the old frontier behind him, who outgrew Sangamon County, who was larger than Illinois, who was greater than the North, who was commensurate in his genius and his spirit with the Nation, was not machine-made. The mechanical processes which helped in his advancement seemed never to touch his spirit. A politician of remarkable shrewdness, he was a statesman by instinct, by conviction, and by training, and he stood out at the end as the first National man, emancipated from sectionalism, a generation in advance of his time, a prophet no less than a President.

Genius is never wholly explicable, but it is never a freak of nature. The initial forces are not clearly revealed, but the processes by which it reaches its development and makes its achievements are often traceable. It was no accident that, in a time when political discussion was carried on in terms of passion and prejudice, Lincoln always appealed to the reason. He had acquired the habit of clear thinking; he rested in general principles; he had the statesman's instinct for constructive thought. As definite in his convictions as the most passionate man

about him, he was singularly free from those baleful fires which burned in so many of the advocates of his time. In a period which accepted the most extravagant rhetoric as the highest kind of eloquence, he was a man of simple, sincere, and beautiful speech, and he alone among the champions of freedom in that fervent epoch has made permanent contributions to the literature of the world. In public speech he was a generation in advance of most of his contemporaries; free from exaggeration, from the high-sounding and bombastic phrase, from the spread-eagleism which was the fashion of his time. He was separated by leagues from the type of political orator whom he once described as "mounting the rostrum, throwing back his head, shining his eyes, opening his mouth, and leaving the rest to God."

A few years ago I happened to be coming down from the Senate Chamber at Washington with two of the oldest members of that body; men who had been in public life for nearly half a century and had become veterans in the public service in both houses of Congress. These gentlemen recalled that dreary morning when Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, more like a fugitive than like the head of the Nation. They remembered how he had come to the House of Representatives and stood there in the light of that late February or early March morning, gaunt and haggard and most ungainly to the eye. And they, who had known and respected him, told me how their hearts sank as they looked at his uncouth figure and wondered whether there was in him the capacity to deal with the great crisis fast approaching. You know the story of those four years; how wide was the distrust of his abilities, how serious the questioning of his wisdom on the part of many of his political associates. You know what misgivings there were through the country at large; how uncertain at moments the President seemed to be in regard to his own policy; what a storm of criticism, suggestion, and appeal assailed him from all sides; how he seemed to waver, although, as Mrs. Stowe has said, he was like a great cable, rising and

falling with every tide, but fast bound at either end. You know how first one and then another of his closest advisers learned that the President was the head of the Government; how slowly among his own political associates there grew the discernment of his singular wisdom, his rare sagacity; how the confidence of the country went out toward him; how even his enemies began to catch glimpses of his greatness. And then, at the very climax of his career, when, after the long storm, the clouds parted and the sun shone and the birds sang, the last thunderbolt struck him, and there began that marvelous transformation, almost without parallel in the history of the world, by which the untrained boy of the old frontier became the idol of a Nation and one of the most heroic figures in the history of the race. First, as Thorwaldsen has said, the clay model, then the plaster cast, then the finished marble. First bare, rugged strength

rising like a great mass of rocks against the horizon, then the clefts gathering moisture and verdure, then foliage and flowers creeping to the summit, and the light of sunset on it all; first rude vigor, then tempered strength, then a great human spirit, touched with the pathos of infinite patience and sorrow; an ideal American who had climbed from the bottom to the top, who had educated himself by the way, and in becoming supremely great had remained supremely human. At the close of the war the oldest American university gathered her children about her to celebrate the heroism of her dead, and called one of the greatest of American poets to pronounce their eulogy, and Lowell made the "Commemoration Ode"—one of the nearest approaches to great poetry yet achieved on this continent—a pedestal on which to place the figure of one whom he called "the first American."

A Word on Italian Immigration

By William D. Foulke

United States Civil Service Commissioner

THE report of the Commissioner of Immigration for the year ending June 30, 1903, furnishes some instructive figures. The total number of immigrants is 857,046, or 32 per cent. more than the preceding year.

The three capital sources of immigration are:

Italy.....	230,622
Austria-Hungary.....	206,011
Russia.....	136,093

Italy, therefore, still heads the list, and the number of those who come from that country has increased during the past year in a percentage even greater than the total number of immigrants. Now, many Americans have no little prejudice against Italians, and special regret is often expressed that the immigration to this country consists so largely of Sicilians and of people from the South of Italy, while the more intelligent inhabitants of the Veneto go to the Argentine Republic. There is a wide-

spread belief among us that the immigrants we are receiving represent the mere dregs of the Italian population. We fancy them ignorant, priest-ridden, lazy, unclean, dishonest, and revengeful. They have ways that we do not like. For instance, in their quarrels they use the knife rather than the nobler pistol which they cannot afford to buy. We picture the land they come from as the home of the brigand, the Anarchist, and the Mafia, and we fear that they will corrupt our citizenship and taint our American blood.

Of course there is some basis for our prejudice. The traveler in southern Italy sees a good deal of rags and beggary and dirt, but not half so much as used to be prevalent there, and nothing like as much as has been pictured in the reports of the travelers. As to brigandage, it is practically extinct. I traveled last summer, alone and on foot, in perfect safety, apart from the highways, and in places which would have been

very insecure a generation 'ago. I am of the opinion that there are fewer highway robberies in Sicily to-day than in Chicago, New Orleans, or St. Louis, and that a railroad train is less likely to be held up in Italy than it is in our own great West. There are Anarchists in Italy as there are Anarchists in Germany, and there is a far better excuse for Anarchy in a country where the great mass of a population is oppressed by economic conditions which are insupportable; yet we justly regard our German immigration as a source of strength to the country. It is true that the Sicilian is often revengeful. The vendetta still exists; but it is no more persistent, nor fatal in its results, than in some of the counties of Kentucky.

The vices of the Sicilian and the South Italian are those which have come from ignorance and from wretched misgovernment in past times. They are slowly disappearing with the better conditions which prevail to-day, and will disappear still more completely if the burden be wholly lifted. Many of the inhabitants of the city of Naples, it is true, appear to me to be degenerates, but this is not true of other places in southern Italy, nor is it at all true of Sicily.

In point of fact, the class which we are getting, while it represents a low stratum of society, is perhaps, for the purpose of assimilation, the very best which Italy can send us. We are getting the hard workers, while it is those who stand higher in the social scale, as well as the paupers who stand lower, that have been most deeply corrupted by past conditions. The laborers who come to us have bodies which are capable of great physical endurance; they are industrious, sober, economical, prolific. These are virtues of no mean character. Even in the matter of honesty, the Sicilian is far better than he has been painted. When at Taormina last summer, I was surprised to notice that the German proprietor of a bric-à-brac shop, where there were valuable jewels, left his premises unguarded. I asked him how he could venture to do this in Sicily; he told me that he might leave the door open for a week and that no one would disturb

anything in his shop. Could as much be said in any American town? He added that the Sicilian, while he might take any possible advantage in a trade, would very rarely steal. It seemed to me that these were ear-marks by which I could recognize many of my own countrymen.

Going to the West of Sicily, I found near Palermo that the condition of the rural population was very wretched, owing to the large estates occupied by proprietors, who, themselves subject to heavy taxes, extorted the utmost work from the laborers, giving them the lowest possible wages—twelve hours' labor or more for about twenty-five cents. The peasants' diet was hardly more than bread and water; macaroni perhaps a few times a week, meat only once in a long while. These poor creatures, naturally, fled, if they were able to get away at all, until, as my informant told me, there were neighborhoods that were becoming "spopolato." My informant insisted that the condition of affairs was worse in many places than at the time of the Bourbons (which, however, I doubted), on account of the heavy taxes made necessary by the large armaments required from Italy as a member of the Triple Alliance. Everywhere I heard the complaint of these dreadful taxes, which, however, are now being reduced.

It seems to me that the effect of this immigration is distinctly good, not only upon the immigrants, but upon ourselves. A man who comes from a country where life has been so hard finds little difficulty in acquiring a love for his adopted land, where the conditions are so much better. On the Italian steamer, returning from Naples, I conversed with many who had lived for years in America, had gone back to Italy on a visit, and were now returning to their adopted land. In every case their language was enthusiastic. They told me how they had come with nothing, or how they had begun to acquire a competence, how much better America was in all ways than the Old World. Others were coming for the first time; they had been sent for by relatives who had done so well that they had urged their parents, their

brothers and sisters, to follow them. There will be no difficulty in finally assimilating such immigration as this, especially if we can keep it out of the large cities and scatter it on farms or in smaller communities.

The past history of the world seems to show that, within certain limits, mixed blood is the best, and that the more movement there is in a community, so long as it be healthful and voluntary, the greater the energy developed.

A member of the Mosely Commission asked me a few days since in what way the educational system of America produced the energy of American character, and said that a great deal had been spent on popular education in England, Canada, and elsewhere, without satisfactory results. It occurred to me that our energy was not so much the result of our educational methods as it was of our stirring life, of the shifting of our

population, and of the new accretions of energetic elements that come to us by immigration. There has been less of this movement in the South than elsewhere, and there is less progress there. The places to which immigration comes in largest quantities, New York, Boston, Chicago, and some of the agricultural regions of the Northwest, are the most progressive parts of the country. This immigration is, I think, partly the cause and partly the effect of progress and prosperity.

However undesirable, at a mere cursory glance, this large and constantly increasing stream of foreign immigration may appear, I am satisfied that, in the end, the coming to our shores of a people industrious, enduring, prolific, and constituting the more adventurous part of the population of Italy, is bound to add to the vigor of our race and to help keep it from decay.

The Women of America

Sixth Paper—The Woman from the College

By Elizabeth McCracken

MR. CHARLES F. THWING, President of the Woman's College at Cleveland, in speaking of the fundamental principles which should govern the various processes of collegiate training for girls, once said: "Women go to college that they may go from college."

This sentence is typical of much that we must grant concerning the entire body of our institutions of learning in America. With our vast and incomparable system of public education, we are very far from being a nation of scholars. The histories of the universities and colleges of America all go to prove that scholarship in America has been considered, always, merely as a means to an end. Our colleges for women have been founded not so much because we love learning as because we prize the efficiency which learning develops.

Girls in America go to college that they may thereby the more readily be-

come, not able scholars, but capable women; that they may go from college the more completely equipped, not to look at life, but to live. The first thing and the last thing which the woman's college of America stimulates and cultivates in its students is a fine quality of self-reliance. The college-bred woman is a person of resources.

Not long ago, an acquaintance, to whom I had just told the good news of the continuous advancement of a mutual friend in her chosen occupation, said in comment: "It is not so much because she is brilliant that she succeeds as it is because she is always prepared for emergencies, however great—"

"Or small," I added.

"You are thinking of the magnet," was the quick reply.

"The magnet?" I questioned.

"Yes," my acquaintance explained. "One day, at college, one of the other girls dropped her eye-glasses in a nar-

row opening between two walls. She couldn't reach them, and had very nearly decided that they must remain permanently out of reach."

"But they didn't?" I asked with interest.

"No," answered my acquaintance. "Our successful friend happened to remember that their frame was made of steel. She went to the physical laboratory, borrowed a magnet, tied a string to it, and, lowering it carefully into the opening, gravely drew up the eye-glasses."

Happily, this delicious story was recounted to me before, in the course of my investigation, I had visited any colleges. At each one of the many girls' colleges in all parts of the country to which I went during the winter and spring, I repeated it to some person connected with the particular institution; and invariably that person exclaimed, "How exactly like a college girl!"

It is not unnatural that the influence of the woman from the college should be, as it is, so frequently of an academic character. Her scholastic training has taught her to value that particular training. Earlier in the history of American women, the college woman became a school-teacher because, of the few professions open to her, teaching was the most widely open; at the present time she teaches, if she teaches, because she believes that the process of intellectual education represents a benefit not only gracious and pleasing, but most vitally necessary. It is her chief enthusiasm; and, like any large enthusiasm, it makes itself felt.

A college woman of this type who held a position for one year in a high school in a new and somewhat crude Western city effected in that interval such a revolution in the educational methods of the community that at the present time—very nearly nine years later—the town is unique. It has, as it had when the woman from the college went to it, an enormous pork-packing establishment, by means of which much of the city's material prosperity is explained, but also it has, as it did not then have, a public library, beautiful in architectural design, rich in the finest classics of many nations and ages, and, most sig-

nificant of all, habitually used for study and reference by the majority of the people, young and old, belonging in the town. I once took an Englishman from Oxford University to visit that library, and I remember still the expression of extreme amazement which came into his face when the librarian replied to his exclamations upon the array of works dealing with the Italian Renaissance by observing, "Yes, we have a great many books on that subject, more than you see, for nearly a third of them are out to-day."

"I had not expected to find an interest in the revival of learning out here in a town not fifty years old," the man from Oxford said to the librarian, by way of apology for his too evident astonishment.

"Oh," returned the librarian, "it is not so much an interest in the Renaissance as the Renaissance itself that you are finding here!"

She generously left me to make her words clear to the Englishman, knowing that my delight in the intellectual awakening of that city had been by no means small. To say that it had been brought to pass because one woman who chanced to be a college woman happened to teach for a year in the high school of the town would be to make what has been wittily called a "universalization," and, moreover, a "universalization" open to justifiable question; but that one woman, just because she was a college woman, helped more than any other person or circumstance to effect it, is certain.

She went directly from a community in which the living of the intellectual life amounted to a subtle passion, to a town in which education was regarded, if regarded at all, as the memorizing of a few pages, in a few books, during a few years, completed by the presentation of a diploma tied with a satin ribbon. Being neither an iconoclast nor a scoffer, but merely a gifted woman with a superb collegiate training, she gave way to no lamentations over this sorry scheme of things; it was an emergency, but she was not unprepared; she spent no force in deploring the situation, but, with much hope and no less faith, she accepted it, and sought to improve upon it by the

simple process of enlargement. She inspired in her pupils a desire for more pages, in more books, during more years; she even went the length of suggesting second and third diplomas.

Her pupils instinctively caught her spirit. They awakened to the startling perception that to commit to memory the words in a one-volume work on English history is not to study English history; they kindled to the disquieting thought that to have perused all Shakespeare's plays once or twice, or even thrice, is not to have read Shakespeare. In one brief year they became fired with the glorious realization that education, far from being a short period made up of tasks irksome and dull at best, is as long as life, and nothing less than another name for living. Those pupils could not put their experiences into words, but they put them into deeds, deeds which for a time were rather more suggestive of formless restlessness than of any coherent purpose.

The fact that I was in that city during this remarkable year in its growth, and that my devoted allegiance to the woman from the college led the members of her classes to bring their woes to me, and demand that out of my friendship for her I give them some clue to her meanings, I shall always consider as causes for fervent gratitude. Her pupils did not enjoy the awakening. It unsettled them.

One day I met one of them in a street-car, bending over a book. "You have no idea how fond I have become this year of algebra and geometry!" she exclaimed.

"Weren't you always interested in them?" I asked.

"No," replied the girl, "but I am now. They are such a comfort. One solves a problem in mathematics and that is the end of it."

"So it is of any problem," I commented.

The girl sighed profoundly. "The trouble is, one can't solve any other problem!" she said.

"I mean," she continued, in response to my obvious perplexity, "that when I have worked out a quadratic equation, for instance, and found the answers,

I've done all I *can* do, all *any* one can *ever* do, because there isn't anything else *to* do; but no matter how much I study my Greek history lesson, I never finish studying it; I know there must be something else in it that I haven't got out."

She was genuinely distressed; but in the eight years since that day she has become as genuinely happy. Last winter I did not fail to include her city in my investigation. She went with me one afternoon to the library; with a little smile she took one of the catalogues, and, turning its pages, pointed out to me a long list of books relative to the history of the Greeks. "I still like mathematics," she said; "it is still a consolation to me; but, on the whole, I take more joy in the thought that I shall never get out of Greek history all there is in it!"

This former pupil of the college woman does not give all her time to the history of the Greeks; indeed, she can use very few of her rare leisure hours for the study of books. She is now a wife, and the mother of a baby girl; but with all her household duties she is tireless in her endeavors to keep alive in her city a love for true education, to assist in carrying on the work begun so simply by the woman who had helped her to a sense of the inexhaustible greatness of life and of learning. As we sat before her pleasant nursery fire upon our return from the visit to the library, playing with her small girl, I said: "How are you planning to educate your daughter?"

"Well," she said earnestly, "as soon as she is old enough I shall begin by sending her to the college from which came the woman who made me realize what education is."

"She taught you to love it, too," I added.

"Yes," the sometime pupil of the college woman agreed, "she did indeed! She taught this whole city all the love for it they have."

"I have always wondered just exactly how she did it," I said, reflectively.

"By loving it herself," was the quick reply of her pupil.

She had loved it so very well; so well

that she had inspired the people of a pronouncedly materialistic town to build a library and buy books that their children might "complete their education;" so well that she had led those children to realize that never could they even approach the completion of education. Truly, as the librarian said, that town has experienced a Renaissance.

The woman from the college is the surest safeguard in this country against that evil which pessimists occasionally seek to frighten us by prophesying—an aristocracy of wealth. Women, particularly American women, fix the standards of society, make the rules that govern social relationships. What woman of an American college, unless she be a dishonor to that institution, will employ a financial measure for the obtaining of such standards, or, in the construction of such rules, allow herself to use a financial foundation? Not all women in America, unfortunately, are college women; but each year an increasing number of graduates, "beautiful, strong, and free," come from our colleges for women; and, as Mr. Sill wrote to a graduating class of Smith College,

"Led on by courage and immortal hope,
And with the morning in their hearts,"

give what they have received; do as they have learned; become somewhat as they have aspired. A college is a commonwealth; the college woman may safely be trusted to make her village or her city also a commonwealth. So far from encouraging an aristocracy of wealth, she will intuitively help to extend and to maintain in America a democracy founded upon character.

The "more rigorous scholastic rule" which Emerson enjoined, "such an asceticism as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar can enforce," when it has grown by habitual enforcement to be a fixed condition of the life of the woman from the college, becomes her most potent means of influence in a community in which material interests are prevalent. It arouses, first, curiosity, then admiration, and finally imitation.

One summer a college woman whom I knew went for a few weeks to a factory town. By some chance she found

herself in a boarding-house with three young women who from their childhood had been employed in the mills of the place. These girls represented the more prosperous portion of the community. One of them I had met at a college settlement, and for several years had been in the habit of seeing somewhat frequently. She was excessively fond of fine raiment, and at the settlement we had almost been able to measure her material advancement by the quality and quantity of her personal adornments.

During the winter following the visit of the college woman to her town I observed, with some concern, that the girl from the factory wore no new feathers and furbelows, and, indeed, little new apparel of any kind. Her old garments, neatly freshened and repaired, were made to serve. She was even more cheerful than formerly; and I tried to believe that my fears lest financial distress might have come upon her were groundless. I, of course, did not question her; but it was not long before she took me into her confidence.

"Can you tell me anything about Schumann?" she asked, suddenly, one night when we were alone.

"Schumann?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said the girl; "you see, I'm learning to play a piece of his music."

We talked a little about Schumann; and then she said shyly: "I've always liked music, and always wished I could play. Well, last summer a lady boarded at our house; she said she'd always liked German and wanted to study it. She wore real plain clothes, 'cause she was saving up money to go and study in Germany. And it came into my head that I could do that and take music lessons—so I am doing it."

She ceased; and then, in response to my instantly expressed sympathy, she added: "And I believe, after all, I like plain clothes best, anyway."

Another college woman whom I knew, an American scholar who would have satisfied Emerson himself, puzzled even her closest friends by foregoing a fellowship one year, to accept a position which involved rather more chaperonage on her part than teaching, in one of those

seminaries for young girls designated in ordinary phraseology as a "fashionable finishing school."

Not many days ago the current annual circular of that identical institution was sent to me. This year-book announces that the objects of the school are two: namely, to prepare girls for college, and to give to such girls as shall be unable to attend college an educational discipline which, in so far as possible, will fit them for the duties of life and help them to a fuller development of mind and disposition. I read every page in the circular, only to find that it contained not one word which indicated in the slightest possible degree that the school had formerly had but one object: namely, to acquaint its pupils with the customs and conventions of what we colloquially call society. From a finishing school, the institution has become—if one may be permitted the phrase—a beginning school.

The woman who came from the college impelled the reorganization. She was so irresistibly a student, so involuntarily a teacher; as one of her friends said, not at all the kind of person one connects in one's mind with a "fashionable finishing school." With regard to externals, she did not appear out of place in that institution, but decidedly the reverse. She was a brilliant scholar, and she was also a peculiarly charming woman. Her very graciousness engendered in her pupils when in her presence that ease of manner for the very cultivation of which they had been sent to the particular school. They admired her long before they paid homage to her attainments. She won their affection quite as considerable a time before she inspired in them a desire to acquire during their school days, not so much manner, as something to give life and distinction to manners.

She was a true woman of her college; she made use of a method so natural and spontaneous that it hardly can be called a method. Her department in the school, it should be mentioned, was that of English Literature. From somewhat apathetic hours of imperfect recitations, her classes became merely beginnings of unending discussions of subjects

ranging all the way from free will (resulting from a reading of "Hamlet") to the real meaning of the word style (growing out of a reference to Walter Pater).

"She makes us want to know what we think about things," one of her pupils said to me one day. It would be difficult to express more precisely and comprehensively than this the achievement of the college woman in that "fashionable finishing school;" she made the pupils—and the other members of the faculty, too—wonder what they thought about things! Do not psychologists tell us that to wonder is to begin to perceive?

Several of her pupils decided that in order to make the desired discovery the more extensively, they were under the necessity of going to college. For college, the woman from college prepared them. That they influenced other girls in the school in this direction need scarcely be mentioned; that the other girls also became similarly influential may also be taken for granted. By imperceptible degrees the school ceased to be a finishing school; it cannot be said, however, to have ceased to be fashionable, for, as a senior of Bryn Mawr recently observed to me, "Going to college, you know, has become the fashion!" She was a thoughtful senior, and she spoke, it is true, with a shadow of regret, fearing for the dignity of the scholastic life; but it seems to me that the threatened danger is very slight. The ideal of the college is so high and so great; should it become the fashion, will not the fashion then be very good? Will it not do much to abolish finishing schools?

It is not so much her knowledge, as the development of character by which her acquisition of that knowledge is attended, that commends the college woman to our affections, and gives to her work in the world, whatever it may be, so vital an importance. She is more completely a scholar than she might have been without her collegiate training; but it is not this circumstance which delights us, so much as it is the fact that she is the more fully a woman.

For this reason are we not justified in feeling a trifle disturbed when we find scholarship regarded, most ardently re-

garded, as an end in itself, as we do seem to find it at some of our colleges for women? The naïve pedantry of the freshman at Wellesley; the classic solemnity of the sophomore of Vassar; the sweet gravity of the junior at Smith; the invulnerable self-certainty of the senior of Radcliffe—none of these, however, has ever given firm reason for disquietude. The superiority of the American woman is due to-day, as it has been due in the past, to her exquisitely developed womanliness, not to the means by which she has reached that development.

The aim of Bryn Mawr is distinctly scholastic; the aim of most of the other colleges for women in America, predominantly Smith College, and the woman's department of the University of Chicago, is civic. A member of the faculty of the former, in reply to my numerous questions relative to the college, said in conclusion, "At Smith College we regard scholarship as a tool; we believe in good tools." This description of the attitude of Smith College toward scholastic achievement, aside from its immediate application, seemed to me to be particularly significant in that its aptness is by no means limited to that one institution; it as accurately describes the standpoint of very nearly any and every college for women in the country.

More often than once, and by more than one person, was it confirmed during the few days I spent in the pleasant village of Northampton; but that confirmation of it which left the deepest impression was made by President Seelye, when, of all the many, many admonitions which in his baccalaureate address he might have given to the members of the graduating class, he presented to their most earnest consideration the claims of public service, claims incumbent upon them as educated women, and involving responsibilities and duties most faithfully to be accepted and performed.

The charming friendliness with which the girls of Smith welcome the visitor to their college is to my mind one of their most delightful and most typical characteristics. The days I passed in the engaging company of a kind and hospitable junior still linger in my

thoughts in the form of memories which it gives me "a kind of joy" to possess. She answered my formidable number of inquiries with an unwearied readiness which I appreciated to the extent of feeling emboldened to ask a hundred new questions. Those things which I evinced a wish to see, as well as many which I was glad indeed of the opportunity of seeing, she showed me; such things as I desired to hear, both knowingly and unwittingly, she took me to hear; and, altogether, she entertained me with such sweet and leisurely grace that not once did I have reason to surmise what one of the faculty afterward told me was the case, that she was one of the very busiest persons in the college.

It cannot be said that the women students of the University of Chicago look upon their collegiate career more seriously than do the girls of Bryn Mawr, or Smith College, or Wellesley; but certainly it appears to them of greater moment. Unlike the students in Eastern colleges, most of them are the daughters of pioneers; college life is as new to them and as vivid as were the ways of the untrodden prairies to their fathers and mothers. Also, they more frequently have gone to college because they definitely wished to go, not because they were sent.

Of all the colleges for women in the United States to which I went, the woman's department of the University of Chicago seemed to me to have the most nearly perfectly developed campus-house life. I was happy in being a guest at one of the dormitories presided over by the Dean of Women and her assistant. The relationships of the girls in the house with their two superior officers interested me even more than that segregation of the Junior College of the University, which has caused so much excited discussion everywhere in the country except among the students of that Junior College itself, to whom the outward form of their collegiate opportunities appeared to be of less importance than the inner substance.

Representatives both of the Junior and of the Senior College were in the dormitory, girls not only from Western and Northern, but also from Eastern and

Southern States, girls who were more keenly alert mentally, and yet more quiet in manner, and even in voice, than girls whom I have met in any Eastern or any other Western college. The house was nothing less than a realization of an ideal community; the students were singularly sensitive and responsive to their obligations each to the others. To the Dean and to her assistant they deferred, not as to persons in authority, but as to superiors in mind and in experience. The degree to which a household of this character will prepare its student members for the highest kind of civic service it is a joy to contemplate. Of the many great and good things which the University of Chicago is doing for its women students this impressed me as the greatest and best.

To my surprise, the question as to co-education was by no means the foremost subject under discussion at Chicago, nor indeed in any college or university in which it exists. At Cornell I patiently refrained from referring to the matter until my visit was half ended, hoping that some one of the many girl students I met would take the initiative in mentioning it. Finally, not a single student having remotely touched upon it, I said to a girl at whose boarding-place I had been accommodated with a room, "What do you think about co-education?"

"I think—it is a problem," she began, with some slight hesitation.

"It certainly is," I instantly agreed.

"Oh," said the girl, with relief in her voice, "I was afraid you might be a person with views about it!"

I assured her that a view of it was precisely what I lacked, and she then freely gave me her own personal opinion and experience of the subject. Having been for two years in a college solely for women, and also for already a year and a half a student at Cornell, she was peculiarly well qualified to discuss the question without uninformed prejudice.

"From the standpoint of scholarship," she said, "it makes very little difference whether women study with men or by themselves. The difficulty about co-education is in the restriction it places upon college life—"

"In what way do you mean?" I inquired.

"I mean," continued my informant, "that one of the most important features of a college for women is the college life, the free intercourse of girls with girls—the fun, in fact."

"But why is not that quite as fully possible here?" I asked.

"Because," was the answer, "so many of the things that girls in girls' colleges do for pure fun, we can't do here."

"Would they be so undesirable?" I ventured.

"Yes," said the particular girl, "because, you see," she added, delicately, "they would look so undignified."

Somewhat later I repeated this conversation to a member of the faculty of the Woman's College at Cleveland, and she indorsed the view of the girl of Cornell with unmistakable emphasis. "She struck at the very root of the matter," was her comment; "she touched upon the very thing which makes the subject problematic."

Still later, a professor at the University of Chicago approached the question from the opposite side by saying that his belief in a segregated college rested mainly upon his conviction that one of the most valuable elements in the college life of men was nothing else than the intimate association of men with men, which co-education tended in some measure to disturb. I recounted all these varying expressions of the same opinion to the President of a State University in the farther West, where co-education has obtained from the beginning, and is too utterly regarded as a matter of course to arouse in the immediate vicinity any question or discussion as to its advisability. He listened without any appearance of personal interest, and then he said slowly, "But—society is co-educational."

As for the women themselves at co-educational institutions, I found them unusually serious and thoughtful. A never-subsiding consideration of the desirability of college life and scholastic training, and of the subsequent uses to be made of the benefits derived from these things, has given to the girl students a poise

that may well compensate for the lack of that innocent gayety which is so dear a part of life in a college for women alone. They have been challenged to defend their right to the higher education; and the acceptance of that challenge has revealed to them the necessity of being "sober and vigilant." Life in America is so widely various. The help of American women is required in so many diverse circumstances of life; is it not fitting that our systems of collegiate education for women should differ broadly in form—especially when they agree so nearly in spirit? Almost without exception, they seek to aid their students to the attainment of a more complete, more self-dependent, more useful womanhood.

Of all the gifts of the woman's college to the student and to the American Nation, who can select one, and say of it that it is the greatest? I have asked many college girls, and no fewer college women, "What is the best and most permanent gift of the college for women?" According to their own sentiments, they

selected from among the countless benefits of their collegiate career those things most precious to themselves. Perhaps Alice Freeman Palmer, beloved of all college women in America, irrespective of their several colleges, and revered by all lovers of true women even beyond the boundaries of the United States—perhaps Mrs. Palmer saw most clearly and deeply, and has voiced most truly, that gift of the woman's college which is greatest.

She said once: "I have forgotten my chemistry, and my classical philology cannot bear examination; but all around the world there are men and women at work, my intimates of college days, who have made the wide earth a friendly place to me."

Every woman from a college will hardly fail to agree that these words, quite without addition or modification, express her chief reason for the love she bears her college; and also explain the large function exercised by that college in the organic life of the American Nation.

A Little Mother

By Lillian W. Betts

IT seems singular, looking back to the day of our meeting, that I did not realize that the girl was of foreign birth. She looked twenty years old. Her face indicated that into that space of life had been crowded many experiences which never enter into the lives of Fortune's favorites. She was dirty, clothes and skin, and yet she aroused only interest and sympathy; why sympathy was a mystery, as the girl seemed capable of caring for herself.

"Yes, I have six children." The mute surprise of the hearer was answered by—"Not mine, my mother's. I brought every one up. I've been in this country twelve years, since I was three, and I ain't never been inside a school even one day. The little ones go; I make them. They ain't going to be like me. I'm going to get the littlest one in school as soon as it opens. No, that won't give me no chance; there's the baby, sixteen

months old, yet. So cross, so ugly. Ugh! Never shuts his mouth all day."

There was silence for a space in which the expression of rebellion gave place to dread and loathing. Her voice lowered to a whisper:

"There's another baby coming soon. All the other six don't count when I think of that baby! How I hate it! Carrying it on my arm and doing the work. Never a minute now, what will it be then?" Her voice had risen. Raising her hand to enjoin silence, she said:

"Listen! there's the now baby; hear him holler? Well, soon there will be two going just like that." She raised her arms, holding her palms outward as if to push the future back.

"Yes, two! I know. I've always had it, always." And they dropped, those long, thin arms, with a jesture of despair that Rachel might have envied.

"No, I can't come to you to learn to

read English, because there is no one to take care of the baby, and there ain't no use, 'cause there's the other one so soon."

She stopped suddenly, the lids drooping over her beautiful eyes, her head drooping. When she raised her head again, her eyes were darker and larger; all that she had told sunk into insignificance before this coming revelation. Scarcely above a whisper, in a trembling voice, she said:

"I ain't never had my first communion yet. The Sisters, the good Sisters, tell my mother to let me come to learn God's Book. She let me go two nights, and never no more. If I don't have first communion, then I cannot work away from home. That's why. No, I just got to stay and work, wash and cook and everything, and there's another baby soon. There, listen, that's the now baby; I got to go; that woman what have him she get mad." Half-way down the stairs she raised a pair of beautiful brown eyes suffused with sorrow, and, smiling sadly, said:

"I might come from Italy last night, and I have been here twelve years already."

A return visit to this girl revealed such a condition of dirt, disorder, and crowding in her home as defies description. Into three rooms, barely large enough for two, were crowded a family of nine. The floor was the bed of all but the father and mother, two vigorous Italians who had barely reached middle life. They owned a fruit and vegetable stand at the corner, and were considered very successful by their neighbors. They gave all their time to the business of the stand, and were as indifferent to the condition of their home and children as two strangers, except as to its cost. The children were weird. One, a girl of ten, had a long oval face, colorless, surrounded and always partly covered by wonderful black hair, with eyes large and sunk back in her head. She was a silent child, answering to greetings by a nod, but always looked at one with a long questioning gaze as if life and all in it were wholly beyond her comprehension. Wherever she was met she was accompanied by a child too young to care for itself. Going into the house one evening

just as darkness was falling, a little girl of three was found at the front door screaming at the top of her voice, and holding her hand to her head. It was evident that the cause of grief was more than the child could bear. Before she could reply to the question, "What is the trouble?" the ten-year-old sister, with her long hair hanging to her knees and partially concealing her face, came flying down the stairs and through the dark hallway like a very virago in her rage. She grasped the screaming child by the shoulder, shook her vigorously, and screamed:

"She one big lie! She one big lie! She lost her balloon, not hurt her head. She always one big lie!" The little one was dragged to the stairs and pulled up, every step marked by a blow which struck her anywhere the little fury who held her could reach. That one small body could hold so much passion was marvelous; the effect on the beholder was paralyzing. Two nights later at ten o'clock the same child sat at the head of a flight of stairs holding "the now" baby in her lap by grasping its clothes tightly to prevent its falling down the stairs. The long black hair, unbound, fell like a black cloak about herself and the child; the straggling locks hanging over her face were tossed back, showing the eyes larger, darker, more questioning than ever. Her oval face was wan and white, but without expression; only the eyes held life. A little persuasion won her to put the baby on the bed. This was accomplished by stepping over the little brothers and sisters stretched on the floor in all the graceful abandon of sleeping childhood. The rooms were absolutely dark. The child sat on the stairs for the light and the companionship of the passing neighbors. Business at the stand was brisk, demanding the services of all the older members of the family; this little child was the house-mother. To the request made to the mother during a business transaction that she would permit her two daughters to come upstairs to learn to read English, she responded in tones of disdain:

"No time, no good English; no want English; no good." One heard again in imagination the sweet, hopeless voice

of a girl, aged in girlhood, saying, "I might come from Italy last night; been here twelve years already."

To those who see this girl on whose face is written a woman's experience, she will not appear as a heroine, but to me she will always rank as one. For herself she has no hope; but over the destinies of the little brothers and sisters she rules, knowing one law—"They must go to school; like me I will not have them." And against odds before which the ordinary girl would quail this girl stands firm and triumphant. She has caught the spirit of the country as she has its language, unknowingly, and the children whom she controls are walking in the path the American children tread. When told that the ten-year-old sister must go to school, she gave a long sigh of relief. "I'm glad she must. They" (meaning her father and mother) "can't help it. I'm glad. I thought she going to be like me. No, I get along; she help when she comes home."

The sisters exchange glances that re-

veal love and comprehension. No longer does one's soul ache for them, for in mutual burdens they have found companionship, and courage will come that will lift the new generation in spite of the greed that keeps the family life below that of paupers.

The weeks pass, and there is the new baby, a very bambino, swathed and bound tightly as if its mother came from Italy but yesterday. The sister is carrying it in her arms, her face shining with mother-love. Proudly she holds it out for admiration. It is a beautiful baby, and the sister beams with pride as she responds, "Yes, she is pretty, awful pretty." Holding the baby closer and bending over it to look in its eyes, she says, in tones of love that tremble with intensity, "She a little devil, she a little d-devil," punctuating her sentences with kisses. In a moment she looks up with stern expression.

"She go to school. She not be like me. She be like American." And again she covers the baby's face with kisses.

The Art of War¹

IN the first of these four works which enlighten us as to the art of war we have the biography of a model soldier, a man without fear and without reproach. Physically, mentally, and morally, John Colborne (Lord Seaton) was one of the noblest types of warriors. His personal character immeasurably reinforced his distinguished military prowess. Such a man was the one well marked out to dominate other soldiers. At the Battle of Waterloo it was said that in no instance either in ancient or modern history did a single battalion so influence the result of a great general action as did his. The attack of the Fifty-second regiment on the Imperial Guard resulted in the defeat of seven battalions of that Guard; and Colborne

did almost all this from his own impulse and on his own responsibility. The pictures of military life given to us in this biography—in Holland, Spain, Italy, Canada—are as attractive as any which describe the art of war during the first part of the nineteenth century. But then, as always, war was, as General Sherman said, "hell."

Viscount Wolseley's autobiography is perhaps the most readable among recent publications concerning militarism in the last half of the century. While Lord Wolseley's style lacks the simplicity of Earl Roberts's in the latter's "Forty-one Years in India," and while the former is deplorably egotistical in comparison with the modesty of the greater soldier, we must confess that the recital of military activities as experienced by Viscount Wolseley is of enough note to make his volumes worthy of a place in any library. With the life of Lord Seaton, they constitute a review of nineteenth-century history which would have been complete if Lord Wolseley had

¹ *The Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton.* By G. C. Moore Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The Story of a Soldier's Life. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, G.C.M.G. With Portraits and Plans. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Retrospect and Prospect. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain U. S. Navy. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Future of War. By J. S. de Bloch, Ginn & Co., Boston.

dealt with the more recent events of his life. We believe that the author plans to publish an account of these events, for he says: "Could my narrative interest the general reader, it will be a pleasure to continue it to the date when I gladly bade good-by to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's land forces." Lord Wolseley's first twenty years of life cover his education, his joining the army at Chatham, and his voyage to India. Then follow his active service in Burma and in the Crimea, his appointment to the staff, and his return to India, where he lived through the Mutiny period. Perhaps the most interesting chapters—and all of the chapters are interesting—are those which describe the forced march from Calcutta to Cawnpore, the advance into Oudh, and the relief of Lucknow. Then comes a description of the Chinese War of 1860 and of the Taiping Rebellion the following year. The chapters on the Trent Affair and on Lord Wolseley's visit to General Lee and to the Confederate Army will, of course, challenge careful reading on the part of all students of our Civil War period. Then come the attempted Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866 and the Red River Expedition the next year. The most important war which follows was that in Ashanti in 1873-4, no attention being paid to the far more interesting Boer War, for the simple reason that the noble Viscount did not have such a hand in it as in the other, and probably not the kind of direction he wished. In all these conflicts war continued to be "hell," even though Lord Wolseley loves soldiering and apparently cannot have too much of it. His criticisms, however, are none the less sharp and well directed. He shows again and again that England has always been habitually unprepared for war. But that is no reason, as Captain Mahan pertinently says in "Retrospect and Prospect," why Great Britain should further tempt fortune by failing to correct practical deficiencies which have been revealed. It is not Lord Wolseley's fault if one of these deficiencies (in his opinion) is not sufficiently revealed. While Cardwell made a good

War Minister, Lord Wolseley is heartily out of sorts with the administration of any other civilian Minister. How, under such supervision, can England ever be other than unprepared for war? yet England has "never yet hanged nor even tried" the Ministers who went unprepared to war, and failed from start to finish in understanding army problems. Lord Wolseley's one remedy seems to be "a highly trained standing army, supported by great reserves of trained soldiers." It is presumable that in another volume he will speak more at length concerning the breakdown of the intelligence department, and especially why his own methods of reform were not properly appreciated and adopted.

Lord Wolseley would undoubtedly agree with Captain Mahan in the latter's statement that the military and strategic problems of the day are in essence only new phases of a steady progression. In Captain Mahan's latest volume we are enlightened concerning the naval expansion of the United States, the disposition of the world's navies, and in particular concerning England's interest in Persia. Englishmen and also Americans will, however, read with greater interest what the distinguished essayist has to say concerning the influence of the Boer War on British prestige. If the lives of Lords Seaton and Wolseley have explained the military history of the past, Captain Mahan instructs us as to the present. In the first place, as to British prestige, the author calls attention to the enormous asset which the British have had in their well-earned fame. If British prestige has suffered deserved diminution through the horrible South African war, if the British have received an impression of bafflement or of failure, we have an indication from Captain Mahan that this is an affair of the head, not of the heart. Loss of prestige worth considering, affirms Captain Mahan, will come when the nation loses heart, for "prestige is the moral influence which past successes, as the pledge and promise of future ones, breed." The Boer War is a hardly won success. Can it be considered to carry pledge and promise for the future? Success in it, as on former occasions, has been due to national tenacity and

ultimate aptitude to meet conditions as they arise, combined with the essential disadvantages of the national contention. This has been gained despite a degree of unreadiness and inadequacy at the outset which surely cannot be pronounced acceptable to a proud people. England bears the burdens of sickening wars and finally wins her victories by national endurance, supported by superior resources and strengthened by "the felt goodness of her cause around which determination could harden." In these substantially strong qualities of national character, as Captain Mahan well says, the foundations of British prestige are the same as they have been.

Will these foundations, whether of British or of any other military prestige, remain the same, withstanding the weight of the future? No, says Jean de Bloch, who instructs us as to the war of the future. If Lords Seaton and Wolseley may be regarded as authorities for past history, and if Captain Mahan be regarded as an authority on present politics, the man whose work suggested the Hague Peace Conference to the Czar's mind must also be regarded as having a claim in pointing out what may be the world's military future.

A fundamental change in war came, according to the Russian author, with the Civil War in this country—an opinion in which even Lord Wolseley might agree. The Civil War showed that one man in defense is a match for ten on the offensive, and that the methods of guerrilla warfare must be more and more taken into account. Hence there is no longer an excuse for costly armies and navies. The war of the future, however, according to the author of the present volume, is not a frontier brawl or a punitive operation. The war of the future is "the war in which great nations armed to the teeth are to fling themselves with all their resources into a struggle for life and death," as in the case of Japan facing Russia. War has practically become impossible for the minor States—for instance, in the case of Denmark and Belgium; hence, in describing the question of future war, we always deal with it as a war between great powers. The Russo-Polish thinker's contention is that

the maintenance of war has become absolutely impossible because the actual development of the mechanism of war renders war almost an impracticable operation.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been quoted as saying that he relied for the extinction of war upon the invention of a machine which would infallibly slay fifty per cent. of the combatants whenever a battle was waged; and the same idea was once expressed by Lord Lytton in his novel "The Coming Race." Our author says that at Khartum in the Sudan the destruction inflicted upon the forces of the Khalifa came very near Mr. Kipling's fifty per cent. standard:

That one experience was probably sufficient even for the Dervishes; they will never again face the fire of modern rifles. The experience which they have learned is rapidly becoming generalized throughout the armies of Christendom, and although there may be some frightful scenes of wholesale slaughter, one or two experiences of that kind will rid army authorities of any desire to come to close quarters with their adversaries.

The outward and visible end of war, says Bloch, is the introduction of the magazine rifle of very small caliber. The modern rifle is not only a much more rapid firer than its predecessors, but it has also an immensely wider range and far greater precision of fire. A modern rifle with a range of from two to three miles, with a rapidity of fire twelve times as great as thirty years ago, and with greater proportionate precision, is a weapon so deadly as to inflict undreamt-of injury; nor is the aim in the deadliest of weapons confined to the small arms. It extends equally to artillery firing. For instance, the French artillery to-day is held by competent authorities to be one hundred and sixteen times more deadly than the batteries which went into action in 1870. Not that they fire one hundred and sixteen times as fast. The increased improvement has been obtained by the use of range-finders and higher explosives.

Another element still more formidable, to those who persist in contemplating war as a practical possibility, is the immensity of the modern army. The Franco-German War was supposed to have been a contest of giants; but the

German army operating in France did not exceed half a million men, whereas if war were to break out to-day the Germans would concentrate over a million men on their front, while the French would be not a whit behind them. In a war between the Triple and the Dual Alliance there might be ten millions of men under arms. The training of officers has not kept pace with the extension and development of modern armaments; but even if all officers were properly efficient, the war of the future would not last many weeks before the majority of officers would be killed off, and without competent officers accustomed to command any army would develop into a mere mob.

If two difficulties in the way of mod-

ern war arise from the immense improvement wrought in the mechanism of slaughter and with the unmanageability of the masses of men to be mobilized, a third lies in the economic impossibility of waging war upon the scale on which it must be waged if waged at all. "It will be impossible to find adequate shelter for the Red Cross hospital tents or for the hospital orderlies. It will be impossible to take wounded men out of the zone of fire without exposing Red Cross men to certain death."

Yet the delusion persists that great armies are the support of government, that only great armies will deliver the existing order from the perils of anarchy, and that military service acts beneficially on the masses!

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency. By Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D. Illustrated in 2 vols. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. 6x9½ in. \$5, net. (Postage 38c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Betty Zane. By P. Zane Grey. Illustrated. The Charles Francis Press, New York. 5½x8½ in. 291 pages.

Brief History of Rocky Mountain Exploration (A). By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 276 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

It is appropriate that this interesting volume should be published just a hundred years after the Lewis and Clark expedition. Perhaps that expedition was the most important of any American exploring enterprise; at all events, it was the first across the continent under the auspices of the United States Government. Mr. Thwaites narrates not only the adventures of Lewis and Clark, but also of such notable Rocky Mountain explorers as Zebulon Pike, Stephen Long, and John C. Frémont. Nor, on the Canadian side, does he forget Pierre Vérendrye, David Thompson, and Simon Fraser.

Church and Young Men (The). By Frank Graves Cressey, Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 233 pages. \$1.25, net.

This is a valuable contribution to one of the pressing problems of the churches, outside of whose membership are nearly three-fifths of our young men. Dr. Cressey, besides his own experience in practical efforts, has gathered by the *questionnaire* method a

large body of fact and opinion on the problem to be solved. All existing agencies and methods of religious work among young men receive from him an appreciative criticism. Young people's societies he regards as accomplishing little or nothing in this field. The Christian Associations, while accomplishing much, fail in due co-ordination with the Church. The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip is commended as supplying this missing link. The survey concludes with an account of the progress made by Roman Catholics in efforts for the spiritual betterment of young men. As "a working handbook of practical methods," this covers the whole field with helpful information and suggestion. The replies received to questions show young men, as well as those who are concerned for them, in agreement that the kind of preaching most effectively beneficial to them is "that which brings the teachings of the Bible to bear upon the problems of every-day life."

Collected Songs of Leopold Damrosch. Edited by Frank Damrosch. Translations Made and Selected by Mary L. Webster. G. Schirmer, New York. 9x13 in. 205 pages.

The name of Dr. Leopold Damrosch is one of the distinguished ones in the musical history of New York. He was not only an orchestra conductor of notable rank and influence, as well as one of the earliest promoters of modern German opera in this city, but a citizen of high character and distinction. This handsome volume is to be considered not merely as a collection of songs

but as one of the memorials to his services in the artistic development of the city. It is edited and published with appropriate dignity and care, and the songs it contains are indicative of the composer's high-bred musical feeling and attainments. Whether the songs possess enough of the qualities of spontaneity and deep feeling to give them permanence and a wide appeal is not so certain.

Education Through Nature Study: Foundations and Method. Illustrated. John P. Munson, Ph.D. E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. \$1.25, net.

Elijah Kellogg: The Man and His Work. Chapters from his Life and Selections from his Writings. Edited by Wilmot Brookings Mitchell. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 430 pages. \$1.20, net.

Entwickelungslehre. By Dr. Franz V. Wagnier. Edited by Arthur S. Wright. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6¼ in. 61 pages.

Essays and Addresses, 1900-1903. By Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×9 in. 296 pages.

This volume hardly needs better introduction to American readers than to say that, prior to 1900, Lord Avebury was known as Sir John Lubbock. While its contents deal in part with questions mainly of British interest, other portions are of cosmopolitan interest, as the addresses on Huxley, Ruskin, Richard Jefferies, and Macaulay. The present tendency toward municipal socialism gives Lord Avebury's essay on "Municipal Trading," which he opposes mainly on five distinct grounds, a special claim on the attention of both conservatives and progressives, here and elsewhere.

Expositor's Greek Testament. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Vol. III. *Second Corinthians.* By J. H. Bernard, D.D. *Galatians.* By Frederick Rendall, M.A. *Ephesians.* By S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. *Philippians.* By H. A. A. Kennedy, D.S. *Colossians.* By A. S. Peake, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×9¾ in. 547 pages. \$7.50.

The first volume of this commentary was published in 1897. It was then thought that the commentary could be completed in five years or less. It is now seven years, and even with this present volume the commentary is still incomplete. In arrangement and typography it is hardly distinguishable from Alford's commentary. It is intended to do for the present generation what that did for the students of Dean Alford's day. Though there is some discrepancy between views advanced by the different commentators, there is none greater than ought to be found in a group of scholars writing with liberty. The tone of the whole volume is conservative though not traditional. Rejected views of any consequence are stated or at least mentioned.

Fatigue. By A. Mosso. Translated by Margaret Drummond, M.A., and W. B. Drummond, M.B., C.M., F.R.C.P.E. (The Science Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. \$1.50.

The translators of Professor Mosso's excellent monograph on fatigue lay stress upon

the value of the Italian physiologist's experiments in contributing to the formulation of an exact theory of education. While it may reasonably be questioned, the translators to the contrary notwithstanding, whether education has as yet attained the dignity of a science, it is certain that we are on the high-road to reforms that will ultimately dismiss to a well-merited oblivion the haphazard methods too often prevailing among the educationists of to-day. These reforms, too, are primarily due to physiologists who, like Professor Mosso, recognize the intimate connection between physiology and psychology, and are willing and able to provide psychology with instruments and methods for the exact measurement of the contents of consciousness. Professor Mosso's invention, the ergograph, or fatigue-recorder, is but one of many devices that have come to rescue psychology, and, indirectly, pedagogy, from the old slough of introspection. By this delicate instrument we are enabled to measure with the greatest exactness the changes produced by fatigue in the work of our muscles, and to draw therefrom conclusions of the greatest importance to the individual and to the race. The deductions of Professor Mosso, from observation and hundreds of experiments conducted by himself, form the subject matter of the volume before us, and cover a range impossible even to outline here. The salient characteristics, however, may be indicated by a few chapter titles: "The Origin of the Energy of the Muscles and of the Brain," "Upon the General and Special Characteristics of Fatigue," "The Law of Exhaustion," "Attention and its Physical Conditions," "Intellectual Fatigue," "The Methods of Intellectual Work," "Overpressure." Despite its essentially technical nature, the work is very readable, and should receive the thoughtful consideration not only of those interested in educational problems, but of all engaged in occupations involving prolonged mental effort or intense concentration of thought.

First Year of Responsibility (The): Talks with a Boy. By Maynard Butler. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×6¼ in. 119 pages. 60c., net.

Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times (The). By W. Cunningham, D.D. Part I. *The Mercantile System.* Part II. *Laissez Faire.* The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9½ in.

Reserved for later notice.

History of Japan (A): During the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651). By James Murdoch, M.A., in Collaboration with Isok Yamagata. With Maps. Published at the Office of the "Chronicle," Kobe, Japan. 6×10 in. 743 pages. \$6. (Postage, 40c.)

The text of this valuable volume describes that far-away time when foreign intercourse was making its furtive beginning in Japan, a period from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. The authors of this carefully written work were fortunate in enlisting the sympathies of Baron Terquichi, Japanese Minister of War, who has allowed them to reproduce some valuable government maps. These add

greatly to the text's value. The authors inform us authoritatively concerning the Portuguese discovery of Japan, the work of St. Francis Xavier, the beginning of Spanish and Portuguese rivalry, the Korean war, the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the early days of Christianity.

Holy Grail (The): The Silent Teacher. By Mary Hanaford Ford. The Alice B. Stockham Co., Chicago. 5x7 in. 155 pages.

Home Mechanic (The). By John Wright. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6x9 in. 435 pages. \$3.50.

A book of practical value to all householders who want to do odd jobs independently of carpenter and plumber. The amateur mechanic will find explicit directions here about the use of tools, the making of repairs, and even about lathe-work, steam-engines, and drilling. There are many explanatory drawings.

How to Sleep. Edited by Marian M. George. A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, Ill. 5½x7¾ in. 96 pages. 50c.

Lincoln Legion (The): The Story of its Founder and Forerunners. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Illustrated. The Merston Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 256 pages. \$1.

Middle Eastern Question; or, Some Political Problems of Indian Defence (The). By Valentine Chirol. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 512 pages. \$5, net.

Mr. Chirol has been the correspondent of the London "Times" in Asia. In his opinion, the Middle Eastern (*i.e.*, the Persia-Indian) problem is one of even graver moment to England than is the Far Eastern problem. England's great opponent in both cases is Russia. Mr. Chirol points out that where Russia has come in contact only with the lower organisms of political life she has advanced steadily and relentlessly, but when she has been brought face to face with the substantial interests which England is prepared to protect, she has recognized the expediency of coming to a direct understanding with England, as in the case of the Pamirs and of the Afghan border. It is extremely interesting to compare Mr. Chirol's opinion with that of Captain Mahan on the same subject. Both call attention to the disintegration of Asia under the new conditions evolved, which may seriously affect the position of India. Both declare that England has a very substantial interest in the Persian Gulf and must be prepared to protect it. Both believe that, while the Persian Gulf should be kept open to the pacific enterprise of other nations than England, it must remain closed to their territorial ambitions. Russia is pursuing a policy of peaceful penetration of Persia from the north. England should penetrate from the south if she hopes to hold the Gulf. Russia not unnaturally looks to her continuous territory and population behind the scene of possible contest as the assurance of her own pre-eminent predominance and eventually of her exclusive influence. Yet, in the opinion of these latest critics of the Middle Eastern problem, it must be long before Russia can overcome

the resistance of an Anglo-Indian political organization resting immediately upon commercial interests, but ultimately upon naval control of the Persian Gulf by the armed forces of England backed by India and the colonies. Perhaps Russia can never overcome it.

Nemesis of Faith (The). By James Anthony Froude. (Reprinted from the Second Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¾x7½ in. 148 pages. 35c., net.

The reprint of a theological and didactic novel which, as Dr. Conway says in his introduction, had "the distinction of being the only book piously burnt at Oxford during the nineteenth century."

New Day (The): A Book for Young Men. By Russell H. Conwell. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 4½x7½ in. 117 pages.

One Thousand Poems for Children: A Choice of the Best Verses, Old and New. Edited by Roger Ingpen. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5½x8¼ in. 446 pages. \$1.25, net.

Many families will welcome this anthology for children, which is none the worse in that it includes many poems not ostensibly written for children—the youthful mind needs space and opportunity to expand in, and there is no better way of affording these things than by putting before it real imaginative creations, things that inspire and elevate without regard to age. Some of the poems here included might, however, be excluded for other reasons—such as Dr. Hoffmann's silly poem about the boy who refused to eat his soup for four days, "and on the fifth day he was dead." In fact, the book would be improved if about a quarter of the poems were omitted. But one can find all the old favorites and many charming poems known to but few.

Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java (The). By Clive Day, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 434 pages. \$2, net.

Professor Day's learned work has as abundant justification for its appearance the divergence between the English description of Dutch policy in Java and the facts of history as they appear in the original documents and in the writings of Dutch historians. After considering the native organizations, the author considers the policy and government of the East India Company, the periods of British rule and the Dutch restoration. Then comes the culture system, and finally some chapters on modern government in Java. The volume seems to us indispensable to students of colonial government.

Political Theories of the Ancient World (The). By Westel Woodbury Willoughby, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼x8¼ in. 254 pages.

Professor Willoughby has the very unusual ability to write at once compactly, clearly, and thoughtfully. In this volume of about three hundred pages he describes the political theories that prevailed among the peoples of the Orient, among the Hebrews, among the Greeks, and among the Romans. He uses as his sources not only the writings of ancient authors but also the practices of

ancient States and contemporaneous ethical and philosophical ideas. He thus recognizes implicitly the fact that the political theories to be found in such a work, for instance, as Plato's Republic represent only one side of the then Greek conception of the State, and must be offset by the less academic views discoverable in the Greek State as at that time constituted. Beginning with a carefully drawn distinction between the family idea and the State idea, which have been confused in some theories of tribal government, Professor Willoughby tersely states the Oriental despotic philosophy. He devotes a chapter to the theories of the Hebrews, in which he suggestively points out the blending of the theocratic ideal with the democratic. The rest of the book he devotes to the political theories of the Greeks and the Romans. As an instance of Professor Willoughby's breadth of treatment we can here only call attention to his reference to the interaction between Greek religion and Greek politics, the polytheism of the one reinforcing the individualism of the other, and, conversely, the conception of the State as immortal taking the place of a vital belief in individual immortality. Professor Willoughby's interpretations are of the sort that demand respect; one who undertakes to question them cannot do so lightly. They are, moreover, presented in a persuasive, because non-controversial, style. Whoever reads this book, whether he agrees with Professor Willoughby or not, will find his own political views clarified so that he can more justly estimate present-day political movements. This volume is the first of a series designed to cover the whole field of political philosophy.

Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. Edited by Franklin L. Riley. Vol. VII. Published by the Mississippi Historical Society, Oxford, Miss. 6x9½ in. 531 pages.

Sevastopol and Other Military Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 326 pages. \$1.50.

This is the first volume in a new translation of the works of Tolstoy under the editorial supervision of Louise and Aylmer Maude, in which it is proposed to present accurate versions of the Russian original, with explanations in prefaces and foot-notes of the relation between each work and Tolstoy's artistic development and his later philosophical and religious position. In the order of time, "Childhood" preceded "Sevastopol" three years, but his "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth" naturally form one volume and were not completed until 1857. "Sevastopol," which was published in 1855, takes its place as the initial volume in this new edition. It was the first of Tolstoy's work to command wide attention and to awaken profound interest. The editors modestly announce that they do not expect to present ideal translations, because such translations do not exist, but they propose to offer thoroughly trustworthy and readable

versions. The preface contains an interesting announcement of Tolstoy's relations to his books. He expects nothing in the way of return from his works, but, when the original Russian has once been printed, permits any one to print, translate, or reprint it into any language. This volume is a satisfactory piece of book-making—simple and substantial.

Shall We Understand the Bible? By Rev. T. Rhonda Williams. (Revised and Enlarged Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 85 pages.

To initiate an advance in Sunday-school studies of the Bible, a committee of superintendents and teachers in Bradford, England, requested the course of lectures here published upon subsequent invitation. Their title indicates the standpoint of the lecturer, that "the fatal objection to the traditional theory of the Bible is that the book cannot be understood by it." Mr. Williams is one of the younger Congregational ministers in England, whose books are beginning to make him known in this country as a man of power. These lectures are critical, constructive, and popular in form, a compact presentation of the changed view and the enhanced value of the Bible which result from studying it in the modern method.

Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory. By Oscar P. Austin. (With Maps.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 258 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

This professes to be nothing more than an outline sketch of "the steps by which the United States has been transformed from thirteen political communities into fifty, the process by which new territory has been added and great unoccupied areas have been transformed into Territories and then States." It may be said that the author has adhered closely to the lines laid down by himself, and has succeeded in giving us a work which, despite the fact that it cannot be deemed a weighty addition to the rapidly growing list of books treating of the territorial growth of the United States, will at least serve as an introduction to the more extended studies of Johnson, Carpenter, and others. The reader's interest is dulled, however, by the colorless style of the author, who, perhaps from an unfortunate determination to make this essentially a "state paper" history, maintains a monotonous dead level, and seldom allows his diction to appear in full dress. A great deal of statistical information is compressed within a small compass, and there are numerous maps illustrative of the gradual extension of territory.

Sylvia's Husband. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½x7½ in. 221 pages. \$1.25.

A trivial and not very probable story of flirtations, misunderstandings, and reconciliations.

Testing of Electro-Magnetic Machinery and Other Apparatus. By Bernard Victor Swenson, E.E., M.E., and Budd Frankfield, E.E. Vol. I. Direct Currents. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 420 pages. \$3.

Transitional Eras in Thought: With Special Reference to the Present Age. By A. C. Armstrong, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 347 pages. \$2.

Reserved for later notice.

Why I am a Churchman: The Pitts Street Chapel Lecture in Answer to the Question. By Rt. Rev. George M. Randall, D.D. Revised by Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, S.T.D., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4x7 in. 106 pages. 50c., net.

Correspondence

Service Pensions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I do not like your ideas—not a bit—not even a little bit. I enlisted in April, 1861, under the first call for volunteers for three months, and in one capacity or another served my country as a soldier for upwards of three years. I applied for and received my present pension of six dollars a month under the administration of Mr. Cleveland; and never, in the whole course of my life, have I experienced the humiliation I felt during my mental and physical examination for that pension. Because I am writing of myself, perhaps I may say that I believe my reputation and standing in the community are fairly good. At all events, I read *The Outlook*, if that is any measure of a man's character. But it seemed to me that my examiners thought me a liar and a fraud, and that the principal aim of the examination was to convict me of those charges. I have never applied for an increase. Probably I never will. If the necessity comes, I think I shall prefer to spend my last days in a Soldiers' Home.

You say that service pension legislation "is thoroughly vicious in principle." I do not agree with you, and the reasons you give for such a statement are, to my mind, utterly inadequate. You are thoroughly frightened at the idea of adding "another army of able-bodied men to the great roll of our pensioners." That is unkind and unjust. I am sixty-three, and with no regular occupation—incapacitated by age from holding my own at physical labor with the "able-bodied" younger generation. How many "able-bodied" young men of my age do you know who can earn six days' wages a week with pick and shovel, ax or hoe?

You say, "It is a rich country, with immense resources, and it is under incalculable obligations to the men who fought in the Civil War;" and yet you object and cast slurs upon those same men when they ask that their last days be made easier out of those "immense resources" that their courage and patriotism made possible. Put yourself in my place. I had commenced the study of medicine when the war came. I came home broken in health. It took years for me to recover and to "settle down" from the restlessness that four years of army life will develop in a boy. Then my time had gone. My opportunity had passed, or I thought it had, which was the same to me. I had a cousin a year older than myself who commenced the study of medicine about the time that I did. He did not enlist, but put in the

four years in preparing for his profession. He has now turned over his practice to his son, and is living in an Eastern city upon the profits of his profession. Isn't there still a little coming to me from this "rich country"?

Roast the frauds in the pension list until they are done brown, and the old *soldiers* will applaud you to the echo. Turn the searchlight upon the private pension business. *We* would enjoy that. "Two hundred and nine private pension bills passed at a single afternoon session of the Congress, with no opposition," is a quotation from a recent newspaper. Use your probe there until Congressmen squirm; but don't begrudge us old fellows, who need and have earned it, a few dollars per month.

G. A. PABODIE.

Joe Hooker Post No. 9, G. A. R., Baraboo, Wis.

Another Veteran's View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a veteran of the Civil War I wish to write and thank you for the article in last week's issue of *The Outlook* on the Service Pension Bill. The selfishness of man shows itself among the G. A. R. men as it does everywhere else in the world, so I presume I may be in a minority among my comrades when I say that I indorse every word of your article. I have an article on the subject written a few days before *The Outlook* came, and I find myself holding almost identically the same views as *The Outlook*. I think this country does owe a great deal to the soldier of '61-'65, and it can be paid, not in the "coin of the realm," but, in many cases, in a larger pension to *needy* soldiers. No old soldier who did his duty should suffer or be the inmate of an almshouse; it can be paid in gratitude to Almighty God that the labors, sacrifices, and sufferings of the soldiers of the Civil War were of avail and that we now have a prosperous and reunited country. A great portion of the men who went to the war were actuated by one of the highest motives that can stir the human heart—love of country. To all such I should think the proposed bill would be repugnant. One part of your article which struck a sympathetic chord in my own heart was that where you mentioned that it was the duty of the soldiers to go and fight, and duty done can never be paid for in cash, but is paid in the sweet inner consciousness of the doer. For wealthy men, men high in business or professional life, men drawing good salaries, who are enjoying average health, to receive a pension of twelve dollars a month is, in my opinion, putting a pretty low price on patriotism and

love of country. I have written to our representative in Congress from this district expressing these views, but don't know whether they coincide with his or not.

HORATIO CARTER.

Newtonville, Massachusetts.

The Missions of California

To the Editors of The Outlook :

It is rather characteristic of Californians to be willing to learn—even when they must go from home to hear the news. It certainly is news that (according to Pauline R. Bird, in your issue of January 2)—

To Edwin Deakin, the "artist historian," is directly due the inspiration . . . for the opening and restoring of El Camino Real, the King's Highway in California. And that—

Edwin Deakin has opened the eyes of Californians to the urgency of preserving these landmarks [the Missions].

Mr. Deakin is a good man and a good artist. His work has an excellent standing in the literal school, and serious historic worth. Technically, he is far ahead of Ford, who had painted and etched all the Missions long before him. But a great many artists have painted the Missions—as well as many more "who are not." And each competent one did as much to "open the eyes of Californians" as Mr. Deakin has done. Jorgenson is among the most recent and most adequate of them. But Keith, the undisputed master, painted every Mission in 1880—and I do not think it will be pretended that Mr. Deakin had done so. As between the "schools" I have neither license nor wish to arbitrate or decide; a transcriber of real estate, an impressionist, a creator—any one of them may arouse interest in an interesting subject. To pretend that, among the multitude who have pictorially stirred the public to think of the Missions, Mr. Deakin stands either alone or pre-eminent is to be misinformed. Probably Borglum and Watchel have had quite as much weight. And while I am honestly grateful to Mr. Deakin as an artist, this is "positively his first appearance" on my horizon as a "historian."

The first—and, until within a year, the only serious—organized effort to preserve the Missions was undertaken ten years ago by Miss Tessa L. Kelso, then Librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library. Her society was soon merged in the Landmarks Club, incorporated. At about the same time, Miss Anna B. Picher took up, as her branch of the great work, the Camino Real. How devotedly, how unselfishly, how skillfully she conducted her campaign is known to all who have any tolerable information on the subject; and to attribute to any other one person any considerable credit for making the historic highway a matter of public knowledge and interest is not only absurd—it is a peculiarly pathetic ingratitude.

Meantime, for more than eight years the Landmarks Club has been publishing, every month, "literature" and illustrations showing the need of safeguarding the Missions,

showing the ruin, showing the steps taken to arrest it, and calling good citizens to the work. It has gathered thousands of members from all over the world. It has shown to thousands, by lectures with graphic lantern slides, what there is to do and what has been done. It has conducted excursions to the missions, has published a volume in aid of the work, and has in general given publicity to conditions which were entirely unknown to the general public even in California. It has done more work of protection and repair of the California Missions than has been done by all other agencies put together, and has raised the money therefor almost exclusively by its dues. It is still actively at work. Its membership is open to all, the only initiation being the payment of \$1 per annum dues. It would be glad to receive Mr. Deakin as a member.

The Club has already so repaired the principal buildings at each of four Missions that they will stand safe for another century. For one item, it has re-roofed more than 60,000 square feet of these buildings.

A convention to consider the rehabilitation of the Camino Real from San Diego to Santa Barbara was held in this city January 30. It was called by representative bodies of Los Angeles; not only directly, but confessedly, on the strength of popular interest built up by the active and constant "ten years' campaign" of Miss Picher and the Landmarks Club. It is hoped and believed that practical results will be attained; and that the example set here will be followed by Northern California with regard to the other half of the Camino—as was the case with the preservation of the Missions. Last year a Northern league of very similar title was formed to do, in the upper half of the State, the work which the Landmarks Club has so long been doing here.

As to other points in Miss Bird's article:

There is no map extant which "shows the original road." Any pretense to show it is mere guesswork. Such an itinerary can be identified only by the documentary student and engineer in collaboration. The Missions are not "strung along El Camino for a distance of nearly one thousand miles north and south," nor for much more than half that distance. The Franciscans had as much to do with "teaching the Indians the intricate basket-making" as they had to do with the invention of printing. Nor did they teach the Indians to bind books. The "missals and vellum bindings" had a somewhat different source. Possibly Mr. Deakin "hopes and expects to paint the Jesuit Missions of Southern California;" but he certainly never will. There are no such Missions, and there never were. San Luis Rey was not "the second Mission founded," but the eighteenth, and came twenty-eight years after the second. Its highest enrollment of neophytes was not 869 (which number 17 Missions surpassed), but 2,869.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

Los Angeles, California.

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The War in the East: At Sea

While last week's war news contained no such thrilling accounts of sea battles as those of the previous week at Port Arthur and Chemulpho, events make it increasingly evident that Japan now possesses a preponderance of sea power over Russia, and that this consists not alone in superiority in the number and power of war vessels, but arises also from the fact that Russia's war forces are divided and ill placed. In fact, the situation in large measure confirms the opinion expressed by a writer in an English review before the outbreak of the war, that Russia might as well dock her war vessels in European harbors, leave them there in safety until the end of the war, and not attempt to draw from their use a possible benefit. At Port Arthur the Russian fleet lies partly shattered, and no longer strong enough to emerge and engage a superior Japanese force; on Sunday of last week for the second time the Japanese torpedo-boats attacked the Russian ships in the outer harbor; the results are still in doubt, though the Japanese believe that in the dense fog they sank one transport and one war vessel, perhaps the Boyarin, which the Russians say was blown up by one of their own mines, although it is possible that instead the Bayan, one of Russia's finest cruisers, may have been destroyed by the Japanese, and the Boyarin destroyed by the mine; at all events, it is certain that in the two attacks and through accidents at least half a dozen Russian vessels have been incapacitated for sea battles, although some of them may still be useful for harbor defense. Turning to the Russian squadron which, after war began, broke its way out from the partly ice-bound harbor of Vladivostok, nothing was heard

from it last week; these four cruisers are plainly too weak a force to engage a strong Japanese fleet, or to force their way through the straits between Korea and Japan to join the ships at Port Arthur; possibly they have returned to Vladivostok; possibly they may harry some of the towns of the Japanese islands; but as a serious factor in the naval war the squadron is not formidable. As to the small Russian naval force which has passed through the Suez Canal, it is now at a French port near the southern end of the Red Sea. It will be interesting to note whether France allows these ships to do more than take on coal enough to carry them to the nearest Russian port, as the rules of international law provide; even if the ships sail to the seat of war, they will be in great danger of capture, and a recent despatch declares that they have been ordered back to Europe. Repeated rumors of the despatch of Russia's Baltic fleet to the East still lack confirmation. Meanwhile, the Japanese naval force has been increased by the arrival of the two ships purchased from Argentine, the Niasin and the Kasaga. Tokyo advices declare positively that Japan has not yet lost a ship or had one seriously injured; and the Russian claims that a Japanese cruiser was sunk at Chemulpho and that torpedo-boats were destroyed at Port Arthur give no names and are not well established. The exact disposition of the Japanese fleet is carefully kept a secret, but evidently it is so divided as to hold in check either of the Russian naval forces above described, and at the same time to convoy Japanese troops as they are moved to the field of hostilities. It is reported that Russia has sent out Vice-Admiral Makarov to take the chief

command of her naval forces in the East.



**The War in the East:
On Land**

But the superiority of Japan at sea by no means implies that the war will be a short one, or that its issue is already indicated. On the contrary, Russia's main dependence must be on her army, and it is stated that before long she will have a force of 400,000 men available for the campaigns in Manchuria and Korea. The statement that the town of Harbin is to be the Russian base of operations must not, we take it, be interpreted to mean that Port Arthur is to be abandoned, or that the line of railway running north from Port Arthur to Harbin through Mukden is ~~not~~ to be defended; while it is certain that the northern part of Korea, bounded by the Yalu River, will be the scene of important field operations. But Harbin is clearly the natural and inevitable base and center of Russian operations. It is the point where the main Siberian railway, the sole line of communication with Russia, branches, one section going south to Mukden, Niuchuang, and Port Arthur, the other nearly east to Vladivostok. Viceroy Alexiev will therefore make Harbin his headquarters, and from it, as a base of stores and center of operations, strengthen his advance or defense as the case may be, whether on the line toward Port Arthur or in the other direction. The Japanese army movements have been managed with great secrecy. It is known that a large force of Russians is close to the Yalu River, and that it has occupied Wiju, an important town on the Korean side of the river. It has even been asserted that the Russians have gone as far south as Pingyang and have found no Japanese force there. This seems doubtful, or, if true, remarkable, and suggestive of some explanation not now evident. At all events, the Japanese have a large force at or near Seoul, the capital of Korea, and last week three army divisions (thirty-six thousand men) sailed in transports from Japan, their destination being still, as we write, not certainly known. They may have gone to the vicinity of the Yalu

River, or they may have been landed north of Port Arthur, or on the western side of the Liaotung Gulf, for the purpose, in the first place, of cutting off Port Arthur from the Russian line of communication, and, in the second, of cutting the railway between Niuchuang and Peking and advancing toward Mukden from that point. Other Japanese troops have probably landed at Wonsan, on Korea's eastern coast. General Kuropatkin, the Russian Minister of War, has been appointed supreme commander of the Russian land forces, and, as we note above, a new commander-in-chief of the navy has been appointed. It seems probable, therefore, that Viceroy Alexiev's powers are to be hereafter chiefly civil. Possibly this may denote dissatisfaction with the unready condition of the Russians at the opening of the war—on the night of the attack on Port Arthur it is said that half of the Russian officers were in town celebrating the Viceroy's birthday, and the fleet was absolutely unprepared for attack, although war was imminent.



Sinews of War Although Russia, in the present conflict with Japan, has an immense preponderance of military forces, Americans are apt to forget the extreme difficulty of placing and maintaining a great Russian force in Manchuria. Vladivostok is farther from Moscow than is San Francisco from Boston, and the field of operations is connected with the base of supplies by a single-track railway of immense length, not yet wholly complete, very hastily built, interrupted by a lake over which there is a ferry of more than twenty miles, with a running capacity not exceeding eighteen or twenty miles an hour, through a very thinly inhabited section of country, and with constant danger of interruptions by skillful enemies perfectly posted in regard to the location and condition of the road in all parts. It will be an immense undertaking to support three hundred thousand men over this road. In the opinion of a good many military experts in Europe, 250,000 men represents the largest army which Russia can properly support in

Manchuria. The financial centers of Europe have been a good deal disturbed by the possibility of heavy drafts by both Russia and Japan in order to carry on the war. So far, neither country has shown any inclination to draw upon Europe. Japan intends to float a war loan of about \$50,000,000 at home, and Russia has begun by issuing treasury notes to the extent of \$25,000,000. During the Chinese war, nine years ago, Japan astonished the financial world by raising about \$112,000,000 by loans absorbed at home and by taxation. The Russian Government, among other resources, has over \$500,000,000 in gold and bank notes in reserve; so that, although the financial condition of the country is anything but sound, as Mr. Kennan pointed out in *The Outlook* several weeks ago, the sinews of war for the immediate future are amply supplied.



**Secretary Hay's
Note**

The replies to Secretary Hay's note on China, published last week in *The Outlook*, indicate that all the Powers, including Russia, Japan, and China, have welcomed the note and agreed cordially to its suggestion that the war shall be localized and the neutral rights of China respected, with the understanding, however, that this is not to exclude part of Manchuria and the whole of Korea from being the scene of war, nor to affect Russian or Japanese rights already existing. It was of course certain from the course events have taken that the war would be fought largely, if not entirely, in nominally neutral territory; and as Russia's claims in Manchuria and Japan's claims in Korea were the cause of the war, the contest, if it took place at all, was bound to recognize those facts. Russia's reply to Secretary Hay is a virtual acceptance of the principle of his note, with the proviso that nothing in it shall be taken to affect Russia's control of her railroads in Manchuria and right to protect them. The Russian and French view of Mr. Hay's note is evidently that the much-discussed phrase about the "administrative entity" of China does not materially affect the position of the

Powers on the question of China's integrity, but it is now agreed that the war shall not cause a divergence from the positions already taken by the Powers in this respect. Japan has also sent a diplomatic note to China, not only giving assurance in line with Mr. Hay's note, but further declaring that the war is being waged by Japan, not for conquest, but solely for the defense of her legitimate rights and interests, and that, consequently, the Japanese Government has no intention to acquire territory, as a result of the conflict, at the expense of China.



**The Russian
Press Censorship**

The announcement that Russia has abolished the censorship on telegrams from Russia to other countries records a welcome reform, so far as it goes, and may suggest to Russians the desire to be treated by their Government as well as it treats foreigners. Despatches from St. Petersburg state that on account of restrictions of the press censorship the Russian public is left almost wholly in the dark with regard to the progress of the war in the Far East. The newspapers of the capital are allowed to publish only the meager bulletins that appear in the "Official Gazette," and two daily journals (the "Russ" and the St. Petersburg "Vedomosti") have already been punished for giving currency to war news that proved to be erroneous. The severity and exasperating nature of the Russian press censorship may be indicated by reference to a few of the "warnings" given or punishments inflicted upon Russian newspapers in the last five years, and the titles of the articles to which official objection was made. The "Novoe Vremya," one of the most important daily journals in the Empire, was held up for a week on account of an editorial entitled "Labor Troubles." The "Russki Vedomosti," of Moscow, was suspended for two months because it published an article upon "The Collection of Subscriptions for the Dukhobors." The "Khozain" had to go out of business for six months on account of an editorial entitled "Culture in the Zemstvos." Dozens of other papers and magazines were suspended for periods

of from two to eight months, without the assignment of any definite reasons, and upon the ground merely that their "tendency" was "prejudicial." Among the periodicals "warned," forbidden to print advertisements, or deprived of street and hotel sales, were the "Russki Trud," for a letter describing "Two Days in Helsingfors;" the "Slovo," for comments on "Trade Unions;" the "Sin Otechestva," for an editorial on "The Woman Question;" the "Slovo," a second time, for a discussion of the "Problems of Contemporary France and West-European Civilization;" the "Voskhod," for an article on "Liberty of Conscience;" the St. Petersburg "Vedomosti," for an editorial on the same subject; the "Khozain," a second time, for an article on "Evils of the Day;" the "Severni Viestnik," for a review of "Contemporary Science;" the "Severni Kurier," for an article on "The Complications of Life;" and the "Mirovie Otgosloski," for manifesting what the censor called "a light-minded tendency." It is not easy to understand how papers that live under the harrow of such a censorship, and that are punished every few months by prohibition of street sales or deprivation of the right to print advertisements, can retain spirit and cheerfulness enough to manifest "a light-minded tendency;" but an editor may be light-minded without being light-hearted; and it is possible that the light-mindedness of the "Mirovie Otgosloski" was shown merely in a disposition to ridicule or satirize some stupid bureaucratic regulation whose "tendency" would be to increase "The Complications of Life."



Curiosities of the Censorship

The reasons assigned by Russian censors for red-penciling words, phrases, or paragraphs that seem to them objectionable are often very curious and extraordinary. In a volume of recently published "Recollections" Professor Nikitenko, of the St. Petersburg University, says that in a long article upon a philosophical subject which he once wrote for a Russian review he made the apparently innocent statement that a certain principle was "the corner-stone

of Comte's system of philosophy." The civil censor, to whom the manuscript was first submitted, passed it as a whole, without suggestion or alteration; but the ecclesiastical censor, whose approval was also necessary, returned it to the author with a red-pencil line drawn through the compound word "corner-stone." Feeling a curiosity to know what possible objection there could be to this word, Professor Nikitenko called on the ecclesiastical censor, and asked him the question. The censor's face assumed a very grave and severe expression as he replied solemnly, "The word 'corner-stone' is used in the Holy Scriptures to designate, or symbolize, our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and it must not be used in connection with any profane system of philosophy"! Some years later, Professor Nikitenko himself became a member of the St. Petersburg Bureau of Censorship, and he states that at one of its regular meetings, when the particular book under consideration happened to be a compendium of general history for the use of schools, the chairman seriously proposed to strike out all references to Mohammed and the rise and spread of Mohammedanism, on the ground that "Mohammedanism is a false religion, and Mohammed himself was a good-for-nothing (*negodia*), anyway." A Russian author who had translated a foreign novel called "Passion's Slave" was informed by the censor, to whom he sent the manuscript, that it could not be approved under that title, for the reason that "his Gracious Imperial Majesty, Alexander Nikolaievitch, had freed all the serfs in Russia, and there were no longer any slaves in the empire." The translator protested against this decision, on the ground that the book was a work of fiction, and had nothing whatever to do with involuntary servitude in its historical aspect. The censor, however, was inflexible, and the exasperated translator finally said, "I suppose you would have no objection if I should substitute 'negro' for 'slave.'" The official replied, blandly, that "Passion's Negro" would meet with his approval, and under that absurd title the book was published, and had a

large sale. Another censor objected to the words "prussic acid" in a textbook on chemistry translated from an English original. "In Germany," he said to the translator, "they call it 'hydrocyanic acid,' and you must do the same, because 'prussic acid' will be sure to give offense to the Germans, which, at the present moment, is not our policy at all." These, of course, are extreme illustrations of censorial stupidity and muddle-headedness, but the whole system is irritating both to editors and readers, and it is particularly exasperating in time of war. The "Novoe Vremya" said, only a few days ago, in commenting on the suppression of war news, "Let us know the worst; we are not children!" But the Russian Government still persists in treating its people as minor wards, who are not to be trusted either with freedom of speech or with knowledge of facts.



The English Ministry The Balfour Ministry received another shock on Monday night of last week, when Mr. John Morley's amendment to the King's speech, declaring that a return to protective duties would be injurious, was defeated after a long debate by the small majority of fifty-one—less than half the majority which the Ministry has commanded for many months past. The resolution, which was very skillfully drawn, was an expression of lack of confidence in the Government, and was debated at great length, Mr. Chamberlain remaining silent and various members of the Ministry endeavoring to make clear to a somewhat skeptical house that Mr. Balfour's proposed scheme of retaliation had nothing in common with protective duties. Even the small majority must not be counted as indicating support of the proposed fiscal measures; many men voted to support the Government who, in a general election, will stand by free-trade principles. Perhaps the most significant aspect of the vote was the defection of the Irish Nationalists from the Ministerial party. The Irish party in Parliament has, as a matter of fact, but one interest, and Mr. Redmond explained that the Irish mem-

bers did not intend to deal with the fiscal question as a group; they were only glad of an opportunity of expressing their lack of confidence in the Government. The Nationalist members care only for Home Rule, and their position in Parliament with reference to the two parties is determined solely by the interests of that cause. Mr. Redmond has recently declared that the Ministry has not kept its promises. Mr. Wyndham has exercised a distinct influence as a mediator, but it looks as if he could not go far enough to satisfy his Irish allies. He has refused so far to equip an Irish Catholic University, but if he had done so he would not have satisfied his allies; apparently they will be content with nothing short of Home Rule. It is not probable that the Government can accept the conditions which the Irish Nationalists will impose upon it as precedent to their continued allegiance, but it does not necessarily follow that the Irish votes will be immediately withdrawn, since the Irish have as little to gain now from the Opposition as from the Government.



Senator Hanna The death of Senator Hanna has evoked an extraordinary expression of personal regard based on the frankness, cordiality, and natural kindliness of a man who in eight years had put himself well to the front in public life. Of the quality of his public service and of his conception of the work of a statesman *The Outlook* gave some account last week. When a man dies, it is his personal character which for the moment absorbs attention. In Senator Hanna's case expression has been singularly cordial and kindly. Every public honor has been accorded him. The State funeral held in the Senate Chamber on Wednesday of last week was attended by the President and his Cabinet, by representatives of the diplomatic corps, by members of the Supreme Court, of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives. The services were of the simplest character; and Dr. Hale's tribute, although brief, did not lack tenderness. He quoted the comment, "Hanna is a man who means to apply

to politics the methods of business men of honor." The United Mine Workers, in accordance with an order issued by President Mitchell, ceased work on the afternoon of the public funeral as a token of respect. On the following day the body of the Senator lay in state in the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce in Cleveland, and on Friday the funeral services were held in St. Paul's Episcopal Church. The procession to the church passed through immense throngs, and the church was crowded to the doors, Bishop Leonard, Dr. McGrew, pastor of the church, and President Pierce, of Kenyon College, conducting the services. No demonstration of affection and respect was lacking, and unaffected expression of sorrow was noted on all sides. The discussion in regard to the succession in the Senatorship from Ohio deals so far chiefly with the names of the Hon. Charles Dick, who has had long experience in practical politics as Chairman of the Ohio Republican Executive Committee and as Secretary of the Republican National Committee, and who is now serving his fourth term as a Representative in Congress of the nineteenth Ohio district; the Hon. Theodore E. Burton, who has been in Congress since 1895, and who is Chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors; and the Hon. M. T. Herrick, of Cleveland, now Governor of the State. Judge Taft's name has also been mentioned, but he has just taken up his work as Secretary of War, and as his ambition is understood to be judicial rather than legislative, it is doubtful whether he would accept a transfer to the Senate if it were offered him.

Fair Play and the Indians

Mr. Kennan on another page gives a dispassionate and striking account of the latest attempt to rob the Indian wards of the Nation. While this robbery was undoubtedly instigated and planned in South Dakota, unfortunately Congress and the Interior Department were made—although perhaps unconsciously—accomplices before the fact. We may perhaps venture to say that this piece of gross injustice to Indians

was brought to the attention of the President through the instrumentality of The Outlook, and that owing to his personal indignation at the proposed mean bargain the swindle has been blocked. It is fair, on the one hand, to say that the Secretary of the Interior and the Indian Commissioner are personally not in the slightest degree involved in the proposed corrupt sale, but that they have yielded to the political pressure which is so constantly brought to bear upon administrative officials by members of the legislative branch of the Government. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that the Indian Commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior are put in their respective offices to do exactly the thing they have not done in this case—to advise with regard to legislation as experts, and to block, in so far as they can, legislation which is either dishonorable or unwise as it may touch their own departments. For them to plead, as in this case they have done, that they approved bills regarding the Indians which they deemed not only to be unwise but unjust and possibly even dishonest, because of political pressure, is like saying that nobody is to blame for the explosion of the boiler because the metal was not strong enough to resist a steam pressure which the boiler had been expressly manufactured to resist.



Ex-President Cleveland's Platform

The Outlook has already reported the political platforms of Mr. Bryan and Representative Williams. We here give an epitome of the platform of ex-President Cleveland as he presents it to the readers of the "Saturday Evening Post" (of Philadelphia) in its issue of February 20. Like most of what Mr. Cleveland says and writes, it is admirable in its spirit, though somewhat vague in its definition of policies. He declares his belief that there is "an opportunity for Democratic success in the coming Presidential election," because of the "abandonment by the party in power of our National traditions and maxims, its disregard of our National moral restraints, . . . and its contemptuous neglect of our National

mission." But he is also confident that "if success is to be gathered from such opportunity, our party has fearless, outspoken, and heroic work to do. This is no time for cunning finesse, nor for the use of words that conceal intentions or carry a double meaning." "Obsolete issues, and questions no longer challenging popular interest, should be manfully abandoned; and the presentment of our claims to the people's confidence should be short, simple, and courageous." The party should pledge itself to tariff reform and economy in public expenditure. Anti-trust legislation is not by name mentioned; but the somewhat vague paragraph which will be interpreted as bearing upon that subject warns the party against "extravagant and misleading promises of futile interference" with monopolistic greed, and demands a constant recognition of the line of demarcation between Federal and State regulation and correction of "abuses that threaten the people's prosperity and protection." Mr. Cleveland condemns vigorously the action of our Government in the Philippines, and demands the early establishment and recognition of Philippine independence; condemns our action in Panama, though with less vigor, and in general terms demands that "such conflicting claims and contested authority as may grow out of the step already taken for the creation and construction of the Panama Canal shall be regarded in a spirit of broad conciliation and with ready and scrupulous care for the dictates of international morality as well as the rules of international law." If we may be permitted to epitomize this platform of Mr. Cleveland in seven sentences, we should do it thus: Keep silence on the currency question; Reform the tariff; Cut down expenditures; Leave the Trusts to State legislation; Get out of the Philippines at the earliest possible date; Build the Panama Canal; Pay Colombia for the damage she has suffered. On the whole, it is safe to say that this letter will be regarded, and rightly, as a challenge to the Bryan wing of the Democratic party, quite as much as to the Republican party. Mr. Cleveland's hope of success for the Democratic party must rest, we think, largely

on his conviction that Bryanism is dead because Bryan has been twice defeated. If so, we anticipate that he will find evidence of his mistake in the next National Democratic Convention.



Woman Suffrage Extolled

From the 11th to the 18th of February the thirty-sixth annual Woman's Suffrage Convention was held in the city of Washington. Its meetings were crowded; its delegates were received by the President; its speakers included several eminent women. The fact that in Australia, for the first time in federal elections, women cast their ballots last December was a cause for much gratified comment. Limited suffrage has been exercised by women in parts of Australia before, but not the federal franchise. Of almost every extension of the suffrage the immediate effect has been to strengthen the conservative element in the electorate, and the extension of the suffrage to women has generally been no exception. In Australia, however, although in the tariff stronghold the women were protectionists and in the free-trade stronghold the women proved to be free-traders, the ballots of the women in Victoria, Queensland, and West Australia brought great gains to the labor party. At the Washington Convention Miss Anthony contrasted the triumph of woman suffrage in Australia with the struggles of its early advocates, and traced the growth of the movement from its beginnings, when women were given in one locality after another the privilege of voting on school questions, to the present, when women vote in many municipal and State elections. A shrewd policy is observable in the adoption by the Convention of two plans: one, to extend the activities of the organized woman suffragists to the advocacy of social reforms in general; the other, to meet the argument of opponents who say that women do not want the ballot by increasing the membership of suffrage associations. By combining the two plans, the suffragists can say to women who are indifferent on the subject of the ballot but are eager to ameliorate factory conditions, for

instance, "We are working for better factory laws—join us;" and then can turn to the anti-suffragists and say, "Our increased membership is proof that women want the ballot." It seemed to be the conclusion that it was best to emphasize the propaganda for full suffrage, as experience had shown that getting limited suffrage, such as the right to vote in school elections, proved an obstacle to further advance, because it left the women satisfied with the half-way measure. People who do not believe that it would be to the advantage either of women or of society that the burden of the suffrage should be imposed upon women can nevertheless join the delegates to the Woman's Suffrage Convention in rejoicing in the enlargement of women's opportunities that has been characteristic of the last half-century.



**Local Option
Under Fire**

Again the attempt is being made to undermine the local option law of New York State. As it is now, every town has the privilege of voting Yes or No on each and all of the following questions: Shall liquor be sold in (1) saloons "to be drunk on the premises"? (2) in hotels to be used by guests? (3) in grocery-stores, not to be drunk on the premises? (4) in drug-stores on a physician's prescription? A bill has been introduced into the Legislature to exempt hotels from this list. This means that no town would be able to prohibit the sale of liquor any day, Sunday included; it would mean the establishment of bar-rooms open seven days in the week in towns all over the State against the will of those towns. In the old days, when the license system prevailed, the officials could refuse a license to any man they decided to be unfit; under the present law, if the sale of liquor is allowed at all, it is allowed to anybody who pays the tax. The passage of the proposed bill would mean the destruction of local option in New York State and the establishment throughout the State, practically without restraint, of houses that would be worse than saloons. The time when up-State legislators are arguing against granting

home-rule privileges for New York City on the ground that they wish to protect "the American Sabbath," is hardly appropriate for the introduction of a bill legalizing Sunday selling in every town.



**Mayor McClellan as a
Municipal Administrator**

During the campaign before the election in New York City last fall there was frequent assertion of the belief that if the Tammany candidate should be elected the administration of city affairs would lapse into the condition existing under Mayor Van Wyck, when the City Hall became the center of a government by Tammany and for Tammany. Many people, not without justification, took counsel of their fears. Tammany has now been in power almost two months. It cannot be doubted that the pressure which believers in good government have to withstand is stronger now than before the beginning of the year; but Mayor McClellan, at least, has shown no small ability in withstanding that pressure. On three points particularly he has stood for government in the interest, not of corporations or politicians, but of the city. His energetic but temperate measures on behalf of safety in theater construction have won wide approval. Calling the theatrical managers of the city together, he presented to them the city's demands; and theaters which have not complied within a reasonable time he has caused to be closed pending enforced alterations. He has vetoed a measure passed by the Board of Aldermen giving, without compensation and without stipulations as to the exemption of the city from unnecessary expense, a franchise to a transit company, and has taken the occasion of the veto to lay down certain sound principles which ought to be observed in every such case. And he has approved and promoted the plan to use the salt water of the rivers and harbor for fire purposes, thus lending the weight of his office to the movement for this progressive project. The fact that he has written a book on the Oligarchy of Venice, of sufficient value to be published by a firm of high standing, is an

additional indication that the spirit in which he is undertaking the solution of municipal problems is not petty or sordid. While the campaign was in progress last fall, The Outlook said the issue was one between the partisan and the non-partisan theory of municipal government. We believe most strongly that the partisan theory for which Mr. McClellan stands is a mistaken one, and, so far as it prevails, will prove harmful to the best kind of city government; but since he believes in it, he has thus far taken to a considerable degree the best mode of commending it to the people.



Law Instead of Lynching

Under the leadership of Governor Montague, Virginia has planted herself squarely on the side of civilization against barbarism. On January 31 a negro in Roanoke entered the house of a white man and made an assault on his wife and little daughter, the details of which are so fiendishly brutal that it is quite impossible to print them and it would be impossible for most people to read them. There could not have been a more terrible provocation than this brutal negro gave to the community, and the passion for vengeance took possession of the town. Governor Montague was in Florida when a telegram reached him giving an account of the assault. He took the first train home. It was obviously impossible to secure a fair trial at Roanoke, and the Governor induced the Legislature to pass a bill empowering a trial judge to remove into another jurisdiction a prisoner who petitioned for a change of venue. Judge Woods, of Roanoke, refused to act under this law, and the Governor, in order to protect the prisoner, ordered out a large body of militia from Richmond, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Suffolk, and other towns, and sent them to Roanoke by special train. A jury was impaneled, and the criminal was tried and sentenced within a few hours to be hung on the eighteenth day of March, six weeks after the crime was committed. By his prompt action Governor Montague has protected the established rights of a criminal, no matter what his crime, by surrounding him

with troops and securing a trial by jury. He has protected the interests of the State by the promptness with which the trial was secured and the certainty of the execution of the death penalty within a few weeks of the commission of the crime. Governor Montague has also secured the passage by the Legislature of Virginia of a law which provides that women who have been made victims of criminal assault shall not be compelled to give evidence in regard to the details of the assault in open court, but the testimony may be taken by deposition at their own homes and read to the jury. For obvious reasons, the great majority of women would not be willing to give such testimony in open court, and there are a good many women who would prefer death to narrating such an experience in a court-room. So long as proper provision is made for cross-examination, it would seem as if there could not be any objection to this law, while its advantages are very many. Governor Montague's action cannot be too highly commended, and public opinion in Virginia, as voiced by the press, thoroughly sustains him. He has cut the ground out from under the lyncher's own arguments; he has protected a criminal in danger from a mob by instantly invoking the military power of the State; he has secured a prompt trial; he has protected the rights of victims by providing for the taking of testimony in private; it only remains, as a further safeguard, to abolish appeals, except on certificate of the trial judge. This was in many ways a test case. The crime is probably the most horrible ever committed in the State of Virginia; the brute who committed it seems to have exhausted his ingenuity in devising means of fiendish torture. The heart of the community was wrung by the appalling offense against a child and a respectable woman; there was every incentive to passionate vengeance; but the Governor has kept the record of the State clean, and has shown the way to secure prompt punishment without mob violence. His course is a vindication of the superiority of civilized over barbarous methods, and confirms the high estimation in which he is held both in the North and in the South

as an Executive of character, statesmanship, and forceful personality.



Berea College The Lower House of the Kentucky Legislature, by a party vote, passed a bill last week prohibiting co-education of the races in any of the educational institutions of the State, with an amendment permitting corporations conducting such schools to maintain separate schools which must be at least twenty-five miles apart. This action will be a great disappointment to those who expected better things from so enlightened a State; for the measure is aimed at a single institution, and that institution one of the most useful in the United States—a college which is working for the betterment of the State of Kentucky more directly, probably, and in certain important ways more efficiently, than any other institution of learning within the borders of the commonwealth. Berea was founded by Southerners who held anti-slavery views, for the purpose of affording a rational education to negroes as well as to whites. It was organized as a Christian institution, and as such was "opposed to sectarianism, slaveholding, caste, and every other wrong institution and practice." It has been doing its work in the face of great obstacles, and with the unflinching self-sacrifice of consecrated teachers, for nearly fifty years; it has accumulated a considerable endowment and has awakened great interest, especially among those Northern men and women who have appreciated the high quality of its work and the self-sacrificing spirit of its instructors. It has appealed especially to the young men and young women of the mountain region, and the emphasis of its work has lain with them. It has now on its roll 174 colored students and 803 white students. Of these white students a large majority come from the mountain regions. Berea is the college of the mountain people, whose story President Frost has told with convincing eloquence in many parts of the country. To him, more than to any other man, is due the widespread interest in the mountain population, numbering two millions of people, and more

sovereignly in need of education than any other white population in the United States. To these people Berea is furnishing a practical education at a nominal cost. It has served, and it has the opportunity of serving, the State of Kentucky in a more direct way and with a larger reach of immediate influence for good than any other institution in the State. President Frost is a scholar who gave up a position in the field that he loved best, at a great sacrifice of income, to become the servant of Kentucky. He is surrounded by a group of men and women whose salaries are of the smallest, and whose service is of the most generous quality and character. The College has accumulated the largest college library in the State, it owns a large tract of land in a charming section of the country, it has put up numerous buildings, it has an endowment fund of \$450,000, and it has received and expended annually during recent years an additional sum of \$30,000, the gifts of generous men and women. There has never been a scandal connected with the institution. Both races have met in the class-room, but there has never been any attempt to teach the doctrine of general social equality. The teachers of the College have favored a separation of races in the public schools of Kentucky, and have been opposed to anything which tended to amalgamation of the races; and it is said that during the history of the College no scandal of any kind has stained its record. The Legislature of Kentucky has a right to forbid the teaching of the two races under the same roof in any institution sustained by public funds. But Berea is not sustained by public funds; it is a private institution; no one goes to it unless he or she chooses to go. It is a serious question whether the State Legislature has a right to step in and declare that young men and young women of different races shall not be taught together in the same recitation-rooms if they choose. The course of Berea has been so conservative, its record so stainless, its value to the State and to the Nation so great, that the best friends of Kentucky will earnestly hope that better counsels will prevail, and that a bill

which strikes at one of the most efficient instruments of civilization in a commonwealth which has long been notable for the generosity of its spirit will not become a law.



The Distribution of Immigrants

Commissioner Sargent, of the Bureau of Immigration, in his latest report recommended the establishment of a bureau of information to assist newly arrived aliens in becoming acquainted with America. In accordance with this recommendation, a bill has been drawn up providing for the establishment of such a bureau, and is now under consideration by the Immigration Committee of the Senate. The bill ought to meet with favorable action. Under present conditions immigrants are becoming concentrated in the East, for the most part in the large cities, and especially in and about the city of New York. This congestion of aliens is very nearly, if not altogether, the most menacing feature of the present immigration. It is only natural that such congestion should exist. Inertia, which is a trait of human beings as well as of inanimate bodies, favors it. A stranger will not go any further from the port where he arrives than he has to go, without some good reason. Then, too, the immediate effective demand for labor which the immigrant encounters on his arrival is more convincing than a demand which, though it may be more pressing, comes at second hand from a distance. Social congestion, moreover, unlike physiological congestion, is contagious. Where the most foreigners are, incoming foreigners are most likely to find friends and there most likely to settle. Commissioner Sargent's plan is to establish an office on Ellis Island in New York Harbor where the authorities could put before the immigrants directly the advantages of various parts of the country, show pictures of the South and the West that would indicate to the Italian or the Swede or the Hungarian the places where he might find a home most nearly approaching in characteristics the home he had left, and make clear the demand for his labor which he would never learn from those who are

likely to offer him work in New York. In other words, the proposed measure is designed to supplement the restriction of immigration with a wise distribution of the immigrants who are admitted.



Wage-Earners and Christian Associations

At the biennial Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York State, held at Utica February 11-14, a remarkable series of papers was read on religious forces among the industrial classes. The topic included the work of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association; and the cause of success in this branch was treated from two points of view: from the first, it was shown by a railroad official to be of economic value to the railroad companies by improving the morale of the men, and therefore increasing the utility of the railroads as public servants; from the second, it was shown by an Association secretary to be due partly to the kind of men attracted by railroad life and the flexibility of the methods prevailing in railroad Associations. More striking in some respects, because more unfamiliar, was the discussion of the progress of religious work among factory operatives, artisans, and employed boys. It is surprising to learn from these papers the extent to which wage-earners have entered into the life of Young Men's Christian Associations. In Germany the Associations have spread chiefly among the industrial classes. In Rochester, New York, sixty per cent. of the membership is reported as mechanics. In Leicestershire, where seventy-five per cent. of the population are artisans, artisans constitute eighty per cent. of the membership. Such facts show that wage-earners do not necessarily find the Association uncongenial. Indeed, it was declared that in Associations where there were many wage-earners, class distinctions were not drawn. Emphasis was laid on the fact that what is called distinctively religious work and flexibility in social and "welfare" elements were both essential in promoting the Association among workmen. As Dr. L. L. Dogget said, two-thirds of

the young men of our cities are engaged in industrial and mechanical pursuits, and the Young Men's Christian Association will not find its real field until it finds men of this kind the dominant factor in its own life. The papers read on this subject at the Convention are important enough to deserve a permanent form.



**Richard Strauss and
His Music**

On the arrival of
Richard Strauss in
the United States

there is to begin a series of concerts made up of his compositions and conducted by him. He is the most extreme prophet of what is called programme music that ever put crotchets and quavers on paper or waved a baton. In some households the grandfather has been known to seat himself at the piano, call the children about him, and inquire if they wished a story. To their chorused "yes" he has begun somewhat after this fashion: "Once upon a time a little girl was walking through a forest"—hereupon with his forefinger he picks out slowly a diatonic scale in the middle of the keyboard; "she hears the birds singing"—he strikes a few notes way up in the treble; "but in the distance she hears the sound of thunder"—and he runs his fingers over the notes in the deep bass. So he goes on, while the children listen open-mouthed. Substitute for the grandfather a young man who knows apparently all that ever has been known about the technique of music and a good deal besides; put instead of the piano an orchestra composed of all the instruments that are ever used in a modern orchestra and other things that are not musical instruments; change the story from the young girl in the forest to the experiences of Cervantes's hero or the aspirations of a heroic soul or even the teachings of Nietzsche's philosophy, described not by a voice but in a printed programme, and you have Strauss's orchestral compositions. The question arises, Is this musical art? We do not undertake to say what the ultimate verdict will be on Strauss's dissonant harmonies which to many even educated musical hearers sound like cacophony, or, in plain lan-

guage, din. We do not forget that some of Beethoven's contemporaries were indignant at the sounds he perpetrated. The question is not whether Strauss's compositions are noise or music, but whether they are art or merely entertainment. As a prelude to Strauss's arrival, the Boston Symphony Orchestra last week performed his "Theme with Variations," Don Quixote. He undertakes in this to portray Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, the fighting with the windmills, the encounter with the sheep, and other incidents, and even to express musically Don Quixote's "false conclusions." One auditor was greatly amused at the verisimilitude of the sound of the windmills until he learned that it represented the bleating of sheep, and then he was amused still more. Unquestionably Strauss can and does write passages of great beauty—music luminous with sweeping streaks of color like Northern Lights—but as yet in his orchestral works they are episodic.



**The Situation
in San Domingo**

The disturbed condition of affairs in San Domingo described in The Outlook last week and the renewal of the repeated attacks on American property by the insurgents resulted, it now seems, in summary action by the United States forces on February 12. The insurgents had fired upon the Clyde Line steamship New York, while she was discharging cargo. The United States cruiser Newark returned the fire, shelled the camp of the insurgents, and later landed marines who drove the insurgents back. This action is regarded by the officials in Washington merely as an assertion of the right of the United States to protect American life and property. The fact that our forces acted in aid of the established government is evidence of the improbability that the United States has any intention or desire to assume control of the government of San Domingo. It is emphatically stated in official circles in Washington that no one connected with the Administration had the slightest desire to annex San Domingo.

The War in the East

Mr. George Kennan as Special Correspondent

It gives The Outlook great satisfaction to announce that Mr. George Kennan, whose expeditions to Cuba and Martinique on behalf of The Outlook will be recalled with interest by our readers, will start almost immediately for Japan and the Orient, as the exclusive representative of The Outlook at the scene of the Russo-Japanese war. Mr. Kennan is one of the first of living English-speaking experts concerning the political, social, economic, and human life of modern Russia. Contrary to a belief which seems to prevail among some people, Mr. Kennan is not a hater of Russia. He is rather a hater of the despotism of Russian bureaucracy and autocracy, but a believer in and an admirer of the Russian people, their virility and their genius. He writes and speaks Russian, and is in constant touch with Russia through personal correspondence and Russian newspapers and current literature. He now goes to the Orient to make for The Outlook—in so far as he can in a year's time—studies of the Japanese, Chinese, and Korean peoples in the same spirit with which he has studied the Russian people. He does not go merely as a war correspondent. Mr. Kennan will consider not merely the war, nor first of all the war, but primarily the racial, human, and economic causes which are at the bottom of the Eastern question. If peace should be declared to-morrow, he would still make the expedition, for The Outlook believes that the causes of the present military conflict and the results to follow from it are of permanent and world-wide interest in the history of modern civilization.

Mr. Kennan, by nature, training, and experience, as our readers know from his contributions to The Outlook during the last six years, is especially fitted to observe and study the ebb and flow, the rise and fall, of the great conflict between racial and commingling forces in the East; and to report them to our readers, not only in a deeply interesting

and vivid narrative, but with philosophic interpretation. The United States will watch the Eastern conflict, not only as a spectator, but to a large degree as a nation directly interested. Whether we welcome the fact or not, the United States, from its responsibilities in the Philippines and Hawaii and through its important and influential share in the world-diplomacy connected with the East, has duties, responsibilities, and even dangers to face in the racial and international conflict in Asia. Mr. Kennan will make it a special part of his undertaking to study and report upon the relations of the American people and Government to the Eastern question. In pursuit of this work he will visit not only Japan, Korea, and China, but—before his return—the Philippine Islands and Hawaii. With this purpose in view, we believe he will be able to give the readers of The Outlook a clear as well as a vivid picture of the great international activities in the Far East, in which the United States is, we believe, to play a larger part as time goes on.



Letters to a Minister

The Authority of the Preacher—I.

The writers of the Bible speak with authority. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, it was not to say to the Children of Israel on the plain, I advise you not to steal, not to kill, not to commit adultery; you will be a great deal happier if you do not do these things; the experience of the world indicates that this is disadvantageous. He says, Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery. He speaks with authority. When Isaiah speaks to the Children of Israel, in a later age, he does not say, I think you are mistaken in putting such stress on forms and ceremonies; it is far more important to keep the heart clean than it is to offer sacrifices; the experience of the world indicates this; and there are other good reasons for thinking so. He says, in the name of God, and speaking as for him, "To what purpose are the multitude of your sacrifices? Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil

of your tongues from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well." These prophets spoke in the name of God. Their customary phrase was, "Thus saith the Lord." They spoke with authority. When Christ came, and a great audience of four or five thousand gather to hear that ordination sermon which we call the Sermon on the Mount, he does not argue, he does not philosophize—he declares; and when he has finished, the people say, This man speaks not as the scribes and the Pharisees; this man speaks with authority. He promises to his Apostles similar authority. He says, "Power shall come upon you after the Holy Spirit comes." When Paul writes his Epistles, it is still with power. The Gospel, he says, is the power of God unto salvation. From the first of Exodus to the close of the canon, the end of Revelation, the Bible speaks with authority.

Where did these men get their authority? What was the secret of it? What was its nature? They certainly did not get it from the Bible; because the Bible is composed of what they said; it is the product of their utterances. The Bible gets its authority from the prophets and the Apostles; the prophets and the Apostles do not get their authority from the Bible. That is very clear.

They did not get it from the Church. Moses spoke before any church was organized. The later prophets stood in no relation to the Church; they did not belong to the hierarchy. The priests were in a succession, but the prophets were not. In the later times, Christ and the Apostles did not get their authority from the Church. Christ did not; the Church excommunicated him; the major part of his life the Church was fighting him. Paul did not; the Christian Church was divided on the question whether he was an Apostle or not, and the Jewish Church turned him out of the synagogue. On the whole, it may be said of Christ and the Apostles that the Church antagonized them.

The sacred writers did not get their authority from reason. Their affirmations were not deductions; their revelations were not conclusions of arguments. The Hebrews were not philosophers.

They did not argue, they did not present reasons. Jesus Christ did not argue. Paul argued, but only for the purpose of making the people perceive the conclusion which he had already reached by another process. Sometimes his arguments were very illogical; sometimes the processes were, judged by the standards of philosophy, wrong. He sought to make men see the truth as he saw it; any process would do that opened their eyes to that truth. His most authoritative declarations have no arguments behind them. He says, "We know that all the world travaileth in pain together until now," "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God:" these are not conclusions; no argument precedes them.

These writers did not get their authority from miracles. Granting that all the so-called miracles in the Bible were performed exactly as narrated, still it remains true that the great majority of the Bible teachers performed no miracles, and of those who did perform miracles the great majority made their utterances independent of any miracles.

They did not get their authority from the fulfillment of prophecy. Events occurring from two to four centuries after the death of the prophet could not have given the living prophet his authority. Their authority did not come from prophecy, nor from miracles, nor from argument, nor from the Church, nor from the Bible; and yet they spoke with authority.

Paul has described this authority:

And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

His power was a demonstration of the Spirit. What does that mean? A little later in this Epistle he tells us what it means:

But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that

we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.

Every man has a body, a physical organism. He has a social and intellectual character that is somewhat akin to that of the animal. And he also possesses a spiritual nature, a faith, a hope, a love, that transcend the animal nature, the social nature, the physical nature. This spiritual nature in man searches the deep things of God. It is all the time groping; it is all the time looking for something the eye does not see and even the imagination has not conceived. It feels, it realizes, it knows, because it is spirit; knows something that transcends the senses, something that argument cannot bring, something that logic cannot demonstrate. Every man has this spirit in him. If we so speak that we evoke that spiritual response in the men who listen to us, our words are with authority, because they themselves see also that it is true. We are ourselves revelators. We draw aside the veil that hangs over men's souls, and then they see and know. Not because the church has told them, not because the Bible has told them, not because miracles have attested it, not because fulfilled prophecy has proved it, not because reason has reached it, but because they see it.

This is the authority which underlies the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.

Jesus Christ says, It has been told you, Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I tell you, Do not indulge in lustful thoughts: it has been told you, Thou shalt hate thine enemies, but love thy friends; but I tell you, Love your enemies, do good to them that despitefully use you. What is the authority? This: that in men there is a capacity to see the truth and the beauty of those utterances. There is no need of argument. The congregation go away saying to themselves, That is true. The authority

lies in the preacher because it lies in the heart of the hearer. It lies in the preacher because he is able to evoke in the heart of the hearer the same voice that has spoken within his own heart.

This is the basis of all ethical instruction. Philosophize as we may as to the basis of ethics, the foundation fact is that men are able to see right and wrong. Right is a kind of beauty, and when the beauty is displayed, men recognize it.

If the preacher can so sketch the beauty of truth that ordinary men shall say, I see the beauty, he will speak with authority. And if he cannot so present it, all authority of gowns and crosses, of ordination and the laying on of hands, of books and churches, of arguments and reasons, will not suffice. Authority lies in the power to make men see what the preacher has seen.

L. A.



A Lenten Thought

Finding God

"I *believe* in God! that is a fair and laudable profession; but to *acknowledge* God when and wherever he may reveal himself, this is the only true blessedness on earth." In these striking words Goethe brought into light a serious defect in the spiritual life of the world: the habit of belief in God unreinforced by the habit of looking for and finding him in all the ways and works of life. If God were a far-off spirit, inhabiting eternity in awful isolation, men would be compelled to cast all their hopes and trust their ultimate fortunes upon a single act of faith unsupported by a sense of daily fellowship; to pierce the darkness with a single penetrating ray sent into the enfolding blackness from their own souls, like a beam from a flashlight. Many times in the history of men, and in the minds of many men to-day, this belief in God, detached from all associations, unsustained by signs and tokens, omens and forces about them, has held firm in great crises and been an immovable anchorage in the storm of years.

But God is not a far-off and solitary

spirit to whom the soul ascends by wholly detaching itself from the world and the ways and works of men. God is in the world and in every part of it; time is as much his register as eternity; he moves in the history of the race as certainly as in the vast movement of life outside mortal recording; he gives that history its real significance. His will is throned afar, but it is also expressed in every law under which we live, it is revealed in the very structure of our natures, it touches us through every fine influence that finds its way to our hearts. We are nearer to him than to any of our fellows; for he is within as well as about us, and in him we live and move and have our being.

If these things are true, then the breadth and fullness of a man's religious life are determined, not by the decisiveness with which he affirms his belief in God, but by the comprehensiveness of his acknowledgment of the presence and power of God. The most profoundly religious man is not he who worships God devoutly in one place, but he who finds the whole world ablaze with the light of God's countenance and all life streaming with his power.

We are all going to the Father, as Professor Drummond has told us in one of the most striking and comforting of his many striking and comforting interpretations of time and experience in the light of eternity. We are all going to the Father; that is the real meaning of life. But we are not going to a Father housed afar in unapproachable majesty; we are going to a Father in whose house we are now living, whom we have not seen but who is seeking through everything which surrounds us on our journey to reveal himself to us. Our seeking does not consist in a long and solitary searching in the ends of the world; it consists in so living that we shall come into harmony with his will, and so, through obedience and purity, open our spirits to his coming who surrounds us with himself and is constantly striving to find ways of approach to us. It was a Greek philosopher who created the beautiful fable that man is born into a well-built house in his childhood and that age pulls it down stone by stone

until he stands at last in the undimmed sunlight.

We are all going to the Father, but we are not going alone. We are living in our Father's house and journeying through our Father's country, and all things are ordered for our advancement if we will open our eyes to see that Nature is his, for he made it, and what men call science is the knowledge of his truth; that beauty is his, for it is the vesture he wears and the evidence to the eye of the inward perfection; that the family, the Church, and the State are his, for they are the great schools in which men are trained to be like him; that sorrow and trial and the burdens of life are means and tools in his hands for the making of noble souls; that the vast movement of man's life has been his from its far beginning; that in every age he has spoken with more voices and revealed himself in more ways; and that, through clouds and darkness, the lines of a divine order more and more clearly disclose themselves. The deepest and richest belief in God is born in the souls of those who find him everywhere, and to whom all things and all men are sacred because he made and cares for all.

President Eliot on the Labor Problem

The address of President Eliot, of Harvard University, on Sunday, February 7, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, was of National significance. The mere fact that the President of one of the largest and oldest universities in America met with a body of workingmen, as the guest of a labor union, and addressed them on the labor problem, was itself significant. Unfortunately, the labor unions have generally been addressed by labor leaders only, and audiences of employers by representatives of employers. Even the ministers, as a rule, address congregations of employers, and in so doing are too apt to descant on the duties of the employed. Academic instruction on sociological topics is common, but it is largely given to the sons of employers,

and is either misreported or unreported to workingmen." It is a notable event when so characteristic a body as the Boston Central Labor Union invites so characteristic a representative of the academic life as President Eliot to address it on the labor problem, and he gives the address with that frankness which American audiences have learned always to expect from President Eliot. It is impossible to condense this address into a paragraph, for President Eliot speaks without surplusage. All we can do is to repeat here certain remedies, or at least alterations, which he recommends, or, to quote his own words, his answer to the question, "What modifications of existing labor conditions will tend toward permanent industrial peace, and be absolutely consistent with the democratic ideal of liberty?"

(1) *Steadiness of employment* is reasonably desired by both the workmen and the employer. . . . The instant dismissal of the laborer by the employer, except for the clearest reasons, is brutal, and inconsistent with considerate relations between labor and capital; and even sudden reductions in the working force of a large establishment without notice of previous concert are lamentable, although sometimes unavoidable. . . . The automatic sliding scale of wages also offers advantages in promoting steadiness of employment, and prevents the contests which the inevitable fluctuations of wages are apt to provoke.

(2) Another common need for workmen and employers is that condition of labor which permits *the laborer to have a settled place of abode*. A nomad population can hardly be a civilized one. Only a firmly settled laboring population which desires and expects to pass its life in one spot can be really happy and contented and produce good citizens. . . . It follows that employers or associations of employers that import, or bring from afar, wandering workpeople having no local attachments impair the prospect of establishing just and satisfactory relations between capital and labor.

(3) It is desirable to give the workmen two things which they now but rarely obtain: *First, a voice in the discipline of the works*, including that very important part of discipline, the dealing with complaints; and, *secondly, a direct pecuniary interest besides wages* in the proceeds of the combined application of the capital and the labor to the steady production of salable goods. . . . They almost unanimously believe that it is both right and expedient that they should have a voice in regard to the discipline of the establishment. They also believe, almost unanimously, that the faithful and industrious

workman who works for years in the same industrial establishment has earned something more than the wages paid him. They believe that he has contributed to the reputation of the product and therefore to the good will of the establishment, and that he should have some pecuniary share in the value of that reputation and that good will. They recognize the fact that only the settled or reasonably permanent workman has any claim on this intangible and yet real something. The transitory workman who shifts from one factory to another is evidently entitled to his wages only.

These two provisions—a voice in the discipline of the works and a share in the pecuniary value of the good will—would give the workingman something indispensable to a satisfactory working life, namely, the opportunity and purpose to serve generously and proudly the establishment or institution with which the workman is connected. This is one of the deep, permanent satisfactions of human life, and I cannot call any conditions of employment humane which make that satisfaction unattainable. *Looking back on my own working life, spent in the service of a single institution, I see clearly what a happy privilege it is to give unstinted service to an undying institution in whose permanent and enlarging serviceableness one ardently believes.*

We print this last sentence in italics in order to emphasize the democratic spirit of President Eliot's address, a spirit which leads him to identify himself with the wage-earner working for a great corporation, because he so thoroughly believes that, not always the same method, but always the same spirit, should control the relations of employer and employed, whether the employer is a factory or a college, whether the employed is a factory hand or a college president.

We have not space here to present the arguments by which President Eliot commends these propositions, nor his answer to the objections brought against them. The interested student will find the speech reported in full in the Springfield weekly "Republican," dated Friday, February 12. The Civic Federation would do a good service if it would print an edition of this speech and send it to the labor leaders, the labor journals, and especially to the great "captains of industry" by whom these reforms must be carried out if they are ever to be more than reforms on paper.

The critic may indeed say that there

is nothing new in these suggestions; and he would be right. What is new is the presentation in a collective form, and in a constructive and conservative spirit, of these recommendations, by one whose counsel will be listened to with respect by men who would give no heed to similar recommendations couched in the form of a demand by a labor leader with a covert threat of a strike in the background to enforce them.

In the last two recommendations, and still more in the spirit of the last sentence, lies, in our judgment, the solution of the labor problem. That problem can be solved only by the democratic spirit working out a solution in harmony with democratic institutions. The demand for a recognition of the union is sometimes very foolishly formulated and very irritatingly pressed, but back of it is this practically unanimous conviction of workmen that they have a right to some voice in regard to the discipline of the establishment—the hours of labor, the conditions under which it is performed, the wages to be paid, and the grounds on which the individual laborer may be discharged. The demand for larger wages or lessened hours is sometimes made when the conditions of the industry do not justify it, but back of that demand is an ill-defined conviction on the part of the workman that he has a right to some share in the profits of a business, which so long as he be kept in ignorance of the facts by his employer he is only too apt to exaggerate. So long as the employer regards labor as a commodity to be hired in the cheapest market, the laborer only as a bit of high-priced machinery, and wages as the sum required to keep the machinery in good running order, so long the labor problem will continue to vex us. No schemes will solve it which do not involve a reconstruction of the system in harmony with the democratic spirit and democratic institutions. That involves a recognition by both employer and employed of the idea that they are partners in a common industrial enterprise, and that this partnership gives to each some voice in the control of the business, some knowledge of its affairs, and some share in its profits.

The Spectator

The Spectator's eye was caught not long ago by an article in a New York paper entitled "The Paper that Won't Last." The article told of a petition signed by engravers, lithographers, illustrators, and art lovers of Paris, demanding the passage of a law to compel printers to issue, on a special quality of durable paper, an extra edition of at least two copies of every work published, the same to be deposited with the Minister of the Interior. The object of the petitioners is a most laudable one—to "preserve for posterity" some record of the current art output of this first decade of the twentieth century, since the increasing invasion of wood-pulp paper already encroaches on the sphere of publications of value and menaces permanent literature no less than the "yellow journal." This means, in a longer or shorter period, according to the quality of the paper, deterioration, disintegration, and obliteration.



The Paris petition amused the Spectator in one respect—that it omitted all reference to authors. Have they not as strong a personal interest as "engravers, lithographers, illustrators, and art lovers" in "handing down their works to future generations"? Is the text really of no great value compared with the illustrations? Or is it the text which illustrates the illustrations, as we are sometimes tempted to believe? But perhaps this omission was merely the slip of the New York space writer—it was a lengthy article, filled with all sorts of information on paper-making except the one thing needful, estimates of the comparative durability of different grades of paper. Very probably the Paris authors were asked to, and did, join in the petition. In this case it was from the author's, or rather the journalist's, standpoint that the matter was first brought to the Spectator's attention. Some two years ago he was dining with a friend, a professor in a university, who was greatly exercised over the plight in which wood-pulp paper would leave the historian of the future. That worthy, when seek-

ing first-hand material for the story of our day and age, would find no newspaper records in existence to which to turn. The professor added that there had been a little quiet talk among a few college librarians as to the possibility of inducing representative papers in different parts of the country to print on durable paper for preservation a small duplicate edition of each issue, the expense to be borne half by the newspapers and half by the libraries. Except for a minor reference to the matter in one of the magazines, the Spectator has chanced to see nothing about it. He infers, therefore, that the interested librarians have left the historian of the future to his newspaperless fate.



The first thought that came to the Spectator, apropos of the newspaper's sure extinction, was an obvious one—as doubtless it is the first thought to come to his readers—that the historian of the future is to be congratulated on his luck. The Herculean task—who was it who refrained from calling his task "Herculean" only because he was sure that Hercules would never have ventured to undertake it?—of "going through" even a carefully selected group of representative papers for first-hand impressions of the life of our day and age suffices to give pause even to the enthusiast in patient research. Looked at on another side, who of us would willingly have our life of to-day pictured for posterity as it is reflected in the press, with its garishness, vulgarity, triviality, exaggeration, and lack of perspective? Indeed, on this side it is possible to contemplate the extinction of the newspaper not only with complacency but even with grim satisfaction. On the other hand, the newspaper, even at its worst, is characteristic of the time. It differentiates modern life in the same sense that the trolley or the telephone differentiates it. Immediate and general knowledge of the important happenings of the world, the opportunity to read the details of its gossip and crimes, has made life essentially different in its living, as have increased facilities of personal communication. It is hard for

the Spectator, for example, to put himself in a rather recent pre-newspaper age and imagine what it meant for the "fathers of the Revolution"—he has just been reading Woodrow Wilson's History—to stimulate and direct patriotic fervor by means of committees of correspondence. And then the newspaper has driven out the letter-writer, to the distinct loss of history no less than of literature, since informal chronicles of epistolary small-talk have in the past contributed so much of color and value to brighten and illumine the page of history. Indeed, the more the Spectator has turned it over in his mind, the more is he disposed to share the serious anxiety felt by his friend the professor for the historian of the future.



Incidentally, the Spectator wonders how many of his friends appreciate that the "development" of modern journalism, in its padding, headlining, and "yellowness," is due first of all to the discovery of wood-pulp paper. The drop in price, so the Spectator is told on competent authority, has been from an approximate twelve cents a pound for rag paper to an approximate two cents a pound for wood pulp. This cost reduction has made it possible to put one hundred and fifty tons of wood pulp into the single edition of a metropolitan Sunday issue, which, if printed in a continuous sheet of average size, would be three thousand miles in length. What is the waste in wood thus involved appears from a current statement of the trade, that "it takes an acre of spruce for one Sunday edition of a big metropolitan paper." Thus, as the Spectator figures it, though he does not profess to be an authority or a statistician, wood pulp must inevitably work its own destruction in a not remote future, for the forest supply, large as it is, is already beginning to feel the pressure of the demand, and pulp is said in the trade to be slowly but steadily rising. Indeed, some paper-makers, who are also owners of large tracts, are reported to be buying their pulp and holding the tracts in sure anticipation of a very handsome profit. In this speculation they have but one

adverse chance to reckon on, that of reciprocity with Canada. There the supply of wood for pulp paper is said to be practically inexhaustible for a generation or so yet.



The menace of wood-pulp extinction, to hark back to the Paris petition with which the *Spectator* started, is by no means limited to the newspaper. All our magazines and reviews of every grade, all current novels, the greater part of the ordinary book output, will not, he is assured, be left so far behind in the process of extinction. "And when," asked the *Spectator* of the well-posted paper man whom he was cross-questioning, "are we to expect the well-filled library shelves of to-day to return to their first emptiness?" "In about fifteen years," was the confident reply. The *Spectator*, for his part, can by no means accept without reservation the accuracy of this estimate. He turned back to some newspaper files in the early '80's, when wood-pulp paper first began to come into general use, and found that the paper, though yellow and

"crumbly," was still in fair condition, and that the printing was perfectly legible. Indeed, it has been a matter of surprise to the *Spectator*, in a cursory look at encyclopædia articles on wood-pulp paper (including a formidable array of processes, facts, and figures in the article of the last census), to note how little, if anything, is said of its durability. The soul of the statistician can fairly revel in pages of tables showing "the enormous expansion" of the manufacture between 1880 and 1900. But on what to many of us is a matter of far greater moment, the percentage of loss in a given term of years on one of Mr. Carnegie's investments in a wood-pulp library, there seems to be a curious conspiracy of silence. If the worst indeed be true, the *Spectator* is by no means sure that the dispensation will not be overruled to the furtherance of literature. The making of many books, in the sense of their perpetuation, is thus brought to a definitely delimited end. But whatever is vital, assuredly, will not be permitted to perish for the lack of a special edition on durable paper. The rest can be spared to posterity.

Indian Lands and Fair Play

By George Kennan

ON the 5th of January, 1903, the United States Supreme Court decided, in the case of *Lone Wolf et al.* against *Hitchcock*, that Congress has full power to abrogate existing Indian treaties, or to violate such treaties without notice to the other parties in interest, and to dispose of Indian reservation lands at its own discretion, regardless of treaty stipulations. The Court assumed, as a matter of course, that Congress would exercise this power "only from considerations of governmental policy, . . . and with perfect good faith to the Indians;" but as to the existence of the power, and the "controlling authority" of Congress, there could be, in the opinion of the Court, no doubt whatever.

Since the announcement of this decision, parties interested in the acquire-

ment of Indian lands in various parts of the West have been urging Congress to throw open Indian reservations to settlement, not "from considerations of governmental policy," but simply because they—the interested parties—want the lands. Two bills providing for the opening up and settlement of parts of Indian reservations have come before the present Congress; and inasmuch as this is the first time that the legislative branch of the Government has attempted to exercise its power under the *Lone Wolf* decision, and to take away Indian lands without Indian consent, it seems worth while to review the bills and ascertain whether they are consistent with the "perfect good faith to the Indians" which the Court assumed that Congress would observe.

The first measure (H. R. 10,418) is

entitled "An Act to ratify and amend an agreement with the Sioux tribe of Indians of the Rosebud Reservation, in South Dakota." The clear implication of the title is that the main provisions of the bill, at least, have been submitted to the Rosebud Sioux and have received their approval and assent; but the accompanying report of the Indian Office shows that such is by no means the case. The attempt that was made by Inspector McLaughlin to get the Indians to agree to surrender their lands completely failed, and Commissioner Jones frankly admits that "the bill . . . proposes to open the surplus lands of the Rosebud Indians, situated in Gregory County, for public settlement, and dispose of the same without the consent of the Indians to the terms thereof." The bill, therefore, should have been entitled "An Act to seize all the lands of the Rosebud Indians in Gregory County, South Dakota, and to sell the same to settlers, under the homestead laws, without the Indians' consent and at the prices herein fixed." That would have been an honest title, while the other is misleading and deceptive.

An examination of the bill, and an investigation of the matters to which it relates, seem to show that it is as unfair in intent as it is deceptive in title. It provides that all the lands of the Rosebud Sioux in Gregory County, South Dakota, amounting in the aggregate to 416,000 acres, shall be taken from them without their consent, and shall be sold to settlers under the homestead laws at the "flat" price of three dollars per acre. The Government does not pay for the lands, nor guarantee payment; but acts merely as trustee, and promises to credit the Indians with the proceeds of the sale. The settlers who take the lands are allowed five years in which to complete the purchase, the annual payments being fixed at fifty cents per acre, without interest.

The question whether the Government, in this bill, is dealing honorably and justly with its Indian wards, or not, depends upon the actual value of the land that it takes from them and sells on their account. If the land is worth \$5 an acre in the open market and the

Government sells it for \$3, it manifestly acts unjustly, because its duty, as guardian or trustee, is to protect the interests of its dependent wards, and get as much for their property as possible. If a large part of the land is worth \$25 or \$30 per acre, and the Government sells it for \$3, it commits a gross breach of trust, amounting, in effect, to wholesale robbery.

That much of the Gregory County land of the Rosebud Sioux is worth \$25 or \$30 per acre, and that the whole tract to be thrown open to settlement would bring an average price of \$10 per acre, there seems to be no doubt whatever. Mr. Joseph D. Keller, of the real estate firm of Rathman & Keller, of Bonesteel, South Dakota, says: "There are 416,000 acres of land on the reservation to be opened. Most of it is fine land. Not a mile and a half from the reservation boundary, the other day, we sold a quarter section to a Pierson, Iowa, man for \$5,000" (\$31 per acre).

The C. A. Johnson Realty Company, of Bonesteel and Fairfax, South Dakota, replying under date of January 26, 1904, to a customer's inquiry with regard to the value of land in Gregory County, said that grazing land was worth \$7 per acre, and farming land \$25 to \$40.

Edwin M. Starcher, of Fairfax, South Dakota—another dealer in real estate—replied to a similar inquiry by saying that "the average price of grazing land in this country runs from \$5 to \$10 per acre. Improved farms from \$25 to \$40."

Mr. A. B. Clark, of Rosebud, South Dakota, writes that the reservation land in Gregory County is worth \$10 per acre on an average. "Adjoining tracts," he says, "sell for \$30 per acre, and the heirs of a Gregory County allottee have a standing offer of \$6,000 for one section lying partly in the bluffs of the Missouri. All this tract of (Indian) land lies within the belt of regular rainfall and regular crops, and it is no wonder that some newspapers stated, last summer, that the price was to be \$20 per acre. Local editors said that while the land was worth that price, the Indians would get only \$2.50 for it."

Indian Commissioner Jones himself

says, in his report on this bill, that "a considerable portion of these lands is worth perhaps two or three times the amount proposed to be charged homestead settlers therefor." Privately, he has admitted that if the whole tract were offered at competitive sale, it would undoubtedly bring an average price of \$10 per acre; and yet, under Congressional pressure, he said, at the end of his report to Secretary Hitchcock, "The Indian Office is of the opinion that the interests of the Indians will be fully conserved" (in this bill), "and that reasonable compensation" (\$3 per acre) "will be secured for them for their lands." Upon this report of the Commissioner, Secretary Hitchcock informed the House Committee on Indian Affairs that the Department would offer no objection to the measure.

From the facts above set forth it clearly appears that the first time Congress attempted to avail itself of the power given to it by the Lone Wolf decision—a power which the Court expected it to exercise "with perfect good faith to the Indians"—it tried to take away from the latter at a price of \$3 per acre lands that were worth at least \$10, and thus to deprive them of about \$3,000,000 to which they were equitably entitled. Meanwhile, the Indian Office, whose duty it was to protect the Sioux, acquiesced in the spoliation, and reported to the Secretary of the Interior that the bill would "conserve the interests of the Indians" and give them "reasonable compensation for their lands"!

The case has now been brought to the attention of the President; and inasmuch as he has always shown a disposition to give the Indians "a square deal," there is some reason to hope that when the Rosebud lands are thrown open to settlement, they will be offered at public competitive sale, instead of at a "flat" price, and will thus bring their full market value.

The other Indian land bill that has come before the present Congress (S. 1,490), and that has passed both houses, is entitled "An Act to authorize the sale of a part of what is known as the Red Lake Indian Reservation in the State of Minnesota." This bill purports

to be based on an agreement made with the Red Lake Indians by Inspector McLaughlin in March, 1902; but inasmuch as the terms of the agreement do not correspond with the provisions of the bill, this legislation also must be regarded as a taking of Indian lands without Indian consent. On its face, this bill seems to provide for a competitive sale, with allotment of the lands to the highest bidders; but it contains a proviso that "after the first" (competitive) "sale hereunder shall be closed, the lands remaining unsold shall be subject to sale and entry" (under the homestead laws) "at the price of four dollars per acre." The objectionable feature of this bill is its intentional or accidental ambiguity. Instead of saying that the lands shall be offered at competitive sale for a period of six months, or one year, and that thereafter all land unsold shall be subject to sale and entry at the "flat" price of \$4 per acre, it seems to provide for an allotment of the lands at \$4 *after the first sale*. It is perfectly obvious that if lands worth \$10 to \$20 an acre are put up at auction for a single day, and if those same lands can be obtained on the following day for \$4 "flat," few people will bid at the "first sale." The effect of the bill, therefore, may be to give the whole tract of 256,000 acres to settlers at the "flat" rate, when, if it were disposed of by means of competitive sales, adjourned and continued from time to time at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, the whole tract would bring its actual market value. This bill also has been brought to the attention of the President, and his action upon it may perhaps depend upon the opinion of the law officers of the Government as to its real meaning and effect. If its object be honestly to continue the competitive sales from time to time, so as to sell to the highest bidders all the land that the market will take in that way, it is unobjectionable; but its extraordinary ambiguity throws a shadow of suspicion upon its intent. If its effect should be to throw the lands—or the bulk of them—open to settlement at \$4 per acre, it would deprive the Red Lake Indians of about \$1,500,000 to which they are justly

entitled. Neither of these two bills should have been approved by the Indian Office and the Secretary of the Interior. One of them was evidently intended to take a large tract of land away from the Indians without giving them adequate compensation, while the other was so loosely drawn as to leave room for a construction that would work great injustice.

Now that the Supreme Court has virtually given Congress full power to take Indian lands without the Indians' consent, attempts will undoubtedly be made in all parts of the West to get possession of desirable Indian reservations; and it is important that the Government—including Congress, the President, and the Interior Department—should decide upon some definite and consistent method of disposing of such Indian lands as it is thought best to throw open to settlement. The Indians have a right to get, and the Government, as their guardian, is bound to see that they do get, the highest market value of the lands that they are forced to give up; and the only equitable way in which that value can be ascertained is by means of public competitive sale to the highest bidders. The Interior Department has already adopted this method in dealing with inherited Indian lands in the Indian Territory, and the results have been in every way satisfactory. One lot of Creek land, for example, near the town of Eufala, which was appraised at \$800, recently brought, at competitive sale, \$3,500. Another lot, which was appraised at \$1,500, attracted nine bidders and was bought at \$2,540. If these lands had been sold at their appraised value, or at a "flat" price fixed by Congress, their Indian owners would not have received anything like the amounts that the lands were really worth.

Since the Supreme Court has deprived the Indians of the right, which they for-

merly had, to protect themselves by refusing to sell their reservations, and has turned them into helpless and dependent wards of the Nation, the Government is bound, by every consideration of honor and equity, to protect them from exploitation, and to deal with their property precisely as a shrewd and honest guardian would deal with the property of a minor ward. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the President will instruct the Secretary of the Interior not to approve, hereafter, any bill for the opening of an Indian reservation that does not provide for a competitive sale of the lands to the highest bidders.

But the moral obligation which the Government is under to protect the interests of its Indian wards is not the only duty that it has in connection with Indian lands. It is equally bound to relieve and protect all of its citizens from unnecessary taxation for Indian education and support. If the sale of Indian lands at their full market value would go a long way toward meeting the expenses of the Indian administration, the people of the United States have a right to ask that they be relieved from taxation for that purpose to just that extent. It is not fair to take out of the United States Treasury, by means of an Indian appropriation bill, money that might just as well be got out of the Indian lands that are thrown open to settlement, if such lands were sold to the highest bidders at competitive sale. If the lands of the Rosebud and Red Lake Indians in South Dakota and Minnesota sell for their full market value when they are thrown open to settlement, they will probably bring \$4,500,000 more than they would if disposed of at the flat prices of \$3 and \$4 per acre specified in these two bills, and will consequently relieve the people of the United States from taxation for Indian support and education to just that amount.

Studies in Colonial Administration

VI.—The Federated Malay States

By Alleyne Ireland, F.R.G.S.

Colonial Commissioner of the University of Chicago ; Author of "Tropical Colonization," etc.

IT is an interesting illustration of the peculiar political character of that mass of States known as the British Empire that in the three protectorates which have fallen under my observation, of which the Federated Malay States is the third, the relations between the sovereign and the subordinate power differ as widely as it is possible for political relations to differ if the thread of a political connection is to remain unbroken.

Sarawak is a British protectorate ; and in the internal affairs of Sarawak the British Government has absolutely no voice whatever. Except in regard to its foreign relations that State is as independent of the British Government as the Argentine Republic is of that of Russia.

British North Borneo is a British protectorate ; yet the only points of internal administration in regard to which the British Government exercises any control are that the Governor of the territory must be appointed with the approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and that laws relating to the management of the natives are subject to the approval of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Finally, the Federated Malay States are a British protectorate ; and here not an officer above the rank of a junior clerk is appointed, not a law is passed, not a penny raised by taxation or expended in the public service, except with the consent of the British Colonial Secretary in Downing Street.

The origin of British rule in the Malay States is an interesting study, because it represents territorial acquisition (or a degree of control which in fact amounts to that) under circumstances which have always seemed to practical men of action to justify the event, but which to the arm-chair traveler, to the long-distance philanthropist,

have always afforded, and still afford, material for painful sermons on the inherent wickedness of all strong nations and the inherent goodness and right-mindedness of all weak native races.

It is a conflict of theories which can never be reconciled, because one side argues from conditions as they are and always have been, the other from conditions as they ought to be and never have been—in a word, from the opposite standpoints of observation and speculation.

The British foothold in the Malay Peninsula antedates the political connection with the Malay States by nearly a hundred years. In 1786 the British East India Company bought the island of Penang, at the northern entrance of the Straits of Malacca, from the Sultan of Kedah. This was followed by the purchase in 1800 of Province Wellesley, on the mainland opposite Penang, by the peaceful cession of the island of Singapore in 1819, and by the acquisition of Malacca from the Dutch in 1824.

The position of the British in the Malay Peninsula from 1825 onward was one of great difficulty. From time immemorial the Straits of Malacca had been infested with Malay pirates ; and the navigation of that great highway to the Far East was attended with such imminent dangers that merchant vessels using the Straits carried heavy armaments, and were always prepared to fight their way through. But the Malay pirates were strong, and European ships were frequently captured, their crews murdered, and their cargoes stolen.

With the advent of British rule came the responsibility of keeping the Straits of Malacca open to the ships of all nations, and the constant encounters between British men-of-war and the Malay pirates produced a great deal of friction with the rulers of the Malay

States, under whose protection many of these pirates carried on their trade.

The situation was further complicated by the fact that Province Wellesley and Malacca had boundaries with native States, and that the peace and welfare of these British settlements were constantly imperiled by the chronic state of disorder into which the native States had fallen through the interminable armed conflicts of dynastic factions and occasional fierce petty wars between the various clans of Chinese miners who had overrun the States in search of tin.

But if, on the one hand, the British Government had occasion to contemplate the adoption of a definite policy of interference in order to put an end to Malay piracy and to terminate the internal disorder of the native States adjoining British territory, on the other hand, three of the native States, Perak, Selangor, and Sungei Ujong, found themselves in such a condition of anarchy that in 1874 their rulers spontaneously applied to the British Government for assistance.

The late Sir Andrew Clarke was sent out from England to adjust matters; and a conference was held, as a result of which, at the request of the three Sultans, British Residents were appointed to their respective courts. In 1887 a group of States known as the Negri Sembilan (literally "the nine States") accepted a British Resident, and in the next year the State of Pahang, on the east coast of the peninsula, followed suit.

It is perfectly clear that the British Government had originally no intention of taking over the entire administration of the Malay States to which British Residents had been appointed in 1874 and in subsequent years. In the course of a correspondence which took place in 1878 between the Governor of the Straits Settlements and the Residents of Perak and Selangor, the duties of the Residents are clearly defined.

"His Excellency," writes the Colonial Secretary, "desires that you should be reminded that the Residents have been placed in the native States as advisers, not as rulers." And in a later despatch in the same year (1878), "You will observe that in continuing the residential system, her Majesty's Government de-

fines the functions of the Resident to be the giving of influential and responsible advice to the ruler."¹

As time passed, however, it became apparent that if those reforms were to be effected through which alone the native States could be brought to a condition of tranquil prosperity, it would have to be through the instrumentality of a staff of European administrators. Among the natives themselves there did not exist a body of men capable of understanding the principles of sound administration, much less of carrying those principles out in practice.

Although the States on the western side of the peninsula enjoyed under their native rulers a somewhat better government than that under which those on the eastern side suffered, yet the following description of the administration of Pahang, written in 1888 by Mr. J. P. Rodger, C.M.G., at present Resident of Perak, but at that time resident of Pahang, serves as a graphic description of what the native States were before the appointment of British Residents:

A system of taxation under which every necessary as well as every luxury of life was heavily taxed; law courts in which the procedure was the merest mockery of justice, the decisions depending solely on the relative wealth or influence of the litigants, and where the punishments were utterly barbarous; a system of debt-slavery under which not only the debtor but his wife and their most remote descendants were condemned to hopeless bondage; an unlimited *corvée*, or forced labor for indefinite periods and entirely without remuneration; the right of the Raja to compel all female children to pass through his harem—such are some of the more striking examples, although the list is by no means exhaustive, of administrative misrule in a State within less than twenty-four hours of Singapore. The condition of the Pahang ryot may be briefly expressed by stating that he had practically no rights, whether of person or property, not merely in his relations with the Raja, but even in those with his immediate District Chief.

With that fuller knowledge of the conditions in the native States which followed the appointment of the Residents, a perfectly clear issue arose for the consideration of the British Government.

¹ For the benefit of students I may say that the correspondence referred to and other important correspondence on the subject of British policy in the Malay Peninsula may be found in the British Parliamentary Papers C. 1512 of 1876, and C. 2410 of 1879.

Having discovered that the mere presence of an advising agent at the native courts would be completely ineffective in so far as any substantial reforms were concerned, or for the achievement of those ends which the Sultans had in view when they asked for the appointment of British Residents, two possible courses of action presented themselves.

The British Government might have withdrawn its Residents, on the ground that they were performing no work of permanent usefulness, and might have accompanied this action by a warning to the native rulers that if they did not, on their own initiative, relieve the Straits Settlements of the dangers incident to disorder in the Peninsula, the British Government would step in with its own forces, put an end to the unsatisfactory conditions, and exact such guarantees for the future as might appear necessary.

The alternative was to extend gradually the powers of the Residents, to increase the European staff, and, while interfering as little as possible with the social customs of the people, and not at all with their religious affairs, to secure step by step the complete control of the administration.

Of these two policies the British Government wisely adopted the latter. It has been carried out with infinite skill and tact, and with results, as will be shown later, which place the work done by the British in the Malay Peninsula on a level with the finest achievements of a race which has had a greater and wider success than any other in the field of colonial administration.

The father of the residential system in British Malaya was Sir Andrew Clarke; the system was nursed in its infancy by Sir Hugh Low; but it is to the genius of Sir Frank Swettenham, who as early as 1875 was Deputy Commissioner of Perak, and who has been connected in one capacity or another ever since that date with the administration of the Malay States, that the remarkable success of the British rule in the Federated Malay States is chiefly due.

Until the year 1895 the four States (Perak, Selangor, the Negri Sembilan, and Pahang) were administered entirely independently of one another; but in

that year, as a result of much careful deliberation, it was decided that these States should be federated for administrative purposes, and that a Federal Staff should be appointed under a Resident-General.

The Treaty of Federation was signed in July, 1895. It provided for (a) federation for administrative purposes, with an undertaking to render mutual assistance; (b) the appointment of a Resident-General, as the agent and representative of the British Government, *whose advice the Malay rulers agreed to accept in all matters of administration* other than those touching the Mohammedan religion; (c) the organization of a force of Indian troops to be available for service in any part of the Malay Peninsula, or, if necessary, in Singapore.

The position of the Federated Malay States is rendered peculiar from two circumstances—one that the greater part of the world's tin supply is drawn from these States, the other that the native Malay population absolutely refuses to perform manual labor under any conditions whatever.

In 1902, out of a total export trade valued at \$71,350,000, tin represented \$61,689,000, or more than eighty-six per cent. of the whole.

The total revenue of the States in the same year amounted to \$20,550,000. If from this sum we deduct such items as railway, postal, and telegraph receipts, fines and fees of court, reimbursements, interest on State bank balances, land sales, and fees of office, we get down to a revenue from taxation proper of \$16,500,000. Of this sum, tin, produced entirely by Chinese miners, paid as export duty \$8,439,000; and the opium, spirit, and gambling licenses realized \$3,726,000, of which sum fully ninety-five per cent. was eventually paid by the Chinese miners.

So we find in the Federated Malay States this extraordinary condition of affairs, that out of a total revenue from taxation of \$16,500,000, raised in a Malay country, \$12,000,000, or nearly 74 per cent., is secured from the industry of Chinese immigrants and from their vices.

As far as my own observation extends,

I should say that the Malay of the Peninsula is the most steadfast loafer on the face of the earth. His characteristics in this respect have been recognized by every one who has come in contact with him. He will work neither for himself, for the Government, nor for private employers. He builds himself a house of bamboo and attaps, plants enough rice to fill out the menu which stream and forest afford him, and for nine-tenths of his waking hours, year in and year out, he sits on a wooden bench in the shade and watches the Chinaman and the Tamil build roads and railways, work the mines, cultivate the soil, raise cattle, and pay the taxes. As all his desires are completely satisfied by this kind of life, you can make no appeal to him for industry.

The Resident-General, in his annual report for 1902, says: "The Government, with a system of taxation which barely touches the Malay, raises a large revenue and incurs a large expenditure in developing the resources of the country by means of roads, railways, irrigation works, and so forth. But the labor force engaged in their execution is supplied almost entirely by foreign coolies under the superintendence of foreign engineers and superintendents. The Malay, with his rooted disinclination to steady work of any kind, will neither give his work to the Government undertakings, nor to mines or plantations. It is difficult even to induce him to serve as a policeman. With the advantage of a splendid climate the natives might grow rice and rear stock for the ready market provided by the Chinese miners; but this they have failed to do, and a large part of the fishing industry even is in the hands of the Chinese. Domestic servants, washermen, messengers, gardeners, and grooms are foreigners."

What a picture of a people! Too lazy to be policemen—too lazy to fish!

The Federated Malay States have not been exempt from the operation of that economic law which decrees that when in any country which contains economic supplies of which the world stands in need, and the working of which will afford a reasonable profit to capital, the natives refuse to work, a flow of immi-

gration will set in composed of persons of alien races who are willing, for a fair wage, to bring to the aid of nature the industry of man.

Taking the figures of the census of 1901, and omitting from our calculation the State of Pahang (the economic development of which has only just commenced), we find that the three remaining States of the Federation had a population of 570,454, exclusive of floating population and prisoners, and that of this total 61 per cent. were foreign immigrants, chiefly Chinese, and only 39 per cent. were Malays.¹

The lesson contained in these figures is too obvious to require comment.

In like circumstances, a Government will always be faced with the labor problem, and it admits of only three solutions. If the natives refuse to work, as they have refused in all times in every tropical country the development of which has been undertaken by Europeans or Americans, the first alternative is to abandon the country and thus rob the world of that economic contribution which it has a right to expect from every territory which Nature has endowed with economic resources; the next is to adopt the method which made Java the most flourishing of all tropical colonies, that is to say, force the natives to work by prescribing a certain number of days of labor in the year for each native and visiting a default with severe penalties; and the final alternative is to leave the native alone and bring in outsiders who will do the work.

Passing now to the system of administration in the Federated Malay States, we find conditions not differing greatly from those which exist in a British Crown Colony. Each State is governed by a State Council composed of the Sultan, the British Resident, the Secretary to the Resident, a number of Malay chiefs, and one or more prominent Chinamen to represent the interests of the Chinese community.

As the members of the Council hold

¹ The total combined area of the Federated Malay States is 26,300 square miles, and the total population 678,595 (census of 1901), composed of 299,739 Chinese, 285,278 Malays, 58,000 natives of India, 18,000 aborigines, 7,000 Javanese, 1,422 Europeans and Americans, 1,522 Eurasians, and a small balance of other races, prisoners, and floating population.

their seats by appointment and not by election, and as no law is submitted to the Council for enactment until it has been approved by the High Commissioner (a position which attaches to that of Governor of the Straits Settlements) and by the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, it is evident that there is here no greater independence of legislation than is enjoyed in a Crown Colony.¹

The existence of the Resident-General and the Federal officers is an advantage which the Crown Colonies do not possess. The Federal establishment consists of a Resident-General, a Federal Secretary, a Judicial Commissioner, a Legal Adviser, a Commandant of the Military Forces, a Commissioner of Lands and Mines, a Director of Public Works, a Commissioner of Police, a General Manager of Railways, a Secretary for Chinese Affairs, an Inspector of Prisons, an Inspector of Schools, and a Government Pathologist.

The Resident-General is really an Executive Council of One, and he is also the official adviser to the High Commissioner. Most of the other members of the Federal Staff, in addition to the performance of their specific duties in connection with strictly Federal work, act as advisers in their several departments to the officers in the service of the separate States.

Not the least important result of the appointment of the Federal Staff has been the gradual introduction of that uniformity of administrative methods and that continuity of policy without which Federation would have failed of half its usefulness.

At the present time the administrative force of the Federated Malay States is recruited under the cadet system, the examination, which is identical with that for the Indian civil service, being held

in London each year. But in the early days a civil service had to be created in block; and I may say, with no disparagement of the cadets, who, as a rule, after a few years' training make excellent officials, that no one could visit the States to-day without being struck by the remarkably high character of that section of the civil service which was recruited by selection before the introduction of the cadet system. In no part of the world with which I am familiar have I seen men more devoted to their work, more closely identified with the success of the administration, or more keenly interested in everything which relates to the progress and development of the States in whose service they are laboring.

And what has British rule achieved for the Malay States? It has given the native security of life and property; it has abolished slavery and the exaction of unpaid labor; it has established permanent land titles; it has provided free education and free hospital treatment and medicine for all; it has exterminated piracy; it has put an end to the recurrent scourges of smallpox and cholera; it has constructed over a thousand miles of metalled road; it has built out of *current revenue* three hundred miles of railway which carried nearly four million passengers in 1902, and earned in ten years a net revenue of over seven million dollars; it has, perhaps unwisely, left the native practically untaxed; it has afforded ample opportunity to the Malay of entering the Government service and of acquiring wealth by the exercise of ordinary industry; it has raised the revenue of the States from \$400,000 in 1875 to \$20,500,000 in 1902; it has in the same time increased the foreign trade of the States from \$1,500,000 to \$117,000,000; it has kept the peace and maintained the law. This is a record of which any nation might be proud.

Kuala Lumpur, State of Selangor,
Malay Peninsula.

¹ For a description of Crown Colony government see the article on Hongkong in this series, *The Outlook*, November 29, 1902.

Old Virginia Society

By Emilie W. McVea

IN the early part of the last century there flourished in eastern Virginia a society, the oldest upon the American soil, and by reason of its isolation more unique and more conservative than the English society of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries out of which it grew. Novelists have given glowing pictures of the magnificent homes of the Virginia planter, of his innumerable slaves, his dictatorial power, his pleasure-loving life; and the aged survivors of the old régime, by their highly colored reminiscences of the golden days of their childhood, have aided the novelist in kindling the imagination of succeeding generations until the splendor of Southern life has become a tradition.

The recently published "Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney," one of the foremost men of his State and a typical Southerner, will go far toward giving the world a truer idea of the Virginia aristocracy and of Southern life. The author, Dr. Thomas Cary Johnson, of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, pictures the hardships and disadvantages as well as the pleasures and attractions of the planter's life: and his sane and convincing story will materially aid the future historian in reconstructing a society which completely disappeared with the Civil War.

Dr. Dabney was a type of the best and most influential class of Southern men, and the story of his life is interesting not only as a fine character study but as representative of East Virginia society during the first half of the nineteenth century. He was reared in surroundings unostentatious but cultivated, among people of true pride of birth, wielding a dangerous power with moderation, interested in statesmanship, and willing to make sacrifice of time and money for the good of the State. The three classes of society in Virginia were distinct, and the organization of the State was aristocratic. The planters were of English stock enlivened by Huguenot and Scotch blood. "Their

tastes were those of the English gentry; their hospitality, their pride of kinship, their insistence upon primogeniture, their sports and dissipations, as well as their names, traditions, and genealogies, proclaim their kinship to the English." Nor can it be doubted that very many of the best of the ancient yeomanry of southern England came from merchants, middle-class men, and mechanics, who rise so rapidly in a new country. The Huguenots, who were generally of the middle class, tended everywhere to the top. These planters constituted the gentry and formed the governing class. Below them socially were small freeholders and mechanics who had in the towns and villages large shops for iron and woodwork. On the poorer country land lived the descendants of redemptioners or convicts, who formed separate neighborhoods of their own and eked out a scanty living by hard labor. The large population of negro slaves for the most part held themselves much above the "poor white trash," and the house negro especially gloried in the wealth and importance of his master. In contrast with our modern palaces the homes then thought magnificent appear bare and comfortless. Some of the wealthiest of the planters lived in great style and owned beautiful and handsomely furnished colonial mansions, but for the most part the houses were comfortable but plain. "Many of them were cottages, a story and a half, the upper half having no fireplace, but supposed to be good enough to serve as sleeping-rooms for the boys and young men. Many were of two stories; some were heavy and square in plan; others had the general shape of the letter "H," that is, one house was situated beside the other and they were connected by a two-storied hallway. The architecture was very plain—the kind, however, that is now classed as Colonial. The furniture within the house was simple—a solid mahogany table in the hallway, with a solid silver water-pitcher thereon, ready

with its cooling contents for the thirsty guest, and perhaps a strip of carpet on the well-waxed floor. In the parlor were sofas and chairs of mahogany and horse-hair, with a "what-not" in the corner for the curiosities, a family portrait or so, and a sampler worked by some ancestress famed for her needle. In the bedrooms were rag carpets, or none at all. The furniture in most constant use was such as the country mechanics could make out of the native walnut, chestnut, cherry, and poplar. Behind the dwelling stood the kitchen with its broad hearths, ovens, spits, and spiders, its wide-mouthed chimney with crooks, cranes, and swinging kettles. The smoke-house and the weaver's house were hard by, and in the rear of these the cabins of the servants. In a corner of the front yard was the office, where the planter kept his books of accounts, his fishing and hunting outfit, and into which young men were crowded when the house overflowed with guests. At a distance to the rear stood the stables, barns, and other offices. The lawns were neatly kept, were large and studded with oaks or locusts. The houses were placed on the highest elevation so that they might have the full benefit of the grateful breezes during the long southern summers, and were usually approached by avenues of stately oaks. These home places were often named for the native place of the family in England or from some local peculiarity: Shirley, Brandon, Aldingham, Red Hill, The Mount, The Grove, and by these names they were known far and wide.

Robert Lewis Dabney's father owned two rather small plantations, his mills, and between twenty and thirty negroes. In order to provide for his family and servants, industry and economy were necessary. As a member of the county court and of the Legislature, and as Colonel of the militia, Colonel Dabney of Louisa, the father of Robert Lewis, was undoubtedly the leading man of his county, for at this time these positions were given only to men of weight and prominence; his case was typical. Whatever may have been the condition on large plantations in the South, the gentlemen of East Virginia were not cor-

rupted by wealth, nor were they idlers. Inevitable ruin and suffering came if the master was not unceasingly diligent. Supplies of all kinds must come from the plantation itself, and every plantation was a miniature town; "weaving never stopped, and the sound of the spinning-wheels and looms could be heard throughout the year. Tanning, blacksmithing, and the simpler kinds of woodworking were constantly on hand, the more important operations being directed by white mechanics, half-journeyman, half-foreman, who went from plantation to plantation." Besides these mechanical industries clothes must be provided for half a hundred people and provisions must be stored in large quantities. Every man, woman, and child on Colonel Dabney's plantation was fed from his own kitchen. The constant supervision and these multifarious duties bore heavily upon both the master and the mistress of the home. The modern young woman of the South, who studies domestic science in a well-equipped laboratory, probably thinks that her grandmother had no training in household economics. The lady of the olden time knew nothing of microbes and could not talk learnedly about sanitation, but nevertheless she was a past-mistress in the practical arts of supervision and of home-making. She "carried the keys" of the pantry, storehouse, and smoke-house; ordered every meal, and apportioned supplies for the house and for the servants. The large kitchen, with its huge open fireplace, its great ovens, and its scores of shining pots and pans, was a scene of hustling activity and of masterly generalship. The mistress of the house made her morning rounds, her keys jingling in her key-basket, selected the meat from the smoke-house, overlooked the provisions in the great storeroom, gave out supplies, ordered the meals, and then often busied herself in the "pantry" mixing up with her own hands some special dainty. Supplies given out and dinner planned, "Aunt Calline" or "Aunt Minervy" entered upon another glorious day of "bossing." She was par excellence the general of the kitchen. Her head "done up" in a red and yellow bandanna, dressed in

stout linsey-woolsey, arms akimbo, she issued commands to her numerous helpers, urged on the idle in tones which would have curdled the blood of every little pickaninny had he not been sure that the soft heart would never carry out the direful threats. "Jes' look at dat Eph! Boy, ef you doan tek de bellus an' blow up dat fire quick, I gwine brek eve'y bone in yo' good-for-nothin' body." Such a spluttering and hissing went on in the busy place, and such delicious odors stole from the roasting and baking! Two or three black boys were always in readiness as "runners" to take in the batter-cakes and waffles smoking hot to the "big house," and in a corner of the wide chimney another ebony-faced youngster turned the spit on which hung the fowl or the huge roast of meat. The orderliness of the kitchen and the lack of friction were due to the wise management of "ole Miss'." She herself was an adept in making jellies, cordials, and other toothsome delicacies for the sick. She it was, too, who overlooked the housemaids and saw that the waxed floors, the heavy furniture, the silver and glass, were always shining and well polished. The vegetable and flower gardens were her special province, and the old-fashioned roses, jonquills, and pinks bloomed in profusion under her loving care and were the brightest ornament of the parlor and dining-room. To the servants "ole Miss'," as they invariably called her, was both doctor and head nurse. She ministered to them in sickness and comforted them in sorrow. The typical Southern lady was firmly religious and sympathetic, with a delicate and dignified reserve. Her education was simple and her reading good, though limited. Her voice was low and sweet, her accent and English pure and choice, and she would have been shocked at the slovenliness in conversation now so often heard from ladies of position. Many portraits of these graceful, tender women, a little prim but very charming, are preserved as the most precious possessions of the descendants of the early East Virginia families.

This culture and dignity, united with extreme simplicity in dress and manners, frequently mystified travelers from

the large Northern cities. Dr. Dabney loved to tell the story of the rather supercilious New Yorker who was once entertained by a Richmond pastor. The great Virginia State Agricultural Society was in session, and the divine took the young man to one of the meetings of that noted body. On their return he asked the New Yorker, "What thought you of our Dr. McGuffey?" He answered, "Oh, of course I was charmed with the discourse; it was a model of scientific clearness, but entirely above the comprehension of that audience of clodhoppers." The Richmond man said, "So you think that it is an audience of clodhoppers?" "Yes, of course, or at least of yeomen. Their general aspect of plainness and rusticity confirms me in this." To his intense surprise, the youth discovered that one of the "clodhoppers" was Edmund Ruffin, the foremost regenerator of Southern agriculture, an eminent man of science, author and editor, the owner of inherited acres and a princely revenue, and that another was Franklin Minor, an elegant classicist and the owner of the splendid estate of Ridgeway. To add to his confusion, he met, the same night, the clodhoppers and their wives and daughters at a brilliant formal reception, and found, instead of the rusticity which he expected, a most elegant and graceful assemblage. And he said, in his astonishment, "I never saw so many accomplished women in one set of parlors, so marked by gentle dignity, affability, and culture."

The author of the life of Dr. Dabney dwells upon the strong political instincts of the Virginian, the natural Anglo-Saxon inheritance; upon the loyalty to State which played so vital a part in the later history of the Nation. Oratory was a much-prized art, and lawyers expended earnest study and eloquence upon cases which would now be considered trivial. A deep love for their profession, and a willingness to sacrifice time and comfort for the public weal, produced men like Patrick Henry, John Marshall, and James Madison. The meeting of the county court took the place of social clubs, of county fairs, and of political conventions. "The sessions of the court were attended by

a great body of freeholders. They came for the transaction not only of legal business but various other business, or for purposes of sports or fist-cuffs. Around or in front of every court-house was a green, usually well sodded and set with trees, where the politicians harangued the voters, and where a multitude swarmed on court days. There the farmer exchanged his produce for the goods of the merchants, settled his taxes, and heard the discussion of the current topics of the day. The large planter mingled freely with his poorer and perhaps less aristocratic neighbors. The Jew was there with his peddler's pack, and the Yankee with clocks and other goods. The office-seeker was, of course, there, shaking hands with anxious and oily suavity. It was a great time for horse-trading and for the fighting of bullies. The lawyers—the principal politicians of the time—found the very best arena in which to exploit their talents at the county court. Whether the great lawyers—and there were great lawyers in those days—expounded the legal principle applicable to some petty case, or harangued on the court-house green on a political topic, the minds of these freeholders were helpfully stirred and informed."

Politics was a serious business, and men held office for the public good and not for private advancement. The State was the expression of the law, the fountain of honor, the embodiment of all the civic virtues, and her sons in honor owed her free service. The relations between public men and their supporters were intimate, and this personal loyalty made the elections hot.

The recreations and amusements of planters were vigorous and rather primitive. Hunting, fishing, boxing, and occasionally even fighting, filled the leisure moments. Fox-hunting was the hereditary sport, and brought the keenest thrill of excitement. The pack of hounds were made up from a number of plantations, and a noble, straight-away run of an "old red" would arouse two counties. The clear cry of the hounds and the signaling horns sounding through leafy coverts and over silent fields reached

the houses and brought together a throng of eager sportsmen. The country was rough, wooded, and threaded with streams, and the riding was hard and dangerous. The hunters were often over twelve hours in the saddles, and as ladies could take no part in such violent sport, the "meet" of the olden time lacked one of the most attractive features of the modern English hunt. The small boys of the plantation were at an early age initiated by the older negro boys into the mysteries and delights of gunning, and the crisp October air resounded to the crack! crack! of the rifle and to the whir of the partridge. The more gently disposed members of the family found the pools of running water in the deep recesses of the woods alluring, and during the fishing season, when the fisherman's luck was good, the anglers returned from their day's sport with great bunches of trout and perch.

During the winter days reading was a source of pleasure and entertainment. Libraries were small but well selected. Shakespeare and Addison always had a place in a gentleman's library, but Pope, Cowper, and Milton were the favorite poets. The collection usually included Scott's novels, standard books of history, works on agriculture, political economy, politics, and religion, Blackstone, some Latin classics, and French stories and plays. These books were known thoroughly, and the over-formal letters and diaries of the old planters reflect the pompous style of Samuel Johnson. A reading of the John Blair Dabney manuscript, extant in the Dabney family, provokes a smile at the scraps of Horace and the Johnsonian English used by the dignified old gentleman. Bookworms were occasionally found even among the women, and at Aldingham, the home of Colonel Charles Dabney of Hanover, a depression of the floor was long pointed out made by the foot-patting of an unwieldy old sister of his as she sat reading at this favorite spot year in and year out.

Notwithstanding the love of outdoor sports and fondness for reading, hospitality and social intercourse were the great recreations. The planters were a stay-at-home people, and rarely went beyond

their counties; their lives were isolated and their days largely spent with slaves. Any traveler was welcomed, and if he were a man of education and solid talk his visit was looked upon as a benefaction. Serious conversation was cultivated, and politics, agriculture, and country interests were usually the topics of discourse. The conversation of these men of mark was a distinct educational factor in the lives of the young boys, who from their earliest years were accustomed to hear acute opinions on politics, religion, and social obligations. Modes of thought, customs, and manners were traditional. Little Robert Lewis Dabney was a grave and attentive listener to the conversation of his father and his father's friends, and the early impressions thus acquired were never obliterated.

The lawyers were the most influential of the professional classes, and next in importance were the clergy and teachers. After the collapse of the established church religious organizations spread rapidly through eastern Virginia and filled the country with small churches. The ministers were men of education, culture, and piety, and made a deep impression upon the life of the people; infidelity, immorality, and intemperance declined and education and material prosperity followed as a natural consequence. The minister was welcomed everywhere, took his place among the gentry, and was the friend and adviser of his parishioners. The church members were widely separated and many lived in remote country places, but the hard journeys were cheerfully undertaken by pastors as accustomed to the saddle as one of our Western cowboys, and the visit of the minister was the great event. He was entertained with true Virginia hospitality, always given the best that the house afforded, and in return he brought not only spiritual uplift, but a grateful breath from a larger world. The Presbyterian ministers were especially noted for piety and learning, and of these none was more beloved and venerated than Robert Lewis Dabney. His letters to his wife written while on his trips are full of interesting descriptions of people and places. He especially commended the good sense of many of the richer

country people for their simple way of living, and on one occasion gave an inventory of the furniture in his room at the home of a farmer of large property: "One sycamore bedstead, worth about \$4.50, with shuck mattress, calico counterpane, etc.; three calico window-curtains, three split-bottom chairs, home-made; one neat, two-ply carpet, one *little, little* pine washstand, one white delf wash-bowl, smallest size; one brown-stone pitcher, same material of the common crocks; one little looking-glass on a pine dressing-table, worth about \$1.50; one pine cupboard. *All clean.* All good enough. His coat and pantaloons cost about \$2.75 per yard, coarse gray cloth. *All* the ladies of the family in calico, except Mrs. —, who, being poor, was finer. She had on a black stuff dress in the evening, and white cambric wrapper in the morning. Now this is the way rational people live, who are really rich. Mr. Harrison says that he about lives on his income, and in educating his boys has been obliged to contract some debts. Now here is a truthful picture from *real life*. Harrison's land is worth about \$40,000, and his personal estate as much more, say \$80,000; and here is the sort of thing which a rational, experienced man, of highest social standing, thinks that fortune will justify."

Teaching was also a most important vocation. There were schools for young ladies where they were "finished" in French, English composition, arithmetic, and other branches of an old-fashioned female education. No public schools existed, but the tuition of very poor children was paid by a literary fund. "The barefooted sons of the gentry and yeomanry attended the same schools and were all well birched according to the ancient English custom." The teachers were often college-bred young men who looked to a later career as lawyer or minister. Their methods were direct and vigorous, and Latin and mathematics were instilled into the youthful mind with the frequent assistance of a stout hickory. The subjects taught were few, but the teaching was thorough, and the boys of that day read and wrote Latin and knew their Euclid far better

than their successors. Many of the older teachers were clergymen, and the Presbyterian ministers frequently prepared young planters for college.

The vice of the age was drinking. In colonial society there had been much dissipation and looseness of morals, and it took a long time for a higher morality to assert itself. The lack of excise taxes and license made liquor cheap, and a great deal of whisky, apple brandy, and heavy sweet wines was consumed. Early in the nineteenth century "treating" was universal. Tradition tells us that the father of Mrs. Charles Dabney of Louisa set a whole barrel of liquor on the court green of Hanover County for the refreshment of the honest freeholders who believed in Federalistic principles, and who intended to vote for John Marshall as Congressman. Under such circumstances it can be readily imagined that elections were not tame, and that rowdiness was frequent. On the court-

house green during court week bullies and champions had frequent fierce fist-cuffs, with small interference from their Honors of the bench. But the drinking was most excessive around the courthouse, and was unusual among the better class of planters. Even in early times a strong element existed with high ideals of self-respect and dignity of character which protested strongly against the drinking and excesses indulged in by the lower classes and by the extremely fashionable, and the sentiment of these solid and influential men gradually ameliorated manners and customs.

Such was the society of eastern Virginia during the first half of the nineteenth century. It had its serious limitations. Individualism was excessive, provincialisms marked, the people were often domineering and passionate; but they were racy of the soil, gallant, chivalrous, guarding jealously their honor and the honor of their State.

How Books Achieve Circulation

By George P. Brett

THERE appears to have arisen in the publishing trade in recent times a new theory and practice in the exploitation of novels and other books, a theory which seems to lose sight of past experience and to savor of the methods of advertising hitherto used chiefly in the making known of the excellences of patent medicines and other similar wares.

This new publishing practice seems to be the outcome of a theory that it is merely necessary to make the title of a book known by means of advertising and its author's personality familiar to newspaper readers, in order to make the work in question successful from the standpoint of sale and in demand for general reading, without any regard to the book's real appeal to the reading public, whether from the standpoint of interest, real value as literature, or the imparting of useful information.

It may be confessed that at the outset the "new method" has been attended with some success, and in one or

two cases, where the method was used to exploit novels of no particular goodness or the reverse, extraordinary sales have followed, especially where the novels so exploited followed on the heels of really popular books, and especially also when these latter were imitated by the successors in question.

The success which attended the movement in these cases led to its adoption by many publishers, and finally to the exploiting of all novels in the same manner, the only results finally attained being an increase of expense on the part of the publishers for advertising, the filling of the columns of the daily and weekly newspapers with inane and often offensive personalities about authors and their works, and a general weariness on the part of the reading public which acquired such dimensions that even able reviews of books published in our best newspapers came to be passed over as worthless by the readers of these journals.

The results attained by the "new

method"—now happily, I believe, on the wane—recall very forcibly an original observation by one of the deepest thinkers that our public life has produced, now become trite from oft quotation, to the effect that it is difficult to "take in" the public all the time—a remark which has also been applied to Wall Street methods and which might be used, it would seem, with particular appropriateness there at the present time.

The fact seems to be that the so-called reading public is not, by any means, a constant quantity. A "David Harum" or a "Richard Carvel" is published, and in some unexplained manner hundreds of thousands of readers buy and enjoy their reading, and the appetite for reading is fostered, and finds new adherents. The publishers, alive to the increased number of readers, "exploit" a book unworthy of large circulation and uninteresting from the standpoint of the reading public, and, as has been pointed out above, the public gets taken in, and worthless books find a short-lived unusual circulation, with the result that thousands of people who would otherwise become habitual readers are turned in other directions for amusement and instruction. The periodical turning out of the "lamb" in Wall Street is accomplished by somewhat similar methods. It is also a fact to be noted here that the amount of money spent by the publishers in exploiting "David Harum" and "Richard Carvel" was not nearly so great as that since used in "booming" novels that have not enjoyed one-tenth of their sale.

If the first part of this article seems to belie its title, and to show rather how books do *not* acquire circulation than how they do acquire it, it is nevertheless my intention to endeavor to point out some facts in the matter which may tend to throw some light upon it, and it may be best to do this by taking some examples from arts or trades which have similar aims to that of book publishing; viz., the amusement or instruction of the general public.

If the reader has had the good fortune (or he may consider it the reverse of good fortune if he happens to be a

reformer) to be a resident of Greater New York, at any time during the last month, at any hour of the day or night, his ears will have been assailed with a certain popular song, the name or words of which I will not give for fear of advertising it. The carouser, going along the otherwise quiet street at midnight, sings it, the messenger-boys whistle it at all hours, and the parlor-maid hums it in the morning as she dusts and breaks the bric-à-brac. Whence comes it? How is it acquired? It has never been advertised, so far as I am able to find out, and the newspapers have never given it more than passing mention, and those who are familiar with the song do not, I am certain, in the majority of cases, know the name of the not very popular play from which it is taken.

It may be said, of course, that a song, and particularly a popular song sung by the masses, is not a book; that the masses do not read books. Let us, therefore, take other instances.

There is, at the present time, on the boards of one of our principal theaters, a play which is being presented nightly to crowded houses, in a theatrical season counting fewer successes and more failures than any, perhaps, in the recent history of the stage. When this play first appeared, the critics damned it with faint praise; it has been advertised only as other plays are advertised, about two inches of space in the crowded page of theatrical announcements; yet the performance is crowded nightly, and with audiences composed for the most part not of the regular habitués of our theaters.

In the winter of 1882, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who has, I believe, published more novels that have met with wide success and popularity than any other living writer, brought out his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs." Its early history is curious and very pertinent, I think, to the points I am trying to establish.

At that time I was a beginner in a publishing house and occupied the position of country salesman, visiting book-sellers in the country east of the Mississippi. "Mr. Isaacs" having been brought in manuscript to my firm by Mr. Sam Ward, whose protégé I had

been as a boy and young man, and whose friendship I enjoyed until his death, I was naturally anxious that his nephew's novel should succeed, and staked what little reputation I had on its sale, with the result that I induced my friends, the booksellers, to take almost the entire first edition. Unfortunately for me for the moment, "Mr. Isaacs" did not find its public at once, and the enormous popularity and sale which it afterward enjoyed began only after it had been published some little time. The early reviews were not particularly favorable, and my firm, having apparently made up its mind that the novel was unsuccessful, ceased advertising it, and my next call or visit to my bookselling friends was rendered unpleasant by the number of copies of the book unsold on their counters—and yet, as I have already pointed out, "Mr. Isaacs" eventually found an enormous public and became the topic of conversation among all classes.

Few people, probably, to-day read Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which, nevertheless, remains perhaps the best story of its class, and was for many months more read and talked of than any novel of its time, its sale probably having reached half a million copies. Yet, on publication, it met only a lukewarm reception, and, passing from the hands of one publisher to another, was not pushed as some recent novels have been. Its sale, notwithstanding, was so large that I have been told that its original publisher, who went out of business, could have paid all his debts from the profits of this one book, if it had found its public at once on publication.

No recent book has repeated, I think, in the course of its publication, the experience of Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," which was given away as a premium with a bar of soap—common washing soap at that—and the incident, though amusing, is not, perhaps, particularly apropos of our theme, which is to show how books achieve circulation; yet "Robert Elsmere" is, nevertheless, an excellent example for our purpose. Published before the days of international copyright, its American publishers had

little incentive to make it popular, to do so being merely to run the risk of piracy. Yet of their comparatively expensive edition tens of thousands of copies were sold, and in the various pirated editions which afterwards appeared the book must have circulated upwards of a million copies, and without advertising or exploitation of any kind in the modern sense of the word.

I do not mean for a moment to decry the value of judicious advertising or the value of careful reviewing in furthering the sale of books, but to maintain that the most that either or both of these can do is to introduce a book to the beginning of its circle of readers, and to assert that most of the present exploitation of books is in fact a detriment to their sale, and that it tends, moreover, as I have pointed out above, to the narrowing of the possible circle of readers for all books.

The publisher of a book introduces it to its first circle of readers, and the sale the book finally achieves depends almost altogether upon its contents and its interest for the reading public, just as the song cited above achieved popularity by its melody and its timeliness, and the play by some inherent quality which the public discovered for itself; in other words, it seems likely that the most effective, and, indeed, only really effective, advertising that a book gets is the opinion formed of it by its readers and repeated in the case of a strong and virile book from mouth to mouth in increasing circles of readers.

A publisher of a book, then, really does little more for it than, having given it an appropriate and suitable dress, to introduce it to that section of the reading public most likely to be interested in its particular theme at that time; and it is here that the publisher's judgment and experience are of the utmost value to the author and to the public, in that, through his knowledge of the conditions of the trade and associations of years' standing, he is able to find a public for a book which would be otherwise unattainable. In this connection it may be pointed out that the imprints of different publishers vary very greatly in value, the reading public having learned by experience that some publishers' names are

usually associated with books of real merit or solid worth, and that other publishers' names are, possibly, no criterion of knowledge or understanding of either of these qualities.

It stands to reason, therefore, that a book has greater chances of success if it is published by a publisher of long and honorable standing; the want of success attending the publication of books, sometimes of real value, by the authors themselves, or others without experience in publishing, being due to no other cause.

I might go on and endeavor to point out the reasons why certain books have succeeded with the public and why others have failed, but to do this would expand this article unduly. It may, perhaps, suffice to say that in order to achieve success in light literature it is, in my opinion, necessary to deal with the themes which have and must always have what might be called perennial human interest. The success of opportunity or of the moment may perhaps be attained without doing so, but the books

which have become standard and which will live throughout all time will be found, I think, to deal with those subjects and only those which are of enduring interest to the human race.

These remarks are intended to apply chiefly to novels and to the lighter literature which appeals to the general reading public. Were we to turn to the more serious books and books on special topics, it would be necessary to consider their readers as divided into classes interested in special subjects, and discuss each in turn in connection with the subjects treated and their comparative newness and importance to the whole field of reading. Speaking generally, however, I am inclined to think that European countries attach more importance to and take more interest in the serious classes of literature than we do, and this seems a necessary consequence of the older civilizations, each with a leisure class much more alive to the things that are worth while in literature and in art than our own.

London's Living-In System

By Mary Rankin Cranston

IN the department stores of London and Paris there exists what is called the "living-in" system. It is an institution that theoretically brings comfort and ease to the shop-girl's life. In reality it measures her existence by a foot-rule and makes of her a piece of machinery at the absolute control of her employer. It might be called the "slaving-in" system without exercising the imagination unduly.

The living-in theory is that the wage which comes to the girl is divided in half—one-half she is given in cash, the other half is taken for her food and lodging, which is the living-in provided by the employer. In other words, the average wage of the London shop-girl being £60 (\$300) a year, she is given only £30, her employer measuring her lodging and keep at the £30 which he retains.

The plain, unvarnished truth is that shopkeepers take on girls for the small-

est cash payment they will work for, supplementing it with food and lodging administered on the most economical basis.

In London, broadly speaking, the shops are divided into three classes. In those of the first class the assistants, as the London clerks are called, come from the small professions, artists, milliners, and teachers, who, for one reason or another, have failed in their chosen lines of work, and farmers' daughters who have come up to London to make their fortunes. These shops have long waiting-lists, the assistants frequently serving six months and more without pay for the sake of the living-in, through which they are at no expense to themselves or families. Assistants in these shops are refined young men and women, and are much envied by those in shops of the next two grades.

In the mixed or second-class shops are many refined assistants, as well as

those from the lower walks of life, who are consequently cast in a coarser mold. These shops, unlike those of the first class, are willing to accept so-called apprentices. Parents sometimes pay as much as £40 (\$200) a year to obtain the positions. Theoretically apprentices are to learn the business during their apprenticeship; in reality nothing is taught; the apprentice must pick up in a haphazard way whatever she can learn from those about her.

Assistants of the third class are rougher and of a still lower grade.

Usually the employer will take a block of houses and, after making alterations, turn them into living accommodations for his clerks; men in one establishment, women in another. These groups of houses are subdivided in such a way that a certain number of employees will be in the care of a matron, only sleeping here, however, as all meals are served in the business building, thus separating entirely the restaurant from the sleeping apartments.

After leaving her room in the morning, the assistant cannot enter it again without a written permit from the superintendent of the shop until after working hours. After business is over, she is not allowed to re-enter the business premises for any purpose whatever until the usual time for doing so the next morning.

As London real estate is valuable, space must be economized, so the sitting-room is in the basement. There are comfortable chairs and frequently a piano and periodicals. Some houses go so far as to provide quite nice libraries. On the floors above are the bedrooms. As the houses are apt to be old dwellings with large rooms, several occupants will share the same bedroom—three, four, and five girls in a room, according to its size. There are few single beds, and a customary rule permits the maid to appropriate any garment or article which is left out of its place.

Of course there are no latch-keys. The house door is always left open until eleven o'clock, except one night in the week and on special occasions, holidays and the like, when it is open until twelve o'clock. The penalty for staying over

time is a fine of five shillings or dismissal; in some houses no fine, but instant dismissal. A case is known where a girl came in five minutes after twelve o'clock and the housekeeper poked her head out of the window and informed her that she was late and could not get in. The girl had to go to a hotel or walk the streets until she was allowed to enter the restaurant for breakfast.

As conducted in the average shop, the living-in is anything but living, being nothing more than a regular barracks existence. While the assistant has a place to lay her head, she cannot call it her own. It is forbidden to hang pictures in the room or make any attempt at decoration. There was never yet a woman who could be happy deprived of a few familiar things, a picture or two, a few books, or other personal belongings. The home atmosphere is a woman's very life. The workingwoman requires a pleasant place to go after a day of toil, and cheerful interests, in order to save the soul from starvation and the mind from cynicism or worse.

In the London houses girls have a roof over their heads and food, such as it is, to keep life in their bodies. But the very essence of living is absent during the years when life is more to a girl than at any other time.

The daily routine of living-in is something like this: The rising bell gives half an hour for dressing, which is sufficient, as the girls are not required to make their beds. Another bell rings and the girls march from the house to the restaurant, either across the street or just around the corner—to breakfast consisting of bread, butter, and tea, often the strength of the tea being in the butter instead of its rightful place. The girls are not allowed to leave the dining-room until the bell rings for them to go to their counters.

Dinner is from one o'clock until half-past one, but the restaurant must be left at twenty-five minutes past one if the girls are to be at their posts promptly. There is a choice of two or three dishes, but, as it takes from ten to fifteen minutes to be served, girls have no chance to express a preference, but are thankful to take whatever happens to be given to them, swallow it, and run.

At five o'clock twenty minutes is allowed for tea, bread, and butter, and then back to their counters until half-past six, or seven in the busy season. After the store is closed, the girls are frequently kept as late as half-past nine o'clock arranging stock; when this is the case, however, it is due to poor executive ability on the part of those in charge. Then a supper of bread and cheese, with perhaps milk, after which the shop is left for their rooms.

There are rules enough to run the average human being wild, regulating every act of every moment of the day, and more strict than a boarding-school's. Order, of course, is necessary among a multitude of more or less irresponsible people, but a London establishment which boasts of one hundred and ninety-eight rules might find it simpler to post up the few things the girls are permitted to do, in place of the long list of what is forbidden, with the penalties for disobedience. One of London's largest and best-known shops had one hundred and fifty-seven fines on the list, which has, however, recently been abolished.

On Sunday bedrooms must be vacated by ten o'clock and not entered again until twelve. This aid to church attendance might be praiseworthy, were it not that long working hours during the week leave body and spirit in such condition that a well-earned rest is about the only fit way in which a shop-girl can worship the Lord.

Meals are sometimes served by a caterer and sometimes are in charge of the firm's committee. Almost invariably the food is poor. This is not always the fault of the employer, as an instance which occurred not long ago will prove. In this case the fare went from bad to worse until the limit of endurance was reached. The employees went in a body to the junior member of the firm—an approachable sort of man—and asked him to take breakfast with them then and there. He did so, and discovered to his amazement and indignation that the caterer was living up to his opportunities by pocketing a nice little sum every month from the money appropriated for the purchase and preparation of the food.

The average cost of meals to employers in the greater number of shops is 9d. per head per day; in some cases it is reduced to 4d. Tiresome repetition dulls the appetite; in fact, the bill of fare is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." In one shop this dinner menu has been served for years: Sunday, pork; Monday, beef hot; Tuesday, beef cold; Wednesday, mutton hot; Thursday, mutton cold; Friday, beef hot; Saturday, beef cold and resurrection pie. On Thursday there is either a roly-poly pudding or stewed fruit thickened with sago.

It is pleasant to turn from the average London shop to the few establishments where the living-in system has a chance to show what it may be under proper guidance. These are exceptions, and constitute oases in the desert which London is for the great majority of shop assistants.

There is in that city, not a thousand miles from Piccadilly Circus, a well-known firm which has been in existence for a number of years, an old house even for London. Here, many years ago, a young man served his apprenticeship, and suffered from the ordinary abuses of living-in. He made up his mind that, if ever he became manager in a shop, he would correct some of the worst features of the system. Years after he found himself again with this same firm, but this time as its manager. He began gradually to remedy many of the evils, and to-day his employees are strong advocates of the system.

As the business expanded, the quarters were found to be too small for the accommodation of the increased number of employees. Then the original rooms on the top floor of the house were given to assistants who had been with the firm the longest number of years. Many of them were really old men and women, for whom it would have been a hardship to go, in bad weather, to a separate building. Other houses were taken for the remaining employees. To-day plans are being made for still better rooms in a new building. In order to make improvements, the employees had to vacate their own rooms, which caused, as the manager said, "quite a disturbance."

A deputation called upon him, and he found that he had a good-sized trouble on his hands. He was informed that they did not want to move; they were satisfied where they were, and did not like the place to which they were required to go; furthermore, they would not do it.

"And what did you do?" he was asked.

"I invited them out to supper, talked it over fairly and squarely with them, and the next day they all moved out peacefully and willingly."

Among the reforms this man has instituted are two which have added greatly to the self-respect of the men on his force. During his apprentice days the clerks were required to wipe up the floors—"squadding," it is called—and do the dusting. Now porters are hired, and fines have been abolished.

In this same shop, a few months ago, after an addition had been made to the store, it was found necessary to get the assistants up at four o'clock in the morning to put the stock in shape. The manager did not like to detail any one to do this, "for," said he, "it was an unearthly hour for people to get up, and was a nasty bit of work at the best. I called for volunteers, saying that no one was desired who had the slightest disinclination for it. The next morning at four o'clock every assistant reported for work, and I had to hustle to get enough to keep them busy."

So there are shops and shops of varying degrees of goodness and badness; but, when the best is said, the living-in system can make out but a poor case for itself. One serious evil is the undermining of the employee's individuality and independence. She becomes a mere automaton, incapable of taking the initiative in any steps looking to her advancement. Weakened physically by a lack of nutritious food, and mentally through being under the domination of another's will, what can she expect to be, after a few years' service, but a broken-down wreck?

The worst of the living-in system is that it practically dooms a man to celibacy and drives women into undesirable marriages. In some shops men are even required to obtain their employer's consent before they can marry. This is withheld as long as possible, for married men live out and are entitled to the full cash value of their services, which the employer is loth to give just as long as he can persuade the clerk to live in.

Bad as conditions are in London to-day, they were formerly much worse, the improvements being due to the work of the Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks. Organized a few years ago, this Union has accomplished important reforms, especially along the lines of sanitation, ventilation, and shortening the hours of labor.

To the Watch

By Arnold Townsend

O Sentinel at the loose-swung door of my impetuous lips,
Guard close to-day! Make sure no word unjust or cruel slips
In anger forth, by folly spurred or armed with envy's whips;
Keep clear the way to-day.

And Watchmen on the cliff-scarred heights that lead from heart to mind,
When wolf-thoughts clothed in guile's soft fleece creep up, O be not blind!
But may they pass whose foreheads bear the glowing seal-word "kind;"
Bid them God-speed, I pray.

And Warden of my soul's stained house where love and hate are born,
O make it clean, if swept must be with pain's rough broom of thorn!
And quiet impose, so straining ears with world-din racked and torn
May catch what God doth say.

The Next Step Toward International Honesty

THE United States and all the other great States of the world have now adopted the Hague Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, "with a view to obviating, so far as possible, recourse to force between States." In 1902 the United States also adopted the Hague Convention with respect to the Laws and Customs of War on Land, to which the nations agreed, considering that "it is likewise necessary to have regard to cases where an appeal to arms may be caused by events which their solicitude could not avert."

International agreements cover, therefore, cases which are referred to arbitration and those which involve warfare upon land. No provision is made by international agreement for the conduct of hostilities upon the sea, except in the single matter of the extension of the principles of the Geneva Convention of 1864 to the treatment of the wounded and shipwrecked. The sea will inevitably become more and more the field of hostilities. Upon the sea, in time of war, the interests of commerce and communication, more than ever before of great importance, are now to a considerable degree left to arbitrary treatment. This is easily seen in the marked changes in insurance rates which follow the rumors of war on the sea. There is no agreement in regard to the treatment of persons or property upon the sea in time of war.

The method of the conduct of hostilities between the war vessels themselves is also not determined by fixed rules upon which there is international agreement. A State possessing ships of war costing in some instances \$7,000,000 or more has much at stake in time of war on the sea. Such ships should not be subjected to the risk of destruction by means which, while regarded as dishonorable by the advanced States, may yet be used by an unscrupulous enemy. The possibility of taking advantage of some means to which those States which

occupy a commanding position in the family of nations would not resort, often stimulates the States more accustomed to extreme measures to declare war. It is the State most anxious to deal fairly that runs the greatest risk in allowing to continue longer the present uncertainty in regard to the conduct of hostilities upon the sea.

It can hardly be expected that agreement can be reached by many States upon all points with respect to the conduct of warfare upon the sea. New conditions will arise which will require new agreements. Something approximating the Convention with respect to the Laws and Customs of War on Land can be devised. The status of commerce and communication should no longer be uncertain. Submarine telegraphic cables may be mentioned as a single form of the means of communication which should not be subjected to arbitrary treatment in the time of war. Those who believe in justice and fair play as well as those whose financial interests are imperiled may well demand that a measure of that definiteness which prevails with regard to warfare upon land be established for warfare upon the sea. Further, those who love peace can easily realize that long peace is best secured by just war when war is unavoidable.

The Hague Conference of 1898 realized that rules were needed for war on the sea, and recommended that another conference be called to consider some of these matters. President Roosevelt renewed the recommendation of President McKinley, and in his last message requested Congress to authorize the Executive "to correspond with the governments of the principal maritime powers with a view of incorporating into the permanent law of civilized nations the principle of the exemption of all private property at sea, not contraband of war, from capture or destruction by belligerent powers."

In view of the recommendations of the

Hague Conference and of the President and his predecessor, and in view of the increasing importance of the interests involved in warfare upon the sea it seems a most fitting time for the calling of an international conference to consider the rules for war upon the sea. It also seems fitting that the United States, which has always stood for honesty in the treatment of property upon the sea, in time of war, as for advanced positions in other matters of maritime war, should take the initiative in calling this conference. Such a conference should not be restricted to the consideration of one particular phase of the conduct of mari-

time warfare, but should consider all points upon which any agreement can be reached. There are many more possibilities of agreement than are suspected in advance of frank discussion, as shown by the results of the Hague Conference of 1898. At that time agreements were reached in regard to international arbitration and in regard to the conduct of war on land. The field of action left unsettled at that time should now be considered, and the next step toward international honesty should be taken by an international agreement in regard to the conduct of hostilities on the sea.

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The Victorian Age¹

IT is well that the definitive and standard life of Queen Victoria should bear the date 1903 instead of 1901—the year of the Queen's death. The appreciation by Miss Marie Corelli and the biography by the Duke of Argyll, the Queen's son-in-law, might properly bear the earlier date, because of their intimate touch and their emphasis on family life—an impression to be given with special fervor in the shadow of the passing of the great Queen, who was pre-eminently exemplary as wife and mother and gentlewoman. But, in determining Victoria's position in history as monarch, a sense of proportion and a regard for exact detail compel a certain lapse of time from the year of her demise. The Queen's personal history in the varied spheres of life is for the first time narrated with a due sense of perspective by Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. He of all men seems to have had a fitting sense of what a serious, well-proportioned, dignified biography should be, and such he certainly has made the present volume. In it we like best the author's emphasis on the Queen's direct intervention in home

politics throughout her long reign—the longest in English history and the longest but one in European history; for instance, her criticism of the bill incorporating India with the dominions of the Crown; her attitude towards Palmerston as regards the latter's precipitate recognition of Napoleon III.; above all, as regards Palmerston's attitude in the Trent affair. Both Mr. Lee and Mr. Smith bear testimony to the feeling then in England that the South would gain its independence. The Queen's influence upon members of her family, at home and abroad, particularly on William II. of Germany, is also deservedly emphasized. No sovereign of England, says Mr. Lee, was a more voluminous correspondent with the officers of state. "She laboriously studied every detail of Government business, and on every question of policy or administration she formed for herself decided opinions, to which she obstinately adhered, pressing them pertinaciously on the notice of her Ministers." Mr. Smith, in his autobiography, is well within the mark in saying, "No sovereign in English history ever attained such universal esteem as Queen Victoria."

In 1900 the anxieties and sorrows due to the South African War and to the deaths of relatives proved a severe strain on the Queen's nervous system. In January, 1901, she nerved herself to welcome Lord Roberts on his return

¹ *Queen Victoria: A Biography.* By Sidney Lee. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career. By Edward Hensman. Harper & Brothers, New York.

My Life Work. By Samuel Smith, M.P. Hodder & Stoughton, London.
Edouard VII. Par J. H. Aubry. Félix Juven, Paris.

from South Africa, and to give an audience to Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, so that she might understand the immediate prospect of South African affairs. It was fitting that the future of the British Colonial Empire should be her last business in life.

In the extension of the Empire it has been generally supposed that the Queen was for peace, first, last, and all the time. But Mr. Lee shows that when war was once recognized as necessary, it found an advocate in the Queen. The Sudan campaign of 1898, for instance, culminating in the battle of Khartum, was, says he, "a source of immense gratification to her." But all other experiences sank into insignificance beside the Boer War. In 1891 the Queen had invited Cecil Rhodes to dine at Windsor. As Mr. Hensman in his sumptuous volume tells us, Rhodes afterwards expressed gratified surprise at the Queen's knowledge of South African politics and at her clear and statesmanlike comments. The interview left the Queen one of Rhodes's admirers. Later her confidence in Lord Salisbury's wisdom spared her any misgivings while negotiations with the Transvaal Government were pending. So long as any chance remained of maintaining an honorable peace, says Mr. Lee, the Queen hoped that there would be no war; but when that peace could not be maintained, "she focused her energies on entreaties to her Ministers to pursue the war with all possible promptitude and effect." This combination of humanity with militant dignity probably made Cecil Rhodes confess that Queen Victoria was intellectually the equal of any statesman with whom he had ever come in contact. Yet Rhodes had not, as Mr. Hensman is careful to say, a very high opinion of women's abilities and their fitness for political life. If the development of a Colonial Empire was the great distinguishing feature of Queen Victoria's reign, Cecil Rhodes played a prime part in that development. For many years, for good or for ill, he dominated South African politics. Mr. Hensman's description of Rhodes's connection with the Jameson Raid may seem to us inadequate; that of Rhodes's connection

with the Boer War is certainly inadequate; better is the elucidation of the Cape to Cairo railway and other empire-making schemes.

If the development of a Colonial Empire most impressed those outside England, there are certain problems at home the solution of which makes the Victorian era memorable to every Englishman. The account of these is more graphic in Mr. Smith's book than in Mr. Lee's, as is natural from an old parliamentarian—education, the franchise, Irish Home Rule, church questions. Mr. Smith's life has been one of admirable effort in the solving of these problems. He has now turned his attention abroad to Indian matters, which exceed in complexity any other, and also to Anglo-American relations. Mr. Smith's repeated visits to this country have made him widely and favorably known here.

He thus defines the Empire's attitude in 1902: "The press is filled with reports of earnest prayers for our beloved Sovereign, which happily were heard. The blessed peace in South Africa has left behind it a chastened and thankful spirit. The accent of boastfulness has marvelously disappeared. I cannot but hope that a more fruitful era in our national life has arrived." The prime mover in that peace, we believe, was Edward VII. More than any other Englishman, his personal ascendancy gives the impress of contemporary manners and character, simple, unboastful, uninsular. To him is due the rapid regaining of English prestige among the courts of Europe. Yet he has never had "a military soul," as Mr. Aubrey points out; his life in the Victorian age during his half-century as Prince of Wales was purely that of the Queen's first servant. He well fulfilled his motto, "Ich dien." He once aptly called himself a drummer for loyalism, and with true commercial-traveler energy he went everywhere. He was hail-fellow-well-met in all ranks of society at home and abroad, until, as the keen French critic says, he was reproached with having about him "too many Americans and too many Jews." He has, however, made the Court felt as not

in a century before. In politics he is supposed to be a Liberal-Unionist-Imperialist of the Rosebery and Devonshire sort. According to M. Aubry, the King had a profound admiration for Cecil Rhodes, that ultra-Imperialist. Whether this is so or not, Edward VII.'s work is to be, according to the keen French critic, the federation and armament of

the Empire, the mending or ending of the House of Lords, the separation of Church and State, agricultural and inheritance reforms, the pacification of Ireland, the creation throughout the United Kingdom of peasant proprietors of the soil, universal suffrage, the political emancipation of woman; finally, workingmen's pensions.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventurer in Spain (The). By S. R. Crockett. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 338 pages. 5x9½ in. \$1.50.

It is hard to distinguish fact from fiction here, but the unusual mixture of personal travel and adventure with romance is certainly interesting. Mr. Crockett climbed the mountains that separate France from Spain, visited remote mountain villages, made friends with smugglers, Carlists, and roadside characters. His experiences were singular in themselves and well worthy of narration, while from time to time he introduces a little tale of Spanish love-making, fighting, or smuggling, which adds a fanciful touch to the whole. The book is in part illustrated from the author's photographs.

Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen (The). By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 299 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Anatomical Model of the Female Human Body: An Illustrated Representation, with Full and Descriptive Letterpress. Edited by William S. Furneaux. Thomas Whittaker, New York. \$1.75, net.

Angler's Secret (The). By Charles Bradford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7¼ in. 206 pages.

Pleasantly written little talks by a fisherman for fishermen. The tyro and the expert will find practical suggestions, while the whole is pervaded by the spirit of Izaak Walton and combines gentle sentiment with the good fellowship of sport.

Aristocracy of Health (The). By Mary Foote Henderson. The Colton Publishing Co., Washington, D.C. 5x7½ in. 772 pages.

Biographic Clinics: Vol. II. The Origin of the Ill Health of George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Wagner, Parkman, Jane Welch Carlyle, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Nietzsche. By George M. Gould, M.D. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia. 5x8 in. 392 pages. \$1.

Clinics are medical lessons given to pupils at the bedside of the patient, or in his presence. Biographical memoranda of the persons named on the title-page of this volume

are cited as the basis of the thesis it propounds. The main cause of their ill health is diagnosed as eyestrain. "No cause can more directly and infallibly upset and morbidize the nervous, mental, and nutritional mechanisms." Furthermore, "one of the most successful, one of the most potent preparers of the morbid soil for any infectious disease is eyestrain, and it will in time be recognized as such." As to Mrs. Carlyle, De Quincey, Parkman, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche, "a simple, or rather, speaking in optical terms, a compound pair of lenses would have absolutely prevented the entire tragedy in each case." Not only insanity, but, as Dr. Gould concludes from statistics of the Elmira Reformatory, even crime, is to a considerable extent traceable to an ocular origin. The pessimism which colors so much of modern literature partly grows, in his view, from this prolific root of evil. This thesis, advanced in Dr. Gould's preceding volume of studies upon the ill health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning, failed to find favor with the medical profession. He therefore returns to the charge with some intensity, and does not mince matters in speaking of the "enormous mistake," the "professional crime." In the issue thus joined a layman must suspend judgment, but may at the same time remember that conservatism has impeded the advance of medical no less than of theological science. Next to, perhaps even more than, the stomach the eye is, no doubt, the most neglected and abused organ of the body.

Chats on Writers and Books. By John N. Crawford. In 2 vols. Charles H. Sergel Co., Chicago. 6½x9½ in. \$5.

Mr. Crawford was a Chicago newspaper writer and essayist. He is described by the writer of the Introduction to these handsomely printed volumes as a man of a judicial mind, an indefatigable reader, and a thorough scholar. The sketches and talks here included very well bear out this description of the writer. They contain nothing very profoundly original or searching in criticism.

but they give a good idea of the personality, life, and literary work of scores of famous writers, actors, and social celebrities. Johnson, Garrick, Pope, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. and Mrs. George Grote, Lady Holland, Barbara, William Morris, and Austin Dobson are some of the names that meet the eye in turning over the pages.

Christian Apologetics: A Series of Addresses delivered before the Christian Association of University College, London. By George Henslow, M.A., Henry Wace, D.D., and Others. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 133 pages. \$1.25, net.

Under this title are comprised addresses on "The Nature and Scope of Christian Evidences," "Present-Day Rationalism, with an Examination of Darwinism," "The Book of Genesis," "The Synoptic Gospels as Independent Witnesses," "The Witness of Human Experience," "Materialism or Christianity," "Some Evidences for the Resurrection." Brief speeches by men of distinction follow most of these, among them Lord Kelvin's, which drew forth many letters to the press upon his affirmation that "science positively affirms Creative Power." While these addresses are not in every point adequate or satisfactory, they contain much that is valuable, and some really noble passages.

Congregational Way (The): A Handbook of Congregational Principles and Practices. By George M. Boynton. The Pilgrim Press, New York. 5x7½ in. 221 pages. \$1, net.

The fundamental principles and the varying practices and tendencies of the Congregational churches are the subject of this work. With its unchangeable principle of the autonomy of each local church the flexibility of Congregationalism in other respects is such as to require from time to time restatements, such as this, of the current modifications or improvements of its ancient way. It appears from Dr. Boynton's account that there is a tendency to closer organization for common interests, to unification of missionary and benevolent activities, to more variety in modes of worship, and to less philosophical and more practical statements of doctrine, to none of which, however, is individual or church subscription required. In its statement of principles, of past and present practices, and with its copious appendix of current forms of belief and of procedure for all purposes, this is a valuable reference-book for all whom it may concern either for information or for action.

Consolation: Ode in Memory of those Members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Three of Stanford University who Died During the Month of Their Graduation. By Raymond Macdonald Alden. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5x8½ in. 8 pages. 50c., net.

Das Märchen. By Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Edited by Charles A. Eggert, Ph.D. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼x6¼ in. 109 pages.

English Statutes in Maryland (The). By St. George Leakin Sioussat, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies. Series XX1.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Md. 6x9¼ in. 111 pages. 50c.

Eppy Grams. By Dinkelspiel. Per George V. Hobart. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 91 pages.

Francis of Assisi. By Anna M. Stoddart. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4x7 in. 247 pages. \$1, net.

This is an exquisite example of book-making. The text deserves it. While the little book makes no pretensions to be a work for students, it is emphatically a book not only for every young student of the history of religion, but for every serious reader. It has been written in Assisi with the advantage of the latest elucidations concerning the life and times of the great Franciscan. It should be read before one takes up M. Paul Sabatier's standard "Vie de S. François d'Assise," but it can be read with distinct satisfaction after the perusal of that great book. The numerous lives of Francis of Assisi which have been published during the past decade attest to the compelling charm and to the profound influence of one who brought an Italian joyousness and spontaneity into every religious act no matter how austere otherwise. The latest contribution is not a whit behind the others in reverence for the subject and in an earnest desire to acquaint others with the exceeding beauty of the life and aims of a man who stood very near to Christ in that life and those aims.

From Agnosticism to Theism. By Charles F. Dole. The James H. West Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 29 pages. 25c.

There is a notable charm in this little argument reprinted from the "Hibbert Journal," a sympathetic persuasiveness of reason quickened by profound moral feeling, which gives it a practical value above that of some massive volumes for minds perplexed about "the unknowable."

Grace Before Meat: A Collection of Table Blessings for All Occasions. By Amos R. Wells. United Society of Christian Endeavor, 600 Tremont Temple, Boston. 4½x5½ in. 79 pages. 25c.

Handbook of Parliamentary Usage. By Frank William Howe. Hinds & Noble, New York. 3¼x7 in. 55 pages. 50c.

Handbook on the Prevention of Tuberculosis (A). Published by the Charity Organization Society, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York. 6x9¼ in. 388 pages. Paper bound.

Help for the Tempted: And That Means All of Us. By Amos R. Wells. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4½x7½ in. 182 pages. 75c.

Henderson. By Rose E. Young. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 189 pages. \$1.25. The author of this story is a Missourian by birth and a Kentuckian and Virginian by descent. She is a young woman of considerable experience; she taught school in Texas, has done editorial work in Chicago and in New York, and has seen a great deal of the country on both sides of the Mississippi. This story is a somewhat over-intense study of an episode in the life of three people. The situation is an unusual one, and is worked out with a great deal of skill, the

three figures in the little drama of love and death being very distinctly sketched. The story suffers from strain, but the situation creates and in part justifies this stress.

History of the Christian Church. By George H. Dryer, D.D. In 5 vols. Jennings & Pye. Cincinnati. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in.

A history of the Christian Church in five volumes one has a right to expect to find both accurate and well proportioned. Though this history is written with admirable spirit, it lacks both accuracy and right proportion. Such easily ascertainable facts, for instance, as the names of some modern theological writers are wrongly given. Of the five volumes two treat of events from the middle of the seventeenth century onward. The work, too, lacks distinction in style and interpretative insight, either of which might have outweighed other faults. Each volume is supplied with a bibliography, an index which would be more valuable if more complete. This is a history designed for popular use. Its most decided merit is its attempt, very generally successful, to report results of religious controversy with impartiality, to indicate the religious value existing in changes that to some have seemed inimical to religion, and to emphasize the unity of the Church, which depends less on ecclesiastical organization than on human experience.

Hypatia. By Charles Kingsley. (The New Century Library.) T. Nelson & Sons, New York. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 467 pages. \$1.50.

An attractive edition of the small-volume, thin-paper, limp-cover type.

Iberian (The): Anglo-Greek Play. By Osborn R. Lamb. With Music by H. Claiborne Dixon. Ames & Rollinson, 203 Broadway, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in. 119 pages. \$2. net.

We should not find fault with a home because neither husband nor wife has any particular distinction. Similarly, we are not inclined to speak ill of a book in which verse and music are well mated.

I Need the Money. By Hugh McHugh. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4×7 in. 114 pages.

In Relief of Doubt. By R. E. Welsh, M.A. H. R. Allenson, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., England. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 110 pages.

This is designed as an antidote to cheap publications, agnostic or atheistic, widely circulated in England. Frankly accepting the *dicta* of modern science, it is a popular argument for the fundamental tenets of Christianity, conceding somewhat less to the claims of Biblical critics in the New Testament field than in that of the Old Testament. It is lucid, vigorous, and commendable to all who are trying to tune the "jarring lyre."

Jeremy Taylor. By Edmund Gosse. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 234 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Jewel of Seven Stars (The). By Bram Stoker. Harper & Bros., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 310 pages. \$1.50.

A preposterous story of mystery, mysticism, and crime.

Leaves from the Diaries of a Soldier and Sportsman During Twenty Years' Service in India, Afghanistan, Egypt, and Other Countries, 1865-1885. By Lieutenant-General Sir Montagu Gilbert Gerard, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 399 pages. \$4. net.

General Gerard's experiences as a sportsman and soldier from 1864 to 1884 cover places as far apart as Gibraltar, Central India, Abyssinia, Afghanistan, and Egypt. Although his book sometimes has unnecessary personal detail, it is for the most part decidedly readable, and that as well to the student of races and of political history as to the lover of narratives of hunting adventure. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

Liberal Christianity: Its Origin, Nature, and Mission. By Jean Réville. Translated and Edited by Victor Leuliette. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 205 pages. \$1.25.

These addresses by a French professor, first given in Switzerland last fall, describe what in this country would be called radical Unitarianism. Their fundamental defect, it seems to us, is their confusing use of the same term, at one time to denote a religious attitude of mind, at other times to denote the reasoned conclusions of certain people who have that attitude of mind. The conception of Christianity which they set forth is based on the supposed truism that Christianity consists of the aggregate of Jesus' teachings, and therefore is to be dug out of the synoptic gospels; whereas it is equally rational to hold that Christianity consists in the spirit and life of Christ to be found, perhaps, more clearly embodied in Paul's Epistles and the Fourth Gospel than in the annalistic writings of Matthew, Luke, and Mark. Liberalism, as here expounded, might well be called Synoptic Christianity—a modern and subtle form of literalism.

"Little Ten-Minutes," or, A Pastor's Talks with His Children. By Frank T. Bayley, D.D. The Carson-Harper Co., Denver, Colo. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ in. 189 pages. \$1. net.

Each of these addresses has for its center an anecdote or story, or a simple illustrative experiment. They are well within the comprehension of children, in some cases even those who are very young. The moral and religious lessons are wholesome—not too sentimental, not too austere. The book might prove suggestive to some teachers regarding modes of approach to the minds of children.

Man Roosevelt (The). By Francis E. Leupp. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 341 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Manual of Forensic Quotations. By Leon Mead and F. Newell Gilbert. Illustrated. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 207 pages. \$1.50.

Mediæval England. By Mary Bateson. Illustrated. (The Story of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ in. 448 pages. \$1.35, net.

A very interesting survey of England during the mediæval period, dealing largely with

family, social, ecclesiastical, and feudal life. The materials for such a book as this are in certain fields extremely voluminous and in others very meager, but Miss Bateson has pieced together very skillfully the fragments relating to the home life of the nobility and to life in the monasteries, and has given a connected and readable account of these phases of old English life, intimate enough and detailed enough to bring before the imagination, if not before the eye, the background and habit, the dress and manners, the ideals and occupations of a very remote period. The book has value for the student of literature because considerable space is given to the attitude of the English kings and the nobility toward learning and poetry at a time when these things existed largely by the good will of patrons or by the protection of the Church. The ecclesiastical side of the story is told with sufficient fullness. The relations between the secular and the regular clergy are very fully indicated, and a good deal of prominence is given to the long and at times bitter contention between these two bodies.

Memorials of Mary Wilder White. By Elizabeth Amelia Dwight. Edited by Mary Wilder Tileston. The Everett Press Co., Boston. 6×9½ in. 409 pages. \$2.50, net.

Metric Fallacy (The), by Frederick A. Halsey, and **The Metric Failure in the Textile Industry,** by Samuel S. Dale. D. Van Nostrand Co., 23 Murray St., New York. 5½×9 in. 231 pages. \$1.

Many people of a scientific turn of mind have viewed with favor the proposition before Congress to establish the metric system of weights and measures in this country, as merely a consistent extension of our decimal system of reckoning money. These persons have probably regarded the late Mr. Spencer's provision in his will for the publication of his articles opposing the metric system as a mere idiosyncrasy. Such readers of this volume will probably revise their opinion, in surprise at the cumulative and massive weight of argument adduced from practical considerations against theoretical—from the interests of the industrial world against those of the scientific. Why there should be this contrariety of opinion is well explained: "The scientific use of measurements consists in measuring existing things; the industrial use consists in making things to a required size." While the scientist has to measure all possible sizes, the manufacturer has need of comparatively few standard sizes. The American manufacturer opposes the introduction of the metric system as entailing both cost and confusion to an intolerable degree. It appears from the data in this volume that the old units persist in all countries where the metric system has been legalized; that European manufacturers favor it only as a relief from the chaos of local standards; that American industries have a distinct advantage over the rest of the world in their use of standard sizes, with which it would be folly to interfere. In short, one who has no doctrinaire interest will be inclined to think "the metric fallacy" well named, and to judge that its advocates should go slow.

clined to think "the metric fallacy" well named, and to judge that its advocates should go slow.

Miracle (The). Translated from the German of F. Bettex, by H. M. German Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa. 5½×8 in. 78 pages. 50c.

Modern English Prose: Selected and Edited by George Rice Carpenter and William Tenney Brewster. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 481 pages. \$1.10.

Judiciously selected extracts of some length intended for use as illustrative material in class work. With one or two exceptions these excerpts form complete essays, stories, or sketches. The authors range from Macaulay to Jack London and from Gibbons to Hamlin Garland.

Narrow Gate (The). By Charles M. Sheldon. The Advance Publishing Co., Chicago. 6×8 in. 230 pages. \$1, net.

New Light on the Life of Jesus. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., D.Litt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 196 pages. \$1.20, net.

The chronology of the life of Christ is one of the most difficult problems in Biblical study. Its solution can be at best only approximate. There was a time when the Gospel of Mark was accepted as the only practicable norm. Dr. Briggs's book represents a decided reaction from that position. It is interesting to note not only the weight which the Gospel of John has in the evidence which Dr. Briggs cites, but also the corroborative evidence which is found in Tatian's Diatessaron. Some of the interpretations we find at variance with what we think to be the facts, not to say the very character of Christ, notably the suggestion that Jesus drove the traders out of the temple because he was indignant at being defrauded in the purchase of a paschal lamb! The details of the book demand scrutiny; they cannot be dismissed in a brief review such as this. The outline is clear, and the conclusions worthy of attention.

New Testament in the Christian Church (The): Eight Lectures. By Edward Caldwell Moore. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 367 pages. \$1.50, net.

This is a valuable addition to current theological literature. It belongs to that small but happily growing class of books which combine scholarship with clear writing. It is a work which both the specialist and the layman will read. Modern Bible study has largely been concerned with the origin and character of the various Scriptural writings; to but a few has been confined the study of the process by which these various writings have become included in the Bible. Not many Protestants would have a reasonable answer to give if asked why they should not value the Shepherd of Hermas or the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles as highly as they do the Book of Acts. Those who believe that the Spirit of God directs the thoughts and actions of men must believe that the Spirit was quite as dominating an influence over the men who chose the books to be included in the New Testament as over

those who wrote those books. In other words, inspiration cannot be ascribed to writers of the Bible without also ascribing it to the makers of the canon. Dr. Moore, who is Parkman Professor of Theology at Harvard, so describes the formation of the canon that the reader must have a new sense of the way in which the spirit of Christ has guided the Church in spite of other and conflicting spirits. He also indicates the interaction between the growth of the canon and the growth of church government, ritual, and doctrine. Many ministers and laymen will find this volume suggestive of an unfamiliar way by which to approach the study of the New Testament and at the same time of a not frequented path from which to survey Church history. Our only caution is that the book must not be taken as Church history. Of Montanism, for instance, the reader would get from this book alone hardly an adequate or just opinion. This is only saying that Dr. Moore does only what he undertakes to do.

Northfield Hymnal. By George C. Stebbins. The Biglow & Main Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 224 pages. 30c.

An addition to a class of religious song-books already too large. It is unfortunate that the name of Northfield should be associated in this way with triviality in music and pietism in words.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1898 (The). Translated from the Originals. Vol. X. (1597-1599.) Edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 319 pages. \$4, net.

Phonographic Dictation Book. Business Correspondence. First Phonographic Reader. By James E. Munson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 50c. each.

Sermon and Preacher: Essays on Preaching. By Rev. W. J. Foxell, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 164 pages. \$1.25, net.

These essays by a London clergyman, especially intended for ministers of the Church of England, are not only free from all sectarian limitations, but are characterized by breadth of view, good judgment, and a treatment of their subject that is compact, comprehensive, and profitable to all who are either exercising the Gospel ministry or in preparation for it.

Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances. By Lieutenant-Colonel D. D. Cunningham, C.I.E., F.R.S. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 423 pages. \$3.50, net.

The friends here celebrated are the birds and animals frequenting Indian streets and gardens—kites, crows, storks, bats, monkeys, snakes, and many lesser tribes. The author has closely studied their habits and peculiarities, and his book belongs to the domain of easily read popular science. There are many pictures.

Story of Our Lord's Life (The). By Maud Montgomery. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $5 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 163 pages.

"A graduated course of theological study" for children and young people is intended in the series to which this volume belongs. It

will be "in harmony with the principles of the teaching of the English Church, and not inconsistent with the assured results of the best Biblical and historical criticism." Miss Montgomery writes in an agreeable style for young readers.

Stories of Birds and Beasts. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated. (The Heart of Nature Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 130 pages.

Stories of Earth and Sky. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated. (The Heart of Nature Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 125 pages.

Stories of Plants and Animals. By Mabel Osgood Wright. Illustrated. (The Heart of Nature Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 143 pages.

Story of the Lopes Family (The): A Page from the History of the War in the Philippines. Edited by Canning Eyot. Illustrated. The James H. West Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 217 pages. \$1.

Story of Washington (The). By Virginia Heath. The L. H. Nelson Co., Portland, Maine. 8×10 in. 32 pages.

Violet: A Chronicle. By Baroness von Hutten. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 285 pages. \$1.50.

A painful and rather overwrought story of a boy with an artistic temperament who has as a shadow over his life the fact that his father was hanged. The situations are tense and undoubtedly affect the reader's sensibilities, and there is some true study of character, but one misses the charm and humor of "Our Lady of the Beeches," and this story is not likely to be regarded as an advance on its predecessors.

When It Was Dark: The Story of a Great Conspiracy. By Guy Thorne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 391 pages.

When Love is Love. By Kate Langley Bosher. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. 5×8 in. 318 pages.

Where Did Life Begin? A Monograph. By Gilbert Hilton Scribner. (New Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 75 pages. \$1.20, net.

The answer given is that it began at the poles. In the nature of things, as is here shown, the polar regions must have been cooled down earlier than any other parts of the globe to the temperature at which life, as organized on this planet, can begin its career. From the poles life must have spread in all directions, as the cooling of the earth continued, toward the rest of the globe, until at length the advent of the present polar climate drove it from its original abode. The present volume is a reprint of the original edition issued in 1883, and has gained some favor with men of science, among whom was the late Asa Gray.

Yellow Holly (The). By Fergus Hume. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 359 pages. \$1.25.

Nothing could possibly be more yellow than the cover of this book—except its contents. It must be added that the author shows some deftness in handling the threads of his murder-mystery plot. His English might often be improved.

Correspondence

Italian Immigration

[The following letter comes from the Rev. W. E. Davenport, who is devoting his life to the education, industrial, social, and economic, of the Italians in this country, and is the head of the Italian Settlement in Brooklyn, New York. He is now visiting Italy in connection with his work, and his reports can be entirely relied upon by our readers.—THE EDITORS.]

Your kind note of the 28th ult. was duly received, and I am giving the matter in hand my best attention. I have talked with one Senator here, with the Commissioner-General of Immigration, and also with Special Commissioner Egito Rorsi, whom you know. All are very emphatic that conditions in southern Italy are improving, both educationally and industrially, for the farmer. A great effort is to be made at this session of the Chamber of Deputies, which convenes one week from to-day, to secure a large appropriation for the increased pay of the teachers in the primary schools of Italy and Calabria, and for the opening of a large number of new evening schools in both these sections. The matter is being agitated strongly, and with effect, in the leading newspapers here, the "Tribuna" of Rome, which has great influence here, and others. The charge that the La Veloce line or the Navigazione Generale (the only two steamship lines active in the transportation of Italian emigrants here) are unscrupulous in their methods and in their representations to peasants seeking to emigrate seems to me little supported by facts and figures that have recently come to my notice. The largest emigration to-day from any single province of Italy is a strictly temporary emigration from Venezia, in the extreme northeast. These people press across the border into Switzerland, France, and Austria at the rate of 130,000 a year. The reason why they do this is because work is more plentiful and better paid in these neighboring sections than in their own. But this emigration is certainly not stimulated by steamship companies, for the reason that it involves only overland traveling.

The three ports from which emigrants are allowed to leave Italy for transatlantic and therefore permanent emigration (for the Italian Government assumes that all transatlantic immigration is essentially permanent in its character) are Genoa, Naples, and Palermo, at each of which points the Government has special officers stationed to see that the utmost fairness is exercised by the companies towards the emigrants themselves. The officials of the Government are intended to be a check upon any tendency of the companies to mislead or mistreat those whom they are to transport. That these officers are men of special training and

character, and often of high scientific attainment, I personally know.

The charge that the ship companies recruit great bodies of the ignorant and unfit by misrepresenting conditions in the United States is also in part invalidated by the fact that the proportion of emigrants from the port cities where the ship agents might most easily work is extraordinarily small, Genoa, Naples, and Palermo each sending a much lower percentage of emigrants than the rest of the country, the remote villages especially. As to the interest taken by the Government itself, it is true that in some instances the Government has supplied to the Sindacos of certain towns extracts from the reports of its consuls in other lands, in which the industrial opportunities have appeared most favorable; and it may be that the Sindacos, or village mayors, have disseminated this information where they have thought it would be welcome.

Our own laws restricting the character of foreign emigration are already stringent. More than once I have known cases where men of good character have been deported from the port of New York on the ground that they came as contract laborers, when the evidence of anything in the nature of a contract having been made was of the flimsiest character.

The knowledge of what the conditions are in America is growing and spreading rapidly all over Italy. The Italians in New York, in Philadelphia, in Boston, and in Chicago mail to their friends in Calabria, Palermo, and Sicily every week the Italian newspapers printed in all our great cities, in which are always to be found advertisements of laborers wanted at rates from three to five times those received by such men in Italy. It is not a few men, working in the dark, who are bringing the irresponsible and unfit to our shores—the great body of the emigrants thoroughly understand their own minds, and understand also fairly well their prospects in America. Nor is it because the poverty of the contadini here is greater to-day than ever that they leave their homeland for ours. The pay of the farm hand has risen in southern Italy already because of the emigration, and one and a half and two lire a day (forty cents) is now no uncommon recompense where a few years ago half a lira was the general wage. In a word, it is the intelligence, not the stupidity, of the peasants that is bringing them to us; and the fact that, after being a few months here, they send for their wives and children, only indicates how well justified they were in their reasonable hopes.

Rome, Italy.

W. E. DAVENPORT.

Not a Conflict of Courts

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The impression seems to obtain that there was a conflict between the ruling of the

court in the Driggs case, in the eastern district of New York, and the ruling of the court in the Dietrich case in Nebraska. Such is not the case, however, since Senator Dietrich was indicted under Section 1,781 of the Revised Statutes, which, in terms, prohibits "every member of Congress" from receiving or agreeing to receive compensation for procuring an office from the Government or any department thereof. Ex-Congressman Driggs was indicted and tried under Section 1,782 of the Revised Statutes, which provides that "no Senator, Representative, or Delegate, *after his election and during his continuance in office,*" shall receive or agree to receive any compensation, directly or indirectly, for any services rendered or to be rendered to any person in relation to any proceeding, contract, claim, or controversy, etc., in which the United States is a party, or directly or indirectly interested. The fact that in Section 1,781 Congress prohibited a member of Congress from doing a certain thing, while in Section 1,782 it provided that no Senator, Representative, or Delegate, *after his election and during his continuance in office,* should do certain things, the court held, showed that Congress in Section 1,781 intended to prohibit the doing of certain things after a member of Congress had qualified as such, while in Section 1,782 Congress intended to prohibit the doing of certain things after the election of a member and while he continued in office. Senator Dietrich was charged with having procured a post-office for a constituent and accepting pay therefor. This transaction was alleged to have taken place after his election but prior to his qualification as Senator. He was indicted under Section 1,781, because Section 1,782 does not prohibit a member of Congress from accepting compensation for procuring an office. The court held that since Senator Dietrich had not qualified when the alleged transaction occurred, he was not a member of Congress, and therefore not within the inhibition of Section 1,781. Ex-Congressman Driggs was charged with having procured a contract or aided in procuring a contract from the Government, *after his election and during his continuance in office,* and was indicted under Section 1,782. The court held that under the provisions of that section he could be convicted even though he had not at the time he procured the contract qualified as a Representative. It will thus be seen that there was no conflict in the position of the two courts, since the indictments were predicated upon different sections of the statute.

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A Children's Hospital

New York City has the reputation of being cruel to its children. The street, crowded and not always clean, is their only spot

for game and exercise. The school-houses have not room to admit them all. Playgrounds are with difficulty wrested from a democratic government. The enforcement of laws to protect them from toil, too early as well as too long continued, is not always effective. Yet side by side with these hardships, provisions for their help and welfare go quietly on. Nothing seems sadder than the sight of a sick child, and yet a visit to the babies' wards of the Post-Graduate Hospital, a building on the East Side, is anything but saddening. The sunny southwest wing of several floors is set apart for the children, and all that is latest and most approved in medicine and nursing is at the disposal of the little ailing ones, whom their mothers, frightened or incompetent, or both, and without the conditions for their proper care, bring to the hospital. In the cheerful, bright rooms the children well enough to be up are busy with games and playthings. One child, with a weight attached to his foot, which keeps him lying down flat, flourishes his arms, all that he can move, and plays horse with a rein of bells fastened to the bedside, and smiles up at the nurse passing by. The children in this ward wear pink, and the color decoration of the room is in pink; the medical ward is decorated in blue. The little babies are of course in white, and the nurses hold very tenderly the flannel bundles as they feed their tiny charges from bottles of milk. Each baby has its own individual bottle, and the diet kitchen, in which the food is prepared, is one of the most perfectly appointed in the country. Each morning the milk comes in sealed jars from a certified dairy, and is stored in a big ice-chest. In summer it is Pasteurized, but in winter is merely tested for its proportion of fat. The cream is diluted with barley-water, and the babies are fed by a percentage chart, according to their need of more or less of fat or proteid. All the glassware is sterilized, and scrupulous cleanliness attends every step. Upstairs is a roof garden, for use in summer-time, where, amid vines and flower-boxes, the children play and swing in the fresh air. Opening on the roof garden is the Sunbeam play-room, to which every morning the children are brought—a room with no suggestion of a hospital about it, containing kindergarten chairs and table, and growing plants and pictures. Care does not end when the child is discharged cured, for a district visitor keeps it under supervision. Almost all the special appointments in the hospital are in loving memorial of some other child, and the visitor goes out through the stained-glass doors that open on the "babies' wards"—sacred to a child, an inscription tells, who lived from 1886 to 1890—with the feeling that here love and science are co-operating to do what lies in human power for the healing and help of needing children.

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The War in the East

The record of things actually done last week, either at sea or on land, in the great contest between Russia and Japan, includes little of real consequence when the contradictory reports and excessive claims on both sides are sifted down to fact. The most sensational and picturesque event of the week is found in the attempt of Japan to blockade the entrance from the outer to the inner harbor of Port Arthur. This recalls vividly the somewhat similar attempt in our war with Spain to blockade the entrance to Santiago Harbor by sinking the *Merrimac*. In the main attack at Port Arthur on Thursday Japan sent four old steamships, loaded with explosives and combustibles, under convoy of a squadron of torpedo-boats and destroyers, and with Admiral Togo's fleet of cruisers and battle-ships as a support. The steamships were sunk, but not at the time and place required, so that the Russian claim that the ships were destroyed by the fire of the shore batteries and of the *Retzivan* (which, although disabled in Japan's night attack on Port Arthur on February 8, is still efficient as a battery but unable to put to sea) seems fairly well sustained. This particular attack on Port Arthur was only one incident of a continued series of what have been probably experimental attacks by the Japanese navy. The advices from Tokyo declare that none of the Japanese torpedo-boats or destroyers was injured, and that one of the enemy's destroyers was sunk; the Russians claim precisely the reverse. Port Arthur is one of the most strongly fortified places on the face of the globe, and it is improbable that a direct attack by sea in front can reduce it. Attempts in modern warfare to de-

stroy strong fortifications by bombardment have not yielded notable success; more than one instance of this in the war with Spain can be recalled. If, however, Japan can close the harbor entrance, either by sinking ships or by a sustained blockade, it is quite possible that she may be able to invest the fort by landing troops at its rear on the peninsula upon which it stands; and, in point of fact, the sea attack, according to the reports of Saturday, has been followed by the landing of Japanese troops from transports on the landward side of the fort. The Russian war-ships which left the French port of Djibutl last week to return to Europe have, it seems, been intercepting Japanese merchant ships on the Red Sea; lack of coal, however, will compel them soon to go home or put into a neutral port. The dispute about the Russian vessel, the *Mandjur*, which was ordered out of Shanghai by the Chinese Government, has been settled by an agreement that it should be dismantled and docked.

The Confronted Armies

A movement of the Japanese forces, twice reported, is, if it has actually taken place, of great interest and importance. This is the asserted landing of Japanese forces at Possiet Bay, seventy-five miles west of Vladivostok. This is in Russian territory—that is, in Siberia—and it is only in this direction that Japan can possibly touch territory indisputably belonging to Russia. It was hardly expected that Japan would invest Vladivostok, because that port is so far distant from what will inevitably be the main field of operations; but such a movement might be so managed as to threaten the Russian position further west, and, at all events,

it would interrupt railroad communication between Russia and Vladivostok. It becomes more and more probable that the main field of the military campaign will lie in the vicinity of the Yalu River—the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. The Japanese troops, after landing at Chemulpho, have been moving northward in divisions throughout the week, and it is believed that Japan now has a considerable force (probably from twenty to thirty thousand men) between Pingyang and the Yalu; while Russia is as fast as possible strengthening her force in that vicinity. The Russian policy is evidently not to precipitate a general engagement, as every week that elapses places more Russian troops in Manchuria. The degree of rapidity with which the Siberian railway can transfer troops is really the test of Russian military possibility. German authorities declare that there were about 160,000 Russian soldiers in Manchuria at the outbreak of the war, and that it is impossible to move troops over the railway at a greater rate than eight or ten thousand men a week, because of the delay at Lake Baikal, where there is still a gap in the road. On the other hand, it is not surprising that the Japanese are not yet prepared for a general engagement in the neighborhood of the Yalu River, for its distance from Chemulpho of 250 miles would require at least two weeks for the concentration of forces. An illustration of the difficulty of determining the truth as to any and every incident in the war is seen in the case of the report from Russia that three Japanese officers were hanged by the Russians for an attempt to blow up the Sungari railway bridge. The Russian despatches give the names and titles of the Japanese officers, while the Japanese despatches assert positively that no such names are on the Japanese army list, and that the men hanged were Chinese coolies.



The Relations of
Manchuria and Korea
to the War

The proclamation of Viceroy Alexiev to the people of Manchuria is a striking illustration of Russian methods. One notes that, while even up to the time of the rupture with Japan

Russia had diplomatically spoken of Manchuria as part of China, and in its last note delivered to Japan declined to accept the proposed conditions about Manchuria on the specific ground that Manchuria was an integral part of China and hence not under the government of Russia—now at last in this proclamation direct authority over Manchuria is asserted, and the people are not only forbidden to hinder or harm the Russian troops, but ordered to render every possible assistance to them. In the quaint language of the proclamation, it promulgates rigid regulations "which all must tremblingly obey." Furthermore, notwithstanding Russia's acceptance of the principle laid down by Secretary Hay as to the neutrality of China, the Viceroy goes out of his way to assert in equally quaint language that "on this occasion the interests of Russia and China apart from Manchuria are indissolubly allied, and, on the principle of the mutual connection between the cart prop and the cart, the duty of China should be to join in attacking the destroyers and invaders. But China has announced to me her resolve to be neutral and to look on with her hands in her sleeves." Here is a disapproving tone not properly applicable to a nation which Russia has officially asked to be neutral. After this proclamation we shall probably hear nothing further of the Russian promises to evacuate Manchuria. Even more important is the action of Japan with regard to Korea. A new treaty, it is announced, has been made between Japan and Korea, by which the independence and integrity of Korea are guaranteed, and the two countries are made allies. Later on it was announced that the Korean army (perhaps from 15,000 to 20,000 men, not at all well armed or supposed to be particularly brave) will aid Japan, probably not at the front, but as home guards. The effect of the new treaty between Korea and Japan is, in a way, to legalize Japan's position and relieve her from the charge of waging war in neutral territory. A treaty between France and Russia calls upon France to support Russia if another power aids Japan in the war which was anticipated when the treaty was made. Japan's new treaty with Korea might

possibly be stretched by Russia to present an argument that the situation provided for has now arisen, but France is not likely to regard the matter in this light.



Anxiety in Europe

Europe is very nervous regarding the situation in the East, and semi-panics may be expected to sweep over the bourses of the great cities at short intervals. So far nothing has occurred which points to any serious complication of other Powers, but the situation in the Balkans causes grave uneasiness, and the disasters which have overtaken Russia, and which are very keenly felt in that country, have drawn out expressions of sympathy in France so marked as to attract the attention of Europe as possibly significant of French co-operation with Russia in a serious crisis. Russian naval power has been crippled to an extent which, excluding the possibility of unusual accidents, gives Japan the mastery of the sea for the remainder of the war. If Russia should meet with serious defeats on land, her situation would be extremely critical, and the temptation to assist her, if French feeling remains what it is, would be great; while the Russian desire to secure either help or the intervention of some Western Power would be equally great. It has not escaped the attention of the Governments that at this moment, when pro-Russian sentiment in France seems to be steadily increasing, the Russian Government has allowed it to be known that at the time of the serious tension between England and France caused by the Fashoda incident, Russian support was offered to France against England, although the case did not come within the specific terms of the treaty between Russia and France. One great safeguard, so far as complications between Russia and England are concerned, is the exposed condition of England in the Far East, and the groups of peoples who are ready to take advantage of any serious crippling of Russian power. So long as England rules India she will be committed by many interests to the preservation of peace with Russia; and so long as the hatred of Russia burns so fiercely in

Poland and Finland, so long as Sweden fears and suspects the Russian attitude towards that country, Russia might, in a moment of great weakness, find herself surrounded by bitter foes determined to secure for themselves the rights which have been destroyed by Russian conquest and rule. These weighty considerations are likely to prevail, and to restrict the war in the East to the two countries that are now conducting it; but the passions of men are often excited by unexpected accidents, and so long as the two Powers are confronting each other in the Far East the great nations in the West will not be without serious anxiety.



A Bit of History

Between friends by-gones are by-gones. It is a matter of very little consequence now, so far as the present feelings between Americans and Englishmen are concerned, what took place in the past. That there have been good grounds for complaint on both sides is cordially conceded by both sides, but it is always pleasant when an old grievance turns out to have had no basis in fact. A letter written by Mr. Gladstone in May, 1889, to Mr. Henry Clews, of New York City, which has just been made public, is an important contribution to the history of the Civil War, and disposes of one instance of supposed unfriendliness which made many Americans very sore at the time and for many years afterwards. It has often been stated, and it has been widely believed, that the British Government was, at different times before midsummer, 1863, which marked the turning-point of the war, on the point of recognizing the independence of the Confederate States, and possibly of intervening on their behalf. It is quite true that the Trent affair excited a good deal of animosity in England against the United States, and that there was among the upper classes of English society a good deal of sympathy with the Confederacy, for reasons which need not here be pointed out; but Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Clews disposes effectually of the charge that the British Government was on the

point of recognizing the Confederacy at a very critical period, and makes it clear that the question of recognizing the Confederacy was never seriously considered by the British Government, save on one occasion, and on that occasion the proposal was rejected unanimously and without serious debate. Mr. Gladstone wrote:

I think it would be less than ingenuous if I did not, after reading what relates to the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, make some reference to it.

Allow me to assure you that, so far as the Cabinet is concerned, you have been entirely misled in regard to matters of fact. As a member of it, and now nearly its sole surviving member, I can state that *it never at any time dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States in your great Civil War, excepting when it learned the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon III., and declined to entertain that proposition without qualification, hesitation, delay, or dissent.*

In the debate which took place on Mr. Roebuck's proposal for the negotiation Lord Russell took no part, and could take none, as he was a member of the House of Lords. I spoke for the Cabinet.

You will, I am sure, be glad to learn that there is no foundation for a charge which, had it been true, might have aided in keeping alive angry sentiments happily gone by.



The Balkan Situation

The sense of uneasiness which pervades the capitals of Europe has two sources—the war in the Far East and the situation in the Balkan region. The concentration of Russian interest and strength in Manchuria and Korea gives a practically free hand both to the Sultan and to the Bulgarian Committee, and creates a condition full of menace to the peace of southern central Europe. The Sultan has not been slow to take advantage of his opportunity, and has addressed a note to the Powers notifying them formally that the general selected by the Powers to reorganize the gendarmerie in Macedonia must not have higher rank or authority than the senior German officer in the permanent Turkish employment; which, being interpreted, means that this representative of the Powers must act under the direction of Turkish provincial Governors. In other words, the proposed administrative reforms in Macedonia are to be in the hands of

Turkish Governors; and, as always happens in such cases, are to be indefinitely postponed with the hope that they will be ultimately forgotten. The Sultan has again, for the time being at least, defeated the combined diplomatic skill of Europe, and has postponed, after the well-established Turkish fashion, to the remotest future the reforms which he promised to introduce. If, under these circumstances, the Bulgarian Committee, which is largely an irresponsible body, the actions of which can be conveniently disavowed by the Government at any moment, desires to make trouble, it will have ample justification. The agent of the Bulgarian Committee in Paris has recently affirmed the loyalty of that Committee to the general scheme of reform, and its determination to refrain from any violence, out of regard for Russia. The Bulgarian Committee, however, is to be judged by its deeds rather than by its promises. There seems to be little doubt that the Bulgarian Government is anxious to avoid trouble and to keep on good terms with Russia, and for this reason is anxious that the reforms shall be honestly tried. The most reassuring fact about the situation is the report, apparently on good authority, that there is a thorough understanding in regard to the matter between France and England, and that the two Powers are determined not only that the reforms shall not be allowed to slip into the background as other reforms have been, but that there shall be no disturbance of the peace in the Bulgarian region. There is little danger of any outbreak in that section at present, but there will be great danger when spring opens and the bands of marauding revolutionists once more take the field.



The Decision of the Hague Tribunal

The very fact that the decision rendered last week by the Hague Tribunal with regard to the Venezuelan claims is accepted as a matter of course, and with only the mildest dissent by those nations which have failed to establish their contention, is in itself a triumph for the cause of international arbitration and a demonstration of the practical

value of the Hague Tribunal. The decision gives a preference in the time of payment to those nations—namely, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy—which applied force by naval measures to bring Venezuela to terms. The decision is not, however, as might at first appear, a broad declaration that claims backed by actual force are to have preference over claims otherwise equally valid. The Hague Tribunal did not have before it this broad and general question. Its function in this case was confined to a limitation and definition of the agreements already entered into by the Powers with Venezuela on this point. Venezuela herself naturally cares very little to which of her creditors are paid the first installments of the money derived from the thirty per cent. of her customs dues which she has agreed to set aside for the payment of debts. But she entered into two sets of protocols, one with Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, in which it was distinctly agreed that these nations should have the preference in the distribution of the thirty per cent. fund; the other, later on, with the United States and several other nations, relating to the payment of the debts due these nations. Naturally, those nations which signed the later protocol desired to be considered with equal promptness in payment, and, with the consent of all parties concerned, the particular question involved was laid before the Hague Tribunal. This has now decided that the first protocols made by Venezuela, that is, those with the three blockading Powers, must have preference. In rendering this opinion the Tribunal declares that, in all the facts submitted to it, it finds "precious evidence in favor of the great principle of arbitration in all phases of international conflict." The only unpleasant incident connected with the rendering of the decision was the allusion to the war now going on, made by President Muraviev, the Russian Minister of Justice, who, without any apparent provocation, took occasion to comment bitterly on the conduct of the Japanese in beginning the war without a declaration. Japan has filed an official protest against this uncalled-for attack.

The Panama Treaty Ratified

The treaty between the United States and the Republic of Panama, providing for the building of the Panama Canal, was ratified by the Senate last week by a vote of 66 to 14, exclusive of members who had paired. Of the Democrats, fourteen voted in favor of the canal and fourteen against; while of the five Democrats who did not vote, it is understood that three favored the treaty. The result of the vote shows that the treaty now cannot be regarded fairly as in any sense a partisan measure; the highest legislative body of the country has pronounced in its favor by a vote of nearly five to one; and whatever may be the opinions of the opponents of the Administration as to the events which preceded and attended the formation of the Republic of Panama, it is now a fully recognized fact that the Republic is established, that to build the canal we must deal with that Republic, and that the canal is to be built speedily. The determination of the Administration to press the prosecution of the work was shown by the fact that, immediately after the passage of the canal bill, legislation was introduced providing for the details of the government of the zone of territory bordering on the canal, which now comes under the control of the United States; and still more by the fact that the President immediately selected a Canal Commission which will take up the work at once. At the head of this Commission stands Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, whose ability and experience have been amply proven by his work on the former Isthmian Commission. The other members are: General George W. Davis, a retired officer of the United States army, highly skilled in engineering work; Colonel F. F. Hecker, of Detroit, who was Director of Transportation in the war with Spain; William Barclay Parsons, who as a practical engineer has no superior in this country, and who is best known, perhaps, as having had charge of the work of the New York subway; and Mr. W. H. Burr, Professor of Engineering in Columbia University. To these names will probably be added those of Mr. C. E. Grunzky, of San Francisco, who

has special skill as a hydraulic engineer and as a sanitarian, and Mr. B. M. Harrod, of New Orleans, who has been the engineer of the Mississippi River Commission. The way in which this Commission is constituted gives assurance that the best energy and skill of the country will be directed to the accomplishment of the greatest engineering and commercial enterprise the country has ever undertaken.

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**Women Voters and the
Shafroth Case**

We have already alluded to the courageous and manly action of Representative Shafroth, of Colorado, whose seat in Congress was contested on the ground that there were wholesale and palpable frauds committed by Democratic voters and election officials on the occasion of his supposed choice by the voters of his district. In the Congressional investigation these frauds—previously unknown to Mr. Shafroth—were brought out by such overwhelming testimony that he discontinued his contest and in a speech on the floor of the House resigned his seat. There is another interesting aspect to the case. The testimony as now published shows that some of the respectable as well as some of the disreputable women voters of Denver were participants in the fraud and that others were victims of the corruption. The Democrats had control of the election machinery, and witnesses testified that some women who appeared at the polling-places with the intention of voting the Republican ticket were outrageously insulted by the election officials. Other parts of the testimony relate in detail how women "repeaters" voted, receiving from one dollar to five dollars a vote. Another circumstantial story describes the method by which certain women altered ballots which were taken from the ballot-boxes. Some pertinent conclusions may be drawn from the testimony which has been made public. It is clear that woman's suffrage in Colorado did not prevent fraudulent actions and intimidation of voters at this particular election. Such scenes as are described in the testimony in the Shafroth case, if occurring in New York City in the worst days of Tammany

rule, would have aroused public indignation to a boiling point. It is quite true also that, while only a few women were involved in actual fraudulent voting and manipulation of the ballots, enough were so engaged to indicate that women of high character, when the ballot is imposed upon them, must exercise the right of voting in order to offset the effect of the corrupt and fraudulent votes of dishonest and dissolute women. The record distinctly shows that Mr. Shafroth's fraudulent election was effected by men alone and that the women of Colorado cannot be held responsible; that the cases of corrupt women voters were comparatively few, and that it is not fair to assert that the disreputable scenes in Denver at the time of Mr. Shafroth's election are due to woman's suffrage. But it is equally fair to assert that this case corroborates what Miss McCracken said in these columns in a recent article about the carelessness, ignorance, and corruption which are characteristic of some women in their active participation in politics. Most important of all, the scandal created by the testimony in the Shafroth case explains why such a very large body of American women are taking no part in the agitation for woman's suffrage and are strongly opposed to having the onerous, disagreeable, and we think unnecessary burden of voting imposed upon them. It is fair to add that ex-Governor Alva Adams, of Colorado, is reported to have recently said that "Colorado has found woman suffrage an entire success." He qualifies this commendation, however, by adding: "Women are intensely partisan on National questions, but on the local problems affecting their children and their families they vote for principle and not for party."

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**The Conviction of
Machen**

By far the most important outcome of the prosecution of the conspirators in the postal frauds was the conviction last week of August W. Machen. The reports of Mr. Bristow and all the evidence relating to the gigantic conspiracy to defraud the Government by its own officials pointed to

Machen as the chief instigator of these frauds. It is, therefore, with distinct satisfaction that the President and those who under his direction have investigated these charges and pushed the prosecution against the guilty parties must regard the result of the trial of **Machen**. With him were convicted as co-conspirators **D. B. Groff**, **S. A. Groff**, and **George E. Lorenz**. The charge upon which these three men were convicted was, in brief, that, through **Machen's** influential position in the post-office, the **Groff** fastener was purchased in large quantities by the Government at an excessive price, the excess in price being divided between the conspirators. While it is certain that an appeal for a new trial will be made by the defendants, it is thought by the prosecuting attorney that the conviction will stand and that the criminals will be punished by imprisonment as well as by fine. There have been two previous convictions growing out of the postal frauds—one in **Baltimore** and one in **Brooklyn**—while one case has been lost by the prosecution. The conviction of last week, however, as we have said, was not only the most important in itself, but went to the heart of the fraudulent proceedings.



Education Enactment in New York

The so-called "Unification Bill" has passed the New York Legislature. It has never been questioned that the bill would receive the Governor's signature. The result is that the administration of the tax-supported schools of the State is hereafter to be under the practical control of a Commissioner of Education. Heretofore the administration of the school system of the State has been divided between the Superintendent of Public Instruction, periodically chosen by the Legislature to serve for a stated term, and the Board of Regents, the members of which have been chosen virtually for life. The Superintendent has had charge of the elementary schools; the Regents have had charge of the high schools and academies, and, so far as their authority was accepted, of the institutions not supported by taxes. In order to bring

about a unified administration, the natural and right thing to do was to make the Regents a responsible body, and put the control in their hands, with the Superintendent or Commissioner an executive officer elected by them and subject to their direction. This is what the Regents should have worked for. Instead of that, they threw up their hands, declared unification impracticable, and advocated a measure specifically defining the scope of each of the two educational authorities. As a consequence, the politicians of the State, taking advantage of the strong public sentiment in favor of unification, carried through the present bill, which, though it could not constitutionally abolish the Board of Regents, puts the entire control into the hands of the Commissioner of Education, to be elected, not by the Regents, but by the Legislature. It is true that the Regents are given advisory powers now over all the schools of the State, and after six years are empowered to elect the Commissioner; but their administrative power is practically taken away, and their organization is so devised that in six years the new members, to be elected by the Legislature, will be in a majority. The result is an educational machine well adapted to partisan uses. If public opinion can succeed in keeping the hands of party leaders off this machine, the efficiency of school administration ought to be greatly increased by this measure. But that is a large "if." The outcome is another illustration of the fact that timid and despairing leaders in a good cause cannot get the popular support that positive and constructive leaders in a cause less worthy of support can get.



The Tuskegee Conference

It would not be easy to name an annual assembly which exerts a more wide-reaching or beneficent influence than the Negro Conference which recently held its thirteenth meeting at **Tuskegee, Alabama**. A thousand attended from within a radius of forty miles, and a list of visitors from abroad shows some twenty States represented, Southern, Northern, and Western. The object of

these Conferences, originally organized for neighborhood improvement, is to spread and emphasize the Tuskegee idea, that the legal emancipation conferred on the negro must be made real and complete by his own efforts to emancipate himself from degrading conditions, economic, moral, and intellectual. The proceedings of the Conference always consist largely in reports of progress in these efforts, which give it the character of an experience meeting. Humor and pathos blended in the accounts given by men and women of the independence, prosperity, and comfort won by self-denial in following out Dr. Washington's cardinal precepts—to become owners of the land they live on, to raise their own food, to keep out of debt, to lay up money, to change their one-room cabins for decent dwellings, to educate their children, to drive out immorality. "The behavior of the whites to us depends on our own character," is a Tuskegee maxim. One man said that he had lived on bread and water for a year while struggling up, but now pays \$115 in taxes, and has two boys in Selma University. Another, who owned nothing in 1897, now owns 350 acres and a five-roomed house. The general tenor of report was highly encouraging. In a number of instances the three-months school term has been lengthened by negro subscriptions to half a year and more. Dr. Washington, who always presides at the Conference, urged, in addition to his familiar maxims, the importance of making good roads and paying taxes ungrudgingly. "Whether you vote or not," said he, "pay your poll tax, for that goes to the education of your children." The resolutions adopted by the Conference; "composed of representatives of our people in nearly all walks of life from practically all the Southern States," reaffirm the economic principles indispensable to any betterment of conditions; urge the improvement of education, and the maintenance of a high standard of morality and Christian character; declare that morality advances with education; call on white people to do what they can to promote the harmony of the races, to encourage high conduct and character among

negroes, and to extirpate lynching by due process of law. The Conference idea is spreading. During the past year over a hundred local conferences have been organized in Alabama and contiguous States.

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Sir Leslie Stephen In thoroughness of knowledge, clearness of vision, definiteness of statement, Sir Leslie Stephen, who died at his home in London last week, was the foremost English critic of recent years. In point of literary insight and sensitiveness to form Professor Dowden and Mr. Stopford Brooke were distinctly his superiors; in knowledge of certain periods of English literature and intimacy with certain charming English writers of the second class, Mr. Edmund Gosse takes higher rank. Sir Leslie's was a typical English mind in its sanity, its clear understanding, its courage, and its thoroughness; to these must be added the gift of a very lucid style and a delightful sense of humor. Educated at Eton, at King's College, London, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; for several years a fellow and later an assistant tutor of his college, he entered upon literary work in London in 1864; became seven years later editor of the "Cornhill Magazine," founded by Thackeray; married Thackeray's youngest daughter; became editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in 1882, and bore the responsibility of that really great publication for nine years, during which time twenty-six volumes were issued. In 1891 he withdrew from the editorship of the Dictionary, and was succeeded by Mr. Sidney Lee. From 1871 his activity as a writer was without intermission, and his interests led him far afield. His "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," "The English Utilitarians," the "Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen," and the "Life of Henry Fawcett" are studies in intellectual history and in biography of permanent value. He is best known and most thoroughly enjoyed by lovers of literature, however, through his "Hours in a Library," a series of essays notable for thorough information and for breadth of interpretation, for a rare combination of the equipment of the

expert and the broad, tolerant spirit of the man of the world. No critical writing of our time in English is better worth reading or more easily read than that contained in the three volumes of "Hours in a Library." To this body of superior criticism must be added many of the articles contributed to the "Dictionary of National Biography," and the "Life of George Eliot," which appeared a year ago. Sir Leslie was President of the Ethical Society, and was deeply interested in the ultimate problems of life, which he always approached with high seriousness of temper; although agnostic in his attitude toward Christianity, he was always reverential toward the religious nature, and free from the rawness and hardness which often go with the critical temper. Sir Leslie was a man of the highest character, with a broad outlook upon life, a commanding conscience, and a rare faculty of making interesting every subject he touched. He has done no more charming work than the series of autobiographical chapters which have been appearing during the past few months in the "Atlantic Monthly," and which it is greatly to be hoped he left in a completed condition.



Americans and the War

If newspaper reports are to be trusted, the Russians are undoubtedly a good deal disappointed by the general sympathy with Japan in this country and are characterizing this feeling as another expression of national ingratitude. This is a mistake. There is not the slightest animosity to Russia among Americans; there is, on the other hand, a distinctly kindly feeling. A good deal has been made of the traditional friendship of Russia for the United States, more, perhaps, than the facts justify; for Russia was not friendly to us during the Revolution. It would have been an anomaly if she had been, so utterly opposed are Russian conceptions of government to those which the colonists struggled to enforce. There seems to be no doubt that Russia was unfriendly to us during the Spanish War; for that war in a dramatic way made Europe aware of the

inherent antagonism between popular institutions and the antiquated system which obtains in Spain and to which countries like Austria and Russia are also committed. During the Civil War Russia was friendly to us, when friends were few and sympathy was precious; for Americans who believed in the Union keenly felt their isolation in a struggle which Europe so little comprehended at the beginning. Americans have not forgotten and will not forget the sympathy of Russia at that critical time, nor have they lost the admiration which they had for the Czar who emancipated the serfs. But new times have come and new conditions with them, and these conditions must determine the attitude of Americans in such a struggle as that now going on in the Far East.

While Americans have had and will continue to have the friendliest feeling for Russia, with growing appreciation of the genius of the Slav and its probable service in the future to humanity, with sympathetic understanding of the desire of Russia for outlets to the sea which shall open up her growing territory more effectively to the trade of the world, Americans have not been and cannot be sympathetic with Russian methods as illustrated in Poland and Finland and in the relations of Russia to China. They cannot be content with the kind of diplomacy which Russia has practiced in regard to Manchuria; they cannot be blind to the fact that while Russia has promised again and again to evacuate Manchuria, every step she has taken has seemed to indicate a determination to hold the country permanently. The city of Harbin, which is likely to be the base of Russian action in Manchuria, has been built within a few years and has no Chinese characteristics. It is a substantial, even handsome, Russian city, built for permanence in the heart of territory which Russia has promised to leave. Nor can Americans be unmindful of the fact that they have great and growing interests in the Far East, and that the inclination, if not the definite policy, of Russia is to close the countries which she influences or controls against foreign trade instead of opening it, and the American interest in

the Far East is to keep everywhere the open door.

Americans believe also that the war now being waged between Japan and Russia is inevitable from the Japanese point of view; that it involves much more for Japan than the possible Russian control of Manchuria and of Korea; that it involves ultimately the independence of the Island Empire which has pushed itself to the front with such astonishing rapidity during the last twenty years, and for the energy, intelligence, and courage of whose people Americans have the profoundest respect. The possession of Korea by Russia would mean in the end the control of Japan by Russia. Any great Power that should command Korea would be in a position to inflict terrible blows upon Japan and ultimately to master the islands. Sagacious Japanese see this possibility. Every year that the conflict, inevitable in view of the traditions of Russian diplomacy and the steady advance of Russia for decades past, is deferred, Russia would gain in resources. It was not only politic but imperative that Japan should bring on that struggle as soon as possible. She has brought it on with characteristic promptness at a time when she can meet her great foe on something like a basis of equality for effective action. In the judgment of *The Outlook*, the Japanese did not provoke the war; it was imposed on them by the steady advance of the Russians to the borders of the Yellow Sea, an advance in which every intelligent Japanese has read the fate of his own country. In this fact alone is complete justification, if the right of a country to live its own life and preserve its own independence has any reality.

Americans believe that the East ought to be developed along the lines of its own activities, under the leadership of its own genius, and that its civilization ought to be modified, not by force from without, but by Western influence, so far as it is to be modified. As a matter of history, the West never yet has impressed itself on the East by force. The Greeks, who were distinctly European but who had imagination and could therefore have understood the Oriental

temperament, might have permanently established themselves in the Far East and have worked through insight into Oriental thought, if Alexander had lived; for Alexander was a soldier of genius, who had the power of insight as well as the power of organization. The Roman never really touched the East, except in the most casual and superficial way. He utterly failed to understand the East, through that defect of imagination which in the end was largely his own undoing. The barbarians who conquered Rome, and laid the foundation of so many modern States, stamped themselves on Africa, but made no impression on Asia. In modern times a great and thinly settled section of that country has fallen, through lack of organization and military education, under Russian control, and England has governed India; so that, as one looks at the map, half Asia seems to be under European direction. As a matter of fact, the English rulers are as much outside Indian life and thought as they were when they first took up responsibility on the peninsula. They have been admirable governors, efficient, incorruptible, tolerant, and industrious to a degree, and India has been at peace. She has had more liberty than she ever dreamed of under native government. Not only her religious privileges but her superstitions and idolatries have been sedulously respected. The only universal peace she has ever known she has had under English rule. All these things are not only indisputable, but they are frankly recognized by all intelligent East Indians. And yet English influence has touched only the outskirts of Indian life; and if to-morrow the miracle of English power, a little army of less than 70,000 men controlling a vast peninsula of 250,000,000 people, were to be withdrawn, India would relapse at once into its ancient ways. The Russians know more of Oriental character than the English, and have far greater power of assimilation. Far less scrupulous than the English, they bring themselves closer to the feeling of the races that they rule; nevertheless, Russia, where she holds her place, holds it simply by military force; she has not really penetrated the lives of the people.

Asia has not been unaffected by Western influence, any more than Europe and America have been unaffected by Eastern influence; but where Eastern life has been touched, it has been by influence and not by power; and it is along the lines of influence and not along the lines of power that the East can be best aided. The West never yet has succeeded in really conquering the East, and there is no reason to believe that it ever will succeed. It would be a disaster if it should succeed. A world without varieties of civilization, differences of dress, diversities of ideals, would be a monotonous world, and civilization would be impoverished by the obliteration of the East by the West or the obliteration of the West by the East. That the East must awake from its long sleep is inevitable; that it is awakening is evident. That it needs Western help and must adopt many Western ideas is also apparent; but the East must be allowed, for its own sake and in the interests of civilization, to develop in its own way and along its own lines. Phillips Brooks, with characteristic insight and statesmanship, struck the keynote of missionary work in the East when he said, in a great address in New York City, that Western Christianity must give Christ to the East, but must not attempt to impose on the East its own dogmas. The East must formulate Christianity according to its own genius.

All this Americans profoundly believe, and their sympathies are with Japan, because in this great struggle Japan is the protagonist of Asia, as the only country in the East which has shown executive genius of a high order, power of organization, and that growing sense of personality in which the East has been so defective, and the lack of which has involved the rest of civilization for centuries. Japan is peculiarly qualified to lead and organize the Orient, not against the West, but into a freer and more open life. Eastern exclusiveness is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. It must be utterly broken down; the whole world must be opened to influences of all sorts; but when that has been accomplished, influences must be left to do their work; they must not be enforced by arms.

Letters to a Minister

The Authority of the Preacher—II.

We ministers in our conferences occasionally discuss the question, Why do not more people go to church? I wish we would change the question and ask ourselves, Why does any individual ever go to church? What do people come for? This church-going is an extraordinary phenomenon. In this money-making age there are not hours enough in the day, not days enough in the week, not weeks enough in the year, to make money. Yet somehow every week we stop the larger proportion of our industries. Most of the wheels of our factories stop, many of the trains on our great railroads stop, most of our stores are closed, most of the farmers leave the plow and the hoe, and men and women come flocking into church. For what? To hear lectures? How long could any man lecture on Shakespeare or Plato or Bacon or Kant, and gather together even the moderate congregations that come into our churches? And yet year after year they come to our churches; a recent careful census shows that nearly or quite one-half the adult population of New York City, which includes within its multitudes the commercial canaille of America, are to be found in church every Sunday. Why? They come because they want God. Often they do not know what they want. They are like a child who cries out for his mother in his dreams, and does not know that his mother is the one he is crying for.

It is for the preacher to meet that want; to bring God to the consciousness of men, so that they may see him and know him; and, their heart springing up in answer to the presentation of the preacher, they will say, Now we know what we want, we have found him; and we are glad.

Charles Dickens was not exactly a writer of Sunday-school literature; he was not a theologian; he was not pietistic; he was a dramatist; he saw clearly and described effectively the common experiences of common men. In "Bleak House," in which Allan stands by the form of poor Joe, a heathen who had

been living in the heart of London (and there is no pagan land more pagan than some parts of our great cities), and the breath is departing from the body of the poor boy who has never known anything of religion or of God or of Christ, Allan says :

"Joe, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark; but I am a-groping, . . . a-groping; let me catch your hand."

"Joe, can you say what I say?"

"I will say anything as you say, sir, for I know it is good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father."

"Yes, that is very good, sir."

If the minister can say "Our Father" so that the men and women in his congregation will say also "Our Father," that is enough. Nothing less suffices. Such a minister does not need to go to bishops or archbishops for authority, or to quote texts for authority; the authority is in the heart of the man that is before him.

The Roman Catholic priest hears the story of the penitent in the confessional and sends her away with the absolution, "Thy sins be forgiven thee, my child." And she goes in peace because she believes he has the power to pronounce her forgiveness. Without confessional, or priestly ordination, or apostolic succession, without even so much ecclesiastical authority as a congregational local council affords, Mr. Moody says to those who are penitent, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." And he also speaks with authority, because he is able to awaken responses in the hearts of men. And they go away believing in forgiveness because the sense of sin and the sense of pardon and peace have been awakened in their souls. The authority lies within.

This explains the authority of the Church. Its authority is not derived from a magical touch given nineteen centuries ago; it is derived from the indwelling of God to-day in the hearts of this body of men, whose spiritual consciousness attests the great truths of religious experience. It is the authority of the concurrent testimony of many witnesses to the laws of righteousness, the presence of God, the forgiveness of

sins, the great truths of the Christian faith.

This explains, too, the authority of the Bible. The Bible speaks with authority because it has the power to awaken a deep Amen in our own souls. As Coleridge says, it "finds us." When we read the Twenty-third Psalm, we are able to see that God has been our Shepherd; when we read the One Hundred and Third Psalm, we are able to respond, He has forgiven our iniquities and healed our diseases. When the minister goes before his congregation and says to them, This is right and this is wrong; God is love and God is not hate; sin will bring penalty, and repentance will bring forgiveness—he is buoyed up not only by the experience of the Church in the past and in the present, but by the experience of this Book and all that it has stood for, and all the record that it has written and all the work that it has done. The Church confirms his authority, and the Bible confirms his authority; but his authority is derived neither from the Bible nor from the Church; it is derived from the innermost experience of his own soul and the souls that are before him.

It is not derived from reason. The logical preacher is not always the powerful preacher; the powerful preacher is certainly not always a logical preacher. Reason confirms the spiritual consciousness, but cannot take its place.

Paul has given in very terse form his philosophy of the relation of the spiritual life to the logical faculty: "Quench not the spirit; despise not prophesying; prove all things; hold fast that which is good." That is the whole Pauline philosophy put into four sentences. You have a spiritual nature in you; do not quench it. There are other men who have a more spiritual nature than you have. Do not despise these poets and prophets of the world. But do not take unquestioningly their prophecies. Test them, bring reason to bear upon them. Test by the reason the revelation of the vision. How shall I test it? Professor James says that is true philosophy which works well. Paul said it a great many years before Professor James did: "Hold fast that which

is good." If it works well, keep it. If the vision of the Sermon on the Mount makes happy lives and happy homes, hold fast to it. If the vision of a God redeeming the world helps to make men better, hold fast to it. The visions which will stand the test of life are the visions to which we are to hold fast.

If you want an external authority to sustain you in your ministry, you belong in the Catholic Church: the Roman Catholic, or the Greek Catholic, or the so-called Anglican Catholic—that is, the Catholic or High Church wing of the Episcopal Church. The Church is a better external authority than a book, because it is able to adjust its teachings to the varying needs of changing time. If you must have an external authority to sustain you in your ministry, you belong in some form of the Catholic Church—the Roman Church, or the Greek Church, or the Anglican section of the Catholic Church. If you depend for your authority on your own spiritual experience, and on your power to evoke spiritual experience in the men and women before you, then you belong in some form of the Protestant Church, in which, of course, I include the Protestant wing of the Episcopal Church. The fundamental difference is this: Is our authority without, or is it within? Have we to go to a vicegerent and representative of God, or have we to go to God himself, sitting at our side, walking in our path, manifesting himself in our own experience?

And, if you cannot preach with authority, you would better not preach at all. There are altogether too many ministers in the Christian Church who are feeding us with their doubts and their difficulties and their questions and their hypotheses. We have too many Sunday lecturers on theology and criticism, and not enough preachers of religion. You will make a great mistake if you think you can do your work, the work the world needs, the work the congregations need, without authority. You are to give life; and life is power. You must impart power; if you cannot, you do not belong in the ministry. The laymen before you have to stem tremendous difficulties—worldliness, greed, appetite, lust, social pleasure,

innumerable forces swirling about every man and every woman that is before you. Unless you have in yourself, or in the Church, or in the Book, an authority which you can set up against these vital forces, to compete with them and counteract them, you might as well retire from the pulpit and take some other vocation. The ministers who have done useful work in the world have all spoken with spiritual authority. Some of them have been radical and some of them conservative, some of them have been new school and some of them have been old school, some of them have been orthodox and some of them have been liberal, some of them have been Roman Catholic and some of them have been Protestant; but whether it has been Savonarola or Bossuet or Massillon or Luther or Wesley or Spurgeon or Beecher or Moody or Brooks, they have been men who have had the power to evoke spiritual visions and spiritual motives in other men, and this has been the secret of their authority. L. A.

A Lenten Thought

The Blurred Vision

Men no longer think or speak of themselves as worms of the dust; a nobler conception of God has brought with it a truer idea of men. The children of God are not and cannot be the creatures of physical conditions; because they share the nature, they have part also in the immortality, of the Father. In the larger freedom, the fuller assurance of the right to live as those who are not born to die, there has come a real peril—the peril of losing the sense of the reality and hideousness of sin. The world is far more thoroughly policed than it was in the days of the fathers; but no newspaper ever goes to press without the record of some deed of violence, some crime against the order of society, some outbreak of those elemental passions which are as strong in the men of to-day as in their savage ancestors. Men have gone a long way in their spiritual development, but the road back to the stage of the beast is always open, and the tragedy of reversion to a lower type is written in

the annals of every neighborhood, however quiet, and those families are few in whose history the fall of a human spirit back into anarchy has not been told.

The world is a far more orderly, humane, and comfortable place to live in than it was two hundred years ago, but every man still faces the great peril which all his fathers have faced; no social organization, however complete, no body of laws, however skillfully devised, no system of education, however thorough, can protect him against himself.

The conflict between the higher and the lower nature which gave dramatic interest and moral dignity to the life of the first man who knew that he was a man is still waged by every man who remains a man and does not fall below the level of the beasts. Daring and fascinating speculators have dissolved what men call sin into mere imperfection; the influence of heredity and environment, of physical condition and surroundings, have thrown light on the mystery which has tormented thought from the beginning; but the reality of sin, the inevitable penalty which waits on it, the misery and ruin which follow it, stand out in bold relief as they stood out when Moses gave the law in the wilderness. Sin is as hideous to-day as it was in the days when the Cities of the Plain were synonymous for all foulness; it is a terrible, indisputable, unescapable fact in the experience of the twentieth century after as it was in that of the third century before Christ. We may change its name, but we have not changed and we cannot change the vileness of the reality which has darkened the life of every home and thrown its shadow on every generation.

The crucified Christ is the refutation of every easy-going theory that tries to eliminate the frightful sag downward in human nature. It was the blindness born of sin which rejected Christ; it was the brutal hatred bred of sin which wove the crown of thorns and drove the nails and thrust the spear; the tragedy on Calvary was the vain attempt of the spirit of darkness, which has always striven with the spirit of light in the soul of man, to extinguish the one per-

fect spirit that has risen like a star over the horizon of time.

The beginning of all true spiritual and intellectual growth is to recognize facts and give them their full weight, however offensive they may be. Nothing is ever gained by shutting the eyes to actual conditions. The first step toward any real understanding of ourselves or of others is the recognition of the fact that every man that lives bears the trace of the broken law; upon the most blameless as well as upon the most hardened the shadow of wrong-doing rests. For the sins of men have wrought havoc with the physical and mental health of the race, and no living man is free from the effects of moral disease. The deepest tragedies of sin are not recorded; they have come not to the offenders but to the innocent; they have taken the form, not of great dramatic penalties, but of darkened spiritual vision, of blunted spiritual perceptions, of lowered spiritual vitality, of a blindness all the more pathetic because those who are smitten by it do not know that their sight is impaired.

One of the saddest results of violated law and misused privilege and wasted opportunity is the dimness of the spiritual sight of the race. To the purest and best there are painful mysteries in life which seem to have their root in the structure of things; but many of the most distressing perplexities of life have their root, not in life as God fashioned it, but in life as men have misshaped and distorted it. Sin has so disordered the body and the mind of the race that those who see clearly in any generation are few in number; and even for these, the ultimate truths and the great realities are dimmed and blurred by the sins of others.

Men and women of pure heart and life are often sorely perplexed by the apparently insoluble problems which confront them; but how much clearer is their vision and how much serener their faith than the vision and faith of those who see out of harmony with the will of God? Much of the dense mist which envelops humanity in this mysterious life rises from the morasses into which men have wandered because they

have deserted the highway of righteous living. If all men would live in truth, purity, and unselfish doing of duty for two generations, half the tormenting problems would disappear, half the distressing questions would be answered, and through the clearer air the stars would shine with a diviner splendor. We are holding God responsible for the accumulated results of our own misdoing when we cry out for the light which we do not see because we have destroyed our power of sight. Only the pure in heart see God; all others see distorted images created by their own defective vision. The beginning of wisdom is not in the mind but in the heart; and they who would know God and see with clear eyes the world he has made must first set their wills in harmony with his will.



The Spectator

As New York has scored the musical success of the season in "Parsifal," so Boston has scored the artistic one in the Whistler Memorial Exhibition. The Spectator was fortunate enough to be in the Hub on the evening of the private view, and, though he felt himself to be only one of the ignorant public whom Whistler scorned in life, yet he enjoyed his visit to Copley Hall thoroughly. For one thing, there was so much to see besides the pictures. Society, and the artists, and the critics, were all there in force. Critics and connoisseurs, indeed, had gathered from far, Chicago and New York, Philadelphia and Detroit and Montreal, being represented in the throng. To say that Copley Hall was packed is to put it mildly. The Spectator can compare it to nothing but the rush hour on Brooklyn Bridge, except that there were no cars running through the crowd. "Velasquez," as one bright Bostonian expressed it, "could not have been dragged in. There wasn't room enough."



It was pleasing to see a prophet thus honored in his own country. Whistler was born in Massachusetts, and had Yankee shrewdness and wit as well as the artistic temperament. There was

something distinctly American, too, in his first-hand attitude toward art—his starting out to paint as if nobody else had ever painted before, and as if the art had begun with him. The Spectator, as before confessed, is but an outside Philistine, but as he looked around the walls, the sense of invention, of endless experiment, as a characteristic of the painter, grew upon him. Nothing seemed a finished goal, satisfactory to the artist. Each picture was an experiment in elusive lights and forms and colors. The result was that nothing was commonplace, no matter what the subject. The Spectator might have liked more beautiful subjects. He might even have liked an occasional "story" picture. But the picture that told a story, the "anecdote" picture, was what Whistler abhorred, and never painted, and scorned the public for desiring, tossing his white plume in high disdain. Even the portraits in this exhibition, in deference to their maker's views, were catalogued as "arrangements" in black, gold, and brown, white, pink, and gray, and so on, the names of the individuals arranged being in some cases added in parenthesis below the more important title, or omitted altogether as being of no earthly consequence. Whistler insisted on calling his own mother's portrait "an arrangement in black and white," so no outside patron could consistently complain.



It could not, of course, be expected that this greatest of Whistler's pictures should be included in the Boston exhibition. It remains in the Luxembourg, and the next greatest, the Carlyle, at Glasgow, and America has had to be content without them. The climax of Whistler's art as a portrait-painter was thus absent, much to the Spectator's regret. But he found much to wonder at and admire in the celebrated "arrangement" of the Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, which was, it is said, brushed in at the first sitting, and finished in "sixteen agonized sittings" during which the painter stood off, brush in hand, collecting his forces for each stroke, made fifty strokes at each sitting, and never corrected or painted out a

single stroke. The "arrangement" looks rather agonized, but that was only to be expected, for to the subject of such a tense and artistic experiment the advice of the photographer to "look pleasant" would be manifestly out of place. Certainly the famous "line" of Whistler, and his dictum that "painting is drawing," are marvelously shown in this example of his work.

The comments of the crowd were interesting. For the most part, it is to be confessed, they were looking at one another; for as the private view was but for a night, and the exhibition was to be open for a month, people naturally preferred to view the viewers. "Why are you looking at the *pictures*?" was one woman's surprised remark to another. Another average man, led up by his cultured womenkind to see the "White Girl," said, questioningly, "Is he dead? That's what I want to know." "Dead? Why, of course. This is a memorial exhibition," said his wife, reprovingly. "What makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, that's all right if he's dead. I was wondering whether we'd have a fresh lot next year to come and see." Quite a group were looking up at the Nocturne in black and gold—the falling rocket at Cremorne, of which Ruskin said that he "never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," and which was consequently the center of that famous libel suit of Whistler vs. Ruskin, which ended in a verdict of one farthing for the plaintiff. "It's a furnace, isn't it?" said one Boston maiden without a catalogue; "a night scene, with a glow from the open door." Those around, with catalogues, smiled superior; but, after all, if all had been on the same helpless and catalogueless level, her guess would have been as good, probably, as anybody's—certainly as the Spectator's. A Nocturne in black and gold Whistler meant it to be, and the matter of the subject is, after all, wholly impertinent. "If it were called a view of Cremorne," the painter testified, airily, at the trial, "it would certainly bring about disappointment on

the part of the beholders," and the Spectator agrees with this high authority.

It was interesting to see, however, the evident relief that the average person found in the etchings. Whistler was a painter for painters; his pictures are not meant for the public's admiration. But his etchings can be understood of the people, from the first manner to the last. The Spectator did not feel that he wanted to sell everything he possessed in order to take even the "Little White Girl," "The Fur Jacket," or the "Rose of Lyme Regis" home with him and keep it always before his eyes. But there were some Venetian etchings that he would like to live with, though what the critics said of their technical merits was Greek to him. The same endless experimenting showed in their various stages; but they were also complete in themselves, to the ignorant eye. The airy little butterfly in the corner, Whistler's chosen signature, seemed to have poised, for once, upon the perfect flower.

The Spectator came away, for one, with a new idea of the painter. This memorial exhibition shows Whistler for what he was, not what his eccentricities obscured. Only a simple, sincere, patient genius could have produced this collection of rich and varied work. The affectations and mannerisms preserved by a hundred anecdotes fall away here. The man who said that "to take nature as she is, is like telling a player to sit on the piano," nevertheless studied nature, in her rarest and most subtle moods, with unflagging patience and love. The man who turned on his critics with the comparison of "The shock of Balaam's surprise when the first great critic proffered an opinion," was one with the critics in his love and reverence for the true heights of art. The Spectator, as one of the average public, rejoices that the great painter can be enjoyed even by the man who knows little of art, but who recognizes at its full value such an exhibition as this; and he is grateful to Boston and to the Copley Society for making it possible.

KIM THE KOREAN



By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS
AUTHOR OF "KOREA, THE HERMIT NATION"
"THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE" ETC.

THAT eels "get used to" being skinned is the fishwoman's firm belief. Under the knife of Mistress China or Master Japan, little Korea has again and again had its independence stripped off. The only difference in the impending excoriation of 1904 is that a new skinner appears with his tool already sharpened for the work. This time it is the "Russke." Overrun by armies and picked clean many times in history, Korea may soon have another invasion of the Mikado's and possibly of the Czar's soldiers, with a big battle or two to fertilize, as at Pingyang, in 1894, the needy soil.

But the people—do they care? Will Kim, the average Korean, weep or mourn? Has he any patriotism? And what kind of a semi-civilization have these white-coated peninsulars? What manner of man is their King? Further, and here is the real question, What sort of loafers and bloodsuckers are the nobles, or *Yang-ban* (civil and military)? These prey on the public treasury, and

are, for the most part, without an idea of patriotism, except as that word means intrigue, clan fights, and the spoils of office. There is a reason for Korea's frightful poverty, which persists, despite her gold-filled rocks, her fertile soil, and her superb forests, in which the Russian ax now resounds.

As my naval friend, Lieutenant Foulke, who traveled in the unbeaten tracks almost from one end of the kingdom to the other, told me, "The impression given by writers is of a civilization much higher than really exists." Certainly! For both the man and the civilization of the nation, hermit so long, are degenerate. Ninety-nine out of every hundred natives of the Land of Morning Calm live under thatch, wear padded cotton cloth that once was white, dine and sup chiefly on millet and turnip, with occasional dog and beef, and pay squeezing taxes which leave only a faint margin for joyous existence. In the north, "the Koreans hunt the tigers six months in the year, and the tigers hunt the Koreans the

other six," while in the south the condition of things is that of more or less chronic rebellion against the burdensome taxes and the pocket-filling propensities of the mandarins. There is no incentive for industry, no motive for getting rich, in this hermit land. The tax collector is ever hungry and omnivorous, the nobleman is jealous and able to make inquisition, superstition is rampant, the sorcerer rules the land and the palace, and beast-worship and degraded paganism dominate all.

Yet the Korean is as proud as the usual typical Confucian, who looks down with contempt on us as upstarts of yesterday, is sure to be. If a scholar, as he often is, he glories in his Chinese logic and learning, despising the "Western civilization-nonsense." Is not Korean culture older even than Chinese? If they of Nanking or Shantung were taught by Confucius, "we," say the Koreans, "have more whereof to glory, for our civilizer was Kishi, ancestor of China's sage by several generations and half a millennium. Furthermore, did not Korea give to her pupil Japan all her first teachers, art, missionaries, and civilization?"

Yes, as learned from books, Korea had a proud civilization, "older than China's," while herself the beginner of Japan's. In a sense, she looks down on both her conquerors. Furthermore, Korea men invented not only printing by means of movable types centuries before the Europeans, Gutenberg or Coster, and a true alphabet, that is acknowledged to be one of the most perfect in the world. Yea, though politically *nil* and in morals very low indeed, this "shrimp between two whales" actually pities its alternate swallows. Yet the foreign student knows what only the critical tourist can discover—that Korea's case is one of degeneracy as to both civilization and stamina. Finer-looking than the Chinese, taller than the Japanese, these men in white coats starched to a luster that excels our shirt fronts, and in big hats and with long pipes, are jolly and good-natured fellows for the most part. Yet they lack moral fiber, having neither the grit of the canny islanders nor the patient industry of the

persistent continentals. Let the Japanese of to-day thank their stars for the thousand years' drill of the feudal system as "a stage of progress."

Drawn on the thumb-nail, this is our sketch of the nation's story. Roughly, the peninsula, twice the size of Pennsylvania, but reminding one, as to its shape, of Florida, consists of a mighty chain of mountains, of which the side toward the Sea of Japan is a precipice, as that towards China is a long, fertile slope. There are to-day probably ten million Koreans. After the race migrations and struggles of ages, three States, in the north, northeast, and south, arose, of which Shinra (Silla) became pre-eminent. To her ports from the fifth to the twelfth century came holy men from India, Arabs for trade, Chinese ships sailing by the magnetic compass, and Japanese as pupils and envoys, while Korean youths went to China for study and her ministers had audience at Nanking. From the fourth to the fourteenth century is the golden age of Korean splendor. Since A.D. 1392, when the present dynasty—Confucian to the core and bloodily persecuting—was founded, there has been an age of decline. All Korea's mighty monuments and heaps of ruins are of this earlier era.

What gave the peninsula, from the Ever White Mountains to Quelpart Island, its temples, pagodas, schools, art, literature, and blessings unnumbered for the common people? There is but one answer. Under that one word "Buddhism," may be told the long story of the Hinduization, or the Aryanization, of the mind of all eastern Asia. In Korea the missionary bearing Sakya's gentle creed came to be a true civilizer, teacher, nurse of art, opener of paths to dwell in, maker of communications, and educator of the low and humbler of the proud. In the glow of first faith, the mountain side was chiseled, and those colossal human figures, single or in pairs, called *mir-yek*, were cut. They stand to-day, after a thousand years of individuality and five hundred of neglect, often forgotten amid forests and on deserted sites where cities or monasteries once were. On the site of Seoul, when no city was there, rose the superb marble



YI HEUI, THE EMPEROR OF KOREA
THE GATE OF SEOUL

pagoda, tier on tier, its façades and stories illustrating Buddha's life. Until the awful Japanese invasion of 1592-97, which literally scooped the land of its art, art works, artists, and skilled artisans, it had three more stories. Once the land of art, as all Japanese history shows, Korea stands to-day, as to wealth and art, only the specter of her past. Japan, art-besotted, spared little that could enrich her. China, ever ready to extort silver, "fined" regularly this Issachar of nations.

In a word, it was religion's old story. The first freshness of faith and vigor over, difficulties surmounted, and now in royal favor, Buddhism enters upon the era of power and luxury, and is active in palace intrigue. The monk wears armor and dictates policies. Briefly, religion, when most impressive in outward form, clogged inwardly with all the diseases of worldliness, is dying with heart disease.

Then came the inevitable struggle with Confucianism, as an ethical system, as a creed, and as a political force. Worst of in the conflict, Buddhism was disestablished, her priests were forbidden to enter walled cities or to build therein any new temple, while Confucianism was declared the official religion, its temples maintained at public expense, the Chinese classics made the basis of education. In place of the priest and monk, nun and abbess, the Yang-ban—that is, the office-expecting class, who with their hangers-on number myriads—take their seats permanently at the public crib. The only business of Kim, the common man, is to pay his taxes, hold his tongue, and in every time of danger to submit to blackmail for "protection."

This is Korea's incubus to-day, worse almost than the open maw of Russia or the Murata rifle of Japan—that great body of lazy gentry who are consumers, even as the moth or grub. Never did Japan make any real advance as a nation until she commuted the pensions of the samurai, and, cutting off their supplies at the crib, bade the gentry of all grades earn their own living; and grandly, for themselves and the nation, have they done it.

After the Japanese (1592-97), driven away by the Ming Chinese allies, came

the Manchiu Tartars (1637), so that within fifty years Korea was thrice skinned and eaten up by a hungry host of aliens. Nevertheless, the Tartars, while enforcing on the Chinese the badge of conquest, the wearing of the pigtail queue, let the Korean wear his hair in ancient style. To the Chinaman, the Korean shows by his scalp that he is "behind the age." When, by the Japanese treaty-makers in 1876, and the Americans in 1882, the "Hermit Nation" was pulled into the world's market-place, she must needs have soon, in 1894, another mysterious visitation of the armies of China and Japan. After her cities were desolated, the "Chinese Gate" of vassalage to Peking gave way to the "Independence Arch" of 1895. Again is her sovereignty threatened.

Nevertheless, Kim the Korean smokes his yard-long pipe, squats in his baggy cotton clothes—the whole nation looking as if just out of bed, or as if other nations had been up and awake long before them in the world's race. Still Kim leads his bull and pony in this wheelless land, digs up the soil with his three or five-man-powered shovel, and lives at the dead level of uncomplaining poverty. Still his wife, whose dress waist is at her armpits, plays the rat-tat of mangle-rod on the starched coat of son and father, and carries her baby on her back, recking nothing, after marriage, of exposing the symbols of maternity. A cipher in public, she in old age rules the family, especially her Ruths and Orpahs, with a rod of iron. Pipestems make splendid spanking instruments, and in this method of correction, both by government and individual, in jail or family, adults or youths are one. Kim lives in a three-roomed house, one-storied and thatched, if of the people, but in one having two stories and roof tiles and a "scenery-viewing chamber" if he be a Yang-ban. Usually the cottage is vine-covered in the country. The first basis, or rather raised foundation, is of earth and stone. The kitchen is at one end, the smoke-hole at the other. The cooking fire, by means of stone or brick flues laid under the floor, warms the house from end to end. If the floor is old and cracked, letting out smoke and



A SORCERESS

WOMAN IN "TWO-MAN" PALANQUIN

BRIDE AND GROOM

A KOREAN GENTLEMAN AT DINNER



A KOREAN OFFICER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

One of the Commission that negotiated the treaty with Japan.



odors, what odds? Does a burglar wish to enter? He loosens a stone on the outside and climbs up and through the flues.

Kim coils his hair up in a chignon resembling a roll of American navy plug, and coops it up inside a horsehair net. As to his head-gear, there is a "language of hats" in Korea, and the twenty or more styles have each a voice and meaning. If in mourning, sixteen square feet of matting, making an extinguisher or pyramid two feet deep, and held to his noddle by a ring or band, are necessary to express his grief and to satisfy the proprieties. In the house, with the

children, the little dog and the bull calf grow up together—explaining why the Korean pony is the most vicious beast, ever malignly industrious with hoof and tooth, withal cherishing perpetual grudges against man and horse, while the bull, of vast proportions, and usually seen moving under a small forest of brushwood, is gentler than the lamb of which Kim hears from the missionaries—for this grassless land, with its scrub bamboo undergrowth, allows no tender-stomached sheep to live within its borders. Kim dines from a little table, a foot high, out of three bowls. His rice-beer or spirit is, to our taste, even smokier than the Japanese variety. In this land of contrast, with tigers that live in climates below zero

and men that wear bedquilts in winter, Kim's children dress themselves in cuticle in summer and cotton in winter, but he loves them dearly. Still worshipping the dipterous serpent and the winged tiger that holds fire in its claws, besides other specimens of mythical zoology that influence his actions, he is less afraid of the real tiger than of old, for he has learned from the foreigners the virtues of prussic acid and dynamite. Not a few pelts of striped monarchs in recent years have come to the market unperforated by bullets, though sometimes with parts about the head and throat missing. In the cities foreign matches, cloth, mirrors, chairs, table-covers, rugs, and luxuries of all sorts have widened the horizon of not only father and mother, but even of the "flower of the family."

What of the king on whom our silly newspapers have foisted an American wife or harem lady? Weak? Timid? Well, consider his pitiable history. When by desinence the dynasty of 1392 came to an end in 1864, the boy of fourteen was dragged out from among his playmates and made the heir apparent. During his minority, his father, Tai-Wen-Kun, ruled the realm with a "heart of stone" and "bowels of iron," slaughtered all the French missionaries and thousands of Christians, and had a slab erected in the chief street of Seoul commanding all Christians to be killed. Once on the throne, between the plots of the court factions who use gunpowder,

dynamite, and poison freely, the murder and cremation of his wife, Queen Min, by Japanese assassins, the seizure of his person by ruffian cabinets, reformers, and adventurers, the passing of months of terror in the palace, lonely though amid a mob he could not trust, and fed only by American missionaries, he had an Inferno of experiences. He escaped in disguise in a woman's palanquin to the Russian Legation; but for this year's board and shelter he dearly paid with a promise to Russia to allow timber-cutting in the Yalu River valley, he meaning a hide's area, they all the strips to be possibly cut from it, that may measure even a third of his kingdom. Now, pressed on every side by diplomatists, and having chiefly fortune-tellers to rely on for advice, who would be king of the Land of Morning Calm? All his "civilization" enterprises, mint, railways, telegraphs, mortgaged, and the mortgages promptly foreclosed, and the accounts in the Japanese banks permanently overdrawn! What a picture! His son and heir, educated in America, *incognito*, has had frequent experiences of pickpockets and burglars.

There is nothing the matter with Korea but the diseases in her own vitals. Let the lazy nobles work; let labor and industry have some incentive under good government, and all will be well. Above all, let the Korean know something of the one God, Father of all, and of the Saviour of mankind.



"DEVIL POST"

Erected to scare off evil spirits.



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From the portrait by Theobald Chartran.

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by F. B. Johnston.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN¹

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter XII.—At Home and at Play

THE Sylph had weighed anchor and was standing out for the open, sped on her way by a small gale that blew out of a bank of black cloud in the southeast. The sailors looked often and hard over the rail at the gathering gloom, the white-caps in the Sound, and the scudding drift overhead, prophesying trouble. A West Indian cyclone that had destroyed the crops in Jamaica and strewn our coast with wrecks had been lost for two days. It looked very much as if the Sylph, carrying the President from Oyster Bay to New York, had found it. And, indeed, before we reached the forts that guard the approach to the city, a furious hurricane churned the waters of the Sound and of the clouds into a maddening whirl in which it seemed as if so small a ship could never live. A tug went down within hail; but only the sailors knew it. The passengers had been cleared from the deck, that the Sylph might be stripped of its awnings and every rag of canvas which might help throw it over if the worst happened. We went gladly enough, for the deck had ceased to be a comfortable or even a safe place—all except the President, who had fallen out of the general conversation and into a corner by himself, with a book. A sailor confronted him with an open knife in his hand.

"Mr. President," he said, "orders are to cut away;" and without any more ado he slashed at the awning overhead, cutting its fastenings. The President woke up and retreated. Following him down into the cabin, I came upon Mrs. Roosevelt placidly winding yarn from the hands of the only other woman pas-

senger. They were both as calm as though Government tugs were not chasing up the river as hard as they could go to the rescue of our boat, supposed to be in peril of shipwreck.

But at the moment I am thinking of, the hurricane was as yet only a smart blow. We were steaming out past Center Island, under the rugged shore where Sagamore Hill lay hid among the foliage. The President stood at the rail surveying the scenes he loves. Here he had played as a boy, and dreamed a boy's dreams; here he had grown to manhood; here his children were growing up around him, happy and healthy boys and girls. We passed a sandy bluff sloping sheer into the Sound from under its crown of trees.

"See," he said, pointing to it. "Cooper's Bluff! Three generations of Roosevelts have raced down its slope. We did, only yesterday. Good run, that!"

And as the Sylph swept by I made out three lines of track, hugging each other close—a man's long, sturdy stride and the smaller feet of Archie and Kermit racing their father down hill. Half-way down they had slipped and slid, scooping up the sand in great furrows. I could almost hear their shouts and laughter ringing yet in the woods.

Sagamore Hill is the family sanctuary, whither they come back in June with one long sigh of relief that their holiday is in sight, in which they may have one another. No longer to themselves, it is true. The President is not permitted to be alone even in his own home. But still they have days of seclusion, and nights—that greatest night in the year, when the President goes camping with the boys. How much it all meant to

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS FAMILY
Photograph copyright, 1901, by Pach Brothers

him I never fully realized till last Election Day, when I went with him home to vote. The sun shone so bright and warm, when he came out from among his old neighbors, who crowded around to shake hands, that a longing came over him for the old place, and we drove out to Sagamore Hill to catch a glimpse of it in its Indian-summer glory. Four dogs came bounding out, with joyous barks, and leaped upon him, and he caressed them and called them by name, each and every one, while they whined with delight—"Sailor-boy," happiest of the lot, a big, clumsy, but loyal fellow, "of several good breeds," said the President, whimsically. They followed him around as he went from tree to tree and from shrub to shrub, visiting with each one, admiring the leaf of this and the bark of that, as if they were personal friends. And so they were; for he planted them all. Seeing him with them, I grasped the real meaning of the family motto, *Qui plantavit curabit*, that stands carved in the beam over the door looking north toward the hill with the cedars, where the soil is warm and full of white pebbles, and it is nice to lie in the grass when strawberries are ripe.

Roses were blooming still, and heliotrope and sweet alyssum, in Mrs. Roosevelt's garden, and down at the foot of the long lawn a wild vine crept caressingly over the stone that marks the resting-place of the children's pets. "Faithful Friends" is hewn in its rough face, with the names of "Susie," "Jessie," and "Boz." How many rabbits, rats, and guinea-pigs keep them company in their ghostly revels I shall not say. No one knows unless it be Kermit, who has his own ways, and insists upon decent but secret burial as among the inalienable rights of defunct pets. It was his discovery, one day in the White House, that a rabbit belonging to Archie lay unburied in the garden a whole day after its demise, which brought about a court martial in the nursery. Ted, the oldest brother, was judge-advocate-general, and his judgment was worthy of a Solomon.

"It was Archie's rabbit," he said, gravely, when all the evidence was in,

"and it is Archie's funeral. Let him have it in peace."

Poor "Susie"—ill-named, for "she" was a he—came nearer to provoking irreverence in me, by making me laugh in church, than anything that has happened since I was a boy. I had come out on a Sunday, and, finding the President's carriage at the church, went in to join in the worship while waiting for him. "Susie" lay in the vestibule, and at sight of me manifested his approval by pounding the floor with his club tail until the sound of it reverberated through the building like rolling thunder. The door opened, and a pale young man came out to locate the source of the disturbance. Discovering it in "Susie's" tail, he grabbed him by the hind legs and dragged him around so that the blows might fall on the soft door-mat. But "Susie," pleased with the extra attention paid him, hammered harder than ever, and in his delight stretched himself so far that his tail still struck the hollow floor. I was convulsed with laughter, but never a smile crossed the countenance of the proper young man. He studied "Susie" thoughtfully, made a mental diagram of his case, then took a fresh hold and dragged him around, this time to a safe harbor, where he might wag as he would without breaking the Sabbath peace. I am glad I sat five seats behind Mr. Roosevelt during the rest of the service, and that he knew nothing of "Susie's" doings; for if he had turned his head and given me as much as one look, I should have broken right out laughing and made a scandal.

When we drove back to the village that November day, I caught him looking back once or twice toward the house in its bower of crimson shrubs, and I saw that his heart was there. You would not wonder if you knew it. I never go away from Sagamore Hill without a feeling that if I lived there I would never leave it, and that nothing would tempt me to exchange it for the White House, with all it stands for. But then I am ten years older than Theodore Roosevelt; though it isn't always the years that count. For I think if it came to a vote, the children would carry my



Arthur Hewitt

STARTING FOR THE MORNING RIDE, SAGAMORE HILL.
Photographed for The Outlook by Arthur Hewitt.

proposition with a shout. Not that Sagamore Hill has anything to suggest a palace. Quite the contrary; it is a very modest home for the President of the United States. On a breezy hilltop overlooking field and forest and Sound, with the Connecticut shore on the northern horizon, its situation is altogether taking. The house is comfortable, filled with reminders of the stirring life its owner has led in camp and on the hunting-trail, and with a broad piazza on the side that catches the cool winds of summer. But it is homelike rather than imposing. It is the people themselves who put the stamp upon it—the life they live there together.

Truly, together. The President is boy with his boys there. He puts off the cares of state and takes a hand in their games; and if they lagged before, they do not lag then. It is he who sets Josiah, the badger, free, and bids all hands skip, and skip lively; for Josiah's one conscious aim, when out of his cage, appears to be to nip a leg—any leg, even a Presidential leg, within reach—and he makes for them all successively in his funny, preoccupied way. Josiah, then a very small baby badger, was heaved on board the Presidential train out in Kansas last year, by a little girl who shouted his name after the train, and was brought up on a nursing-bottle till he cut his teeth. Since then he has been quite able to shift for himself. At present he looks more like a small, flat mattress, with a leg under each corner, than anything else. That is the President's description of him, and it is a very good one. I wish I could have shown you him one morning last summer when, having vainly chased the President and all the children, he laid siege to Archie in his hammock. Archie was barelegged and prudently stayed where he was, but the hammock hung within a few inches of the grass. Josiah promptly made out a strategic advantage there, and went for the lowest point of it with snapping jaws. Archie's efforts to shift continuously his center of gravity while watching his chance to grab the badger by its defenseless back, was one of the funniest performances I ever saw. Josiah lost in the end.

The President himself teaches his boys how to shoot; he swims with them in the cove and goes with them on long horseback rides, starting sometimes before sunrise. On fine days, as often as he can get away, luncheon is packed in the rowboat and he takes the whole family rowing to some distant point on the shore, which even the secret-service men have not discovered, and there they spend the day, the President pulling the oars going and coming. Or else he takes Mrs. Roosevelt alone on a little jaunt, and these two, over whose honeymoon the years have no dominion, have a day to themselves, from which he returns to wrestle with powers and principalities and postmasters with twice the grip he had before; for she is truly his helpmeet and as wise as she is gentle and good.

When he wants to be alone, he dons a flannel shirt, shoulders an ax, and betakes himself to some secluded spot in the woods where there are trees to fell. Then the sounds that echo through the forest glade tell sometimes, unless I greatly mistake, of other things than lifeless logs that are being smitten—postmasters let us say. I remember the story of Lincoln, whom one of the foreign ambassadors found pacing the White House garden in evident distress, at a time when Lee was having his own way with the Union armies; whereat the ambassador expressed his regret that the news from the field so distressed the President.

"From the field?" said Mr. Lincoln. "If that were all! No, it is that wretched postmastership of Brownsville that makes life a burden."

I have met Mr. Roosevelt coming in with his ax, and with a look that told of obstinate knots smashed—yes, I think they were smashed. I fancy tougher things than postmasters would have a hard time resisting the swing of that strong and righteous arm bound on hewing its way; wolves howling in the woods wouldn't stay it, I know—not for a minute.

The great day is when he goes camping with the boys. The Sagamore Hill boys and their cousins whose summer homes are near plan it for months ahead.

A secluded spot alongshore is chosen, with good water and a nice sand beach handy, and the expedition sets out with due secrecy, the White House guardsmen being left behind to checkmate the reporters and the camera fiends. Mr. Roosevelt is sailing-master and chief of the jolly band. Along in the afternoon they reach their hiding-place; then bait and fishing-poles are got ready—for they are real campers-out, not make-believes, and though they have grub on board, fish they must. When they have caught enough, the boys bring wood and build a fire. The President rolls up his sleeves and turns cook.

"Um-m!" says Archie; "you oughter taste my father's beefsteak! He tumbles them all in together—meat, onions, and potatoes—but, um-m! it is good."

I warrant it is, and that they eat their fill! I haven't forgotten the potatoes I roasted by the brook in the wood-lot when I was a boy. No such potatoes grow nowadays.

Afterward, they sit around the fire, wrapped in blankets, and tell bear stories and ghost stories, while the children steal furtive glances at the shadows closing in upon the circle of flickering light. They are not afraid, those children. The word is not in the Sagamore Hill dictionary. The spectacle of little Archie, hatless, guiding a stalwart Rough Rider through the twilight woods, telling him to follow his white head and not be afraid of bogies—they won't hurt him—is a joy to me forever. But when owls are hooting in the dark woods I like to hug the fire myself. It feels twice as good then.

When the stars shine out in the sky overhead, they stretch themselves with their feet to the fire, roll up in their blankets, and sleep the untroubled sleep of the woods. The sun, peeping over the trees, finds them sporting in the cool, salt water; and long before the day begins for the world of visitors they are back home, a happy, roistering crew.

The Roosevelts have found (if they have not always had it; certainly the President's father did) the secret that binds families together with bonds which nothing can break: they are children with their boys and girls. How simple

a secret, yet how many of us have lost it! I did not even know I was one of them, or what it was that had come between me and my little lad—the one who figured out, after hours of deep study, when our second grandchild was born, that now he was "two uncles"—until one bright day last summer when I went fishing with him. I wanted to know where he went when he disappeared for whole days at a time; and when I volunteered to dig the bait by a new method that made the worms come up of themselves to locate a kind of earthquake I was causing, he took me by many secret paths to a pond hidden deep in the woods a mile away, which was his preserve. There we sat solemnly angling for shiners an inch long, with bent pins on lines of thread, and were nearly eaten up by mosquitoes. But to him it was lovely, and so it was to me, for it gave me back my boy. That evening, on the way home, his boyish hand stole into mine with a new confidence. We were chums now, and all was well.

When they were little, the Roosevelt boys and girls went to the Cove school, which is the public school of the district, where the children of the gardener and the groom go, as well as those of their employers if they live there in the school season. Now, in Washington, the Roosevelts follow the same plan. The public school first, as far as it will carry the children to advantage; thereafter the further training for college. It is the thoroughly sound and sensible way in which they do all things in the Sagamore Hill family. So only can we get a grip on the real life we all have to live in a democracy of which, when all is said and done, the public school is the main prop. So, and in no other way, can we hold the school to account, and so do we fight from the very start the class spirit that is the arch-enemy of the Republic. If it could be done that way, I would have it ordered by law that every American child, be its parents rich or poor, should go certain years to public school. Only it cannot be done that way, but must be left to the citizens' common sense that in the end has to be counted with everywhere.

All real children are democrats if left

to their natural bent, and the Roosevelt children are real children. At Groton I met Ted, the oldest, with his arm in a sling, a token from the football game and also from a scrap he had had with another lad who called him "the first boy in the land" and got a good drubbing for it. "I wish," said Ted to me in deep disgust, "that my father would soon be done holding office. I am sick and tired of it."

It was not long after that that Ted fell ill with pneumonia, and his brother Archie sent him his painfully scrawled message of sympathy: "I hop you are beter." His father keeps it, I know, in that sacred place in his heart where lie treasured the memories of letters in childish scrawl that brought home even to the trenches before Santiago, with the shrapnel cracking overhead.

There are other lessons than spelling and grammar to be learned in Washington—lessons of democracy, too, in their way. I have heard of the policeman of the White House Squad who was discharged for cause, and appealed to the little lad who answers roll-call with the police on holidays and salutes the sergeant as gravely as the men in blue and brass. Archie heard him out. Appeal to his father direct was cut off—the policeman knew why. But Senator Lodge, who is next friend of the President and is supposed to have a "pull," lives in Massachusetts Avenue, opposite Archie's school. That was it.

"You come around," were Archie's directions to his friend, "to the Force School to-morrow, and we will see what Lodge can do about it."

What "Lodge did" I don't know. I know it would have been hard for me to resist.

It was the privilege of Mr. Roosevelt, when he was nearer home, to give the children at the Cove school their Christmas gifts, and the memory of those occasions is very lively in Oyster Bay. Mr. Roosevelt made a good Santa Claus, never better than when he was just home from the war, with San Juan hill for a background. That time he nearly took the boys' breath away. Nowadays some one else has to take his place; the gifts come, as in the past, and the

little "coves" are made happy. But the President comes into their lives only twice or three times a year—at Christmas and when he comes home for his vacation; perhaps on the Fourth of July. Mrs. Roosevelt is part of it all the time, and a very lovely because a loving part of life in the little village. When I hear of her going about among its people, their friend and neighbor in the true sense, I think of her husband's father, the elder Theodore, who systematically took one day out of six for personal visitation among his poor friends; and how near they, both he and she, have come to the mark which the rest of us go all around and miss with such prodigious toil and trouble. Neighborliness—that covers the ground. It is all that is needed.

They have a sewing-circle in Oyster Bay, the St. Hilda chapter of the Society of Christ Church, which the Roosevelts attend; and of its twenty-odd members, including the wives of the harness-maker, the conductor, the oysterman—the townspeople whom she has known all her married life—there is no more faithful attendant at the Thursday afternoon meetings than Mrs. Roosevelt. She brings her own thimble and cotton, and hems and sews with the rest of them the little garments of outing-flannel or unbleached muslin that are worn by the child cripples in the House of St. Giles, Brooklyn, the while she gossips with them and tells all about the fine doings in Washington. I saw not long ago in a newspaper that some thoughtless woman who had demanded of Mrs. Roosevelt a gift for a church fair, and had received a handkerchief hemmed by herself, had sent it back with the message that something better was wanted. I hope this which I am writing here will come under her eye, and make her sorry for what she did. At that very time the President's wife, with six children whose bringing-up she supervises herself, and with all the social burdens of the mistress of the White House upon her shoulders, was patiently cutting and sewing a half-dozen night-gowns for the little tortured limbs of her crippled friends, and doing it all herself for love's sake. She had brought them

with her from Oyster Bay, and finished them in the White House, where, I suppose, the church-fair woman thought she was being amused to keep from perishing of ennui.

They recall in that sewing-circle the days of the war, when Mrs. Roosevelt, walking down from the hill every Thursday to their meeting, and never betraying by word or look the care that gnawed at her heart, grew thin and pale as the days went by, with news of fighting and her husband in the thick of it; till on the day of San Juan hill the rector's wife caught her impetuously into her embrace before them all, and told her that Colonel Roosevelt was a hero, without doubt, "but you are three."

And they tell, while they wipe a tear away with the apron corner, of the consumptive girl lying in her bed longing for the bright world which she would never see, to whom the then Vice-President's wife brought back from the inauguration ball her dance-card and her bouquet, and all the little trinkets she could gather for her in Washington, to make her heart glad. No wonder they think her a saint. There are those in Washington, in need and in sorrow, I am told, who would think so too, did they know the whence of the helping hand that comes just in time. It was so in Albany, I know. No one ever appealed to the Governor's wife without having his case intelligently and sympathetically inquired into, so that she might know exactly how to help. Mrs. Roosevelt does not believe in wasting anything, least of all sweet charity. With her husband she wisely maintains that the poorest service one can render his neighbor is to carry him when he ought to walk.

As for the St. Hilda circle, its measure was full last summer when Mrs. Roosevelt took it out in a body on the Sylph to the naval review in the Sound, and the great ships gave them the Presidential salute—or the Sylph, anyway, which was the same thing. Were they not on board, its honored guests?

The same simple way of living that has always been theirs at home, they carried with them to the White House. I do not know how other Presidents

lived, for I was never there before, but I imagine no one ever led a more plain and wholesome life than the Roosevelts do. I cannot think that there was ever a family there that had so good a time. The children are still the mother's chief care. They have their hour that is for them only, when she reads to them or tells them stories in her room, and at all other hours they are privileged to intrude except when, on Tuesday, their mother entertains the Cabinet ladies in the library. She is never too busy to listen to their little stories of childish pleasure and trouble, and they bring to her everything, from the first dandelion Quentin found in the White Lot to the latest prank of Algonquin, the calico pony that was smuggled up in the elevator to Archie when he was sick with the measles. Algonquin is about the size of a big Newfoundland dog, but twice as lively with his heels. That was a prank of the stable-boy, aided and abetted, I imagine, by the doorkeeper, who had been a boy himself, and to whom the swiftly flashing legs of Archie in the corridors of the old building are like spring come again. They all love him; no one can help it.

But I must not be tempted to write about the children, since then there would be no end, and this is a story of their father.

I might even be led to betray the secret of the morning battles with pillows when the children, in stealthy, night-robed array, ambush their father and compel him to ignominious surrender if they catch him "down." That is the rule of the game. I remember the morning when they came swarming down about him, rejoicing in their victory, and his sober counsel to them to go slow thenceforth, for Rose, their maid, whom they brought with them from Oyster Bay, and whom wild horses couldn't drag away from the Roosevelts, had protested that they mussed the beds too much. I have read of President Jackson making an isolated ward of the White House, and himself nursing a faithful attendant who was stricken with the smallpox, when his fellow-servants had run away; and of Lincoln laughingly accepting General Grant's refusal of the dinner

Mrs. Lincoln had planned in his honor, because he had "had enough of the show business." The Colonel of the Rough Riders bowing obediently before the law of the household, and retreating before Rose where she was rightfully in command, belongs with them in my gallery of heroes; and not a bit less hero does he seem to me, but more.

The White House in its new shape—or, rather, as restored to the plan that was in the minds of the builders—is in its simple dignity as beautiful a mansion as any land has to show, altogether a fitting residence for the President of the American Republic. The change is apparent to the casual visitor as soon as he enters the great hall, where the noble white pillars have been set free, as it were, from their hideously incongruous environment of stained glass and partition, and stand out in all their massive beauty. Really, the hall is as handsome a place as I have ever seen. Upstairs, where the public does not come, a wide corridor, I should think quite twenty feet, that is in itself a cozy living-room, with its prevailing colors dark green and gray, runs the whole length of the building from east to west, and upon it open the family rooms and the guest rooms. The great hall makes a splendid ball-ground, as I know from experience, for I joined Ethel and Archie in a game there, which they would have won by about 99 to 0, I should say, if there had been any score, which there wasn't. At the east end of the hall is the President's den, where the lamp burns late into the small hours many a night when the world sleeps without. There he keeps the swords and the sticks with which he takes vigorous exercise when he cannot ride. The woodman's ax he leaves behind at Oyster Bay.

The day begins at exactly 8:30 at the White House. The President himself pours the coffee at breakfast. It is one of his privileges, and he looks fine as host. I can almost hear my woman reader say, "What do they eat at a White House breakfast?" Oatmeal, eggs and bacon, coffee and rolls—there is one morning's menu. I don't think they would object to my telling, and I like to think that in thousands of homes all

over our land they are sharing the President's breakfast, as it were. It brings us all so much nearer together, and that is where we belong. That was why I told of the children's play. And if there is any who thinks that his sporting with the little ones when it is the hour of play makes him any less fitted for the work he has to do for all of us—why, he never made a bigger mistake. Ask the politicians and the place-seekers who come to see him in the early hours of the afternoon, and hear what they think of it.

From breakfast to luncheon the President is in his office, seeing the people who come from everywhere to shake hands, or with messages for the Chief Magistrate.

Along in the afternoon the horses are brought up and the President goes riding with Mrs. Roosevelt or alone. Once I heard him tempt Secretary Root to go, and the Secretary agreed if he would guarantee that Wyoming, the horse he offered him, would not kneel. He was averse to foreign customs, he said.

"Yes," laughed the President, "you are a good American citizen, and home ways are good enough for you."

I have a ride on Wyoming coming to me, and I am glad. I was cheated out of it the last time, because Washington had so tired me out that the President would not take me. And Wyoming can kneel if he wants to. I think I would let him jump a fence with me where his master led. I guess I know how his Rough Riders felt.

That was the only time Washington tired me out. I had come to help tackle its slums, for it has them, more's the pity. Ordinarily it is one of my holiday cities; I have three, Washington, Boston, and Springfield, Massachusetts. As to Boston and Springfield, I suppose it is just because I like them. But Washington is a holiday city to me because he is there. When he was in Albany that was one. To Washington I take my wife when we want to be young again, and we go and sit in the theater and weep over the miseries of the lovers, and rejoice with them when it all comes right in the end. There should be a law to make all lovers happy in the end, .

and to slay all the villains, at least in the national capital. And then, nowadays, we go to the White House, and that is the best of all. I shall never forget the Christmas before last, when I told the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at breakfast of my old mother who was sick in Denmark and longing for her boy, and my hostess's gentle voice as she said, "Theodore, let us cable over our love to her." And they did. Before that winter day was at an end (and the twilight shadows were stealing over the old town by the bleak North Sea even while we breakfasted in Washington) the telegraph messenger, in a state of bewilderment—I dare say he has not got over it yet—brought mother this despatch:

THE WHITE HOUSE, Dec. 20, 1902.

Mrs. Riis, Ribe, Denmark:

Your son is breakfasting with us. We send you our loving sympathy.

THEODORE AND EDITH ROOSEVELT.

Where is there a mother who would not get up out of a sick-bed when she received a message like that, even though at first she would not believe it was true? And where is the son who would not cherish the deed and the doer forever in his heart of hearts? But it is the doing of that sort of thing that is their dear delight, those two; and

that is why I am writing about them here, for I would like every one to know them just as they are. Here is a friend 'way out in Kansas, whose letter came this minute, writing, "The President who walks through your pages is a very heroic and kingly figure, a very Arthur among his knights at the round table." Truly the President is that. I think we can all begin to make it out, except those who are misled and those in whose natures there is nothing to which the kingly in true manhood appeals. But could I show you him as he really is, as husband, father, and friend, you would have to love him even if you disagreed with him about everything. You just couldn't help it, any more than could one of the old-time employees in the White House who stopped beside me as I stood looking at him coming across from the Executive Office the other day.

"There he is," said he, and his face lighted up. "I don't know what there is about that man to make me feel so. I have seen a good many Presidents come and go in this old house, and I liked them all. They were all good and kind; but I declare I feel as if I could go twice as far and twice as quick when he asks me to, and do it twice as gladly."

I guess he knows, too, how his Rough Riders felt about their Colonel.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



March

By Sara Andrew Shafer

On the western sky, in a yellow line,
The wind of his might paints a warning sign.
The March clouds, torn like shipwrecked sails,
Drift at the will of the angry gales.
On crumbling logs the moss grows green;
The freed brook laughs the rocks between.
The melting snow, the sap's full tide,
The polished buds that the young leaves hide,
These, with the flush on the mayflower's cheek,
To dullest heart Spring's message speak.

The New Secretary of War

By George Kennan

WHEN William H. Taft succeeded Elihu Root as Secretary of War, on the first of February, one of his old classmates and intimate personal friends said, speaking of his career, "Secretary Taft is just the same man now that he was in college. He has held high official position since then—has been Superior Court Judge, Federal Judge, Solicitor-General of the United States, and Civil Governor of the Philippines—and now he has become Secretary of War; but the fundamental traits of his character haven't changed a bit—he's the same 'Bill' Taft that I knew in college, grown older, stronger, and more mature."

If the outlines of Secretary Taft's character were clearly drawn while he was yet a student in college, it is to his college days that we must look for the earliest manifestation of the mental, moral, and physical traits that have brought him, at the age of forty-seven, to one of the highest and most responsible positions in the Government of the United States.

The first impression that Taft made upon his associates when he entered the freshman class at Yale, thirty years ago, was an impression of great physical bulk and strength, combined with good humor, buoyancy, and a captivating affability and cordiality of manner. Although then a smooth-faced boy, only seventeen years of age, he weighed 225 pounds, had the physique of a young giant, and soon proved himself to be the best heavy-weight wrestler and the most formidable "rusher" in his class. "At one of our annual fracas in Hamilton Park," says a Yale man of '78, "I saw him grapple an antagonist who weighed at least 220 pounds, lift him bodily into the air, and throw him completely over his head. He did not pretend to be an athlete, did not go in for athletics, in the strict sense of the word, and never particularly distinguished himself in college games; but he was always ready for a class 'rush' or row—it was some-

times the only thing that he would leave his books for—and he was the strongest, most fearless, and most indomitable man in our front line."

Young Taft's claim to the respect of his classmates, however, did not rest solely or even chiefly upon physical prowess and the ability to break an opposing line in a class "rush." He soon distinguished himself as a student, and showed a remarkable capacity for hard, painstaking work. There were very few "elective" studies at Yale in those days—practically none outside of the senior class—and in order to stand well a man had to grind at a good many things that he did not like, as well as do the things that he did like. Young Taft worked patiently and conscientiously along all lines, never slighting or neglecting a branch of study because it happened to be uninteresting or uncongenial to him; and, by dint of steady and tireless application, made his way slowly but surely toward the head of his class. "In diligence and plodding industry," says one of his associates, "he was the typical 'dig'; but he had none of the other characteristics of a 'dig.'" On the contrary, he was social rather than solitary in his habits; his hearty, ringing laugh and personal charm of manner made him universally popular; in his intercourse with his associates he was the most democratic man in his class; and although an indefatigable worker in his room, he took an active part in all the life of the college.

As a writer and speaker, young Taft was clear and forcible, and he always produced an effect by means of his earnestness and sincerity; but his literary work did not impress his contemporaries at Yale as particularly remarkable for either grace of style or perfection of artistic finish. "Some men," says one of his associates, "do their work carefully and delicately with the tool of an engraver; but it always seemed to me that Taft whacked his things out with a broadax. He was selected, however, as

class orator, and his oration, as I remember it, was a good, strong, substantial piece of work. But it was by personal character, patient labor, and solid intellectual ability that he won distinction in college, rather than by exceptional brilliancy. He worked hard all through the four years; ranked second in a class of one hundred and twenty at his graduation; and left Yale with the respect and affection of every one who knew him."

After leaving Yale, in 1878, Taft returned to his home in Cincinnati, Ohio; studied law in the Cincinnati Law School; divided the first prize on graduation; and finally entered the law office of his father, Alphonso Taft, who was then senior member of the firm of Taft & Lloyd. While finishing his studies in his father's office, he reported court proceedings for the Cincinnati "Times-Star" and the Cincinnati "Commercial," and soon attracted the attention of Murat Halstead. Impressed by the character and ability of the young reporter, Mr. Halstead offered him a position on the staff of the "Commercial," and tried hard to persuade him to turn to journalism; but all of Taft's tastes and ambitions led him to prefer the law.

In 1880, two years after his graduation from Yale, he was admitted to the bar, and in 1881, at the age of twenty-four, he was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney for Hamilton County. In March, 1882, in order to settle a factional political fight, he consented to take, temporarily, the place of Internal Revenue Collector for the First Ohio District, and occupied that position for a period of ten months. He then resigned to resume the practice of the law. In January, 1885, he became Assistant County Solicitor for Hamilton County, and two years later was appointed, by Governor Foraker, Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati—the same court in which his father had presided twenty years before. In 1888 he was elected, by a majority of more than 5,000 and for a full term of five years, to the same bench; but resigned in 1890 in order to accept the position of Solicitor-General of the United States, which had been offered him by President Harrison.

In the ten years that immediately followed Mr. Taft's admission to the bar he occupied, successively, four official positions of responsibility and trust, and brought to the discharge of his duties in every one of them the same powers and qualities of mind that had distinguished him in college—illuminating intelligence, unwearied industry, and a thoroughness of investigation that gave him complete mastery of the subjects to which his work related.

When he went to Washington as Solicitor-General, in 1890, he entered upon a field of activity that was wider and more important than any in which he had previously been engaged. As legal adviser of the heads of the various executive departments, he was called upon for opinions with regard to all sorts of questions relating to administrative procedure, and as counsel for the Government he had to argue in the Supreme Court of the United States constitutional questions that were often of great and far-reaching importance. He represented the Government in three of the most important matters that came before the Supreme Court between 1890 and 1893—the Bering Sea case, the case involving the validity of the McKinley Bill, and the case that grew out of the action of Speaker Reed in counting a quorum in the House of Representatives—and he won them all. In the Bering Sea case, where he had as antagonists such lawyers as Joseph H. Choate and Calderon Carlisle, he submitted a brief that made a printed volume of nearly three hundred pages, and that showed not only great clearness of thought and statement, but an immense amount of patient labor and research.

In 1892, while still Solicitor-General, Mr. Taft was offered by President Harrison the position of United States Circuit Judge of the Sixth Circuit, under the act providing for the organization of Circuit Courts of Appeal. As the work of a judge was more congenial to him than that of an advocate, and as this position would put him in the direct line of promotion to the Supreme Court bench, he was disposed to accept the President's offer; but many of his per-



WILLIAM H. TAFT

From a portrait owned by the Yale Club of New York City.

sonal friends advised strongly against it. One of them—a classmate and a successful lawyer—wrote to him, in substance: "I think you will make a great mistake if you return to the bench. You have been Solicitor-General of the United States; you have had some big cases, and you have won them all. With your present reputation and your ability you can go back to private practice and earn \$25,000 a year—or \$30,000, or \$40,000, or almost any sum you want; while if you take this place you'll be practically bottled up on the bench, with a salary of only \$6,000, upon which you can hardly support your family. And what does the position amount to, after all? As a judge, you are little more than the referee of a legal prize-fight!"

In reply to this letter Solicitor-General Taft said that judicial work suited his type of mind; that he liked it; and that for the present, at least, he could live in Ohio on a salary of \$6,000 a year without privation or discomfort. If his family and his expenses should increase so as to make it necessary for him to earn more, there would be nothing to prevent him from resigning and going back to private practice at any time when such a course should seem to be expedient.

To another friend, who had been associated with him in the work of the Solicitor-General's office, and who also opposed, on pecuniary grounds, his return to the bench, he said, simply, "There are bigger things in this world than money." In March, 1892, he accepted the President's offer and was commissioned United States Circuit Judge for the Sixth Circuit.

In his new field of labor Judge Taft displayed the same characteristics that had won the confidence and respect of his associates on the bench and at the bar, and that had already made him a conspicuous figure in the legal world—viz., solid intellectual ability, thorough knowledge of the law, great fairness, and a personal bearing that combined dignity and firmness with unflinching courtesy.

A well-known lawyer, who argued many cases before Judge Taft while the latter sat on the bench of the Sixth Circuit,

said recently, in speaking of his record: "He had a remarkable capacity for the swift and orderly despatch of business—that is, for getting things done without unnecessary delay. He put a stop to the disputatious wrangling of lawyers that had previously occupied so much time; refused to allow dilatory postponements; dismissed promptly cases that had no merit; cleaned up the dockets, and put new life into the whole practice of the United States courts. And in doing this he showed invincible firmness and resolution. He was always courteous and even-tempered; but things had to move and cases had to be argued, unless there was some good reason for delay. In one important Kentucky case I remember—the Harper bank failure, I think it was—when a postponement was asked for and urged, not only by the District Attorney and the Attorney-General of the State, but by ex-President Harrison—the very man who had put him on the bench—Judge Taft simply said, "Gentlemen, this case has been postponed once, there seems to be no good reason for further delay, and it must be tried;" and tried it was.

With all his firmness, however, Judge Taft was never hasty, unreasonable, or inconsiderate in his treatment of the bar, and to young and inexperienced counsel he was particularly friendly and sympathetic. "When I got up to argue my first case in the Circuit Court of Appeals," said a well-known lawyer recently, "and found myself in front of three distinguished judges, with Taft at their head, I simply had an attack of 'buck fever.' I forgot what I was going to say, stammered, floundered, and was on the point of breaking down altogether, when Judge Taft, noticing my embarrassment, began to ask me questions about my case that would bring out the points I wanted to make. That gave me a start, and in five minutes I was all right; but how many judges would have helped a young fellow out in that way?"

During his term of service on the Circuit Court bench Judge Taft displayed another trait of character that had always distinguished him, but that had not been so clearly manifested in the earlier part of his career, and that was, perfect fear-



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GOVERNOR TAFT AND HIS FAMILY AT MANILA

lessness in acting on his own best judgment of the facts and the law. He could not be persuaded, nor induced by political influence, to postpone or delay the trial of a case that he thought ought to be tried; he never hesitated to take a case away from a jury, if, in his opinion, the evidence in support of the plaintiff's contention was wholly insufficient; and he was not afraid to do even as unpopular a thing as directing a verdict for a corporation, and against an individual citizen, when considerations of equity made such a course necessary. He looked at every question carefully and dispassionately, decided it as promptly as possible, and acted always upon his own judgment as to the merits of the case, regardless of "pull," politics, or consequences.

In 1893 the promotion of Howell E. Jackson to the Supreme Court bench left Judge Taft the senior judge of the Sixth Circuit; and from that time until 1900 he presided over nearly all the sessions of the appellate court in that jurisdiction.

In February, 1900, President McKinley asked him to go to the Philippines

at the head of a Civil Commission, to investigate the state of affairs on the islands, and to lay there, as soon as practicable, the foundations of a civil government. Although this request was a gratifying recognition of Judge Taft's distinguished ability as a jurist and an administrator, the task was not one that he felt at all inclined to undertake. He had been opposed to the war with Spain; he had little sympathy with the so-called "imperialistic policy;" he foresaw the extreme difficulty of establishing a civil government in the Philippines, as well as the gravity and complexity of the problems with which the proposed Commission would have to deal; and he naturally felt reluctant to give up a judicial position that was perfectly suited to his tastes and training, abandon the prospect of promotion to the Supreme Court bench which had been the ambition of his life, and go half-way around the globe to organize a civil government for a turbulent, hostile, semi-barbarous Asiatic people. However, the question presented to him was not a question of inclination, or selfish preference, but a question of patriotic duty. He had

already declared that "there are bigger things in this world than money," and the Philippines proposition brought him face to face with the fact that there is a bigger thing in this world than money and ambition combined, and that is, duty.

President Porter, of Yale, once said that "the best thing that college does for a man is to teach him to do his duty, whenever that duty is to be done, no matter whether he likes to do it or not." Judge Taft was true to the teaching and spirit of his Alma Mater, and as soon as he became satisfied that he could render his country better and more valuable service in the Philippines than even on the bench of the Supreme Court, he put aside his personal preferences and his ambition, told the President that he would go, and turned his face resolutely toward a future in the Far East which was full of unsolved problems of a wholly new kind, and which seemed, at that time, to hold not a few possibilities of ultimate disappointment and failure.

With the work of Judge Taft in the Philippines, first as President of the Civil Commission and then as Governor of the islands, the readers of *The Outlook* are familiar, and it is only necessary to review briefly its salient features and call attention to some of the reasons for its effectiveness and success.

Perhaps the greatest and most important achievement of the Philippine Commission was winning the confidence and enlisting the support and co-operation of the Filipino people. When Judge Taft and his associates landed on the islands, the natives generally were cowed and submissive, but by no means reconciled to American rule. Outwardly they seemed to be acquiescent; but in their hearts they were sullenly hostile to us and to our methods. In the first speech that he made to them at Manila, Judge Taft outlined his insular policy as follows: "We have come prepared to make Manila our home until the task of establishing civil government shall have been well begun. We invite suggestions from all Filipinos, and all others who have a sympathy with our purpose. We are here to do justice to the Philippine people and to secure to them the best government in our power, and such a

measure of popular control as will be consistent with the stability and security of law, order, and property."

"Such speeches as this," says Mr. Le Roy, "had been made to the Filipinos before; but they soon began to get acquainted with the man who was directly behind this statement. Suave, diplomatic, confidential, cajoling, stern, and jovial by turns, he made himself in three months the master of almost every native of prominence in Manila. Nearly all were soon in love with him, and even those who were not respected him."

Week by week and month by month, the impression made upon the people by Judge Taft's tact, fairness, sympathy, and justice deepened, until at last he not only satisfied the Filipino leaders that the American Government was aiming primarily at the welfare and happiness of their country, but won for himself the confidence, affection, and respect of the whole native population.

His second great achievement in the Philippines was the successful establishment of a civil government. This work, as Secretary Root has said, "had to be done from the ground up." There was practically nothing to build upon; everything had to be thought out and organized; and the Commission was confronted with difficulties and embarrassments of all sorts, from factional animosities and native inexperience in self-government, to the division and conflict of authority growing out of a mixed civil and military administration.

For the work of government-building, however, Judge Taft was peculiarly fitted, not only by character and training, but by wide and varied experience. Whenever, therefore, a new thing had to be done in the Philippines, Governor Taft knew how to do it. The civil service law that he drew up there, and that was published as Act V. of the Philippine Commission, is regarded by experts as superior, in many respects, to the civil service law of the United States; and by enforcing its provisions in all branches of the insular government he got the best class of public officials that could be obtained, and gave the country, for the first time in its history, a clean, honest, and efficient administration.

With the aid of his associates and subordinates, native and foreign, he reorganized the courts; established a department of justice; gave security to life and property; increased the number of post-offices from 13 to 250; improved roads and harbors; enforced modern sanitation; opened thousands of schools; began the work of taking a complete and trustworthy census; settled satisfactorily the troublesome and threatening question of the Spanish friars and their lands; improved the finances; and gave such stability to the credit of the country that the insular government had no difficulty in disposing of \$7,000,000 worth of its four per cent. bonds upon terms almost as favorable as could have been obtained by the United States. When, therefore, Governor Taft came away from the Philippines, in December, 1903, he could look back upon his three years and a half of service there with the feeling of satisfaction that follows successful achievement. Much remained to be done, but the people had been pacified; the foundations of civil government had been laid; and the country seemed to be entering upon an era of greater tranquility and prosperity than it had known in all the centuries of Spanish rule.

Ex-Governor Taft has now returned to Washington, in the prime of his manhood and the full maturity of his powers, and has taken the place, in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, that was made vacant by the resignation of Secretary Root. He brings to the work of the War Department a trained intelligence, an enlarged experience, a capacity for patient, painstaking labor that has always been one of his distinguishing characteristics, and a knowledge of the army and its officers that has been gained by personal observation in the field. That he will make an able and efficient Secretary of War there is not the shadow of a doubt, but his influence is likely to be felt far beyond the limits of that Department. President Roosevelt remarked, several years ago, that Judge Taft's "weight in public life has always been something entirely apart from the office he at any time happened to hold," and the explanation of this fact is to be found in the personal character of the man.

Fourteen years ago, when one of Secretary Taft's friends tried to dissuade him from taking a \$6,000 position on the Federal bench by pointing out to him that he could earn four or five times as much in private practice, he said, "There are bigger things in this world than money." Twelve years later, when he had an opportunity to realize the hope and ambition of his life by taking a seat on the Supreme Court bench, he declined the proffered appointment, for the reason that it would interfere with the discharge of what he regarded as a higher duty in the Far East. Finally, two years ago, when he returned to the United States in somewhat shaken health, and a classmate and friend tried to persuade him not to risk his life again in the tropics, he said: "I don't think that service in the Philippines is more dangerous to health or life than service anywhere else; but even if I knew that I should die there, I'd go back."

In a speech that he made to his classmates at the vicennial class dinner in New Haven in 1898, just after the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, Judge Taft said, "There are several kinds of patriotism. We heard in Alumni Hall this morning of that quiet, self-denying patriotism which is working for the good of all in securing a better civil government, and which has not the plaudits of the crowd and the deep gratitude of the people before it as a reward for labor and self-sacrifice. In the long run, this kind works more for the good of the country than any other. It needs not the spur of palpable danger or the excitement and fervor of war's alarms to arouse it. It is a constant force making for public righteousness."

It is this kind of patriotism that has been illustrated in Secretary Taft's career, and that has given him his "weight in public life." As a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, with enlarged opportunities and a wider scope of influence, he will make his character felt in every branch of the administration, and will continue to be, as he always has been, an inspiration to American manhood and a "constant force making for public righteousness."

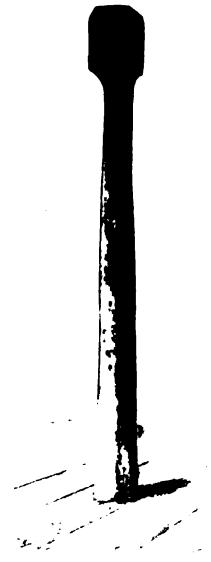


THE QUILL PENS OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW AND REV. JAMES PIERPONT

The Old-Time District School

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author



THE WHIPPING-POST

THE years after the Revolution on till about 1840 form the most picturesque period in our educational history. This was pre-eminently the period of the district school. In Colonial times either the town in its meetings chose the master, fixed his salary, and regulated the terms by which pupils were admitted, or else this business was turned over to the selectmen. Now, however, the control of school affairs in each division of the town was delegated to a "prudential committeeman," elected by the people of his own district. The amount of money to be raised for school support was still determined by the town and was assessed with the other taxes; but after its distribution among the districts there was no responsibility to the town for its expenditure.

The prudential committeeman received no pay and little honor, and there was seldom any rivalry for the

position. It went to the man who was willing to serve and had ability enough to look after the repairing of the building and other material needs of the school. His educational qualifications were likely to be meager, and some of the local committeemen were very rude and ignorant. The district system resulted in many a teapot tempest, for every person had decided ideas as to how affairs in his or her own neighborhood should be managed, and, whatever action the committeeman took, he had to run a gauntlet of criticism that was often far from judicial or gentle. To settle the question of where one of the little frame school-houses should stand has been known to require ten district meetings scattered over two years. The one point on which all could agree was that it should be built where the land was as nearly valueless as possible. Any spot was good enough provided it was in the geographical center of the district. If the school-house was not thus centrally located, and the rights, real or fancied, of individuals were set aside for the convenience of the majority, then there was trouble that might smolder almost interminably, ready to blaze forth at any time.

Most of the buildings were erected close to the highway, and they encroached on the adjoining field very little. Usually they formed a part of the line fence. A favorite situation was at



THE SCHOOLMASTER

the meeting of two or more roads, and sometimes the building would be so near the wheel tracks that a large stone was set up at the most exposed corner to protect the structure from being injured by passing vehicles. The school-houses seldom had inclosures or shade-trees,

and the summer sun and the winter winds had free play.

The number of pupils in a district was likely to be large, for the children in the old-time families were numerous, and the farm regions had not yet begun to be depopulated by the cityward

migration destined to drain them later. The main purpose of the constructors of the buildings seems to have been to see into how small a space the children could be crowded, and some school-rooms not over thirty feet square accommodated a hundred pupils. The structure was generally roughly clapboarded, and it might possibly receive a coat of red or yellow paint, but more likely paint was lacking both outside and in. The school-room was lathed and plastered, and was lighted by five or six small windows of twelve panes each. The glass in the windows was often broken, and during school hours in cool weather the place of the missing panes was apt to be supplied with hats.

Just inside, next to the entrance, was a fireplace, and at this same end of the room was the master's table or desk—usually a table in the early days; but later a desk specially contrived by the carpenter on a slight platform was customary. Along the walls on the remaining three sides of the room was a continuous sloping shelf about three feet from the floor, accompanied by long backless benches. The older scholars

sat on the benches facing the wall. While they were studying they leaned against the edge of the shelf, and they rested their exercise books and slates on it when they wrote or ciphered. Under the sloping shelf was a horizontal one to hold the pupils' books and other school belongings when not in use. A line of lower benches for the smaller children was set within the three-sided square formed by those of the big scholars, and in the middle of the room was a limited open space. Here the classes stood while reciting, at which time they were expected faithfully to "toe the crack"—a particular crack between the floor boards chosen for the purpose of keeping them in line.

The school-room walls were dismally vacant, except for weather stains and grime from the fire, which had an annoying tendency to smoke. There were no maps or pictures, and even blackboards were not introduced until about 1820. Seats and desks were of pine or oak rudely fashioned by some local carpenter. Their aspect was not improved by the passing years; for the unpainted wood became more and more browned

with the umber of human contact, and every possessor of a jackknife labored over them with much idle hacking and carving.

Ordinarily there was a narrow entry running across the front of the building, mostly filled by a big chimney. The boys were supposed to hang their hats in the entry, but the diminutive space and few nails in the walls did not accommodate all the extra apparel, and much of it would lie on the floor to be trampled on. The fireplace which warmed the school-room was large and deep, and in severe weather it consumed not far from a cord of wood a week. The wood was always burned green. No one thought of getting the school wood ready long enough beforehand to allow it to season. Most of what



SLATE, INKSTAND, WRITING SAND, AND INK POWDER

was used was standing in the forests at the time the winter term began. When it was presently delivered in the school yard, it lay there exposed and was often wet by rain and buried in snow. In summer the place of the woodpile was marked by scattered chips and refuse.

The children usually played around outside for awhile before school began in the morning, but at length a sudden outcry would arise, "There he is—the master's coming!" and they all started pell-mell for the school-room and clattered noisily into their seats, boys on one side of the room, girls on the other. In below-zero weather, however, there was no lingering outside, and if the lad who made the fire was not prompt, the little children stood about the room crying with cold while the big boys blew the flickering flames and coaxed the fire to start. Later in the morning the fire gradually waxed hotter and hotter until the heat was a real trial to those nearest the fireplace. But at the rear of the room the atmosphere might still be frigid, and the back-seat scholars would be asking, "Master, may I go to the fire?" at the same time that those in front were complaining, "Master, I am too hot."

In a winter school of forty pupils there might be a dozen young men and women who were practically grown-up. On the other hand, quite a group of the youngest could not read, and several had not mastered the alphabet. The little scholars were most of the time "busy" keeping still. The backless benches they occupied were commonly far too high for them, leaving their feet dangling in midair. Of course they would get to knocking the shins of one another, a



A SCHOOL-GIRL.

whiffet of laughter would escape, and the noise would increase until it attracted the attention of the master. Down came the pedagogue's ferule on his desk with a clap that sent shivers through the little learners' hearts to think how that would have felt had it fallen somewhere else. "Silence!" commanded the master, and he gave them a look that swept them into utter stillness.

The usual routine of a school day began with reading from the Testament by the "first class." Next came writing and its accompanying preparation of pens and copies, and possibly thawing and watering of ink. For each writer the master set a copy at the top of the copy-book pages. This copy in the case

of a beginner would be simply straight lines, but a little practice on these sufficed, and the master changed the copy to "hooks and trammels," that is, to curved lines which received their name from their resemblance to the kitchen fireplace implements on which pots and kettles were hung from the crane. For the more advanced pupils the master wrote in a large round hand, "Procrastination is the thief of time," "Contentment is a virtue," or some other wise saw. Every writer was expected to fill out a page daily in imitation of the master's copy.

If the end of the term was near, the writing scholars, instead of using their copy-books, made exhibition pieces to pass around among the visitors on the last day. Ordinarily they did this work on a sheet 6×8 or 8×10 inches in size; but some of the more ambitious used paper four or five times larger. The sheet would contain a sentence or several sentences, or, it may be, a short essay on such subjects as Happiness, How to Get Riches, Spring, Resignation, Friendship; and there were a decorative border and flourishes, and often colored drawings of birds, flowers, pens, houses, ships, or other objects.

After writing, the second and third classes read from the Testament, and the smallest children were called out to repeat a few easy sentences from their primers or spelling-books.

About half-past ten the teacher said, "You may go out." The recess was short, but the scholars made the most

of it till the instructor appeared at the door and rapped sharply on the doorpost with his ferule as a signal for them to come in. Just inside the school-room, near the door, were a pail of water and a cup, and the children helped themselves as they entered. Some drank large quantities—in part to quench their thirst and in part to make an exhibition of

their capacity. Work was resumed and the rest of the session was spent chiefly in a general "spell," the teacher giving out the words from a spelling-book, and the pupils spelling them at the top of their voices.

The afternoon began with reading by the first class from a reading-book, and then the other classes recited in turn until recess. The final hour was devoted to spelling once more, with some minor instruction in abbreviations, currencies, weights, measures, etc. Then there was a roll-call, and the boy whose turn it was to make the fire the next morning was reminded of the fact. As the scholars prepared to leave, the master gave positive orders for them to "go straight home, and be civil to everybody they might meet."

In the larger towns schools kept almost continuously, but, as a rule, the towns were content with a master's winter school of ten or twelve weeks attended by the older children, and a summer term of equal length taught by a woman, chiefly for the benefit of the little ones. The poorer communities had to get along with a single term of two or three months, or possibly of only a few weeks.

The winter term invariably began the



RECESS IS OVER



A SAMPLER MADE BY A NEWBURYPORT SCHOOL-GIRL IN 1804

Monday succeeding Thanksgiving Day, and preparations were made for it by giving the school-room a thorough cleaning and getting fuel ready. The cleaning was done by the local women, with the help of the older boys and girls. None of the scanty school money was spent for janitor's work. Attendance was irregular, there was much tardiness, and many scholars did not come for some time after the term began because they had to wait until shoes or other articles of clothing were ready.

A considerable proportion of the masters of the winter schools were men whose pedagogic earnings helped them to work their way through the academy and the college. Others, during the larger part of the year, were engaged in farming, or labored in the village shops and took up the task of teaching each recurring winter, reckoning on the wages as a

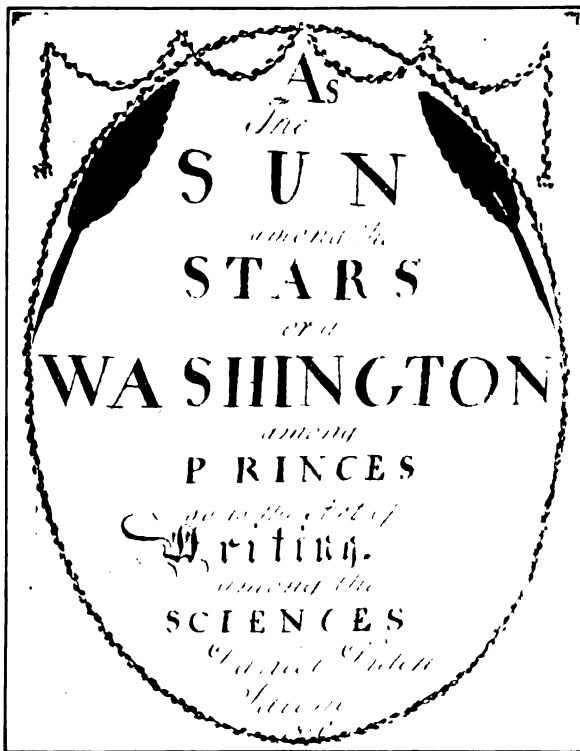
regular part of their annual income. They bargained for a term at a time, and change of place was common, so that they were likely to teach in nearly all the towns neighboring their homes. Some of them with more pronounced roving dispositions wandered far and wide.

Generally the teacher was young, occasionally not more than sixteen years old; but if he was expert at figures, if he could read the Bible without stumbling over the long words, if he could write well enough to set a decent copy, if he could mend a pen, if he had vigor enough of character to assert his authority and

strength enough to maintain it, he would do. Pluck was, indeed, of superlative importance. According to the old-time educational ideal, the lesson of all others to be impressed on the scholars was obedience, and there were pretty certain



A REWARD OF MERIT, 1798



AN EXHIBITION PIECE, 1870

to be big boys among the pupils whose love of knowledge was far exceeded by their love of mischief and spirit of insubordination. A muscular clash with them was all but inevitable, and the master who lacked courage or athletic vigor was likely to meet with ignominious disaster. When the boys had "put out" two or three masters in succession, the school got the name of being "hard," and the prudential committeeman was obliged to offer liberal wages and seek out a teacher who could overpower the young savages. That this warfare between the teachers and taught was common is shown by a record of over three hundred Massachusetts schools broken up in the year 1837 by the mischievous pupils or by the incompetence of the teachers.

Severity was held to be a virtue in a teacher rather than the contrary. Some parents were uneasy if the master was backward in applying the rod, and inferred that the children could not be learning much. The means the average schoolmaster employed to tame and

discipline his pupils were extremely primitive. He depended chiefly on a ruler, or on what was called "the heavy gad," by which expression was designated five feet of elastic sapling. These two implements were applied with force and frequency. An appropriate share of the chastisement was visited on the girls, and the older ones were not allowed to escape justice any more than the younger ones; for it was thought that a youth of either sex who was not too old to do wrong was not too old to be punished. We get a suggestive impression of what the discipline could be from the fact that a Sunderland, Massachusetts, school-house erected in 1793 contained a whipping-post set firmly in the school-room floor. To this post offenders were tied and whipped in the presence of their mates. It is also related that the school-room

walls, as time went on, became marred with dents made by ferules hurled at misbehaving pupils' heads with an aim that sometimes proved untrue.

Occasionally a teacher did not punish at all by main strength, but resorted to moral suasion. Thus a Belchertown master, when his pupils became noisy, would stamp his foot and cry out, "Children, if you do not behave better I will go right off and leave you," and the children would be frightened into orderly quiet.

The usual sum paid to a master was ten or twelve dollars a month, though a wealthy district might in exceptional cases give twenty dollars to retain a man of culture and experience. Women earned from four to ten dollars. Even after the middle of the nineteenth century the standard pay for a woman teacher in many districts was one dollar a week. Instances of still lower wages can be found a few decades earlier. Thus a qualified woman teacher in a Connecticut town in 1798 received a

weekly stipend of sixty-seven cents, and some masters of that period were paid no more. Besides the money remuneration, the districts boarded the teachers. Otherwise the salary would have loomed much larger and the town appropriation would have quickly melted away. The teacher "boarded round" among the homes of the pupils, spending at each house a length of time proportioned to the number of school-children in the family. The custom was common until after 1850.

An interesting side-light on education in the district schools is furnished by an official report of 1838 concerning the then thousand school buildings of Massachusetts. Their estimated value was little above a half-million dollars. To-day we have single school structures which have cost more than that. The report says, "There is no other class of buildings within our limits, erected for the permanent or temporary residence of our native population, so inconvenient, so uncomfortable, so dangerous to health by their construction within or without, abandoned to cheerlessness and dilapidation."

The required studies were reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Algebra and even Latin and French were attempted in an

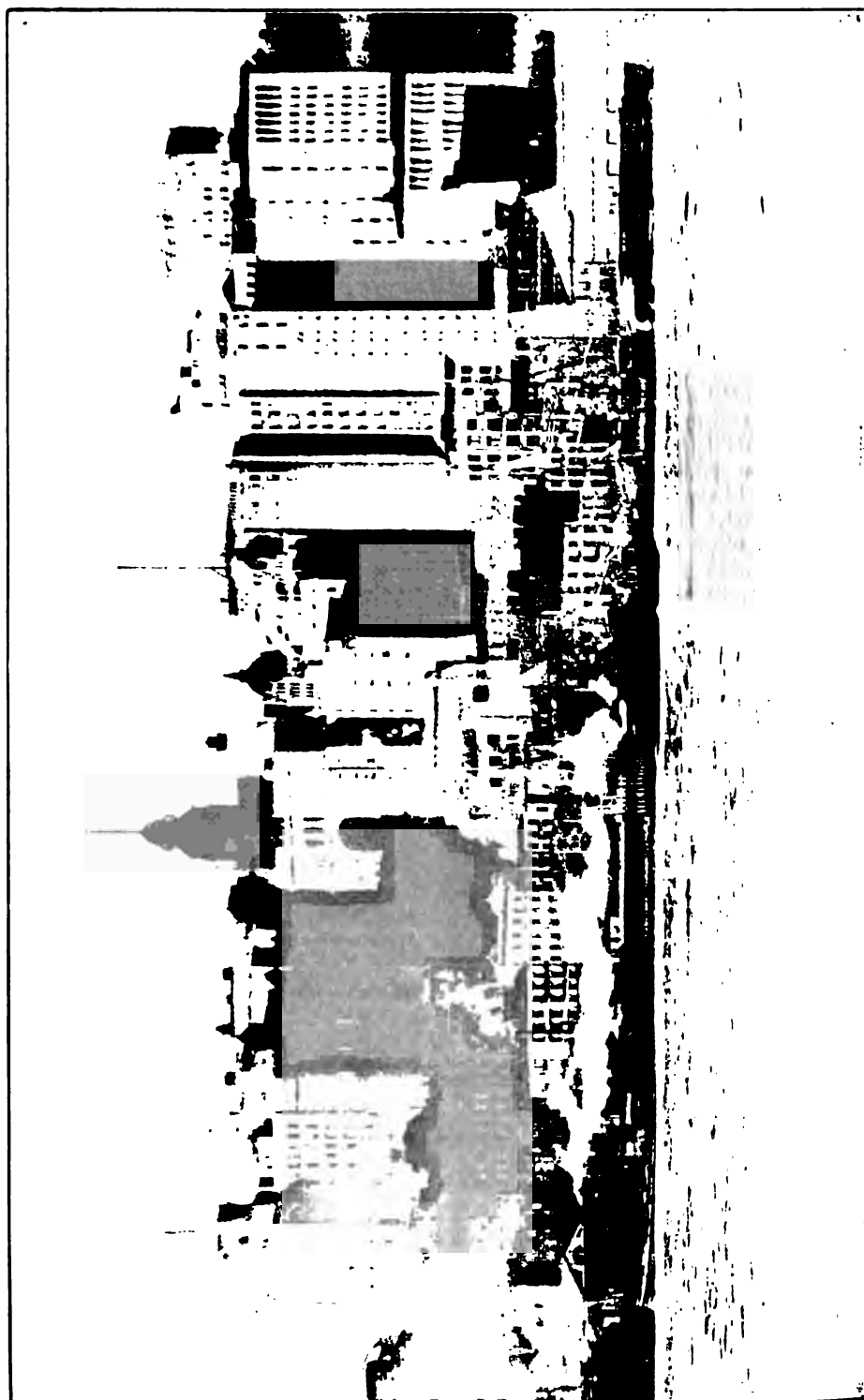
occasional school if the teacher was equal to them. Yet with all this broadening in studies and all the advances in school-books, and in spite of the correct English the books were supposed to impart, the scholars in their daily conversation continued to use the vernacular.

One handicap to effective teaching was the fact that it might happen that no two pupils were equally advanced in their studies—possibly did not have the same text-books. The books were often much worn and defaced, for they were family heirlooms, and continued in use as long as they held together.

Some one has said, "It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the letters of the alphabet;" and it is unquestionably true that the capable and aspiring youth can make a very slender educational foundation serve to give an opportunity for great development. In most of the old district schools little was imparted beyond a few bare rudiments; the teachers were often ignorant and sometimes brutal, the methods mechanical and dreary. Notable men have come from "the little red school-houses," but this was because of their own native energy and thrifty acquisitiveness, and was not due to any superlative virtues of the schools themselves.



GOING HOME FROM SCHOOL



THE TOWERING MASS OF "SKY-SCRAPERS"

The Genius of the Cosmopolitan City¹

By Hamilton Wright Mabie

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Hewitt



IT has been said of a certain American city that it is not a place, but a state of mind. Truth is often spoken in jest, especially if the jest have the savor and insight of wit; and there is a half-truth in this bit of humorous characterization. There is something more in a city than its visible order, its material structure, its drives and parks and museums and works of art; there is its spirit. Every city has a genius, a spiritual individuality, as distinctive as the genius of the greatest man who grows up in its shelter. For a city is something more than a collection of

persons; if you are trying to understand what it stands for in the world, you will get little aid from the directory; it is an entity which records and reveals itself in many ways, remaining itself invisible. It has many of the qualities and attributes of personality; it thinks, it feels, and it acts. And in thinking, feeling, and acting it is not a composite person, made up of the traits of all its citizens; it is a force distinct from them; an influence which does not emanate wholly from

them, but definitely, persistently, and powerfully affects them. It makes a very real difference whether one is born in Boston or in New York or in Charleston. Each of these cities has its own history, ideals, point of view; and the child can no more escape the influence of these potent elements of education than it can escape the climatic influences which rise out of the earth and pervade the atmosphere.

Genius, an American essayist has said, is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. The genius of a city is a power created by a combination of powers of earth and of air; by its location, the circumstances which determined its earliest activities, the quality and force of the men who laid its foundations, the reflex influence of its leaders in successive generations. And this soul of a city, which gives inspiration, direction, color to its manifold life, attains at last such definite individuality that it is unconsciously personified and becomes *the* genius of the city, the spirit of the locality; that searching, penetrating influence which broods over childhood, and gathers about itself the sentiment of maturity, and takes on a kind of radiance from the memories of age; an influence which our ancestors of Latin blood embodied in those lesser deities with whom they lived in the intimacies of the home, the field, the foot-path, and the spring.

Florence, Venice, Edinburgh, Boston, and New York not only differ in the aspects they wear to the eye, but still more in the impression they convey to the imagination. Venice and Florence were separated by a little stretch of two

¹From an address delivered before the New York Historical Society on its ninety-ninth anniversary, Tuesday, November 17, 1903, on which occasion the corner-stone of the new building of the Society was laid by Mayor Low.

hundred and fifty miles, but if they had been as far apart as the ends of the earth they could hardly have differed more radically in the years when their activities were at the flood. It is a five hours' journey from New York to Boston, but what numerals could express the divergence of their points of view? This difference, it is well to remember, is not expressed in terms of superiority or of inferiority, but of variation. If I say that the New England capital breathes a more rarefied air than the metropolis, I do not necessarily mean that the souls of the good are made perfect there more rapidly than here. If I speak of the repose of that hospitable city which still cherishes the virtues of the Friends, I do not necessarily imply that a man can save his soul as well as his nerves more easily in Philadelphia than in New York. If I comment on the swiftness of the movement of life in Chicago, I do not necessarily mean that a man reaches desirable ends there more quickly than here. It is an interesting fact that, while American cities are prone to gibe at one another, they are all agreed in regarding New York as the most material, luxurious, money-loving, and unmoral community in the New World. It has become a tradition that, whatever New York is, it is not intellectual, religious, moral, homogeneous, beautiful, or American; and New Yorkers have become so accustomed to this state of the provincial mind that they long ago ceased to deny, to explain, or to apologize. We may all be persons of foreign birth; we may not know people on our own block; we may waste our bodies and despoil our souls below Fourteenth Street in order that our wives and daughters may wear Paris gowns on Murray Hill; we may pay pew-rent in fashionable churches, and spend so much time in Lenox, Newport, Florida, Southern California, and on the Riviera that we are useless for religious work; all these things, which citizens of other cities lay at our doors, we may be and do; but, in view of our silence and patience under accusation, one virtue we may claim: the cosmopolitan virtue of geniality. When Boston disapproves of our devotion to business,

and Philadelphia is pained by our easy forgetfulness of ancestral qualifications, and Chicago points the finger of scorn at the deliberation of our movements, we do not reply in kind. It may be that we have sunk too low; it may be that we have seen too many phases and crazes come and go; it may be that we have attained the cosmopolitan virtue of attending strictly to our own affairs; it may be that we have so much to do that we have accepted as our rule of life a famous counsel of Dr. Jowett's to a friend who was going through a fiery furnace of criticism: "Retract nothing, explain nothing, get it done, and let them howl."

This great city of ours, with its diversities of race, of religion, of social, political, and personal ideals—has it a unity which the country has as yet failed to recognize, a genius which belongs to the future rather than to the past, and which, because it is of the future, is slow to reveal itself? We forget that New York is not only the first of cities of modern birth in magnitude of population and interests, but that it is also a city of a new type. Its very diversities are creating here a kind of city which men have not seen before; in which a unity of a more inclusive, if not of a higher, order is slowly forming itself; a city the genius of which has the light of prophecy in it.

From its earliest beginnings, New York has been a composite community; location, settlement, commerce, and original population determined its type at the very start. What it is to-day on a great scale it was when only a handful of houses were irregularly grouped about the fort on the Battery. The noble harbor and the low, grassy point of land on which the future cosmopolitan city was to rise were first seen by an Englishman holding a Dutch commission, commanding a crew of rough sea-dogs drawn from seagoing ports of England and from the dikes of Holland, in a high-built, clumsy craft of Dutch make, but bearing an English name. The Half-Moon, coming up the harbor on a September day in 1609, two years after the settlement at Jamestown and eleven years before that at Plymouth, was a typical forerunner of a vast flotilla, bearing men and women of many races,



THE EARLIEST VIEW OF NEW YORK



OLD POST-OFFICE



NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1667



A VIEW OF FORT GEORGE IN 1740

OLD NEW YORK



THE NEW "TIMES" BUILDING IN LONGACRE SQUARE

from all parts of Europe, to feed the population of a city which is affiliated by racial ties with all parts of the globe.

The earliest buildings in New York were the huts of fur-traders, and the first permanent settlement was made and the first government conducted by a commercial corporation of such magnitude that it does not greatly suffer by comparison with similar organizations to-day. The West India Company, chartered by the States General of Holland, like the Hudson's Bay Company of

its own time and the English East India Company of a later period, was endowed by law with those governmental privileges and powers which are still surreptitiously exercised by their corporate successors. And it was not without significance that the West India Company, authorized not only to trade in the new country, but to govern as well, started upon its career as a fully developed monopoly. Thus, at the very beginning, trade and monopoly stood sponsors for the city of the future. In New England,



THE FLATIRON BUILDING ON A MISTY MORNING

a little later, they were praising God and killing the Indians with right good will; in Virginia they were building up vast estates, shipping tobacco to England, and living merrily in the wilderness, sharpening the dull edge of frontier life with the racing of horses, the fighting of cocks, and those liberal potations which have not ceased to be mixed in that genial country; in New York they were selling for as much and buying for as little as possible. The commercial instinct, which we all deplore, without

for a moment giving up the luxuries with which it surrounds us, was more frankly avowed in New York than in the colonies to the north and south; but it is to be feared that it was not a whit more controlling at the bottom. Piety did not blunt the business sagacity of the New Englander: and renunciation was not the habitual practice of the Virginia colonists.

At the west end of the beautiful old church at Dives, on the coast of Normandy, whence William the Conqueror

set sail for England in 1066, is inscribed the long list of the names of his companions in arms. These names have taken on a golden hue in the softened light of almost nine centuries; but it is to be feared that close scrutiny of the aims of the men who bore them would reveal quite as much self-seeking, greed, and general unscrupulousness as marked the dealings of the New Englanders with the Indians, of the Virginians with one another, and of the primitive New Yorkers with the rest of the world. The mailed knight who beat the life out of his fellow in order that he might possess his lands and bequeath them to his own heirs and assigns forever, was not, after all, much more a gentleman than his less imposing brother who, by the arts of peace and in ways of pleasantness, persuaded his fellow to part with his property at something below its cost. The early settlers of New York were not greedy sinners, with a colony of saints at the north and a colony of chivalrous and self-sacrificing gentlemen at the south; they were, like all the other colonists, saints at times and sinners at others; serving God and Mammon after the manner of all their ancestors and a large majority of their descendants.

Never was there a more shocking example of the enormity of the unearned increment than is afforded by the fact that New York was bought in 1626 for twenty-four dollars! There were then about two hundred people living about the Battery, and wolves and bears wandered at will in the neighborhood of Grace Church and Union Square. It was a small community which was first known as New Amsterdam; a weak outpost of civilization, with an old world behind it perilous to reach in the clumsy yachts of the time, and a new world of savage life and mysterious depths of forest before it. But it was already a cosmopolitan community, with a mixture of races and a confusion of tongues prophetic of the later city. The Dutch were in possession of the government and—what was far more important—of the monopoly; but there were Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans living side by side with them; and during the forty years of Dutch supremacy these main streams of

population flowed with fairly even current.

As conditions became more settled, immigration of a higher grade fed the little frontier town, and men of substance, entitled to use those coats of arms which have been so extensively pillaged in our own time, came in increasing numbers to become the founders of influential colonial families, and to give the popular movements of a later day courageous and competent leadership. Of men of the class known in the Old World as gentlemen there were as many in New Amsterdam and along the Hudson to Albany as in Virginia, in South Carolina, or in Massachusetts. They came from the cities of Holland, from old and from New England, from Germany, and from France; but the most influential men of the colony were Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Frenchmen. The first brought immense staying power and solid qualities of many kinds; the Englishman brought his highly trained capacity for government; the Huguenot his power of devotion, and that charm of manner which was to give the rough setting of social life on the edge of the wilderness a touch of Old-World dignity and refinement. Then there was a mixed population, made up of apprentices and redemptioners, largely of English and Irish blood; for the Irish—for good and for ill, for pleasure and for pain, in prosperity and in adversity—have always been with us, to contribute to our many-sided life the irresistible charm and the wayward impulses of the Celtic temperament. There was a considerable representation of the shiftless, incompetent, and irresponsible among the white population; and there was a considerable group of slaves, recently imported from Africa and but a little removed from the savage state. No less than eighteen languages and dialects were spoken in the little town.

There were, a little later, great patroons ruling estates hundreds of miles square; there were substantial houses, with broad halls and spacious rooms, furnished with those huge four-post, canopied beds in which our well-to-do ancestors smothered on summer nights; there were massive cabinets and tables;



THE CITY HALL AND NEWSPAPER ROW



BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET. BOARDING A CAR IN RUSH HOURS

the walls were hung with portraits as significant of family pride as they were free from all suggestions of art; there were great clocks and heavy silver plate glorious with blazonry of arms. There were rambling, old-fashioned gardens, laid out with mathematical exactness, but redolent of the fragrance of old-fashioned flowers and dear to the birds which are of a fashion of God's making. There were ladies in beautiful apparel; for our grandmothers were quite as attractive as their granddaughters. There were gentlemen in silk stockings and knee-breeches and velvet doublets and long coats ornamented with silver; for in those stirring days man was far more free to make himself beautiful than in these monotonous days of London fashion-plates and no color save an occasional flash of the old audacity in his neckwear. There was much eating and deep drink-

ing; there was persistent seeking of pleasure, for our ancestors were singularly like ourselves. And there were men and women in hovels, ignorant and wretched and vicious; and there were semi-savage slaves. It is clear that New York began her civic career with a full equipment of the conditions and problems which perplex the modern city. She had many races to unify; many diversities of religion, language, and social ideal to harmonize; many apparently antagonistic elements to fuse into one homogeneous community.

She had diversity and variety—prime elements in the cosmopolitan city; she had also the quality which makes the blending of these elements possible—toleration. The Dutch Lutheran, the English Churchman, and the French Calvinist lived together on a basis of mutual recognition of differences of



IN UNION SQUARE



A GLIMPSE OF THE SHIPPING

creed and practice. The taking of the oath of allegiance made men of all faiths save one equal before the law. Quakers and Baptists, fleeing from the militant conscience of New England, found refuge in New Amsterdam. Roman Catholics were soon included in this broad zone of toleration. The old church in the fort on the Battery was a symbol of the larger comprehension and wider sympathies of a later day; in the morning, within its bare but hospitable walls, a

service was held in Dutch, at midday in French, and in the afternoon in English; while the Roman Catholics worshiped in a chapel close at hand. There is no evidence that these Christians were corrupted by their friendly relations with one another; and their descendants are every whit as loyal to their religious convictions as are the descendants of the men who, in that age, were beating out one another's brains because they could not agree on a standard translation



THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TOWER

of the fundamental article of the Christian religion, "God is love."

In the beginning there was not only religious liberty, but political equality as well. The port of New York was as open in the seventeenth century as it is in the twentieth. There was no statue of liberty in the harbor in those days, but men of every faith and race found the same welcome when they set foot in the little town. Seventeen years after the organization of the colony in New Amsterdam a popular meeting was called

by a director whose lack of wisdom and moderation had brought the community to the verge of ruin, and a council of representative men was formed; and this council promptly protested against the arbitrary measures of the director, and demanded substantial self-government.

When the colony passed under English rule, their civil and religious rights were guaranteed to the Dutch, and the privilege of naturalization to all foreigners was reaffirmed. The English element in the population had long been

influential, and the only change effected by the lowering of the Dutch and the raising of the English flag at the Battery was the shifting of the balance of power from one group of citizens to another. The second English ruler of the city—a charming gentleman of Cavalier breeding, who bore the name of the most gracious of Cavalier singers, Lovelace—won all hearts by equal intimacy with the English, the French, and the Dutch, and in a club which he organized the three languages were spoken; and the English service was still held in the Dutch church. In 1683 the Duke of York, the patron of the city, whose name has in consequence at least one pleasant and creditable association, granted to the colony a charter, by the terms of which the right of self-taxation (with certain minor exceptions), of self-government, and liberty of conscience and of religion were guaranteed to all. This charter, James, Duke of York, graciously signed and sealed but forgot to deliver—a slip of memory which James, become the second of his name on the English throne, omitted to make good. The colony proceeded, however, as if this generous document were in force; and

one of the earliest acts taken under it was the conferring of all the rights of citizenship upon all white foreigners who should take the oath of allegiance.

These broad lines of tolerance and equality, thus early marked out in New York, were not always consistently respected; and the city was to pass through many changes of civic order before the success of the party of liberty in the War of the Revolution made this wide foundation of freedom of thought and action, of equality of creeds before the law and equality of races in the rights and privileges of citizenship, permanent; but the note struck thus early was expressive of its spirit and prophetic of its history.

It was to be a cosmopolitan or world-city; a place where the races were to mingle with mutual respect and toleration, to give the New World a metropolis of a new type. While the men of the Massachusetts colonies were drawing not only race but church lines about the franchise, the men of New York, who had apparently a higher opinion of God, or of themselves, were throwing all the doors open and inviting everybody to come in. Our hospitality, thus early



illustrated to the world, has cost us a good deal in many ways, and we are still bearing its burdens and meeting its draughts on our faith, our patience, and our generosity. It has given our friends, south and west, the opportunity of saying that New York is the least American of cities because it is the least homogeneous. But it is fair to ask, "Which is the most distinctively American, the community in which the citizens are all of one blood, or that in which many races combine to create a new race?" If America is simply an extension of England in the New World, then New York is the least American of cities; but if America stands for a different order of society, a new kind of political and social unity, a fresh arrangement of the various families of men on a freer and broader basis, then New York is the most American of cities.

No single vessel brought all the settlers and all their furniture in one voyage to New York. That feat has been performed but twice in the history of the world; and much eloquence has made both the Ark and the Mayflower distasteful to us. We came in many ships; some of us came in the first cabin and

some in the steerage—the Ark and the Mayflower are the only ships in which all the passengers were the same grade; we sailed from many ports; we had many creeds and were accustomed to many kinds of social and political habit; and we have been living together, not ideally, but peacefully, prosperously, and with a growing liking for one another, for a matter of almost three hundred years—that is the story of New York in a paragraph. Its full meaning becomes clear only when it is placed side by side with the story of the discords, the strifes, the deep-rooted racial and religious animosities of one great group of cities, and with the simpler problems, the narrower interests and sympathies, of the cities of homogeneous population. The homogeneous city has virtues and charms which the cosmopolitan city lacks; but it has also defects and limitations which the cosmopolitan city escapes. It is a city of a type as old as Bagdad and Damascus; the cosmopolitan city is of the new type; made possible by the leveling of the old walls of racial ignorance and prejudice; prophetic of the new ordering of society in a working fraternity of races.



A SNOW-STORM IN MADISON SQUARE



HIGH BRIDGE.

The city of New York was founded by a great trading company in possession of a monopoly; but this company, like all other human organizations, was curiously compounded of selfishness and idealism; it was bent on profits, but it was also bent on doing the Lord's work according to its lights, and smiting with a mighty hand the power of the King of Spain in the western waters. In the pursuit of its double purpose, the Dutch West India Company filled its coffers with the contents of the Spanish treasure-ships; gave substantial aid to the other semi-commercial, semi-governmental companies, large and small, which swept the Spanish Main with a resolute audacity and a calculated recklessness that have their place among the great traditions of daring; broke the Spanish power at its sources; set the Netherlands free from the paralyzing hand of Spain; made popular government possible in America by establishing the supremacy of the English language and the English and Dutch political ideals; and developed New York as the product

and symbol of this reordering of society. In the final summing up of great enterprises it may appear that in the movement of which New York was the fruit a service was rendered to the race quite as great as the service of those cities which grew out of a single strenuous endeavor for better conditions along a single line. Speaking reverently, Providence has breadth as well as height, and fertilization is as important as elevation.

Founded by traders, as many of the great cities have been founded, New York has always been a center of immense commercial interests and activity. Its noble harbor has seen, for almost three centuries, the coming and going of ships laden with cargoes from the ends of the earth. It is significant that the earliest product of human skill here was a ship; built, Mr. Janvier thinks, on the creek which once flowed where Broad Street now runs, and near the point where it joins Pearl Street. The Dutch builders called this forerunner of the commerce of New York the "On-

rust"—the "Restless"—a name significant alike of their hopes and spirits and of the world-wide activity of the metropolis.

New York has always been deeply interested in ships and canals and railways—the means and instruments of communication which have made the modern world possible, and brought in, in a rough preliminary way, the brotherhood of man. She has sometimes cared too much for these things; like Paris, London, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, she has often thought more about comfort than about righteousness; and when she has fallen from grace she has suffered humiliation and borne various kinds of punishment. These things have come to her, however, not because she has been commercial but because she has confused means with ends. There is nothing corrupting in commerce; it is as honorable to found a city for trading purposes as to descend suddenly upon a country with galleys, put its inhabitants to the sword, and take possession of their estates in the name of William of Normandy. Commerce is a peaceful and increasingly honest substitute for the wholesale thieving of feudal times.

And when it comes to the matter of art, it is well to remember that Venice, the most poetic rendering of civic necessities in terms of architecture that the world has ever known, was the first commercial city of a great period; that her palaces were built because the ships that lay at their doors were laden with the treasures of the East; that the art which translated her religious and civic ideals into a language so splendid, so commanding, so significant of greatness of spirit, was cherished, guarded, and loved by great merchants rather than by great princes; that, speaking soberly, life has never been so magnificently dressed as in a city whose genius for commerce these later times have not surpassed. It is well to remember that Florence, mother of great personalities, so completely mistress of the arts that she spoke with equal ease and authority in architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, was a city whose rulers were called merchant princes.

The men who founded New York were

among the foremost traders of their time; but who has loved liberty with a more passionate devotion than they, and where does the genius of man interpret the soul of man with more commanding and searching power than on the walls of the galleries of The Hague, of Haarlem, and of Amsterdam?

In this city, in the year 1809, American literature was born. Books had been written in the Colonies, and later in the States, before "Knickerbocker's History of New York" appeared; but these earlier books were historical, religious, or polemical treatises; they were contributions to causes; Irving wrote as birds sing and flowers bloom; because man was made to live, not by work alone, but by the free expression of all the interests of his spirit. Two elements in Irving's work are significant for the present purpose; he was the earliest interpreter of the Old World to the New; he, more than any other among the pioneers of American literature, reunited the sundered peoples by bringing back, with all the charm of tender sentiment and gentle humor, the ripeness and beauty of the old home. "There are no real breaks in history. This is a new country, but we are an old race; we brought the old world with us in our memories or we should have been poor indeed. Homer recalled to the Greeks the fading memories of Asia, Virgil reminded the Romans of the days and deeds on the plains of Troy; Irving brought the imagination of an alienated people once more into touch with the traditions of their old home and their kin beyond the sea, and became the earliest interpreter of the spirit of the cosmopolitan city. His kindly and pervasive humor had as little in common with the keen, pungent New England humor as his genial and urbane spirit had with the strenuous ethical temper of New England. The rigidity of the Puritan, the concentration of the reformer, were alien to his tolerant nature. The intense feeling for the locality, the emphasis on the section, characteristic of the South from an early period, were equally alien to him. He was a true child of the metropolis; tolerant in temper because he was on easy terms with many different races, urbane

and gracious because he had found virtue in many kinds of men, charm in many kinds of women, and sincerity in many kinds of religion; with a vein of deep and tender feeling running through his nature and his work, but always relieving the strain of emotion with that touch of humor which makes men kin. The qualities of the cosmopolitan city were all his—urbanity of manner, breadth of view, tolerance of temper, and a kindly, easy, genial attitude toward life. There was no strain of didacticism in Irving, but there was an attitude toward life which gave his work a beautiful quality of sympathy. 'If, however,' he wrote to a friend, 'I can, by a lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can, now and then, penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written in vain.' This is the temper of a true citizen of a metropolis—a place where races meet and mingle on easy terms; slowly and often blindly, but none the less surely, through mutual comprehension and the tolerance that comes from it, defining in terms of experience the unity of the race and realizing the brotherhood of man."¹

The interpreter of the Old World to the New, this genial man of letters was a creator of two priceless American legends and the originator of the short story, a literary form of which Americans have gained a notable mastery. Here, too, the first piece of genuine fiction appeared when Cooper, in "The Spy," broke ground for the novelists of the future. From the creation of the delightful myth of Diedrich Knickerbocker, the first of the long line of gentlemen who have gone to Albany leaving unsettled accounts in New York, to the days of Mr. Howells's "Letters Home," the cosmopolitan qualities of broad human sympathy, deep interest in human experience, and recognition of the fact

that another man's conscience may be as authoritative as your own, have never passed out of our writing. In the title of the novel which is likely to stand beside "The Rise of Silas Lapham" in the judgment of posterity, Mr. Howells has happily suggested the larger meaning of New York; it is "A Hazard of New Fortunes."

The later novelists have not failed to notice and report the picturesque aspects of the metropolis; Mr. Matthews especially has emphasized the towering lines which it shows as one approaches it along the great waterways, the flashing of myriad lights from the great buildings at night, the clouds of steam which float, mingling and commingling, over the city, and give it a touch of mysterious and ethereal beauty.

The genius and the place of New York in the modern world are so clearly disclosed in this brief recital of significant passages in its history that he who runs may read. The very conformation of the harbor seems like a symbol of hospitality. Two converging lines of coast lead to it from the vastness of the sea, and so uniform is the shelving of the coast for a hundred miles in either direction that the ship can find her way on the blackest night, in the densest fog, with no other guide than the plummet. Inside the water gate what a spacious refuge! No one can come up from the sea, with the richest memories of Europe behind him, and not feel the charm which resides in the noble molding of the harbor lines, the beauty of its framing of hills, the half-veiled vision of the new world of toil and wealth and unlimited resource which rises before the imagination as the group of cities defines itself and the great bridge swings in air between them.

In no other city do the tides of life mingle with such a sweep and in such a volume. New York is not one city; it is many cities, under one government. Once a Dutch city, a French city, an English city, it has become a German, Irish, Italian, Russian, Polish, Armenian, Syrian city. The eighteen languages spoken here in colonial times have grown to sixty-six languages and dialects; in one school in the Syrian

¹"Backgrounds of Literature." by Hamilton W. Mabie. The Outlook Company, New York.

district of the city twenty-nine languages and dialects are spoken. And the incoming tide has risen to such a height that thoughtful men are asking whether so many strangers bred in such diverse faiths and habits of life can be so rapidly housed in American ideas and clothed with American associations.

Here, too, from all parts of the country, flows the reflux wave of those who, having come to great and often sudden prosperity, seek the ampler spending ground of the metropolis. These are the people for whom our theaters are multiplied; for whom immense apartment-houses are built; above all, these are the people who shine resplendent in gorgeous apparel in the most obtrusively magnificent of our hotels. One of the chief functions of New York in recent years has been to furnish the United States of America with adequate opportunities of spending its money, and to give it expert assistance in the process. The metropolis has become a school for the education of untrained provincial millionaires, who come here in great numbers from all parts of our vast country, bringing their local customs with them. And it is the hard fate of New York to be judged by the manners and bearing of its guests; the journals of civilization in remote quarters holding up their hands in horror over the extravagance of those who have come to us from their own neighborhoods. Placed where the sea brings throngs of immigrants from the western limits of Ireland, to those remote and vague distances where "the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay," and where the rivers and railways bring in throngs of highly pecunious immigrants from that vast central plain over which the smoke of Chicago hangs as the cloud once hung over another city of the plain; from the upper reaches of the Mississippi; from Denver, modest and shy metropolis of the mountain region; from San Francisco, feverish with dreams of the time when the Atlantic shall be an abandoned waterway; and from the South, hospitable, generous, lovable, with just a touch of condescension in its manner toward us; placed, I say, where all these tides meet and mingle,

is it strange that New York is difficult to govern, to understand, to define?

It is easy to put one's hand on the defects and vices of the commercial age and spirit. The feudal period was far more picturesque, the period of the monarchy far more splendid, to the eye. The world is a more crowded and a much noisier place than it was in the days when Warwick Castle and those desolate piles on the Rhine were built, in the days when Louis the Magnificent planned his vast palaces. But the whole of life does not reside in the things which comfort and delight the eye, precious as they are. Behind those apparitions of what seems, through the mist of years, a better time, what misery of body, what wretchedness of condition, what bondage of the spirit! They cost too much, those old refinements and splendors. France starved and went in rags, and men became wild and greedy as animals, that the stately pageant of Versailles might be played for a few inglorious years. And the pageant itself, studied closely, reveals a moral squalor, a poverty of spiritual ideas, a lack of nobility, which invest it to-day with an air of tragic mockery. The charm of the old order was bought at too great a price of enforced sacrifice of opportunity, health, education, that freedom of the spirit without which, in the finest trappings, men are puppets or slaves. The old order is harmoniously beautiful, largely because our ignorance of the thousand details of condition and habit which environed it hides its ugly aspects from us; and its best things were paid for by those who could not share them.

The commercial age, on the other hand, enfolds us so closely that no man can understand its ultimate significance or foresee its final development. That it is provisional and not permanent, a stage and not the ultimate form of social organization, is, however, the inevitable conclusion of the student of history and of social science. One thing is clear—it is a far more inclusive ordering of men in social relations than has been known before. Selfish as it is, it opens more doors, makes more opportunities, offers more kinds of help, cares more and does more for all men, than any earlier

ordering of society in antiquity or in the Middle Age.

It is far too soon to pass judgment on the significance of the commercial age and the soundness and value of democracy; the modern world is so complex and vast that it behooves us to study it more clearly and speak of it less confidently. When one realizes the depth and vastness of the movement of life, the mystery out of which it flows and in which it loses itself, the clouds that gather and pass above it, the roar and tumult that attend it, the comparison of civilization with civilization on the basis of the relative production of books and pictures at any particular period, of dress and manners and social habit in any given country, seems pitifully inadequate. In three hundred years it may be possible to reach some conclusion about the real meaning of commercialism and democracy; to-day one can only be sure that society is being reorganized in a more inclusive way, that governments rest on a broader base, that the free expression of every man's personality becomes every decade more complete, and that men are learning to live together in all the ways of thought and of action.

Of these dominant forces of modern

life, New York is the product. It has its full share of crudity, vulgarity, and selfishness; it is rich also in aspiration, refinement, distinction of aim and manner. It is a cosmopolitan city in its liberality, its tolerance, its comprehension of the vast variety of human experience, its sympathy with the manifold objects of human interest, its hospitality to the faiths, the traditions, the races of mankind.

There have been cosmopolitan cities since the days when a Greek dynasty ruled in Alexandria, and Jewish and Oriental teachers taught all manner of ancient learning on the banks of the Nile; but never before have so many races met and ruled together, without race, religious, or class distinctions, as in New York. Here is being formed the city of the future; for the future is to be the common possession of all men on a basis of equality of opportunity. Here, some of us venture to believe, is being worked out, on a great scale, in much tumult, confusion, and uncertainty, but with an irresistible drift at the bottom, that problem of setting all men free to be and to do which will ultimately evoke the highest in human character and achievement.

Judgment

By Vida D. Scudder

(A fresco over the tomb of Uberto de' Bardi in Santa Croce, Florence.)

Here press no thronging bodies from a ground

Heavy with harvest: mid a waste of stone

Thou dost arise, Uberto, small, alone—

Earth from the earth; gray solitude around

Enfolds thee; in thy face we see the sound

Of yon last trump, by lofty angels blown,

That summons thee to meet a doom unknown—

Eternity, or cursed or glory-crowned!

Yet seek'st thou not thy Judge's countenance,

Bending above thee, by one wistful glance;

For awe-struck dost thou scan a mystery

Which all thy earthly years revealed not:

At last, at last, thine own soul dost thou see;

Thy fate, our world, and Time, thou hast forgot.

Spring Cleaning

By George S. Wasson

Author of "Cap'n Simeon's Store," etc., etc.

CAP'N PELATIAH KENTLE dropped heavily into his usual chair at the store one muggy night in April and drew a long breath of relief.

"There you I!" said he, producing pipe and tobacco, "I ain't noways sorry it's come night-time ag'in. Our folks to home is all givin' it to her a-house-cleaning the very wusst way just now, and things is nigh a complete wrack up there, so's there's no airthly place left to stand or set, ary one. It ain't I don't love to see things fixed up ship-shape inside of folkses' houses, for I do so, and allus done so, as long's they don't turn to a-titrivatin' and finnifyin' their places up so ter'ble spick and span nobody dassent take no manner of comfort livin' inside of 'em. It's sich works that allus makes out to rasp me up, like."

"I'll shake hands 'long of ye on that 'ere, any day, Cap'n Pelly!" declared Asa Fairway, evidently also a homeless wanderer for the time being on account of spring cleaning. "Seems 's though I could put up with 'most anything in reason, but, set-fire! you come to take it in the spring o' the year, and it doos appear as ef the women-folks run this cleanin'-up business chock into the ground!"

"Oh, things has allus got to be swep' and scrubbed up about once in every so often, of course; that's all right and proper," said Cap'n Kentle. "Same time, as you say, Asy, I don't see no call for the women-folks to take and heave every namable thing bottom up, same's they will. My way, though, in the spring o' the year is jest to turn to and give 'em plenty o' slack quick 's ever they git the notion, and let 'em go it full tilt. All the way ever a man can make shift to git along them times is jest to let 'em take holt in good shape and have it out, so's to be done with it."

"Set-fire, yes!" Asa agreed. "You hain't need try to buck ag'in women-

folks them times! You got to up hellum and make a fair wind of it soon's ever they take this 'ere scrubbin'-up notion springtimes!"

"My folks is consid'ble docyle, though, to what some on 'em is in this matter of cleanin' up, and I dunno's I'd ought to complain any great," continued Cap'n Pelly. "Of course, soon's ever they once git started in at spring cleaning in good shape, you've got to stand from under, as the old feller says; but, barrin' them spells, I cal'late we take our comfort up there to my place about as good as the next ones. When I cast my eye down the road apiece, and see folks so tormented neat and pertikler that they turn to and shet up every plaguey room they got in the house, without it's maybe the kitchen, so's the men-folks has to git outdoors and live same's a cat: un'neath a barn, why I don't feel like making no great hue and cry when our folks commence one of these little spurts of theirm in the spring o' the year."

"Now, you come to take Noah Grommet, we'll say. Noah, he's allus been a stiddy-goin', hard-workin' creatur' as ever drawed breath, and there ain't a hand-somer little place to this whole Harbor than what his is—not a one anywheres 'round here; but what I look at is jest like this: doos he appear ever to take a grain of comfort there to home? Lemme jest take and tell ye a little mite of experience of my own down there one time. 'Twas the year after he lost the old 'Fairdealer' on Boon Island Ledge, and quit goin', you rec'lect. My errant was to see ef I could make ary trade for her mainmast and some of the rest part o' the wrack stuff, though that ain't neither here nor there. Seems 's though the time I got there his folks was right in the very thick of spring cleanin', and, accordin' to all tell, they allus have a master long drag at it, too."

"Scand'lous pertikler, Noah's woman

is, I've allus heard say," said Asa Fairway.

"Oh, for sure she is," the Cap'n went on. "Real nice, clever soul Mis' Grommet is, I guess, and a grand good neighbor, and all that; can't be beat, but one o' these reg'lar built drivers, ye see, and I cal'late the most pertikler woman about the house that ever grewed sence Adam was an oakum-boy. It's some singular, too, when you come to look right at it, how in tunkett it is that, with one stiddy jump and dig, tooth and nail, ag'in dirt all the rest-part of the time, jest sich folkse's houses are allus the ones to come in for the wusst overhaulin' in the spring o' the year! Wouldn't any one nach'ally supposen spring cleanin' couldn't amount to no great sight with them kind?"

"Set-fire, yes! Any one would supposen," Asa said; "but that ain't the way the thing works, by a jugful! There's allus got to be jest so much of a rinktum, anyways, before it's time for horn-bugs and summer boarders to strike."

"It doos beat all!" said Cap'n Kentle. "What I was comin' at, though, is this 'ere. I goes up to the back kitchen door there to Noah's that time, and knocked. She stood ajar like, so's I got a good strong whiff of paint and varnish the fust thing, and I see every-thing inside shinin' same's a fiddle. Mis' Grommet, she was jest giving her stove proper old bungo with the blackin'-brush, and, honest Injun, you! I'll bate a polluk I could have shaved me easy by ary one o' them stove-kivers, they was that much rubbed down!"

"'Noah to home anywheres 'round?' s' I.

"'Yes, guess so,' says his woman. 'I think's likely you'll run acrosst him out back o' the wood-house, there. He's been down to his weir all the mornin',' says she, 'and I wouldn't allow him inside here a-smokin' and sheddin' his herring-scales around under foot on no account!' s' she.

"Well, I went out 'round amongst them out-buildings there, and hollered quite a few times afore ever I raised a yip from nobody. All to once the door of the old hen-house was hove open,

and there stood Noah, with his hair all tousled up, rubbin' his eyes with both fists.

"'Step right in out o' the wet!' s' he. 'Guess I must lost myself for a secont or two,' s' he. 'Here's where I hang out mostly now'days,' s' he, 'in room of messin' up things inside there for the women-folks.'

"Seems 's though they give up keepin' hens some little time sence, and I'll be jiggered ef Noah hadn't turned to and rigged him up a room in that 'ere dylap-olated old caboose. He'd piecened out himself a bunk on one side, and sot him up a stove in the corner, and hove some burlaps down under foot, with a couple of old wracked chairs, so's he allowed he'd a sight lievser stop out there day-times than not to."

"I want to know!" exclaimed Asa Fairway. "I've heard it talked 'round them women-folks had swep' and scrubbed the pore creatur' right plumb outdoors, but I cal'lated 'twan't nothin' only so much gossup-talk. Want to know ef they've r'ally drove him chock into the hen-house?"

"Yes, sir, it's a fact they have so!" declared Cap'n Kentle. "That's jest where he's finally fetched up to, and no place else! Says he ain't hardly knowed what real comfort was like afore, not sence he was goin' in the old 'Fair-dealer.' You see, he can set out there, ye know, and smoke same's a chimblly ef he wants, or lay down ef he takes a notion, and jest take his comfort every-ways. He says there ain't no paint nor plaster to git smoked up, nor oilcloths to be scratched, nor longes to hurt, nor yit tidies and sich-like chicken-fixin's to rumple up, he says, and so that's where him and the boys put in the heft of their spare time, readin' and playin' checkers, and doing jest eggsac'ly any-thing they want, without no words nor hendrance. I says to him that time, 'Noah,' s' I, 'your folks will prob'ly soon be through with this 'ere pertikler spurt, and then you'll be fixed all tanto in the house again.'

"'Oh, well, there, you!' s' he, 'good land!' s' he. 'For the matter o' that, ef 'twas only jest springtimes sich works was going on, I'd haul my jib to weather

a grain, and cal'late to jog through it kind of easy like; but the way 'tis,' s' he, 'we're all tore out and at sixes and sevens more'n half the time gittin' things fixed up so pizen neat nobody dassent scursely set down inside the house for all the rest-part o' the time!'"

"Sho now!" cried Asa, "that looks to me a good deal like rubbin' of it in, and no mistake! I never'll make no more talk about our folks having their little set-to springtimes, now that's a fact!"

"I ruther guess, Asy," Cap'n Kentle said, "ef the truth was known, you and

me ain't as bad off as we might be, and resk it! I got nothin' against neatness—fur from it. Things had ought to be kep' up neat and tidy ashore, same's aboard vessel. I tell my youngest little gal there, I want she should allus be real neat about the house, but I says to her t'other day, 'Clarry,' s' I, 'ef ever you grow up and git yourself a husband you set much of anything by, keep things good and clean and neat everyways, but same time,' s' I, 'don't never git to be so *pizen* neat, for fear he'll wisht himself further!'"

The Warfare

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

When, oh when, thou goest out to battle
 Against thine enemies—long since one said,
 The glory of the mount still round his way—
 A people more than thou, be not afraid,
 For the Lord thy God is with thee in that day.

Thinkest that thou goest now to battle
 Scythes of chariots, and horse, and spears,
 Panoply of armored legions? Nay,
 Concern thyself with no remembered fears,
 The Lord thy God is with thee in this day!

Nay, the squadrons thou shalt go to battle
 With great power beside thee are not those
 Flashing-sabered, clothed in war's array.
 Things invisible are these thy foes—
 But the Lord thy God is with thee in this day!

Things unguessed thou goest out to battle—
 Subtle envyings, and pleasant lies,
 Laughing malice with his swift sword-play.
 Fighting though the sun be in thine eyes,
 Know the Lord thy God is with thee in this day!

Swarming sins thou goest out to battle,
 Formless clouds of languorous ease and rust,
 Bickerings, slanderings, and love of sway,
 Love of treasure, too, and broken trust—
 May the Lord thy God be with thee in that day!

Mortal sins thou goest out to battle,
 Monsters shapen out of thine own breath,
 Traitorous senses, oh, the very clay
 Thou art made of! Fight then to the death,
 For the Lord thy God is with thee in this day!



THE OPENING BURRS OF THE SWEET CHESTNUT

Nut-Bearing Trees

By J. Horace McFarland

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

WHAT memories of chestnutting parties, of fingers stained with the dye of walnut hulls, and joyous tramps afield in the very heart of the year, come to many of us when we think of the nuts of familiar knowledge! Hickory nuts and butternuts, too, perhaps hazelnuts and even beechnuts—all these American boys and girls of the real country know. In the far South, and, indeed, reaching well up into the middle West, the pecan holds sway, and a majestic sway at that, for its size makes it the fellow of the great trees of the forest, worthy to be compared with the chestnut, the walnut, and the hickory.

But it has usually been of nuts to eat that we have thought, and the chance for palatable food has, just as with some of the best of the beautiful so-called "fruit" trees—all trees bear fruit!—partially

closed our eyes to the interest, beauty, and even majesty of some of these nut-bearers.

My own tree acquaintance has proceeded none too rapidly, and I have been—and am yet—as fond of the toothsome nuts as any one could be who is not a devotee of the new fad that attempts to make human squirrels of us all by a nearly exclusive nut diet. I think my regard for a nut tree as something else than a source of things to eat began when I came, one hot summer day, under the shade of the great walnut at Paxtang. Huge was its trunk and wide the spread of its branches, while the richness of its foliage held at bay the strongest rays of the great luminary. How could I help admiring the venerable yet lusty old tree, conferring a present benefit, giving an instant and restful

impression of strength, solidity, and elegance, while promising as well, as its rounded green clusters hung far above my head, a great crop of delicious nut-fruit when the summer's sun it was so fully absorbing should have done its perfect work!

Alas for the great black walnut of Paxtang! It went the way of many another tree monarch whose beauty and living usefulness were no defense against sordid vandalism. In the course of time a suburb was laid out, including along its principal street, and certainly as its principal natural ornament, this massive tree, around which the Indians who roamed the "great vale of Pennsylvania" had probably gathered in council. The sixty-foot "lot," the front of which the tree graced, fell to the ownership of a man who, erecting a house under its beneficent protection, soon complained of its shade. Then came a lumber prospector, who saw only furniture in the still flourishing old black walnut. His offer of forty dollars for the tree was eagerly accepted by the Philistine who had the title to the land, and although there were not wanting such remonstrances as almost came to a breaking of the peace, the grand walnut ended its hundreds of years of life to become mere lumber for its destroyers! The real estate man who sold the land really loved the tree himself, realizing also its great value to the suburb, and had never for one moment dreamed that the potential vandal who bought the tree-graced parcel of ground would not respect the inherent rights of all his neighbors. He told me of the loss with tears in his eyes and rage in his language; and I have never looked since at the fellow who did the deed without reprobation. More than that, he has proven a theory I hold—that no really good man would do such a thing after he had been shown the wrong of it—by proving himself as tricky in business as he was disregarding of the rights of the tree and of his neighbors.

This black walnut is a grand tree from any point of view, even though it so fully absorbs all water and fertility as to check other growth under its great reach of branches. The lines it presents to the winter sky are as rugged as those of the

oak, but there is a great difference. And this ruggedness is held far into the spring, for the black walnut makes no slightest apparent effort at growth until all the other trees are greening the countryside. Then with a rush come the luxuriant and tropical compound leaves, soon attaining their full dignity. The walnut's flowers I have missed seeing, I am sorry to say, while registering a mental promise not to permit another season to pass without having that pleasure.

Late in the year the foliage has become scanty, and the nut-clusters hang fascinatingly clear, far above one's head, to tempt the climb and the club. The black walnut is a tree that needs our care, for furniture fashion long used its close-grained, heavy, handsome wood as cruelly as the milliners did the herons of Florida from which were torn the "aigrets" now happily "out of style." Though walnut furniture is no longer the most popular, the deadly work has been done, for the most part, and but few of these widespread old forest monarchs yet remain. Scientific forestry is now providing, in many plantings in many places, another "crop" of walnut timber, grown to order, and using waste land; and this is beneficent and proper work. I must not be understood as objecting to the economic uses of trees; for the science of forestry provides successfully for both timber and beauty.

The butternut, or white walnut, has never seemed so interesting to me, nor its fruit so palatable, probably because I have seen less of it. The so-called "English" walnut, which is really the Persian walnut, is not hardy in the eastern part of the United States, and, while a tree of vast commercial importance in the far West, does not come much into the view of a lover of the purely American trees.

Of the American sweet chestnut as a delightful nut-fruit I need say nothing more than that it fully holds its place against "foreign intervention" from the East, even though these European and Japanese chestnuts with their California-bred progeny give us fruit that is much larger, and borne on trees of very graceful habit. No one with discrimination will

THE BUD OF THE SWEET CHESTNUT



for a moment hesitate, after eating a nut of both, to choose cheerfully the American native as best worth his commendation, though he may come to understand the food value, after cooking, of the chestnuts used so freely in parts of Europe.

As a forest tree, however, our American sweet chestnut has a place of its own. Naturally spreading in habit when growing where there is room to expand, it easily accommodates itself to the more cramped conditions of our great woodlands, and shoots upward to light and air, making rapidly a clean and sturdy stem. What a beautiful and stately tree it is! And when, late in the spring, or indeed right on the threshold of summer, its blooming time comes, it stands out distinctly, having then few rivals in the eye of the tree-lover. The locust and the tulip are just about done with their floral offering upon the altar of the year when the long creamy catkins of the sweet chestnut spring out from the fully perfected dark-green leaf-clusters. Peculiarly graceful are these great bloom heads, high in the air, and standing nearly erect instead of hanging down as do the catkins of the poplars and the birches. The o'or of the chestnut flower is heavy, and is best far above in the great tree, where it may mingle with the warm air of June, already bearing a hundred sweet scents.

There stands in my remembrance one

golden June day when I came through a gateway into a wonderful American garden of purely native plants maintained near Philadelphia, the rock-bound drive guarded by two clumps of tall chestnuts, one on either side, and both in full glory of bloom. There could not have been a more beautiful, natural, or dignified entrance, and it was just as beautiful in the early fall, when the deep green of the oblong toothed leaves had changed to clear and glowing yellow, while the flowers had left their perfect work in the swelling and prickly green burrs which hid nuts of a brown as rich as the flesh was sweet.

Did you, gentle reader, ever saunter through a chestnut grove in the later fall, when the yellow had been browned by the frosts which brought to the ground alike leaves and remaining burrs? There is something especially pleasant in the warmth of color and the crackle of sound on the forest floor as one really shuffles through chestnut leaves in the bracing November air, stooping now and then for a nut perchance remaining in the warm and velvety corner of an opened burr.

Here in Pennsylvania, and south of Mason and Dixon's line, there grows a delightful small tree, brother to the chestnut, bearing especially sweet little nuts which we know as chinquapins. They are darker brown, and the flesh is very white, and rich in flavor. I could wish



THE WIDE SPREAD OF THE BLACK WALNUT



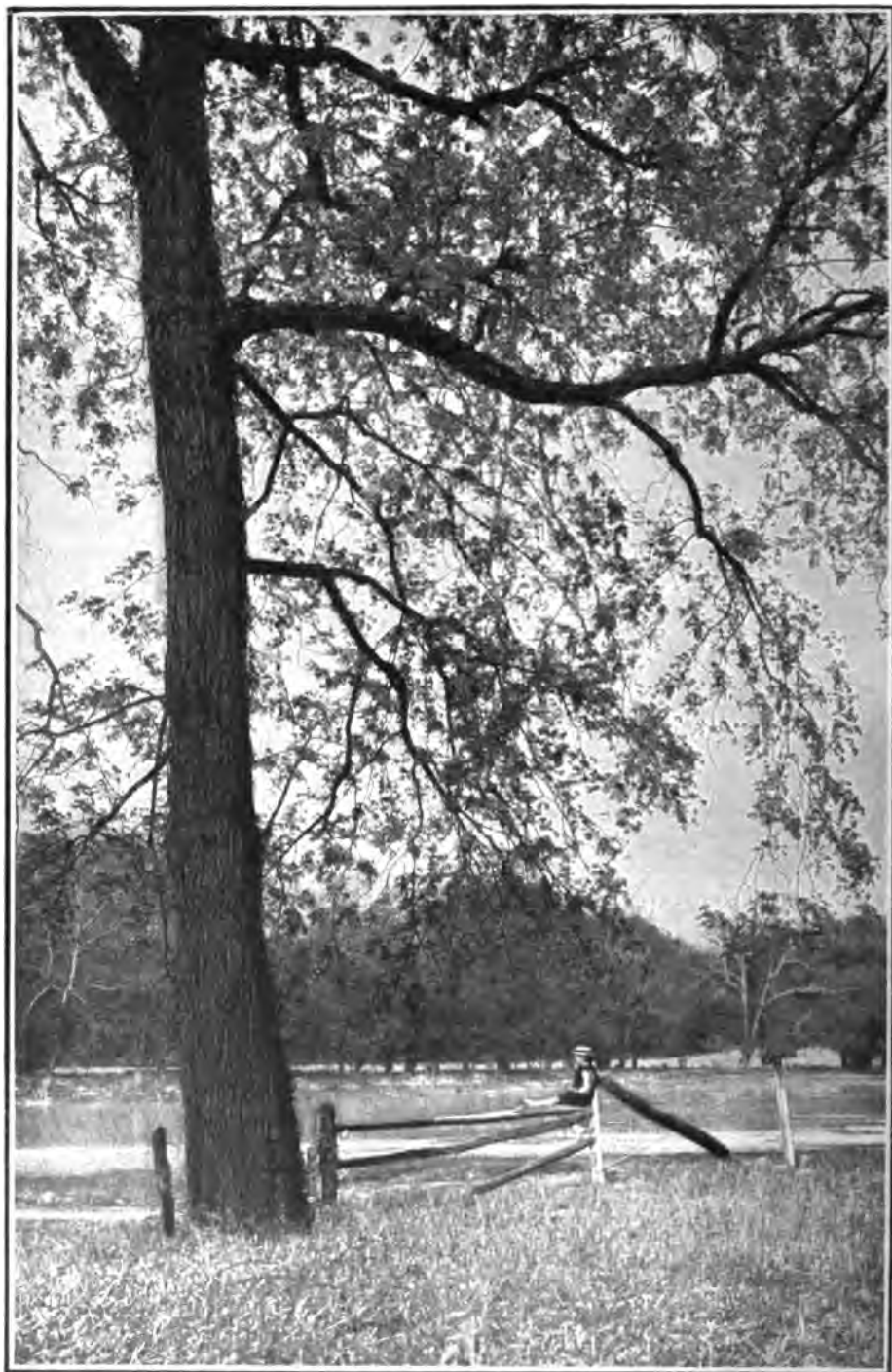
BLOOMS OF THE SHAGBARK HICKORY

that the chinquapin as well as the chestnut was included among the trees that enlightened Americans would plant along roadsides and lanes, with other fruit trees; the specific secondary purpose, after the primary enjoyment of form, foliage, and flower, being to let the future passer-by eat freely of that fruit provided by the Creator for food and pleasure, and costing no more trouble or expense to the planter than the purely ornamental trees.

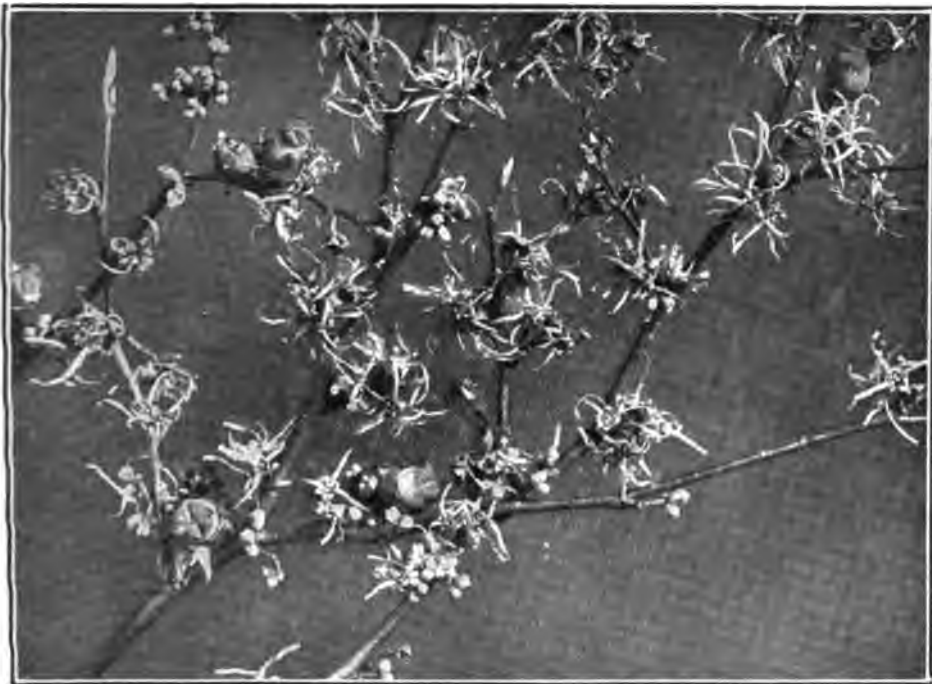
Both chestnut and chinquapin are beautiful ornamental trees; and some of the newer chestnut hybrids, of parentage between the American and the European species, are as graceful as the most highly petted lawn trees of the nurserymen. Indeed, the very same claim may be made for a score or more of the standard fruit trees, alike beautiful in

limb tracery, in bloom, and in the seed-coverings that we are glad to eat; and some time we will be ashamed not to plant the fruit trees in public places, for the pleasure and the refreshing of all who care.

One of the commonest nut trees, and certainly one of the most pleasing, is the hickory. There are hickories and hickories, and some are shellbarks, while others are bitter-nuts or pig-nuts. The form most familiar to the Eastern States is the shagbark hickory, and its characteristic upright trees, tall and finely shaped, never wide-spreading as is the chestnut under the encouragement of plenty of room and food, are admirable from any standpoint. There is a lusty old shagbark in Wetzels Swamp that has given me many a pleasant quarter-hour, as I have stood at attention before



AN OLD SHAGBARK HICKORY



FLOWERS AND FRUITS OF THE WITCH-HAZEL



THE CHINQUAPIN



COCOANUTS ON AMERICAN SOIL

its symmetrical stem, hung with slabs of brown bark that seem always just ready to separate from the trunk.

The aspect of this tree is reflected in its very useful timber, which is pliant but tough, requiring less "heft" for a given strength, and bending with a load easily, only instantly to snap back to its position when the stress slackens. Good hickory is said to be stronger than wrought iron, weight for weight; and I will answer for it that no structure of iron can ever have half the grace, as well as strength, possessed and freely displayed by this same old shagbark of the lowlands near my home.

Curious as I am to see the blooms of the trees I am getting acquainted with, there are many disappointments to be endured, as when the favorite tree under study is reached a day too late, and I must wait a year for another opportunity. It was, therefore, with much joy that I found that a trip carefully timed for another fine old hickory along the Conodoguinet—an Indian-named stream of angles, curves, many trees, and much beauty—had brought me to the quickly passing bloom feast of this noble American tree. The leaves were about half grown and half colored, which means that they displayed an elegance of texture and hue

most pleasing to see. And the flowers—there they were, hanging under the twigs in long clusters of what I might describe as ends of chenille, if it were not irreverent to compare these delicate greenish catkins with anything man-made!

This fine shagbark was kind to the camera-man, for some of its lower branches drooped and hung down close enough to the "bars" of the rail fence to permit the photographic eye to be turned on them. Then came the tantalizing wait for stillness! I have frequently found that a wind, absolutely unnoticeable before, became obtrusively strong just when the critical moment arrived, and I have fancied that the lightly hung leaflets I have waited upon fairly shook with merriment as they received the gentle zephyr entirely imperceptible to my heated brow, but vigorous enough to keep them in easy motion. Often, too—indeed nearly always—I find that after exhausting my all too scanty stock of patience, and making an "exposure" in despair, the errant blossoms and leaflets would settle down into perfect immobility, as if to say, "There! don't be cross—we'll behave," when it was too late.

But the shagbark was at last good to me, and I could leave with the comfortable feeling that I was carrying away a little bit of nature's special work, a

memorandum of her rather private processes of fruit-making, without injuring any part of the inspected trees. It has been a sorrow to me that I have not seen that great hickory later in the year, when the clusters of tassels have become bunches of husk-covered nuts. To get really acquainted with any tree, it should be visited many times in a year. Starting with the winter view, one observes the bark, the trend and character of the limbs, the condition of the buds. The spring opening of growth gives rapid changes, of both interest and beauty, to be succeeded by the maturity of summer, when, with the ripened foliage overhead, everything is different. Again, when the fruit is on, and the touch of Jack Frost is baring the tree for the smoother passing of the winds of winter, there is another aspect. I have great respect for the tree-lover who knows unerringly his favorites at any time of the year, for have I not myself made many mistakes, especially when no leaves were at hand as pointers? The snow leaves nothing to see but the cunning framework of the tree—tell me, then, is it ash, or elm, or beech? Which is sugar-maple, and which red, or sycamore?

One summer walk in the deep forest, my friend the doctor, who knows many things besides the human frame, was



PECANS

puzzled at a sturdy tree bole, whose leaves far overhead mingled so closely with the neighboring greenery of beech and birch that in the dim light they gave no help. First driving the small blade of his pocket-knife deep into the rugged bark of the tree in question, he withdrew it, and then smelled and tasted, exclaiming, "Ah, I thought so; it *is* the wild cherry!" And, truly, the characteristic prussic-acid odor, the bitter taste, belonging to the peach and cherry families, were readily noted; and another Sherlock Holmes tree fact came to me!

Of other hickories I know little, for the false shagbark, the mocker-nut, the pignut, and "sich" have not been disclosed to me often enough to put me at ease with them. There are to be more tree friends, and more walks with the doctor and the camera, I hope!

We of the full North, as we crack the toothsome pecan, hardly realize its kinship with the hickory. It is full brother to our shellbark, which is, according to botany, *Hicoria ovata*, while the Southern tree is *Hicoria pecan*. A superb tree it is, too, reaching up amid its vigorous associates of the forests of Georgia, Alabama, and Texas to a height sometimes approximating one hundred and fifty feet. Its upright and elegant form, of a grace that conceals its great height, its remarkable usefulness, and its rather rapid growth, commend it highly. The nut-clusters are striking, having not only an interesting outline, but much richness of color, in greens and russets.

It may seem odd to include the beech under the nut-bearing trees, to those of us who know only the nursery-grown forms of the European beech, "weeping" and twisted, with leaves of copper and blood, as seen in parks and pleasure grounds. But the squirrels would agree; they know well the sweet little triangular nuts that ripen early in fall.

The pure American beech, uncontaminated and untwisted with the abnormal forms just mentioned, is a tree that keeps itself well in the eye of the woods Rambler; and that eye is always pleased by it, also. Late in winter, the light gray branches of a beech thicket on a dry hillside on the edge of my home city called attention to their clean elegance

amid sordid and forbidding surroundings, and it was with anger which I dare call righteous that I saw a hideous billboard erected along the hillside, to shut out the always beautiful beeches from sight as I frequently passed on a trolley car! I have carefully avoided buying anything of the merchants who have thus set up their announcements where they are an insult; and it might be noted that these billboards are to many of like mind a sort of reverse advertising—we knew just whom *not* to buy of!

Years ago I chanced to be present at a birth of beech leaves, up along Paxton Creek. It was late in the afternoon, and our reluctant feet were turning homeward, after the camera had seen the windings of the creek against the softening light, when the beeches overarching the little stream showed us this spring marvel. The little but perfectly formed leaves had just opened, in pairs, with a wonderful covering of silvery green, as they hung downward toward the water, yet too weak to stand out and up to the passing breeze. The exquisite delicacy of these trembling little leaves, the arching elegance of the branches that had just opened them to the light, made it seem almost sacrilegious to turn the lens upon them.

Often since I have visited the same spot, in hope to see again this awakening, but without avail. The leaves show me their silky completeness, rustling above the stream in softest tree talk; the curious staminate flower-clusters hang like bunches of inverted commas; the neat little burrs, with their inoffensive prickles, mature and discharge the angular nuts—but I am not again, I fear, to be present at the hour of the leaf-birth of the beech's year.

The beech, by the way, is tenacious of its good foliage. Long after most trees have yielded their leaves to the frost, the beech keeps its summer dress, turning from the clear yellow of fall to lightest fawn, and hanging out in the forest a sign of whiteness that is cheering in the winter and earliest spring. These bleached-out leaves will often remain until fairly pushed off by the opening buds of another year.

Of the hazelnut or filbert I know noth-

ing from the tree side, but I cannot avoid mentioning another botanically unrelated so-called hazel—the witch-hazel. This small tree is known to most of us only as giving name to a certain soothing extract. It is worthy of other attention, for its curious and delicately sweet yellow flowers, seemingly clusters of lemon-colored threads, are the very last to bloom, opening bravely in the teeth of Jack Frost. They are a delight to find, on the late fall wood rambles; and the next season they are followed by the still more curious fruits, which have a habit of suddenly opening and fairly ejaculating their seeds. A plucked branch of these fruits, kept in a warm place a few hours, will show this—another of nature's efficient methods for spreading seeds, in full operation—if one watches closely enough. The flowers and the fruits are on the tree at the same time, just as with the orange of the tropics.

Speaking of a tropical fruit, I am reminded that the greatest nut of all, though certainly not an American native, is nevertheless now grown on American soil. Some years ago a grove of lofty cocoanut palms in Yucatan fascinated me, and the opportunity to drink the

clear and refreshing milk (not milky at all, and utterly different from the familiar contents of the ripened nut of commerce) was gladly taken. Now the bearing trees are within the bounds of the United States proper, and the grand trees on the Florida estate of Mr. Kirk Munroe, at Cocconut Grove, give plenty of fruit. The African citizens of that neighborhood are well aware of the refreshing character of the "juice" of the green cocoanut, and a friend who sees things for me with a camera tells with glee how a "darker" at Palm Beach left him in his wheel-chair to run with simian feet up a sloping trunk, there to pull, break open, and absorb the contents of a nut, quite as a matter of course.

All these nut trees are only members of the great family of trees given by God for man's good, I firmly believe; for man first comes into Biblical view in a garden of trees, "pleasant to the sight, and good for food," and the city and the plain are penances for sin! That we may get to know the trees of our own Eden, this beautiful America, and, knowing them, love their Creator better, is the wish with which this sketch, imperfect as it is, is indited.

The Spirit of Harriet

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

THE day drowns in the July sun. Heat waves were palpitating visibly upon the brick pavement, along the dusty street, and against the low white house. Tiger-lilies reared their passionate blooms upon every side, crowding their way to the edge of the walk or thrusting themselves brazenly above the pickets. The green shutters of the old house were closed, as was the front door beneath its fan transom. The rusty crape that had swung disconsolately from the handle of the bell, giving to the quaint shabbiness of the old house a touch of the dignity of death, had been removed, and it had sunken back into its dreary dreaming.

A frail little woman cowered in the side doorway resting her chin in her

palm. Her dark eyes gazed unseeing as her mind pondered wearily upon the past or crept hopelessly toward the future. On the step at her feet lay Beelzebub, the cat, big, black, and sullen, blinking wickedly at the doves that cooed upon the roof.

The afternoon had slipped away into the past. The sun was sinking its crimson disk in a bank of orange clouds at the very head of High Street, for the city fathers had laid out Philamacleue directly with the points of the compass; there were no winding lanes, no delightfully crooked byways to lure your willing feet, in all the old town's length and breadth; but at the western end of High, the street dipped down a gentle hill, and behind it each night through

the long summer, as back of a screen, old Sol got himself decently to bed. Over in the southwest a bank of violet clouds tinged with dingy green at the summit was silently spreading itself across the sky, broken now and then by a quivering flash that jagged it from top to bottom as if to let the glory through.

Lois, her face showing wanly above the blackness of her gown, still sat in the doorway as the twilight deepened. Beelzebub, yawning with *ennui*, had long since taken himself off to the barn. The evening silence was broken only by the mad whirring of the crickets among the lilies, and now and then by the low mutter of distant thunder.

So intent was Lois upon her own sad thoughts that she did not hear the click of the gate nor the quick step upon the walk, but turned with a start when a cheery voice broke in upon her.

"You poor, dear girl, all alone in the twilight; it's enough to give a body the rumpumples, with this storm a-brewin'."

"Oh, Marthy, how good of you to come!" cried Lois, as the newcomer, a little butter-ball of a woman, her stiff, starched calico rattling with every movement, placed upon the step a tray covered with a napkin. "The house seemed so awful I didn't have the heart to go in, but I didn't think of anybody comin'."

"Just wait a minute," went on Mrs. Read, entering the dark sitting-room. "I'm goin' to get a candle. I know just where it is, so sit still. Then I'm goin' to light the gasoline and get you a good cup of tea. I'd have been here an hour ago, but Dan's sister and the children come up to the funeral and I had to get supper. By the time I'd got them off and the dishes washed and the baby asleep, seemed as if I could scream, for I just knew you were sittin' here all alone. Seems as if Mrs. Keel might have run in, but she's that took up with her asthma I expect she never thought of it. Granny Simmers went over to Oldtown to see that poor little Mattie Miller, and won't get back till to-morrow."

"I—I didn't expect it," faltered Lois. "Folks ain't come here much since Ma died. Harriet wasn't no hand for com-

pany, and I suppose they got out of the way."

"Then they've got to get in the way again. Now, I'm goin' to draw up that twisted-legged, and set the tray here. That tea'll be made in a jiffy as quick as the kettle boils. You might just as well make up your mind, Loie, I'm goin' to take you in hand."

"I'm sure I'll be grateful, though you ain't much older than me, Marthy. I'll be thirty-six next month, and I ain't really lived one of those years. That's what I've been thinkin' all afternoon, that I'd like to *live* a day before I die."

"Poor girl! there never was a speck of reason why you shouldn't have had a real good time. You was made for fun if ever a girl was. I just love that twinkle in your eyes when it gets ahead of the sadness, you're such a pretty woman, Lois."

"Oh, no," protested Lois, a flood of soft color mounting from chin to forehead. "Harriet was handsome; she was so big and strong, always up and comin'. She used to say I wasn't nothin' but a washed-out baby doll."

"Humph! Well, some folks think differ'nt. There, I hear that kettle boilin'. Come on," continued Mrs. Read, as she returned with the little brown teapot, a banner of steam issuing from its chipped spout. "Come on and eat a bite. I'm goin' to try this rocker, for I feel as if my feet wouldn't carry me."

"How pretty it does look, Marthy!" said Lois, as she sat down. "Too pretty for just me. My! I've laid awake nights plannin' fixin's for the house, and clothes, and a garden with sweet-smellin' things in it, and all the tigers left out. I've just loved pretty things all my life. I expect Harriet would have thought me crazy."

"Harriet!" began Mrs. Read, vehemently. "Well, it ain't right to speak ill of the dead, and I suppose she lived accordin' to her lights, but she wasn't comfortable. Now, I want you to have clothes and things like other folks."

Lois paused, with her cup half-way to her lips, and opened her eyes wide in surprise.

"Now! Oh, it's too late now! There ain't nobody to care how I look. I

ain't got a friend except you and Dan and Granny Simmers—that blessed old soul loves everybody—and perhaps Lawyer Neely."

"Oh, honey, it ain't you. Everybody will be your friend now. It was Harriet; her queer, fierce ways, Beelzebub and the tiger-lilies, and—and—her hardness to you. Why, I'd liked to come often if she hadn't always made me feel my room was better than my company."

"Sister Harriet was a wonderful woman," said Lois, her voice trembling. "Ma always said she could do more work in a day than most six women, and she knew 'most as much about business as Lawyer Neely. My likin' to read and dream, and my poky ways, made her nervous. And once"—Lois's eyes fell and the color flamed in her pale cheeks, as she went on in a low voice—"once I deceived her, and she said she would never forgive or trust me again, and she didn't. She was dreadful determined when she set her head to a thing."

A vivid flash followed by a terrific crash broke in upon them, then the sudden downpour plashed upon the pavement outside.

"My sakes!" gasped Mrs. Read, as both women sprang to their feet. "What an awful clap that was, and just listen to that rain! There comes Dan after me," she continued, as the gate-latch clicked sharply, and the heavy footfalls of a man came around the house. "I knew he'd be huntin' me up."

"Hello, Loie! got anything there that belongs to me?" called Dan Read, in his rumbling bass, as he came in sight of the open door. "Just wait till I get this umbrella down. I've got something for you. Here, Marthy, come get Snicklefritz. I brought her along to take care of Loie to-night, and I've got her nightie tucked under my arm."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Read, taking the sleeping child from her husband's shoulder. "Whatever made you think of Amy? A baby of three won't be much company."

"She will that," replied her husband. "She's just what Loie needs to-night. You get Snicklefritz out of her little duds and cuddle down with her, Lois,

and you'll sleep the sweetest you ever did in your life."

"Do you really want her, honey?" asked Mrs. Read, anxiously, as she laid her chubby burden down on Lois' bed. "Now if you don't, Dan will pack her right back."

"I'd love to, if you ain't afraid to trust her," whispered Lois, as she bent over the sleeping child. "It was just like Dan to think of it."

So after a last good-night Mr. and Mrs. Read trudged off in the wet and dark, and when the echo of their footsteps died away Lois still stood in the doorway looking after them wistfully through the slanting rain. Behind her in the house she could feel the awful stillness settle, that loud silence that presses against the heart and quickens its beating; that dreadful sense of emptiness that awaits us when a soul has taken its departure.

All through the afternoon Lois had tried to adjust herself to life alone. Harriet's fierce hold had been so strong upon her gentleness that her jostled soul, set free, shuddered and shrank from mere weakness; and yet what frightened her most and wrung her affectionate heart with remorse was a haunting sense of relief beneath her grief. She was free! Never again would those black eyes flash contempt upon her stolen happy dreams, and burn like vitriol into her inner consciousness. No longer would her life's one innocent secret be made a crime. No longer would there be days of pitiful weeping in her little room over cruel words. And yet—

"Oh, Harriet, Harriet, though you ruined my life," she moaned, "through it all I loved you. If you had cared for me ever so little, it would make it all so much easier. Forgive me that I am glad of peace. Please, God, make her understand, and help me to forget!"

As she turned to close the door, Beelzebub bounded in out of the rain, his back arched, his green eyes flashing like jewels set in jet. Pushing past her into the house, he crept cautiously about the room, peering into the shadowy corners, opening his cavernous red mouth as if to utter bitter cries, yet closing it without a sound.

"Poor Beelzebub, poor old fellow!"

cried Lois, as he crouched with his front paws upon Harriet's footstool and gazed unblinkingly into her chair, 'with that pitiful pantomime of grief. "Are you so lonely for her, poor old pussy?" But as she bent over him he sprang at her with a savage growl, and then vanished out of the open door into the night.

Unnerved and shaken by the cat's strange behavior, yet longing to comfort him, she stood in the open door calling, "Beelzebub, Beelzebub!" but only a mournful wail answered her, though she could see the glitter of his eyes as he crouched in the shelter of the woodshed.

Reluctantly she turned the big brass key in the lock and made ready for the night. With clumsy, unused fingers she unbuttoned Amy's shabby little shoes and pulled off the wee blue stockings; and when at last the child lay upon the pillow, her yellow curls clinging to the moist warm brow and about the apple-blossom face, Lois's sore heart had found some comfort; a woman's sixth sense, subtle and far-reaching, wrapped the baby about with an almost visible cloud of mother-love and brought healing in its wake.

The days that followed were full of interest to Lois. She found that she had come into a new world since Harriet had slipped out of the old one. The town folk, urged by Granny Simmers and Mrs. Read, called often, and the golden head of baby Amy bobbed in and out among the lilies almost every day, for she had adopted Lois as a sort of foster-mother. Beelzebub followed her about, seeming to spy upon the pretty child. He offered her no harm, but when she sweetly babbled to him in her baby tongue he arched his back, switched his great tail, and yowled at her so wickedly that she would run to Lois and hide her face upon that loving breast. But only for a moment, for butterflies and bees drifted in the sunshine and the lilies swayed with every breeze, so baby fears were soon calmed and baby joys began afresh, and only Lois watched and was afraid.

So Harriet's fierce spirit seemed to linger among the tawny lilies, and Lois found herself spiritually unable to change the house, or yard, or even her own

dress. She had tried again and again to open the little box upon the bureau, where she knew her letters—that precious packet tied with a ribbon—were locked away. But with her fingers upon the key she could see the scorn in Harriet's dark eyes, could hear the scathing words and feel the bitter pain of the blow that had sent her reeling across the room. Once again she could see the savage joy in that handsome face as the letters were locked away, one by one.

"There is nothing of the sneak in me," Harriet had said. "That's the difference between us. Here is your letter, unsealed, as you see, and here I lock it away; now get it if you dare!"

How well she remembered the first blue envelope that had come to her, the first letter she had ever received. A cousin of Mrs. Read's who had heard much of pretty, gentle Lois Marsh had written to her. She was just eighteen, lonely and unfriended, for Harriet, who was ten years older, allowed her no intercourse with the young people of the town; so, upon a girlish impulse, she had replied. They were foolish, loving little letters, but to Lois's hungry heart they meant her only touch with the outside world. Perhaps that they were hidden made them seem the sweeter. But one day Harriet, bursting angrily into the little bedroom to chide her for some forgotten task, discovered her poring over them. The torrent of abuse that had fallen upon her hapless head had utterly overwhelmed and left her stunned. The one request that she be allowed to write to say good-by was turned into a goad to torture her. For a few weeks the letters continued coming, then they ceased, and Lois's one love affair was over.

Old Lawyer Neely shuffled down one day to tell Lois there was a snug little bank account left her, and so good an income from some stocks and bonds of which Harriet had kept her in absolute ignorance as to allow the indulgence of any simple whim that might be hers.

"There is no reason, Lois," he said, his old face beaming upon her benignly, "there is no reason, my child, why you shouldn't branch out a little and enjoy

life. Your sister was a remarkable woman. I never knew a better head for business, and I know she wanted the money for you; but I hope you will pardon me when I tell you I can't quite think of her as a pleasant housemate. You ought not to live here alone, but have some good woman live here with you."

"Oh, please, no," cried Lois in distress. "I feel as if Harriet was still here—why, I never sit in her chair, nor move a thing of hers, and she couldn't bear strangers. Just let me wait awhile."

"Humph!" said the kindly old lawyer. "I hope you will pardon me, but Harriet is dead and gone to another home than this, and I don't believe in the prejudices of the dead pressing upon the living. Live your own life, my child, and don't grow morbid. Come, you'd better let me find some good, cheerful person to be a companion to you."

"Not just yet," begged Lois, with timid persistence.

But Lawyer Neely confided to Dan Read as they stood on the court-house steps that he didn't like the look of things.

"Seems as if that violent woman has power to reach out of the grave to torment that gentle little creature. Sometimes I think Lois has had all the spirit sapped out of her and that there is nothing left but insipid sweetness."

"Don't you believe it," protested Dan. "Lois 'll come out all right if she gets half a chance. I tell my wife that if I had my way I'd yank up every one of those lilies and kill that cussed cat, and then we'd see if we could lay the ghost. What was the matter with that woman, anyway?"

"Temper and selfishness gone to seed," replied the lawyer, dryly. "She had a nature that couldn't see gentleness without wanting to bully it. Well, she's dead and gone, but I hope the Lord will see fit to bring some happiness to that poor girl."

Lois was sitting, sewing, one day, in the side door, with Amy nursing an old doll at her feet, when Mrs. Read came bustling around the house with a tall man in her wake.

"Now, set still, Loie," she cried. "This

is only Gray Trask—Cousin Gray, you know. Don't you think he has come to Philamacleue to go into business with Dan. I want you to help me to keep him from getting homesick here in Ohio, so I brought him right over to get acquainted."

Gray Trask!—as Lois laid her hand in the big, brawny one she felt that he must feel her heart beat. Gray Trask!—the color came and went in her delicate face—after all these years, the hero of her little romance stood before her!

He was very different from the tintype in the box on the bureau; this big man with the ugly, rugged face bore but little resemblance to the peachy-cheeked boy of her dreams. But the steady blue eyes were kindly, and the strong mouth was tenderly smiling.

"I've been hearing all about you, Miss Marsh." How strange it seemed to see him sitting on the stone step where Harriet had so often sat! "And I guess we are going to be first-rate friends. Martha tells me you like books and youngsters, and we'll agree perfectly on that. Ain't that so, Snicklefritz?" he asked, as he lifted that plump and gurgling person high above his head.

So he had forgotten! Lois shrank back in the doorway shocked and ashamed. Harriet had said he would always remember her as a frail creature lost to all womanly self-respect. But she, in her simple romantic heart, believed that he still loved, still dreamed of her, as she had of him through the long years of silence. They were both wrong; he had simply forgotten.

But under his genial kindness and the steady flow of his merry talk, in spite of herself, she was drawn into the whirl of it and found herself laughing with the rest. She had known so few men; his jolly nonsense with Amy seemed to her the rarest wit, his simple kindliness the most graceful courtesy.

Evening after evening found Gray Trask, accompanied by Mrs. Read or baby Amy, sitting upon the old stone step with Lois. Little by little, Lois put away the shame and restraint she had felt in his presence. He had forgotten her, and yet she thought perhaps that was as well, since she was so long past

the age for love or lovers. Now the little box upon the bureau should remain unopened, for those unsealed letters belonged to the girl Lois—the Lois of the past.

But she let the sunny tendrils of soft brown hair lie upon her brow, because Mr. Trask laughingly said he liked it best so, and she even wore a knot of ribbon or a bit of lace to relieve the plainness of her gown. How she listened for the lilt of his merry whistle, the cheery roll of his laughter, and the genial kindness of his voice, she dared not confess to her own heart. It was only at night, when Beelzebub glared at her from Harriet's chair, that she hid her face in grief and shame. How Harriet would scorn her, how she would revile her weakness, and yet—he had forgotten—he would never know, and love was sweet.

"Miss Lois," cried Trask's cheery voice from the step one evening as she sat at her early tea, "I've come to take you for a drive. It's the prettiest evening you ever saw in your life. Get your hat, little woman, and come along."

"Why, Mr. Trask!" faltered Lois, the hot color rushing to her face. "Why, I've never gone out buggy-riding with a man in my born days! Sister Harriet—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" laughed Trask. "It is high time you began, then, because I expect to take you many a time. Come along, that's a good girl. Is this the thing you wear on your head?" he asked gayly, handing her the little Shaker bonnet that hung on the knob of the chair.

"Goodness me, no! That's my sun-bonnet. Why, if I did go I'd have to wear that hat Marthy got me. It's turned up on the side, and got a white bow, and is so dreadful young-lookin', I didn't know if I could bring myself to it or not; but I ain't got nothing else fit—that is, if I do go."

"Go! Of course you'll go. Young-lookin'! Why, I don't know a girl that's got brighter roses than you're wearin' on your cheeks this minute. That horse ain't good at standin', so you better hurry up, Miss Lois. And you're to bring your little white shawl, Marthy said, because I may keep you out late and the dew'll be fallin'."

Some way—Lois never quite understood it herself—the bandbox was untied by the aid of Trask's clumsy fingers, the new hat fastened before the murky old mirror, and she was meekly following him as he strode before her with the little white shawl drifting over his arm.

"I do hope the neighbors ain't lookin'," whispered Lois as Trask tucked in the linen robe. "I never felt so briggity in all my life."

"Now, that's the difference between us," chuckled he. "I was just wishin' the whole town could see us set off, and for that reason we're goin' right up through the square. We'll take the Blicktown road and get out into the country, and I'm not goin' to bring you back till—well, I'll tell you that later."

"My land! You ain't goin' to drive right up past the stores, Mr. Trask?" pleaded Lois. "It's band night, and the whole town will be out."

"Why, sure," teased Trask. "I heard the boys say they was goin' to play on the court-house steps about nine, and we'll stop and take that in if we get back in time."

Lois sank back with a half sob. Her cheeks were ablaze and her eyes like stars under the turned-up hat with its white bow. She fairly held her breath as the old white horse lumbered heavily up High Street. She was so ashamed, and yet . . . and yet . . . it was so good to know he didn't care who saw them; it was so comforting to feel that, even if he had forgotten, he was proud to have her, Lois—not the girl, but the woman Lois—at his side. If only she could forget Harriet's scorn, if only she might enjoy this moment to the uttermost and let to-morrow take care of itself! Away they jogged along the shady road, across the rumbling covered bridge, past the lime-kiln, and out among the broad fields that nestled in the lovely valley.

Trask got out again and again to cut for her the tallest stems of goldenrod, the royalest of purple asters, and the reddest of turning leaves, until the old buggy would hold no more of autumn's stores. He sang for her snatches of old songs, he whistled "bob white" to the little brown quails that scurried across

the road, he chirruped greetings to the horse, who lifted his old white ears in answer to every sound of that kindly voice.

The sun was sending long shafts of light across the river as the horse settled into a walk upon the level road. Then, without a word of warning, Trask put his arm about the little figure at his side and said softly:

"So my little woman thought I had forgotten."

Philamaclique was bathed in moonlight. Even the quaint old house among its dry, rustling lily-stocks—like ghosts of the copper chalices of July—grew beautiful in its silvery mystery. The clock in the Lutheran church tower was booming ten as Lois opened the gate and went up the walk. The rasping of the dry lily-stocks as her skirts brushed against them seemed full of reproof, and a shadow fell upon her happy, singing heart.

"I never was out so late in all my life," she said as she unlocked the door, glad even for the sound of her own voice. "Seems as if every blessed thing was holdin' up its hands in horror. But I'm so happy, so happy! Please, dear Lord, let me be happy. Gray loves me the same as he did when I was a girl, and we're to be married just as soon as the Doll girls can get my dress made, and I won't be alone again—never again!"

She lighted the lamp, and, taking off the gay hat, put it safely away in the bandbox, and for a long time she stood looking intently in the misty old mirror, studying the sweet, gentle face that gazed out at her. She hardly knew it, with its rose-stained cheeks, its sparkling eyes, and the happy curve of the lips; suddenly, with tear-dimmed eyes, she bent over and kissed the image in the glass.

"Poor thing!" she whispered. "There! I'll wish you joy, since you haven't got anybody else to do it! This house is so full of Harriet it chokes you, and you are gettin' scareder and scareder, and you 'most wish you hadn't said yes. But you are goin' to be happy, you poor thing!" she continued, nodding encouragement to the face in the glass. "Now go and get the box and read the letters. They're yours, all yours!"

With trembling hands she brought the little box to the twisted-legged stand, and sat down in Harriet's chair.

"Yes," she said aloud, as if addressing some one, "I know where I'm settin'. It's my house and my chair, and I'm goin' to read my letters. 'Twasn't nothing wicked what I'd done. Gray said it wasn't, and he never thought I was a bad girl, but just lovin' and trustin' like I was. He's kept my letters, too, and the tintype I took out of Ma's album, and he's loved it just like I did his."

Slowly she turned the key and raised the lid. Upon the top lay a letter addressed in her sister's angular handwriting:

"To Lois when I'm in my grave."

Lois sank back in the chair and hid her eyes, all her happiness dashed to the ground. What words of scorn had lain hidden all these months; what taunts were to reach back from that other world to cut and sting!

"I won't read it! I won't! I won't!" she moaned, then with swift passion tore open the envelope and began reading:

My Dear Lois:

I am not one of those that can ask forgiveness. I've tried and I can't; but now when the doctor tells me I've got to die I want you to know how it was with me. You don't understand me, you never did, but I don't blame you for that. I was just ten years old when mother laid you in my arms and told me I could have you for my baby. From that moment I loved you better than all the wide world. I loved you so I wanted you all to myself. I was jealous of everybody that came near you, and yet I felt I didn't know how to make you love me, and that made me mad and heartsick.

When I found out a boy you had never seen had stolen your heart from me in spite of all my guarding you, I felt like I could kill him. For every cruel word I spoke, for every tear you shed, I suffered a hundred times over. You were all I had and all I wanted—you and Beelzebub and the tiger-lilies—and you would have been glad to leave me for a stranger. But all this was before I knew I had to leave you alone in the world. When the doctor told me that, I felt my punishment was greater than I could bear. I'd be glad, now, glad to know you was safe with him and not alone, all alone.

I know the first thing you'll do when you come back from my funeral will be to open this box and get your letters, so I'll put this where you will see it. Oh, little sister, nobody will ever love you better than I have, not even that man, if he comes back to you, and some way I feel he will—and I hope with

all my heart he will, and that you will be as happy as you deserve. You were always a good girl and I didn't mean what I said, but I was half crazy for fear I'd lose you. Try to think kindly of me and forgive me, if you can. God bless and keep you!

YOUR SISTER HARRIET.

How long Lois sat there sobbing out her forgiveness, her pity, her remorse, she never knew. Harriet loved her. Harriet hoped she would be happy with Gray when he came back to her. There was to be no blot upon her happiness.

Then, as she sat there sobbing softly, in the old chair where Harriet had sat for so many years, Beelzebub stood before her, his beautiful green eyes gazing at her steadily.

"Beelzebub, Beelzebub," cried Lois, holding out her arms, "she loved me all the time, and she loved you too, dear Beelzebub."

Slowly he came to her, sprang into her lap, and, with soft voluptuous purring, curled himself down to sleep.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Prohibition Year-Book for 1904. Compiled by Alonzo E. Wilson. The United Prohibition Press, Chicago. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 96 pages. 35c.

Anthracite Coal Communities. By Peter Roberts, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 387 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Bacteriology of Milk. By Harold Swithinbank and George Newman, M.D., F.R.S.E., D.Ph. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ in. 605 pages. \$3, net.

A thorough and scientific study of the bacterial contamination of milk, its source, character, and prevention. It includes chapters on technique to be followed in laboratory research, on the history of certain epidemics of disease traceable to infected milk, and on the relation of bovine to human tuberculosis. The book would be a valuable addition to any reference library for physicians or laboratory workers.

Business Education and Accountancy. By Charles Waldo Haskins, C.P.A., L.H.M. Edited by Frederick A. Cleveland, Ph.D. Harper & Bros., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 239 pages. \$2, net.

Within the last two decades the profession of Accountancy has risen to rank in honor with the old professions, and the late Mr. Haskins was its founder. Accountancy is not bookkeeping, though this is adjunct to it. It is the ability to recognize financial health, and prescribe for its maintenance; to diagnose financial disease, and prescribe its remedies. The enormous expansion of modern business operations requires such men, as well as specially trained business managers. "A missionary movement," in which Mr. Haskins was a pioneer, now aims to secure "better facilities for business education." Its province is the development and direction of "the moral and intellectual powers of our future administrators of affairs." This has already become a matter of active interest in some of our higher in-

stitutions of learning, as in the New York University, where Mr. Haskins was Dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance. In this volume he describes the rise of the new profession, exhibits its possibilities and the need which it meets, and adds a history of old-time accountancy from the ancient system of Babylonia to the present-day chaos of municipal accounts in Chicago. Aside from the importance of higher commercial education in bridging the gulf between the student of economics and the practical man, its moral importance will be appreciated in view of the tendency of correct methods to check illicit expedients.

Chatham. By Arthur S. McDowall, B.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 228 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Chronology and Practical Bibliography of Modern German Literature (A). Compiled by John Scholte Nollen. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 118 pages. \$1.

Corner in Coffee (The). By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 298 pages.

A lively and amusing tale of love and speculation in New York City, with a hero and heroine of mature years—Dr. Brady wants to know why only the love affairs of callow youth are supposed to interest novel readers, and his experiment proves his contention.

Educational Theory of Immanuel Kant (The). Translated and Edited by Edward Franklin Buchner, Ph.D. (Lippincott Educational Series.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 309 pages.

Though Kant was a true child of the eighteenth century, and did not wholly escape its limitations, his vindication of some fundamental principles constitutes him an authority still to be appealed to. The present work for the first time presents in English the entirety of his views on educational problems, of which thus far only outlines have appeared

in manuals on the history of education. These are given here in two parts: first, his *Treatise on Pedagogy*, with his Introduction to it; next, selections on education from his other writings—the whole preceded by an ample critical Introduction by the translator. Professor Buchner has performed with insight and discrimination a difficult task in a little-known but fruitful field. Kant's great service to education was, as he says, to introduce into it a supreme moral idealism. To make this paramount must effort still be directed.

Evans of Suffolk (An). By Anna Farquhar. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 408 pages. \$1.50.

A wordy and languid story, too artificial in style to "take hold" on the imagination, but with some evidence of culture.

Fat of the Land (The). By John Williams Streeter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 406 pages. \$1.50.

In a straightforward way this tells of the financial and personal success of a man with capital who in middle life became a farmer on a rather large scale and managed his farm as a "business proposition" as distinguished from the hand-to-mouth fashion too common with small farmers. Just how a city doctor of fifty knew so much about scientific farming we need not inquire. In any case he had good sense, was wise enough to take "a long look ahead," and thought of some things better than money-making. There is a cheerful spirit throughout, and the book strengthens our love of the soil and of "getting close to nature."

Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent. By Fannie Merritt Farmer. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 289 pages. \$1.50, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Equally valuable for trained nurses and home use. The many illustrations show charmingly how attractive the serving of food may be made. There are hundreds of recipes.

Forty Songs. By Johannes Brahms. Edited by James Huneker. (The Musicians' Library.) The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×12¼ in. 158 pages. \$2.50.

Because Brahms is never sensational he has sometimes been called dry; because he is never lachrymose he has sometimes been called cold. This only shows how easy it is for people who are devotees of musical abandon to confuse pedantry and restraint. As in friendship so in art, emotion that is mastered and controlled is invariably the truest and most enduring. Brahms is essentially emotional. He appeals to the feelings through the sensuous expression of beauty in tone. That beauty is not diminished but rather enhanced because mated with beauty of form. No better method of learning the truth of this can well be suggested than an acquaintance, deepening into familiarity, with the songs of Brahms. As Mr. Huneker says in his introduction to this edition, Brahms is "romantic by nature," and he needs no other proof for the statement than the songs he has selected.

To many who do not now know Brahms we can well imagine that the possession of this volume will mean the opening of a new realm in music.

Fugitive (The). By Ezra S. Brudno. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 392 pages. \$1.50.

The story of a Jew boy born in Lithuania, the son of a man wrongfully accused of a ritual murder. The village life, the home of a Jewish family, the hero's later life in a large Russian city and his connection with Nihilists, and finally his adventures in New York, all are brought out faithfully and with a note of sincerity and honest feeling.

Heredity, Correlation, and Sex Differences in School Abilities. Edited by Edward L. Thorndike. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education. Vol. XI.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9¾ in. 60 pages. 50c.

How Shall We Worship God? By Alford A. Butler, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 161 pages. 80c.

A brief popular outline of the growth of common worship among Christians leading up to "the Prayer-Book life." In tracing the development of liturgies and in setting forth the form in use in the Anglican Communion as the gathering together of all that is best in the past, the author lays emphasis on what is vital, and prizes the liturgy of his own Church because he believes it promotes a life pervaded by worship "in spirit and in truth."

James Oglethorpe: The Founder of Georgia. By Harriet C. Cooper. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 217 pages. \$1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America (A). By Daniel Williams Harmon. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 382 pages. \$1, net.

"Harmon's Journal" is a curious record of life and adventure in Canada during the early years of the nineteenth century. As an agent of the old Northwest Fur Company, Daniel Harmon was a pioneer in the exploration of western Canada, wandering the length of the land from Montreal to the wilds beyond the Rocky Mountains, his travels continuing over a period of nearly twenty years. Being of a literary bent, he varied the monotony of life among the red men by keeping a diary, in which he narrated events, depicted customs and manners, and jotted notes of the flora and fauna of the country. This diary was published soon after his return to civilization, and is now reprinted in a convenient form. Apart from its historical value it contains much that is interesting, couched in quaint, old-fashioned phraseology. It was edited for its original publication by a Vermont minister, and the suggestion has been made that he is responsible for the pious reflections with which it abounds. Certainly these seem foreign to the nature of the rough-and-ready Harmon, who, by his own account, lost little time in learning to lead the life of a savage. In addition

to the journal proper the reprint includes the Indian vocabulary and the several brief essays that were features of the original.

Little Garrison (A). By Fritz von der Kyrburg (Lieutenant Bille). Translated by Wolf von Schierbrand. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 308 pages. \$1.50.

This unpleasant record of army life in Germany is the book which created a widespread sensation upon its original publication, caused its author to be dismissed from the service and to undergo a term of imprisonment, and evoked acrimonious discussion in the German Parliament. Mr. von Schierbrand takes the unnecessary trouble of assuring us that the scandalous revelations herein contained have a basis in fact. Impartial observers, both at home and abroad, have long testified to the present demoralization of the German army; and that the cap fitted in this particular case was amply shown at Lieutenant Bille's trial. We can understand why his book, as an "indictment," should have commanded attention in his native land; but we can see no valid reason for its importation into this country. As a literary production it merits no attention, being crude in conception and execution. It is peopled by repellent creatures in the form of men and women who persistently break all the commandments of the decalogue and glory in their wrong-doing. From the first to the last page it is one long-drawn-out picture of lasciviousness, drunkenness, gambling, and brutality. The translator informs us that he has omitted a number of passages "to which objections might be urged, in this country at least, on the score of clean literary taste." He might have omitted the whole work and literature would have been none the loser. It was essentially "made in Germany for Germany" and should have been left there.

Military Policy of the United States (The). By Brevet Major-General Emory Upton, U.S.A. The Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 6x9¼ in. 495 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Oligarchy of Venice (The). By George B. McClellan. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25, net.

Mayor McClellan has chosen a theme of wide interest, and it is pleasant to record that he has treated it lucidly and with discretion. In limiting the scope of his work to a survey of the policies that caused the rise and were the undoing of the Republic of Venice, he has shown the part of wisdom, for it is evident that any attempt to deal with all the phases and problems of the oligarchy would have involved not only the retelling of ground already pretty thoroughly cultivated, but the production of a work of formidable dimensions. True, Mr. McClellan does not altogether neglect the many and varied causes, other than political, that made the Republic what it was, but he loses no time in arriving at his main theme and consistently cleaving to it, and succeeds in giving his reader a clear idea of how the Venetians

attained their whilom pre-eminence and how they lost it. Briefly, the Republic, as he sees it, was upbuilt by a cunningly manipulated political machine that reared a seemingly solid superstructure on the false foundation of the interests of a class rather than of the people. The vigor of citizenship was thus sapped by caste, until the national vitality so completely ebbed away that when the storm broke there was no resisting it. Terse as is his narrative, the author contrives to draw some vivid pen-pictures, and his little book is at all times readable.

Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington. By Francis, the First Earl of Ellesmere. Edited by his Daughter Alice, Countess of Strathford. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 240 pages. \$3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong: A Biographical Study. By Edith Armstrong Talbot. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 301 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Stone of Destiny (The). By Katherine Mackay. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½x7 in. 112 pages. \$1.25.

A somewhat overwritten problem story in which love, duty, and high ideals fight with materialism, temptation, and low motives. The author tries too strenuously to be subtle and eloquent.

Sporting Dog (The). By Joseph A. Graham. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 327 pages. \$2, net.

This will take its place as an authority in its own field. It discusses breeding, training, and actual field work with thorough knowledge. The dog portraits are capital pictures. The handsome form given by the publisher to all the volumes of the American Sportsmen's Library has been before noted.

Universe (The): A Vast Electric Organism. By George Woodward Warder. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 302 pages. \$1.20, net. (Postage, 12c.)

Mr. Warder believes that present science is in "a dubious and chaotic condition" and needs to be set to rights. This he undertakes with an intensity of conviction which leaves us asking with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" We are told that the sun is not hot, that light does not come from the sun or stars, but is generated in our own atmosphere, and other things that tax robust powers of belief. It is electricity that organized the universe and sustains it, and when we have laid this wonder-worker under tribute, the age of Methuselah may come to man. These exuberant beliefs are expressed in a correspondingly exuberant style, adapted to communicate them to any impressionable reader who is not safeguarded by a healthy skepticism.

William Penn. By Augustus C. Buell. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 368 pages. \$2.25, net. (Postage, 17c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Woman's Unfitness for Higher Coeducation. By Ely Van De Warker, M.D. The Grafton Press, New York. 4¼x7½ in. 225 pages. \$1.25, net.

Correspondence

Russia and the United States

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In regard to the position of Russia at the time of our Spanish-American war, the "Novosti," in the last week of June, when the struggle was nearing its crisis, declared that it was full time to end a senseless and criminal war; that America must submit her pretensions to a tribunal of the Powers; that we could not avoid doing this, since our long and exposed coast line could not withstand two or three combined European fleets. In November the "Novosti" insisted that the great Powers should protest against the proposed cession of the Philippines. The "Novosti" is considered a semi-official organ, and in a Government where everything is subject to such strict censure as in Russia, the Government will have to bear a quasi-responsibility for what appears without objection in the press. It is said that the Spanish Red Book will furnish evidence that Russia was practically a secret ally of Spain. The Russian Ambassador absented himself from Washington during the greater part of the hostilities, and was engaged in diplomatic consultations in various European capitals.

Catherine II. was a pronounced enemy of the United States during the Revolutionary War. (See Wharton's "American Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondence," Vol. VI., p. 425.) She offered to furnish Great Britain an army of Cossacks and Tartars to help crush the Americans, but Frederick the Great refused to permit Russian troops for British use in America to cross his territory. Francis Dana, who was sent to St. Petersburg as an envoy, was subjected to mortifying rebuffs, placed under police surveillance, and his mail opened by officials. So objectionable were the conditions formulated by Catherine to Mr. Dana's being received as an envoy that he wrote to John Adams, May 15, 1783, that if the United States did not lose all sense of dignity, they would sooner resolve not to send a Minister to Russia during the life of Catherine than to accept them.

WILLIAM D. FOULKE.

Russia and America

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In your issue of the 16th inst. your staff correspondent in Washington concludes his letter by a quotation from a Russian diplomat, claiming that a historic friendship exists between Russia and the United States, founded on Russia's aid in America's need forty years ago.

Is not this whole story a fable fostered for a purpose? Does it rest upon any foundation of fact? If I am right in my opinion, Russia at that time was crippled and impotent for good or harm, so far as the United

States was concerned: her fleet at the bottom of the Black or Baltic Seas; her finances exhausted; her power by sea or land fettered in consequence of the Crimean War. Can any student of modern history verify in any way the generally received opinion that any proffer of help of any kind was made by Russia to this people? It is an important question that should be easily answered. For myself, I am ignorant of any real reason to credit the story. I cannot believe it without evidence; for a more unnatural alliance the world never saw.

M. P.

Service Pensions

To the Editors of The Outlook :

I have just read the article on pensions in your issue of February 6 entitled "Halt!" I have been a constant reader of your paper for many years and can generally agree with you, and always believe in your fairness and adherence in what you believe to be right. But I do not believe the writer of the article named understands the needs of the old soldiers or the workings of the pension system. In the first place, all the dead beats, the men who were a burden to the Government as long as they were on the rolls, have been drawing pensions these many years; they had *hospital* records and are generally drawing more than \$12 per month, so the new bills will not affect them. All of those who were clearly entitled to pensions, who have applied, are also on the list; the class, generally speaking, who would be benefited by the proposed bill are those who escaped wounds during the war but who have never recovered from the loss of the most valuable years of their lives. The bulk of them were boys, literally, not figuratively, speaking, as shown by figures published recently and accredited to Adjutant-General Byers, of this State. There were 2,159,798 boys who were twenty-one and under, and only 681,748 who were twenty-two and over, who enlisted during the Civil War.

The influence of army life on these boys has never been appreciated by those who did not experience it. It took years for the best of them to outgrow it, and the rest never have done so. I can look back and see many of those who were the brightest and best in the service who have never recovered from the loss of training that they should have had to hold their place in the world and from habits acquired that nothing but war service would make possible.

In other words, the difference between four years of home and school life and four years of army life on the future of a boy who went into the army at eighteen can hardly be estimated; the loss of an arm or leg would be small compared to it. It was

the younger men who stood the physical test the best and who were mustered out at the close of the war, and it was they who suffered most from the evil influences of army life. The real evils of the pension system, that is, the giving of pensions to the dishonest and undeserving, are past; nearly all those who ought not to have had pensions now have them, and to ease the last few years of those who lost their opportunities by reason of the service they gave certainly seems to me but an act of justice and a fulfillment of promises made at the time of enlistment. So far as the money is concerned, there is no money disbursed by the Government that goes into channels where the public gets as much good from it as it does from pension money. It nearly all goes into circulation at once, and saves the States from providing it in other forms. And so far as the soldiers of the Civil War are concerned, the list will decrease very rapidly, and it can be but a few years before it will be closed.

I was born September 27, 1847, enlisted in Company B, 26th Illinois Infantry, February 11, 1864, as a recruit, joined the regiment at Scottsboro, Alabama, and was with Sherman's army to the close of the war. I have been a member of the Grand Army of the Republic for over twenty years, so have been in touch with the common soldier all the time since my enlistment. I have never applied for a pension and have tried to be honest with myself and country, and have watched the pension system closely and understand its abuses, but believe that the greatest justice and fairness that has ever come from it would be the passage of the Grand Army of the Republic bill now before Congress.

HARWOOD SHARP.

Humboldt, Iowa.

Save the Big Trees

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The movement to save the Big Trees of California is gaining substantial headway. Pennsylvania, through its Forestry Commission, has secured the pledges of twenty-two out of thirty-four members of Congress. The Governor of Iowa is at work with the Iowa delegation to the same end. The local branches of the American Park and Outdoor Association, the Olmsted Brothers, Manning Brothers, and others, are working in Massachusetts, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Illinois, Vermont, Utah, Oregon—in all, twenty States are represented in the effort. The "Mammoth Grove" of the Calaveras big trees is not a large one, containing only about one hundred trees, but it is distinctly the most important, historically, of all the Sequoias existing. With these few trees are interwoven most of the literature of the species, and the observations of the world's most eminent men of science. These trees were the first of the species seen by the white race (in the spring of 1852). They remained for a number of years the only ones known.

The Senate Report to the Fifty-sixth

Congress quotes Professor Dudley to the following effect:

"To my mind, one of the reasons making it almost imperative for scientific men to use every effort to preserve this grove lies in the table of careful measurements of many individuals of this grove (mentioning each tree by name) by Josiah Whitney, Director of the California Geological Survey, nearly thirty years ago. Already remeasurements would make interesting comparisons, and in fifty or one hundred years from the date of measurements comparisons with the original measurements would furnish invaluable data on the rate of growth of these giants. Few authentic measurements have been made of any other big trees since—none until recent years.

"Probably few scientific men of eminence visiting the Pacific coast have failed to visit this grove, and, indeed, few have visited any other big trees, except of late years the Mariposa Grove. Asa Gray, John Torrey, Sir Joseph Hooker, John Muir, are a few of them only. Their published observations, with those of Whitney and his assistants, have become classics in scientific literature."

In pleading for the preservation of these trees the Outdoor American League of California summarizes the facts about them in this way:

"The dimensions of the Big Tree are unequaled. The age of the Big Tree makes it the oldest living thing. The majestic beauty of the Big Tree is unique and world-renowned. It now exists only in ten isolated groves on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and nowhere else in the world. The Mariposa Grove is to-day the only one of consequence which is completely protected. Most of the scattered groves of Big Trees are privately owned, and therefore in danger of destruction. Lumbering is rapidly sweeping them off; forty mills and logging companies are now at work wholly or in part upon Big Tree timber. The southern groves show some reproduction, through which there is hope of perpetuating these groves; in the northern groves the species hardly holds its own. The species represents a surviving prehistoric genus of trees once growing widely over the globe."

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish to call your attention to a mistake in a late number of *The Outlook*. You referred to the loss by fire of the building of the "American College for Girls" in Erzeroum. The "American College for Girls" is the technical name of the chartered cosmopolitan college for women in Constantinople similar to Robert College for men. The building destroyed in Erzeroum belonged to a small mission school of preparatory grade for Armenian girls only. I am sorry the mistake was made, as it is confusing to people who have rather vague ideas in regard to geography in Turkey.

MARY MILLS PATRICK.

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Mormonism
on Trial

The essential difference between the charges against Senator Smoot now being investigated by the Senate Committee on Elections and those which resulted in a refusal to admit Mr. Roberts as a member of the lower branch of Congress, is that in the latter case the man was on trial, in the present case the system. It is not alleged that Mr. Smoot is a polygamist or a man of bad personal character, or that he has violated the law in any way. Nor does it seem to be the intention, as many had supposed, to show specifically that as an "apostle" of the Mormon Church he is bound by an oath inconsistent with allegiance to the United States and with his duty as a Senator. The indictment is a broader one; it goes to the root of the relations of Mormonism to civil government. It is alleged that, despite the "revelation" of 1890 by which plural marriages ceased to be commended and urged by the Church, and despite the acceptance of the law by which polygamy became a criminal offense (a law without the enactment of which Utah could not have been admitted to Statehood), the Mormon Church does in fact defy the law by upholding and honoring those who continue to maintain polygamous relations; that it thus strikes at the most fundamental of a citizen's relations, that of the family; and that as a hierarchy it controls and dictates the political actions of its members, so that it is a foregone conclusion that an official high in its counsels, as is an "apostle," must place first and above all things the power and supremacy of the Church of Latter-Day Saints. In the hearings last week the extraordinary spectacle was afforded of the head of the Mormon Church, First President Smith, declaring again and

again that he was himself an habitual violator of the law; that he trusted in the forbearance of his fellow-citizens not to enforce it against him; that he was ready to suffer the penalty if need be; and that it would degrade and debase him to obey the law. It is one thing, it may be pointed out, to agree that Mormons are morally bound to support and care for plural wives married before the latest "revelation" about polygamy, and for their children; it is quite another thing to justify the example of the official head of the Church who tells of his eleven children by five wives born since that manifesto. President Smith's contention, repeated again and again, was that there have been no plural marriages authorized or connived at by the Church since 1890 (he did not say absolutely that no plural marriages had taken place, and it is stated that adverse testimony on this point will be introduced), but that the continuance of polygamous relations previously contracted was not condemned. A majority of the high governing bodies of the Church (the first and second Presidents, the Council, and the twelve apostles) are reported to be pluralists. Mr. Smith admitted the correctness of a report that he had within a year said, in a company in which Mr. Smoot was present, that the doctrine of plural marriages was a revelation by God and that to reject it would be equivalent to a rejection of God himself, but nevertheless said that he considered that since the "revelation" of 1890 he was bound not to teach the doctrine publicly. Yet later on he admitted that if the doctrine were publicly attacked he would defend it. In spite of these obvious inconsistencies, Mr. Smith maintained earnestly that the Church had in good faith carried out the manifesto or

"revelation" of 1890. One of the points brought out as bearing directly on the present case was that when Mr. Thatcher was a candidate for the Senate he was threatened with being cut off from the Church if he ran on a platform it disapproved. Mr. Smith assented to Mr. Hoar's summing up of the Mormon position as the belief that polygamy is right and innocent, but that since the Woodruff manifesto suspended the command to practice polygamy, the faithful may properly obey the law. If the Senate refuses to admit Mr. Smoot as a member, it will practically deny the right of the Mormons to send to the Senate any of their high Church officials, nominated and elected in the interest of the Church, so long as that body openly upholds illegal practices.



**Protests Against
Mob Savagery**

The dispassionate appeal of Booker T. Washington in the columns of the "Age Herald," of Birmingham, Alabama, calling attention to the fact that within a fortnight three negroes had been burned at the stake, one of them a woman, none of the three charged with any crime even remotely connected with the abuse of white women, all the burnings in broad daylight, two of them on Sunday afternoon and within sight of a Christian church, ought to arrest the attention even of those who have become indifferent to these frightful outbreaks of savagery by reason of their frequency. It is a terrible accusation which Mr. Washington brings against American society when he says, "The custom of burning human beings has become so common as scarcely to excite interest or attract unusual attention." As he has always been one of the foremost to condemn in strongest terms all crimes committed by his race, there is the more force in his dispassionate declaration that these barbarous sins, followed by publication of the details, are more degrading to the people who inflict the punishment than to those who receive it, and that the worst feature of these outrages is that they occur in communities where Christian churches, Sunday-schools, Christian Endeavor Societies,

and Young Men's Christian Associations are established, and where collections are taken up for sending missionaries to the so-called heathen world! This letter, which is a simple statement of facts, ought to be pondered by every thoughtful man in the United States. The sudden and terrible vengeance inflicted by a throng of indignant men on the discovery of a repulsive crime can be understood; but the burning at the stake of a human being in the twentieth century, wherever it occurs and by whom ever committed, means but one thing: the survival of savage brutality. A man, no matter what his standing, who can assist in the burning of a fellow-creature for any offense is a savage. It is one thing to hang or shoot an offender in the first moment of horror at his crime; it is another thing to tie a human being to a stake, pile combustibles about him, and stand near while he dies in agony. It is a relief to turn from this terrible indictment to the prompt action of Governor Vardaman in saving a negro from a mob who had sworn to burn him at the stake. The Governor, on the report of the possible burning of the negro, took a special train to the locality, and arrived there in advance of the mob. Under the escort of the militia and the sheriff's posse, the Governor took the negro to his own train and carried him back to Jackson, where he is safely lodged and will be brought to speedy trial. The Mississippi Legislature has thanked Governor Vardaman for his action. We believe the Legislature in this voices the prevailing public sentiment not only of the State, but of the whole South as well. As The Outlook has condemned with severity recent utterances of Governor Vardaman in regard to the negro, it takes special satisfaction in commending his prompt and courageous performance of his duty.



**A Negro Suffrage
Case Dismissed**

Another effort to get the Supreme Court of the United States to declare a Southern State Constitutional provision a violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution has failed. A negro named

Giles, who had enjoyed the right of voting in Alabama, was refused registration in March, 1902. He appealed to the State courts, and, losing his case there, appealed to the United States Supreme Court. The Court sums up in this sentence: "We are of the opinion that plaintiffs in error have not brought the cases within the statute giving to this Court the right of review." Therefore the Court reaches no decision on the principle involved. The State court had decided adversely to the negro on this simple ground: If the State Constitutional provision is null and void, then the Board of Registration is virtually non-existent; it therefore committed no offense in refusing to register the plaintiff, and of course cannot be made to register him. On the other hand, if the State Constitutional provision is authoritative, then by that very provision the Board of Registration is empowered to act as it did. This being the decision of the State court, the Supreme Court of the United States concludes that no Federal question is involved, and therefore that the Court has no jurisdiction in the case. Like the recent decision of the Supreme Court regarding negro jurymen (see *The Outlook* for January 30), this opinion has been in some quarters misunderstood. In that case the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed that it had jurisdiction, and remanded the case to the State court; in this case it denies that it has jurisdiction, and dismisses the case. The Court neither sustains nor condemns the Alabama Constitutional provisions regarding the suffrage; it simply says that it cannot either sustain or condemn until it is clearly called upon to do so, and that it has not so been called upon in this case. It remains to be seen whether a case can be framed so as to bring the question before the Supreme Court for decision. It is a question whether whatever injustice the State Constitution may do is not to be remedied by legislative or political rather than judicial machinery. In another column we discuss the facts and principles involved in the suffrage amendments to several of the Southern State Constitutions.

School Legislation in Ohio

The Legislature of Ohio is now wrestling with the formation of a new school code which is to be uniform in its application throughout the State. Heretofore special legislation for different cities, under the guise of classification, has been passed from time to time. The Supreme Court of the State has finally declared such minute classification unconstitutional, hence the necessity of a uniform code. The present Legislature is strongly Republican. The chief issue upon which it was elected was the re-election of the late Senator Hanna. All other issues were pushed into the background. The agitation and consideration of the matter of school legislation were left until after the election of the members of the present Legislature. Political exigencies and considerations will therefore carry much weight in determining the outcome. The question concerning which the most interest is manifested is that of the method of nominating and electing members of the Board of Education. The largest three cities in Ohio—Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Toledo—now employ three different methods. The Cleveland plan is the election of a small board at large. The candidates are nominated by the different parties, and the names placed on the party ticket; a school director is also elected, who acts as business manager and chooses the superintendent, with the consent of the board. Toledo elects a small board at large. The members are nominated by petition, and elected on a separate school ticket. The superintendent and business manager are appointed by the board. Cincinnati uses the ward system. One member is elected, on a party ticket, from each ward. With few exceptions, the ward plan is in vogue in the cities of the State. Four important school bills have been introduced during the present session. These bills are in substantial agreement as to the size of the boards in village and township districts, but differ as to the city districts. A "city" is a corporation of over five thousand inhabitants. The contest is over the control of the city schools, involving the expenditure of large sums of money for

salaries, text-books, and supplies, and the appointment of thousands of teachers and employees. The Treadway Bill is modeled on the existing Cleveland plan. The Smith Bill follows the Toledo plan, except that no provision is made for nomination by petition. The Harrison-Carr Bill is according to the Cincinnati plan. A peculiar feature of this bill is that it provides for village and township boards, consisting of five members, elected at large. City districts, however, are to elect one member from each ward and three at large, making the size identical with the City Council. In Toledo the board would consist of sixteen members. The Bassett Bill, introduced by a Toledo member, is identical with the Harrison-Carr Bill, except as to the provisions for city districts. This bill provides for the division of cities into four districts. One member is to be elected from each district, and three additional ones at large. It provides for nomination by petition, and election on a separate ticket. At the present writing a compromise bill of this sort seems likely to pass.



The Nature of the Issue

It is the oft-repeated struggle between centralized government and individual responsibility on the one hand, and, on the other, decentralized government and diffused responsibility. The advocates of the ward plan declare that under it the schools are brought close to the people and are made immediately responsive to public sentiment; that the small board leads to one-man power, the board becoming a figurehead or auditing board, and merely ratifying the actions and policies of the superintendent. They also point to the increased cost of the Cleveland schools under the small board over those of Cincinnati under a ward board. George B. Cox, the Cincinnati boss, machine politicians generally, and the school-book "ring" are claimed among the advocates of the ward plan. The advocates of the small board, on the other hand, say that under the ward board system no one can be held personally responsible, and that there is more interference with the superintend-

ent of schools on the part of the members of the board, who, being non-experts, and often actually ignorant of educational needs and methods, are apt to stand in the way of the best interests of the public schools; but that it is possible to elect intelligent and informed members to the school board when the board is small and the election is at large. They point out that though the expense of the schools in Cleveland may be heavier than it is in Cincinnati, the Cleveland schools are much superior, the adoption of manual training and of kindergartens being specific cases of advanced methods. There is no doubt that the advocates of the small board have the weight of intelligence and disinterested desire for the advancement of the schools on their side. The democratic arguments for the ward system are specious, and have been proved such time and again. The struggle is the same as that which has been going on in New York State, with the defenders of the schools on the one side, and the politicians who wish to use the schools for their own advantage on the other.



The War in the East

The only important incident of active hostilities to be recorded is the attack by a Japanese squadron of seven vessels upon Vladivostok on Sunday of this week. As has been the case with the demonstrations against Port Arthur, the object seemed to be, not a formal and thorough bombardment or attempt to reduce the forts by a frontal assault, but rather to test the defenses, to discover the range of fire of the forts, and to threaten and hold in check the Russian vessels supposed to be in the port. Thus Admiral Togo's operations at Port Arthur have been described as aiming at the maximum of destruction with the minimum of exposure, and are marked by bold dashes and quick withdrawals. Apparently little actual harm was done by the attack of Sunday, although some reports state that four or five Russians were killed. The Russians wisely refused to reply to the Japanese fire, and thus balked the desire of the Japanese to discover the extent of the defenses. One

significant indication of this attack is that the ice conditions as far north as Vladivostok now permit of active operations. It is increasingly evident that the Russian naval forces are "bottled up" or made ineffective by superior hostile forces, and that little is to be feared from them on the high seas by the Japanese. This supremacy of the seas gives Japan every opportunity for moving her troops by transport, and as the spring advances and the ice in the northern ports diminishes, this will be done with increasing vigor. It is said that 100,000 Japanese soldiers are being concentrated in the neighborhood of Pingyang, and for this purpose the port of Chinnampho is being used. Chinnampho is perhaps a hundred miles north of Chemulpho (the port belonging to Seoul, the capital of Korea), and the fact that it is now available for landing troops illustrates strikingly the advantage to Japan of her control of the sea.



The Military Field of Operations

Such a close guard has been kept by the censors on the sending of despatches from Japan that the movements of the Japanese army are still known only in part and uncertainly. It seems clear, however, that the main armies of Japan and Russia are nearing each other slowly in the vicinity of the Yalu River valley. The Russians evidently hold Anting, on the north bank, in force, have some troops at Wiju, and have thrown out light skirmishing bodies to the south. The Japanese, on the other hand, are occupying Pingyang in force, and have outlying bodies of troops to the north. All the operations in the field are rendered slow by the absence of railroads, the wretched condition of the few highways, and the fact that northern Korea is extremely hilly. That these elements must be taken into account to understand the general strategy of the campaign is evident. For instance, reports that Japan has landed troops on the northeast coast of Korea at Wonsan, at Songching, and even as far north as Possiet Bay, have been interpreted by many papers to indicate an attempt to turn the left flank of the Russian central position on the Yalu River;

but when the intervening mountains, the impassable roads, and the distances are considered, this seems so improbable as to make plausible the idea that these advance movements are part of a general design to advance far enough north to cut the Vladivostok branch of the Siberian Railway, and thus to invest one of Russia's two great ports by land while it is blockaded by a Japanese fleet at sea. Turning to the western portion of the general field of operations, we find a somewhat similar position. Port Arthur is invested by sea, and it is quite possible that the railroad leading from it to Mukden will be cut off by Japanese forces landed on the peninsula of which Port Arthur forms the extremity. A strong indication of this is the fact that there are continued rumors that the Russians will abandon Niuchuang, a railway center about half-way between the two places, and retire to Mukden. Equally plausible in this connection is the supposition that Japan has landed or will land forces at some point on the western coast of the Gulf of Liaotung, in order to cut the railroad between Peking and Niuchuang, and thus advance by this route to Mukden. The opinion grows that Russia will not precipitate a general engagement, but will hold the Japanese advance in check wherever possible, retiring, if necessary, slowly to Mukden and possibly in time to Harbin, all the while gathering strength as the successive detachments of troops reach the base of operations at Harbin from the Siberian Railroad. In this way, it is argued, Russia will in time accumulate such a mass of troops that she may first check absolutely the Japanese advance, and then inaugurate an irresistible advance of her own army. At present there are probably not more than 175,000 Russian troops west of Lake Baikal, but some 50,000 men a month, and perhaps more, are coming to the front as fast as the one single-track railway can move them.



Political and International Phases

The election in Japan which has just taken place is of less political importance than usual, because under the present crisis, whatever political party

names the members may enroll themselves under, the Government will have the hearty and unanimous support of the national legislature. The returns, however, indicate a nominal increase in the number of professedly independent members of the House of Representatives; the Constitutionalists have elected about one hundred and thirty-five members, the Progressives about one hundred, leaving the minor and unclassified parties in all about one hundred and fifty members. It is stated that urgency war measures will be introduced and carried unanimously.—The relations between Japan and the Korean Government appear to be entirely amicable, and the despatches from Tokyo assert that the Japanese troops are everywhere received with a cordial welcome.—Japan has issued a reply to Russia's charge of treacherous conduct, asserting that her notification to Russia that Japan intended to take independent action to defend her position was, when taken with formal breaking off of diplomatic relations, equivalent to a declaration of war; that in point of fact the first shot in the war was fired by Russia; and, perhaps most important of all, that Russia's persistent aggression in the way of warlike preparations in the East was a warning necessarily interpreted as a threat which could not be disregarded.—The Russian officials and newspapers which charged that an American war vessel refused assistance to Russian sailors after the destruction of the *Variag* and *Korietz* at the battle of Chemulpho, and otherwise acted in an unfriendly manner, have frankly and fully withdrawn the charges, which had no foundation whatever.

**New Russian
"Peasant Code"**

Mr. von Plehve, the Russian Minister of the Interior, lately completed the first draft of the so-called "peasant code," a new body of legislation intended to carry into effect the wishes and promises of the Czar as set forth in the Imperial manifesto of March 11, 1903, concerning religious liberty and administrative reform. At the time when that manifesto was promulgated, *The Outlook* called attention to the fact that the re-

forms foreshadowed and partly outlined therein were little more than changes and modifications in the existing system of bureaucratic administration, and that in the decree itself there was little to indicate a serious purpose, on the part of those who framed it, "to furnish any real relief for the evils from which the Russian people are suffering." The draft of reform legislation which now appears, as the outcome of that manifesto, seems fully to justify all that we then said of it. It ignores entirely the evils pointed out by the local committees of the Agricultural Inquiry Commission of 1902-3, such as insufficient land, high and inequitable taxation of the peasants as a class, deprivation of legal rights enjoyed by other classes, oppressive bureaucratic control, inadequate educational facilities, restriction of the right to assemble for discussion and joint action, the passport system, the censorship of the press, etc., and confines itself almost wholly to such matters as "the definition of individual rights regarding communal lands," the "settlement of disputes between villages, and between peasants and neighboring landholders," and the "discovery of means to stimulate individual enterprise, bring about the adoption of modern farming methods, and instill in the peasants respect for the laws and rights of property." Where it touches questions of more vital importance it is distinctly conservative, if not reactionary, in tendency. It perpetuates, for example, the existing inequality between the peasant class and other classes, by decreeing that "the peasants must remain entirely separate, legally;" it declares that they must continue to live together in communes, or at least that the commune, as an organization, shall not be disturbed; it forbids the sale, by the peasants, of lands to which they are entitled and upon which they have made "redemption payments;" and it retains corporal punishment—or, in other words, flogging with whips—as a disciplinary measure applicable to peasants only. "Reforms" of this kind are merely bureaucratic remedies for bureaucratic evils, and will have little effect upon the economic condition of the class to which they specifically

relate. The most urgent needs of the Russian peasant are education, freedom of movement and action, freedom from oppressive bureaucratic "regulation," immunity from degrading punishments to which men of other classes are not liable, equality before the law, and relief from a burden of taxation that is wholly beyond his strength. Give him these rights, privileges, and immunities, and he will take care of himself without guardians or nurses; but he never can or will prosper while he is bound to his commune, bound to his land, set apart as a member of an inferior class, deprived of legal rights that others enjoy, kept in ignorance despite his thirst for education, told what he must do and what he must not do, from the cradle to the grave, and threatened with the whip merely because he has happened to be born a peasant farmer. The Czar said, in his manifesto of March 11, that he was "firmly resolved to satisfy, immediately, needs of the State that had become fully ripe." If the "peasant code" drafted by Mr. von Plehve is the only satisfaction that the "needs" of the peasantry are to have, such needs would seem to have "ripened" in vain.



The Dreyfus Appeal

Another chapter has been added to the extraordinary story of Captain Dreyfus, who was arrested ten years ago next October on the charge of having sold military secrets to a foreign power, was tried in secret, condemned to military degradation and to solitary confinement on the Ile du Diable, off the coast of French Guiana. His stripes were torn from him and his sword broken in public, and he was taken to the place of his exile in 1895, the evidence against him being a memorandum commonly known as the *bordereau*, unsigned and undated, the fragments of which were found in a waste-basket and pasted together and declared to be in his handwriting. A year later the similarity of that handwriting to that of Major Esterhazy led to an agitation which in 1898 induced the Minister of War to declare in the Chamber of Deputies that there were three documents not before the public

which proved that Dreyfus was guilty. Two of these documents were subsequently shown by Commandant Picquart to be irrelevant and the third declared to be a forgery, and not long after Lieutenant Henry admitted forging this document and committed suicide. A new trial by court martial was ordered by the Court of Cassation in 1899, which brought in the verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances. Members of the Court united in a recommendation to mercy, and President Loubet pardoned Dreyfus in September, 1899. This, however, did not stop the discussion, urged on by the growing belief that Dreyfus was innocent. Esterhazy, after dismissal from the army, declared in 1899 that he was the author of the *bordereau*. In response to an appeal from Captain Dreyfus, the French Minister of Justice appointed a Commission of Six, including three judges of the Court of Cassation and three officials from the Department of Justice, to examine the new evidence submitted in favor of Dreyfus, and to decide whether the decision of the second court martial should be referred to the Supreme Court of Appeals. The Commission reported unanimously in the affirmative, and the papers were sent to the Court of Cassation, by which the appeal was referred to the Criminal Section. It was shown before that tribunal that one of the secret documents exhibited to the Rennes court martial, an incriminating letter signed with the initial "D," had previously borne the initial "T;" a second letter exhibited before the court martial was signed "Alexandrine," and on the margin appeared some phrases in the handwriting of the forger and suicide Henry, the letter purporting to describe the manner in which French railroads would be organized in case of war. Testimony was adduced to show that this letter was a fabrication penned at the time when Dreyfus was in exile. On this evidence and other evidence not made public, the Criminal Section of the Court of Cassation has granted the appeal of Dreyfus for a revision of his trial before the court martial at Rennes, and the probabilities now are that within a short time his innocence will be estab-

lished. Popular interest in the case is not dead, but there is no longer any popular excitement. The Attorney-General, M. Baudouin, declared that the evidence incriminating Dreyfus does not bear close scrutiny, and that the secret *dossier* about which so much has been said and to which so much importance has been attached contains "only miserable documents whose sole importance was due to the mystery with which they were shrewdly surrounded."



English Politics English politics has seldom been in such a state of confusion as at present; and there is a widespread feeling of anxiety and humiliation in England because, while a war in the Far East is being waged with such possibility of complication, there is so little effective and far-sighted leadership in the Government. Fortunately, Lord Lansdowne, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a man of cool head and cautious temper, lacking in brilliancy but likely to preserve a correct attitude and to keep his poise in case a panic should be caused by an untoward accident or incident. The King's speech was silent where the country had hoped for a clear definition of English policy. That policy cannot be definite or consistent at a time when such serious divisions exist within the Ministry. The note of uncertainty is heard on all sides, not only among the adherents of the Government, but among its opponents. The Ministry does not know what it wants, and therefore the Conservative party cannot be expected to have a clear mind. It is broken up into half a dozen groups, all bound together by the loosest ties, and likely at any moment to fly apart. The free-trade supporters of the Government have already detached themselves from it on what has become the most important issue before the English people. Those Conservatives or Unionists who go with Mr. Balfour to the length of retaliation but who are opposed to protective schedules are in a state of uncertainty because they do not know whether his policy or Mr. Chamberlain's policy is to prevail in the end. The protectionists among the Unionists are equally

in the dark; they are ready to follow Mr. Chamberlain, but they do not yet know whether Mr. Chamberlain is to lead. In the country at large the same uncertainty and the same lines of division exist. It is true that the meetings at which Mr. Chamberlain has spoken have been largely attended and apparently enthusiastic; but a number of by-elections have gone against the Government, and no one knows as yet at what conclusion the English people are going to arrive in regard to the change of policy which Mr. Chamberlain is advocating. Sooner or later Mr. Balfour will be driven either to support Mr. Chamberlain or to cut loose from him. When that event happens, present appearances indicate a radical breaking up of the Unionist party. In the meantime the Liberals, although as a party bitterly opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, have not healed their own contentions and are not in a position to take advantage of the weakness of the Ministry. The situation is still further complicated by the growing antagonism to the Government of the Irish party and by the very serious division, unhealed and becoming more pronounced, on the educational question. The coming retirement of Sir William Vernon Harcourt will take out of English public life one of its most conspicuous and interesting figures, and make it easier to reunite the Liberal party under Lord Rosebery.



Canon Ainger Close upon the death of Sir Leslie Stephen comes that of another distinguished English man of letters, Canon Ainger, known to many Americans, in the capacity of Master of the Temple in London, as a meditative and spiritual preacher, but known to the world at large as one of the most intelligent and sympathetic editors of *Lamb*; the earliest of the group who in recent years have done much to give the works of *Lamb* a wider currency. Dying in London at the age of sixty-six, Canon Ainger was not an old man, but his life was full of those things which make life best worth living. He was a scholar in the old-fashioned sense of the word, and a preacher who had the attention of

perhaps the most cultivated audience in England. He had endeared himself to the great company of the blessed who have entered into the knowledge of Charles Lamb and are bound by the ties of genial fellowship with all who sit at the feet of "Elia." The biographer of Hood, Crabbe, and of Tennyson, an accomplished amateur in music, a preacher who spoke to the spirit rather than to the ear, and whose sermons had the charm of fine spiritual insight and delicate literary quality, Canon Ainger will best be remembered as a man who won the love of other men in an unusual degree, and who, in the long line of distinguished preachers in the Temple, will leave the impression of a rare personality. The "Athenæum" recently said of him that it was impossible to convey on paper the charm and fascination of that personality: "Grave, tender, *spirituel*, childlike, boyish, humorous, frolicsome, Puck, Ariel—such are some of the epithets or characters that come in turn into one's mind as one looks back over the familiar intercourse of more than forty years; but how to combine them into a picture that shall do him any sort of justice with those who do not know him, or shall satisfy those who did?"



The Value of Medical Missions

Speaking recently on the subject of medical missions, Professor Rendel Harris, of Cambridge University, England, said that the medical missionary was coming more and more to the front because he seems to be the only one having complete access to all branches of the community in which he lived. In Asiatic Turkey, for instance,

Kurd and Turk and Armenian are open to his influence in a way that the other missionaries might envy, and when the doors are shut to them they are open to him.

Professor Harris calls attention to the need of hospitals at Harput and at Bitlis as absolute necessities in the proper care of the people, and adds that hospitals are not as expensive in Turkey as in other countries, two or three thousand dollars being sufficient for starting such an institution. Apart from the salary of the missionary in charge, a hospital

in Turkey, once established, has been in most instances practically self-supporting. Another tribute to the value of medical missions is found in the report of the Presbyterian work in Korea, a work having special significance at this time of storm and stress in that country. The first treaty ever made by Korea with a foreign nation was made with America (1882). A young American physician, Dr. H. N. Allen, felt the call to go to a country which was apparently emerging from heathenism, to find out whether his medical skill could keep him there and could perhaps open a path for the preaching missionary to follow. He went to Seoul, the Korean capital, and General Foote, the first American Minister to Korea, promptly made him physician to the Legation. No Korean could object to that. Thus was seized the first opportunity, says the report. A second came two years later, when the Presbyterian Board obtained sufficient funds to found a Protestant mission in Korea. Within a few months thereafter Seoul was distracted with insurrection. In it, Prince Miss Yong Ik, a near relative of the King, was terribly wounded and brought to death's door. Though General Foote and all the Europeans fled as soon as possible to Chemulpho, the port of Seoul, Dr. Allen did not. He wrote:

We couldn't if we would and we wouldn't if we could. I came to do just such work. I can't leave these wounded people. . . . We shall live in the Legation with the old flag flying.

As Dr. Allen anticipated, he was summoned to attend the Prince, and withstood thirteen Korean so-called physicians who wished to pour their black wax into the gaping wounds. They looked on in wonderment while Dr. Allen sewed up the wounds and tied the arteries. A Chinese general was among the bystanders, and had the wit to engage Dr. Allen's services for twenty of his wounded soldiers who had been concerned in the riot. The surgical operations were in the main successful. Thus was opened a third wide door of opportunity. A fourth came when the King, influenced by Prince Min's recovery, proposed to establish a hospital to

be conducted on principles of American and European science. Within a few months of its establishment a missionary reported "four to six operations every morning and about seventy dispensary patients in the afternoon." The value to civilization of the medical missionaries' work can hardly be overestimated.



The Religious
Education Association

It is clear that the Religious Education Association, organized a year ago, has come to stay. That is one of the most definite conclusions that can be drawn from the second annual Convention, which was held in Philadelphia on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week. The sudden but sturdy growth of this organization is one of the signs of the times. A year ago it was a well-devised plan, to day it is an active body of thinking and influential men and women. This fact can be explained in only one way: that there has existed for some time a sentiment, a conviction, a tendency, that needed organic expression. The phrase religious education embodies the two ideas, or rather two views of the same idea, for which the Association stands: the one, that moral and spiritual faith is not sound unless it is rationally cultivated; the other, that education is not complete unless it has a moral and spiritual basis. There are any number of agencies for the spread of religion; there are any number of agencies for the promotion of education. The double task of the Religious Education Association is to impart to the agencies for the spread of religion an educative impulse, and to impart to the agencies for the promotion of education a religious impulse. This is its task because this is the demand that is made upon it. To the Convention at Philadelphia there came, on the one hand, men active in churches, Sunday-schools, Christian Associations, Young People's Societies, and the like, seeking to learn in conference with others means by which, without abating the element of faith in their work, they might increase the element of knowledge and intelligence; on the other hand, there came men from colleges and uni-

versities, academies, and public schools, seeking to learn by conference means by which, without abating intellectual freedom in their work, they might increase the element of religious power and moral firmness. The Convention, therefore, was not a platform from which a faction laid down the law now to one group, now to another, but rather a meeting-place where men gathered who exchanged ideas to mutual advantage.



Some Characteristics
of the Convention

The very nature of the gathering insured to it certain characteristics. In the first place and pre-eminently, liberty of utterance. No man who spoke gave evidence of feeling any other restraints than those of courtesy and good sense. In the second place, there was the characteristic of concreteness. There were certain addresses, especially those in the large public meetings, which were planned as statements of general ideals and purposes, but even these were grouped under the subject of The Bible in Practical Life—a subject suggesting the specific rather than the vague; and besides, when men speak out of their experiences, as did the speakers in both the general and departmental meetings, they are likely to deal with facts. Another characteristic was the prevalence of the masculine element, not only in the participants in the Convention, but also in the tone of the addresses and discussions. There was no attempt to let pleasant illusion glaze reality and logic. What one speaker mentioned as a tone of despair was really a very hopeful facing of actual conditions. Perhaps the most fundamental characteristic of the Convention, however, though the least obtrusive, was its tone of earnestness and spiritual reverence—by no means a gloomy solemnity, for there was no lack of the sense of humor, but the kind of devout sanity with which men of the best type meet difficult questions. The Religious Education Association is confronted with serious obstacles. President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, who was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year, in his review of religious

education of the past year well enumerated these inimical conditions. The restlessness of young minds discovering that some creedal definitions are at variance with science; the tendency of usages passively to resist any change; the tendency to underestimate religious education as a factor in preparation for citizenship; the existence of certain cherished methods of worship and instruction incompatible with sound education; the inadequacy of the ordinary views concerning the bearing of religion on citizenship and practical life. The fact that there are just such obstacles has called the Religious Education Association into being. That it will justify its existence by gradually surmounting these obstacles through the quiet and continuous work of its various departments is the promise of the Philadelphia Convention. Of the organization of this Association The Outlook gave an account in the issue for February 21, 1903. The General Secretary is Ira Landrith, LL.D., who may be addressed at the permanent office of the Association, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois, by any who wish detailed information.



The Prevention of Tuberculosis

The Charity Organization Society of New York City has just published a "Handbook on the Prevention of Tuberculosis" which constitutes one of the most complete and thorough studies of this terrible disease and its prevention that have been published in this country. This handbook contains over three hundred pages, is handsomely printed and illustrated, includes historical, statistical, hygienic, and pathological papers by experts, and presents to the reader a valuable bibliography and a useful index. This very useful and commendable volume is the product of a "Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis," appointed by the Charity Organization Society in June, 1902. This Committee consists of the President of the Department of Health, the medical officer of the Department of Health, the Commissioner of Public Charities, the Commissioner of the Tenement-House Department—all of New York City;

and of representative physicians who have made a specialty of tuberculosis, and other public-spirited men and women interested in the social aspects of tuberculosis. It has been the aim of this Committee to spread among the citizens of New York City a more general knowledge of the means and methods to be adopted for the prevention of tuberculosis; to make it understood that tuberculosis is a communicable, preventable, and curable disease; to co-ordinate such of the work of the various municipal departments as has a direct bearing on the prevention or cure of tuberculosis; and to serve as an organized body from which movements to provide hospitals, sanatoria, and dispensary facilities for sufferers from tuberculosis, popularly called consumption, may be initiated or given such indorsement as will command public confidence and approval. In carrying out its purpose the Committee has recently been able to secure the co-operation of some of the labor unions, and perhaps it may here find one of its chief activities in the future. Already the United Garment Workers of America have formed their committee on the prevention of tuberculosis in the tailor-shops of New York, and Typographical Union No. 6 is about to appoint a similar committee. The example thus set by these union workers may advantageously be followed by other unions in other cities in the country. The Outlook has from time to time called the attention of its readers to the profound importance of such special investigations and such practical action as have now been inaugurated through the Charity Organization Society. There are twenty thousand consumptives in the city of New York alone, and the number of annual deaths from this disease throughout the United States is appalling. The old-time notion that consumption was a hereditary scourge which must be endured with such fortitude as the sufferer and his friends could command is entirely disproved. Scientific investigation has proven that it is not only preventable but curable. We can think of no single work of public philanthropy which is of greater importance or of more widespread public benefit than such intelligent

efforts to check the ravages of tuberculosis as are typified by this handbook of the Charity Organization Society.



Although the stage in New York during the present season has presented the usual number of cheap, tawdry, and vulgar plays, there are a number of theaters which have appealed to intelligent men and women. One of the most interesting experiments of the winter has been the presentation of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. Ben Greet's company, which became widely known throughout the United States by its interesting interpretation of the morality play, "Everyman," last season. This company has undertaken to present "Twelfth Night" as it was first acted early in 1601 at Middle Hall in London; in other words, to give it in the Elizabethan manner. It would be impossible to reproduce the conditions under which the play was presented in England in the seventeenth century without especially constructing a theater; but the Ben Greet Company have attempted to secure what may be called the Shakespearean atmosphere by securing as much of the Shakespearean conditions as a modern theater makes possible. They have tried "to exalt Shakespearean text above Shakespearean setting; to pursue a middle way between an antiquarian revival and the modern style of presenting a maximum of stage settings with a minimum of Shakespeare." Accordingly, they have presented the play staged so as to bring before the eye of the spectator the interior of Middle Hall; they have presented it in a continuous performance with an intermission of only five minutes, without orchestral music, but with a company of four musicians in a gallery, whose music was of a very simple and subordinate character. The presentation was at the other extreme from that which Sir Henry Irving furnishes, and the spectators realized how little the real interest of the drama depends on scenery or on music and how thoroughly it rests with the play and the interpreta-

tion of the play. The players did not rant, but they fell short of a perfect rendering of the Shakespearean text. The acting, although in two or three instances unusually good by reason of its simplicity and the directness of its interpretation, was by no means above reproach; but the experiment is an interesting one, and the popular attention which has been paid to it suggests not only that the public still cares for the best things, but that it is possible to present the best things without such an enormous expenditure upon accessories as to preclude the possibility of profit.



Two Interesting Plays An interesting contrast might be made between "Twelfth Night" as presented by Mr. Ben Greet's company and the two plays of George Bernard Shaw—"Candida" and "The Man of Destiny"—presented by Mr. Arnold Daly's company. What is chiefly significant about the latter plays is their appeal to the intelligence of the audience. The stage setting is of the slightest, and there is practically no plot in either play, the interest depending on the skill with which the dramatist has presented a striking situation, and the wit and insight of the dialogue. Neither play can be called convincing; like most literature from Irish hands, these plays do not carry one to a definite conclusion. It is the charm of the Irish that even when they do not arrive, they make the journey interesting and diverting. "Candida" is a wholesome play, presenting very clearly the contrast between the man who lives in sentiment and dreams and the man who lives in effective but external performance of duty. There is no real test of the woman who is the chief figure in the play; there is an appeal to her feelings, but none to her judgment. The play is carried by its animated and witty dialogue, and the spectator has a suspicion at the end that the satire which underlies the play includes every character in it and possibly the audience as well. The acting is notably intelligent and interpretative.

Public Safety

Another frightful calamity calls attention to the very imperfect provision for public safety in this country. On Wednesday afternoon of last week the steel framework of the Darlington Hotel, an apartment-house in course of construction in New York City, suddenly fell in, carrying with it and burying under its ruins a number of workmen, crushing the dining-room of the apartment-house opposite and killing many persons and inflicting serious injuries on others. Twenty-one bodies have been taken so far from the ruins. The District Attorney is making a thorough investigation in order to fix the responsibility. Different explanations of the so-called accident have been published, none of which, however, appears to have any foundation except that of grossly inadequate construction, both in the matter of material and of work. It is the duty of the District Attorney to fasten the responsibility with the greatest definiteness upon individuals upon whom the full penalty of the law can be visited. Negligence or greed must have caused this calamity. In such cases fines are inadequate; public disgrace and a term of years in State's prison are the only adequate penalties. The Building Department of the city had served several notices on the contractors calling attention to the fact that the requirements of the Department had not been complied with, but no attention was paid to these warnings. In response to pertinent inquiries, the officials of the Department declare that they have no power to enforce their commands. If this is true, Mayor McClellan has another matter of pressing importance to take up for consideration and action.

The Mayor has not only taken prompt and apparently effective action to protect the public of New York which gathers in theaters, but he is also having a thorough inspection made of the churches, halls, schools, and other places where people congregate. This kind of inspection is in a way more important than the inspection of theaters, and it is needed in every part of the United

States. There are a great many theaters in which the public safety is very inadequately provided for, which need rearrangement, more and better exits, non-inflammable scenery, asbestos curtains, and the presence of men who could take charge of a crowd in a panic and tell people what to do; but there are a great many more churches and halls and schools throughout the United States which would become death-traps in case of fire. The tragedy at Chicago was ample notice to the whole country, and any repetition of that tragedy, in any part of the United States, on any scale, would involve the gravest responsibility for all who have any care for or interest in the place in which the disaster should take place. Nowhere ought this responsibility to be more keenly felt, or, in case of disaster, more urgently pressed home, than in the case of schools. There are hundreds of school-houses which ought to be thoroughly rearranged with reference to the rapid escape of children in case of fire. The possibility of emptying school-houses ought not to depend, as it does very largely depend in many localities, on the control of the children by the teachers. That control is a great element of safety, and every prudent and capable principal will enforce it by practice. Such a principal will forestall danger by being ready for it; but school buildings should be so constructed that they can be emptied rapidly with a minimum of danger to children.

As much may be said of the churches, many of which embody the grossest architectural sins against safety. Fortunately, of late years, very few churches have burned during public services, but many have been burned at other times, and have been destroyed with frightful rapidity. Such structures are less inflammable than theaters, for obvious reasons, and a fire is likely to spread less rapidly, so that building authorities have fewer problems to solve in securing entire safety. For this reason there is no excuse for the neglect of every precaution in a church building. The country is full of halls where crowds continually congregate, which are death-

traps of the worst possible kind. The most flimsy and inflammable frame buildings of this kind are to be found in small towns, into which people are often packed on the second floor, with a single exit, and that exit a narrow flight of stairs. The halls in country towns which are really safe are so few that they need hardly be taken into account. Yet these places are quite as much in danger from fire as any other places of public assembly; and, as a rule, being irregularly used, they are far less vigilantly watched. The prompt and efficient action of Mayor McClellan in New York City has set an example which all municipal and village authorities would do well to follow.



Suffrage Limitations in the South

The amount of misinformation which is presented by Northern newspapers to Northern readers respecting the Southern States is extraordinary. A correspondent, for instance, sends us a clipping from what appears to be the Boston "Journal," saying that the grandfather's clause "leaves so large a discretionary authority in the solidly Democratic registration boards that a pretext can usually be found for shutting out a negro applicant, no matter what his qualifications may be."

It is incredible to us that a moderately intelligent editor should not know that the grandfather clause has expired by its own limitation in every Southern State except North Carolina, where it expires in 1908, and that it does not now, and never did, afford any opportunity for shutting out a negro applicant. It did afford an opportunity for admitting white applicants, but this it affords no longer, except in North Carolina.

In a similar fashion it was recently implied, if not expressly stated, in so well informed a journal as the Boston "Evening Transcript," that a negro could be excluded from the suffrage unless he could understand the Constitution. Such a provision existed in the temporary clause of the Virginia Constitution, but these clauses have already

expired by their own limitation. In the other States which adopted the understanding clauses, no man was excluded from voting because he could not understand the Constitution, though he was allowed to vote if he could understand the Constitution. The clause was inserted, not for the purpose of excluding negroes who did not interpret the Constitution as the registrar did, but for the purpose of admitting white voters who could not read. It was a bad clause, but, except in the State of Mississippi, it is no longer an existing clause in any Southern Constitution.

By the permanent provision of the amended Constitutions any negro is entitled to vote in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, if he can read and write, owns three hundred dollars' worth of property, and has paid his poll tax, which in no case exceeds three dollars. The registrars are not given by the Constitution any discretion, except perhaps discretion in judging what degree of fluency is necessary to constitute reading, within the limits of the Constitution. If a negro can read, presents his tax receipt showing that he owns three hundred dollars' worth of taxable property, and has paid his poll tax, the registrars have no option under the Constitution except to register him.

It is said that the object of those who framed these provisions was to disfranchise the negro. In determining the value of a law we have nothing whatever to do with the motives of the lawmaker. A bad law is not made good because the motives of the lawmaker were good; a good law is not made bad because the motives of the lawmaker were bad. A law is to be judged, not by the motives of the men who framed it, but by its inherent character and its actual results. In point of fact, some of the men who carried through these amendments wished to disfranchise the negroes; others of them wished to disfranchise the illiterate and the thriftless negroes; but, whatever their motives, the amendments do in fact disfranchise only the ignorant and the thriftless negroes.

It is said that these Constitutions are

not justly and equably enforced; that negroes who can read and write, who own three hundred dollars' worth of property, and who have paid their poll taxes, are refused registration. The remedy for this condition, if it exists, as in some sections it probably does exist, is not the repeal of the Constitution, but the just and equitable enforcement of the Constitution. The remedy for the non-enforcement of a good law which registers the people's will is not the abolition of the law, but the enforcement of the law.

The measures to be taken for securing the just and equitable enforcement of the Southern Constitutions are very simple. We do not say that these remedies can be easily applied; but they can be very simply discerned and defined. They are three in number, and are concurrent, not alternative or mutually exclusive, remedies. The first is, to apply to the State court for a writ of mandamus, requiring the registrars to register any negro who possesses the Constitutional qualifications. There is at present no reason for doubt that the courts would grant such a mandamus if it were properly applied for. It is not to be presumed that judges will refuse to enforce laws which the people have enacted. Northern journals and Northern orators who make this assumption are taking counsel of their prejudices. If, however, in any section the courts should refuse to enforce the provisions of the Constitution which the people have enacted, the remedy is the creation of a public opinion which will lead registrars to register negroes who, under the Constitution of the State, are entitled to be registered. Northern journals and Northern speakers can do nothing to promote such public opinion if they misrepresent the Constitutions which have been enacted and the people who have enacted them. If, on the other hand, they recognize the legitimacy of the action taken by the Southern States, and the value of the amended Constitutions which they have adopted, and appeal to them to enforce the laws which they themselves have framed, the appeal will not fall upon indifferent ears. If the State courts and public opinion in the State fail to

secure the enforcement of the Constitution which the State has adopted, there remains for the Federal Government that political action which the Supreme Court has already indicated as the true remedy for political wrongs.

Whenever a Representative is elected to Congress by palpable fraud, Congress has the power of unseating him, annulling the election and ordering a new one. If ever in a Congressional district a man is returned to Congress, and it can be proved to the satisfaction of Congress that any considerable number of voters who were entitled to vote under the State Constitution have been deprived of that right, it is within the functions of Congress—nay, it is the duty of Congress—to unseat the fraudulently elected member and order a new election; and it is the duty of Congress to repeat this process so long as the frauds are repeated. We do not need to resort to the method of lessening the number of Representatives in Congress from Southern districts on the ground that voters are deprived of their Constitutional rights in those districts. Those districts can be debarred of all representation until they respect the Constitutional rights of their own constituencies. It would be a great mistake for Congress to resort to this remedy until the other two remedies had been tried.

If the other two remedies are tried in good faith, if the appeal is made to the courts and to the public opinion of the State, concurrently, for the enforcement of the Constitution which the State itself has enacted, if this is done without vituperation, without abuse, and especially without misrepresentation, it is highly probable that in no case would resort be necessary to the third remedy which we have pointed out above.

The temporary provisions of the six Southern States are justly subject to some criticism. It must, however, be remembered that they were adopted for the purpose of enabling individuals who already had the right to vote to retain it. The problem was to limit the suffrage ultimately to classes fitted to exercise it, without at the same time depriving of the suffrage those upon whose votes the enactment of the limitation depended.

The permanent provisions of the Constitutions—and these alone are now in effect in any of the Southern States except North Carolina—are just and right provisions. Properly enforced, they are beneficent to the negro as well as to the white man. It would be well if Northern States were to follow the example which these Southern States have set to them, and were to attach similar limitations to the suffrage; and in all those States the negroes might well appoint a day of thanksgiving for the action which has made it impossible in the future for ignorant, shiftless; and corrupt negroes to misrepresent their race in political action.

Unity in Ideals

It is curious to note how theological controversies of the past have been settled, not by the riding of one party over the other, nor by agreeing to disagree, but by the discovery, either that beneath the differences there is a real and vital unity, or that the differences are rather in emphasis than in conviction. There is no such hostility between Arminians and Calvinists as there was when a Congregational minister in New England refused to allow Dr. Buckley, then a young man just entering life, to speak on temperance in a Congregational church; none such between Episcopalians and Presbyterians as there was when a Scotch church disciplined one of its members, a stonemason, for helping to build an Episcopal church; none such between Baptists and Pedobaptists as there was when a good woman in Pennsylvania shut Dr. Alexander Campbell out in the darkness and the storm one night because he rejected infant baptism. And this is not because the Arminians have persuaded the Calvinists to abandon the doctrine of divine sovereignty, or the Calvinists have persuaded the Arminians to adopt it; not because the Presbyterians are inclined to adopt the bishopric, or Pedobaptists to abandon infant baptism. But both Arminians and Calvinists have come to the very sensible conclusion that human free-will is possible under divine sovereignty; the Presbyterians are willing

that the Episcopalians should have bishops if they want them; and the Pedobaptists have learned that rejection of Pedobaptism is not synonymous with the rejection of religion.

Similarly, the Unitarian and Orthodox Congregationalists have been discovering a common basis. It is some thirty years, we believe, since the "Congregationalist," in a remarkable editorial, indicated that the battle of the past was over, and that these two bodies, both descended from a Puritan ancestry, were gradually coming together. The article created a very considerable sensation at the time, and elicited some indignant protests; but it seems to have been a prophecy written by some one who was able to see more deeply than his contemporaries beneath the superficial currents of the time. A sign that this prophecy is being fulfilled is the joint meeting of the Orthodox and Unitarian Clubs of Boston which was held on Washington's Birthday in Tremont Temple. The significance of the event was heightened by the fact that almost simultaneously exchanges had been arranged between Dr. Gordon (Orthodox) with Dr. Eells (Unitarian), and Dr. McKenzie (Orthodox) with Dr. De Normandie (Unitarian).

This joint meeting does not mean that either of the two ecclesiastical branches of the Congregational Church has surrendered its peculiar faith; it means that both have discovered beneath their diverging creeds a common faith, beneath their separated churches a common purpose. As the two separated stems of some great elm, seeming to the careless observer to be different trees, in reality proceed from one root, from which their differing growths have not separated, and in which, despite the seeming divergence of their stems, they are one; so Unitarian and Orthodox Congregationalists, proceeding from a common origin, are finding in that common origin a bond of union; they are learning that one life animates them; that they are different stems from one root. The Unitarian is not less a Unitarian, the Trinitarian is not less a Trinitarian, but both have discovered that, however they may differ in their opin-

ions respecting the mystical and metaphysical relation of Jesus Christ to the Eternal and Invisible Father, both find in the character, life, and teachings of Jesus Christ the supremest revelation of the Father which human history affords us. However they may differ in their opinions respecting the origin of sin—whether they believe that man was made upright and fell in some prehistoric epoch, or believe that he is gradually emerging through a process of evolution from the animal state into a spiritual manhood—both are agreed in the belief that in the ideal of the Creator he is a partaker of the divine nature, a true son of God, and that in the actual conditions of the present he is far from realizing this ideal. However they may differ in their definition of the combined curative and educational process by which eventually that ideal is to be realized for him and in him, both are agreed in regarding it as a process at once human and divine. Those who fix their attention on the history of the process call it evolution; those who fix their attention on the nature of the efficient cause call it redemption: but both alike recognize that the kingdom of God is like a seed planted in the ground which groweth secretly, no man knoweth how, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

This event, then, has more than a local or denominational significance. It is a sign of the times. It indicates, what is true in all denominations, that we are giving less attention to definitions and more to duties; less to an understanding of how God does his work, more to a study of the question how we are to do our work; less to the life that is to come and more to the life that now is; less to theology and more to sociology. Denominational traditions are different; and so long as churches were dominated by their traditions, they were divided. But Christian ideals are the same. And as we turn our thoughts from the past toward the future, from the denominational traditions to the Christian ideals, we find ourselves, to our surprise, seeking the same great ends, moving in the same essential direction, animated by the same dominating motive, and loyal to the same Master.

Lenten Thoughts

The True Prosperity

One of the greatest moral perils which prosperity brings in its train is absorption in external activities of every kind. When the tides of material energy are at the flood, hosts of men are swept from their spiritual moorings; not by gross temptations, but by the pressure of work and the cares which come with success. For there is nothing more exacting than success; a man pays for it to the uttermost.

The unsuccessful look at the successful and see only the influence, opportunities, and authority which follow fast on the steps of the prosperous man; they do not see the increased weight of responsibility, the added care, the hosts of claims on time and strength and means which spring up on all sides and cannot be evaded. The burden is always heavy; it is sometimes too great to be borne; for success has its tragedies no less than failure. A sudden and great popularity coming to a generous and kindly artist and writer a few years ago brought with it such a burden of correspondence and publicity, such demands upon time and sympathy, that it sapped the vitality of the kindly man who did not know how to protect himself from the invasion of the world.

Men cease to think of God because so many other things demand attention; they lose the vision of spiritual things because so many objects close at hand must be looked at and cared for. The most generous nature is often drained of the power of sympathy and the quality of helpfulness by sheer exhaustion; for he who gives himself so completely to material duties and work that the end of the day finds him a spent force has nothing left to give to higher interests and to more enduring work. The men who set out to make a fortune in order that they may live their lives as they choose, and put body and soul into their undertaking, often come face to face at the end, when the fortune has been made, with an empty life, a worn-out body, and a mind that has lost the power to enjoy.

In such a period of prosperity as that

through which the country has been passing men are imperceptibly swept along by the current, and without being aware of the changes that are being wrought in their aims and habits. The power of attention is limited even in the strongest minds, and the heart cannot have many great and deep affections. A few months ago the noise of all kinds of traffic, the rush of every sort of activity, the turmoil of workmen in eager haste to cope with undertakings too great for their present strength, seemed to drown the voices of religion, of art, of the spiritual interests. A great and terrible sound of rushing feet seemed to fill the world and deafened those who were sensitive to the unspoken cries of their time. There seemed to be no longer any place for the quiet life, the ancient sweetness of devotion, the old-time pieties. The world had become so noisy that there seemed to be no places where the still, small voice could be heard; the world had grown so crowded that there seemed to be no longer any room for God in it.

Already, as the tide ebbs a little and the machines move less swiftly and the noise diminishes, the sensitive feel the change; the old hopes revive again; the old aims become clear once more; there is time to remember God, there is room for his coming again. We pray for prosperity, and God best answers our prayers by sending a frost of adversity on all the great tropical growths with which we have surrounded ourselves; for we think of our wants and he thinks of our needs; we care for our bodies and he cares for our spirits.

Thousands of prayers are heard and answered while men wait in vain for the coming of the things they have asked for. When a man prays for prosperity, ease, comfort, and success, he means that he craves the best things for himself. God answers the real, not the spoken, prayer, and sends the man the conditions which will give him, if he accepts them, the desire of his heart; and he does not know that what he really wanted has been sent. We often pray for purity, for unselfishness, for the highest qualities of character, and forget that these things cannot be given

but must be earned. We pray for courage, and when God sends the great perils which inspire courage we do not recognize the answer to our prayer. We are continually asking for the strength and peace and power which can come only as the result of severe discipline and thorough education; and when God sends the means of this exacting training, we cry out that our prayers are unheeded and we are forgotten!

No sensible man undervalues the blessings of prosperity, but there are greater blessings in His hand who knows when to give and when to withhold, and who cares for us, not as earthly parents who rob their children of the highest happiness by sheltering them from all pain, but with the divine wisdom which looks beyond the little hour of time to the uncounted years of eternity. It is better to live than to be so absorbed in work that we cease to live; it is better to have fewer interests of the hand and more of the mind; it is better to have fewer ties that bind us to place and time and a wider freedom to enjoy God's world. Happy are they who live in the rush of the world with the dignity of immortal spirits, who take time enough for love and friendship and growth, and make room for Him in whom is man's only final prosperity.



'The Spectator

"He had such a pleasant, clever, gentlemanly face," said the lady. "And he wanted to be sociable. I should have liked to talk with him, but of course I couldn't, traveling alone."

"Will you please explain to me," said the Spectator, "what you mean? Not three minutes ago you were telling me of a most interesting and lengthy discourse you engaged upon with a fellow-traveler on the railway. This second gentleman you describe as more refined and better bred than the first. Why, pray, couldn't you talk to him?"

"Didn't I tell you I was on the parlor car? Properly speaking, you can't talk to your neighbors in a drawing-room car, can you? Of course you can do what you please in the coaches."

"No, I didn't know all that," said the Spectator. "But then I am not a woman. I don't know a great many things."

"But you must see it would never do. It isn't expected. You'd make yourself observed. It wouldn't be *nice*. Women don't travel on drawing-room cars to be sociable—on the contrary, parlor cars are for state, presumably for privacy, and the comforts of luxury, not for a good time. I never enter one of the things if I can help it. I like to do as I choose and talk to whom I please when I travel. When I am alone, I really feel safer in the coaches. In some ways a woman is much more protected there."

"I should have supposed exactly the contrary," said the Spectator. "I always insist on my women folk using the parlor cars when traveling alone."

"You may be right," said the lady, "but, as I said, I am more comfortable in the coach."

All this was a new view of the drawing-room car to the Spectator, and this conversation set him to thinking seriously of some things and to recalling some other things, and it was partly due to an awakening perception that he spent a very unhappy quarter of an hour on a parlor car only a few days later.

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The Spectator was in the parlor car solely for the purpose of getting something to eat, for he too has rather a fondness for the good company of coach traveling, though he had never before exactly analyzed why it was he found "second-class" traveling so much more agreeable than "first-class." On this occasion the Spectator had ordered his dinner and was sitting comfortably reading his newspaper when the porter brought in the customary little adjustable table and desired him to wheel his chair about, that the table might be set in place. To this same end the chair which was opposite the Spectator had also to be whirled about, thus bringing face to face with the Spectator a lady whose back had been turned to him until that moment. She also was reading, and continued to read almost as she was whirled, so absorbed was she in her magazine. She was young and pretty, with quite a charming face,

clever, pleasant, and very ladylike in general appearance.

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The Spectator was not too absorbed in his journal to take in all these details, though he was careful not to look too intrusively across the narrow board. "I am sorry that you should be disturbed," he had said when the porter whirled the young lady, and she had glanced up and smiled and bowed in that final and perfunctory kind of way with which a wise young woman accepts passing civilities from a stranger. All of which was just as it should be. Then the porter brought in the dishes for the meal, and the Spectator sat looking aghast at *two* plates, *two* knives, *two* forks—in a word, at the narrow table set *tête-à-tête*. The provisions swiftly followed. Not as double orders—not quite so bad as that; but with the usual little separate dishes crowded around the two set places. What would you have done had you been the Spectator? He himself had no objection in the world to offer to the *tête-à-tête* meal, but had he objected, was he in any position to protest? That was surely the lady's privilege, and she was still behind her magazine. What was she going to say when she came out from her shelter? That was the question. Cold chills of anticipatory mortification ran down the Spectator's back. Would she summon the minion to take away her order? The Spectator, with some experiences of parlor-car minions, hardly thought she would. What could she do? The porter knew as well as the Spectator knew it that these two orders were not for passengers in one party. What the man had done was deliberate enough, though he seemed wholly unconscious of the liberty he had taken. To him it was a mere exigency of travel, and very evidently a common one. But the Spectator had never before been its victim.

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Word for word his recent conversation with his friend was recurring to the Spectator. "It wouldn't be—*nice*," she had stated, whatever that meant, to chat with strangers in a drawing-room car. In his friend's taste and discretion on matters feminine the Spectator had en-

tire confidence. This young person opposite, with whom it seemed the Spectator was ordained to dine—how intimate that function seemed!—was, beyond any doubt whatever, “nice.” Her whole bearing proved it. Ergo, there would be no speech possible between us as we ate; and how the Spectator, who is a modest and sufficiently civil person, and yet has some humor, was to go through a whole meal eaten with a companion at such close quarters and in total silence was a pretty serious question to him.



The moment came. The porter touched the reading lady on the arm.

“Yo’ dinner is here, Miss,” he said, and the magazine fell.

The Spectator cannot remember a more uncomfortable moment. He had done no wrong, and yet he masticated his beefsteak with a sense of deep guilt and an effort to appear innocent, which was, as he was well aware, an ignominious failure. The lady cast down one look of dismayed astonishment at the spread table, and then—yes, she was plainly a well-bred, kind-hearted girl—she cast one tiny, fleeting glance at the Spectator and immediately addressed herself to the food before her. For a full five minutes this ridiculous proceeding went on. The Spectator’s dishes were inexplicably confused with his neighbor’s, but what was not in easy range of his hand he went without. His butter was his most grievous loss, anchored between the tomato and potato dishes of his vis-à-vis. Sooner than disentangle it the Spectator ate dry bread—which he hates.



But it was this heroic sacrifice on the part of the Spectator that saved the day. The young lady had cast several troubled glances toward the Spectator’s butter. She had her own butter safely corralled, and at last, bless her kind young heart! she picked up the little truant plate and held it delicately across the board toward the Spectator. “I think—this is yours,” she said, in such a nice, hesitating way. The Spectator looked up and thanked her very gravely. She looked as gravely

at the Spectator, and then—they both burst into irrepressible, prolonged laughter. It may not have been *nice*. The Spectator has no theories on the subject and wishes to create no precedent; he only knows that he had then, as he has now, the highest regard for that young girl’s common sense and the liveliest sense of gratitude for one of the pleasantest little dinners he ever attended. The company was agreeable—more than agreeable, intelligent, good-tempered, and charmingly graceful. In fact, the whole episode might have served as the opening of a love-story novel. As it was, it seemed a great waste of opportunity. For the remainder of the too short journey the Spectator acted as attendant for his dinner companion, who was traveling alone, and flattered himself that he was able to make her trip more comfortable and agreeable to her than it might otherwise have been.



* It is still a pleasant little memory to him—the graciousness and dignity of that young lady; but now and then, even as he was enjoying the experience of meeting a stranger so cultivated, so well-bred, so wise in the worldly wisdom of knowing just what to do and exactly how to do it, the Spectator was thinking to himself how few young girls there were of his acquaintance who possessed, or naturally would possess, just this poise and presence.

As the terminus was reached the Spectator watched his fair companion—whose name remained a mystery to him—walk on her way down the platform, and then he turned to the conductor of the train.

“Where is your complaint office?” asked the Spectator, sternly; and when he had penetrated to that sanctum, his first statement was:

“I have a young daughter who travels alone frequently on your line, and I want to make it clearly understood to you that until you offer proper accommodations for ladies and some privacy on your drawing-room cars, I shall see that my daughter travels with a lunch-basket and in the protection and safety of the common coach.”

Why Russia Has Gone Eastward

By Louis E. Van Norman

ONE hot day in August, three hundred and eighteen years ago, a Tartar freebooter, searching for grass for his horse along the banks of the river Irtysh, saw in the shallows the corpse of a warrior, clad in a rich coat of mail with a golden eagle on its breast. He bore it to the captain of the nearest military post, and then found that it was the body of the famous and terrible "ataman," Yermak, the Volga robber and pirate, who became the founder of Russia's Asiatic empire, the man who first crossed the Urals to take Siberia, who first saw the potential destiny of the Slav race and led it out on its great eastern exodus.

Russia is the "biggest fact" (after the United States) with which the Europe of to-day has to reckon, and that fact is becoming more momentous every year. Russia is the only country in moribund old Europe that is growing and expanding. If ever the word "coming" could be justly applied to a country, it can be so applied to Russia. Every European chancellery fears the designs of St. Petersburg, because, although no one knows just what Russia is doing, it is certain that she has, as her ultimate, relentless aim, the domination of Asia, and, through this, the overlordship of the world. Irresistible as a glacier, she moves slowly but surely, every year a little more powerful, now baffled, retiring for a little, now advancing, moving along the lines of least resistance, like water turned back at one point, at last inevitably finding its level. As an autocracy, she can do things impossible for a republic. There is no parliament to wait on; no congress whose constituents must be satisfied. The pen of the Foreign Minister in St. Petersburg steadily makes an empire.

Russia is the only country that ever expanded eastward, and she did so only because she was effectually blocked from going farther west. For years Peter the Great sought to obtain "a window open toward Europe," but Eu-

rope kept him back with the strength of desperation. Russia will yet have her window. On ground torn from Sweden, the imperial city of Peter looks with steady, relentless eyes over Scandinavia to an ice-free port on the coast of Norway, and smooths out the way by swallowing and digesting the Finns. She has not forgotten the wonderful city of Constantine in the south. But for the combined might of the West, long ago the Russian eagles would have floated from the mosques of the Golden Horn. But, in the words of a Russian diplomat, "When a pear is ready and ripe, it falls of its own accord. Why spend energy in attempting to hasten the inevitable?"

Temporarily turned back on the west, the Muscovite went eastward and found his destiny, in accordance with that blind ethnic impulse which makes him kin to the Oriental peoples. "After all," confessed the editor of one of the great dailies of the Russian capital, "after all, we Russians are more than half a yellow people ourselves. That is one secret of our success with the Asiatics."

The story of Russian expansion is one of the most wonderful in the history of nations. The long march of the Russian from the Urals towards the rising sun is even more soul-stirring and full of romance than the American pilgrimage to the setting sun; more wonderful, perhaps, because it was made before the advent of steam and the telegraph.

It would not be easy to condense the history of any western European nation into a paragraph. But with Russia it is not so difficult. The centuries of Mongol domination, of Norman ascendancy, and those of subjection to the petty princelets and Grand Dukes of Moscovy, seem blind, but they prepared the people for their mission. From the days of Peter, when the peasant soldiers fell over their long cloaks in battle with the Swedes, and were driven back with the knouts of their king to whip their

conquerors, to the humbling of China, the defiance of combined Europe, and the "bagging" of Manchuria, it is but two hundred years.

All over Russia is stamped a purpose. One sees it the first hour over the frontier. It is a purpose to conquer nature and to build up a powerful and homogeneous people.

In the Russia of to-day, vast and amœba-like as she yet is, two powerful influences are at work. These are the country estate, and the railroad—the one representing the old order, the uncouth, protoplasmic Russia of the centuries gone; the other standing for progress, and slowly but inevitably binding the Empire of the Czar to the world and life of our day. There are, in fact, two distinct Russias—the Russia of the estate and the Russia of the towns, which means the Russia of the railroad and its influences. The tourist rarely sees the Russia of the estates. The Russian is not proud of being an agriculturist, and very seldom refers to his country place. Perhaps he does not care to acknowledge how hard he has to work, or to admit the difficulties with which he has to contend. A whole chapter can be read out of the fact that the Russian word for the labor of the farmer, especially during harvest, is *strada*—from the verb *stradat*, to suffer pain or anguish.

Life on a country estate is still patriarchal, the form of life so deeply implanted in all the original Slav and Turanian races. The large estate was, and still continues to be, in certain sections of the Empire, a world in itself. Its immense size is only equaled by its almost pitiful isolation.

Near the borders of Courland I visited an estate of seventy thousand acres, the next house being twenty miles away, and the house in question thirty-eight miles from the railroad. The aristocratic, feudal idea and régime cannot but obtain under such conditions. Much of modern comfort—indeed, a surprising amount—is to be found on this place, but the life of to-day touches it at but very few points and at very wide intervals. Contentment with more or less primitive methods (because no

others are accessible), falling into the ruts of tradition and the stereotyped way of doing things, virtual imprisonment afar from the restless, curious, inventive life of the rest of the world, opposition to material progress, which, while depriving it of some of its ancient privileges, confers no adequate return—because not ready to receive it—this life must needs become stereotyped. It is so difficult to travel that provincialism in life and thought is inevitable.

The man is absolute master; the woman, the obedient vassal. The man is the autocrat of his estate. He governs well, because he loves his family. Why, say the Russians, should not the Great White Czar, who loves his subjects, be absolute master of the empire, and of the whole world, in time? Thus autocracy has become grounded in the constitution of the people. It was not originally so. Perhaps it may not always be so.

The railroad comes along and upsets all this. Originally a military necessity, it is fast becoming the artery of trade. It brings the latest invention; it makes travel easy; it broadens the view. The estate uses the railroad to send its surplus to market, and the estate people must be up to date in general, because of the stern rivalry of life which is now brought to their very doors. New social problems based on hitherto unimagined congestion of population come up; military operations are made easier; the telegraph tells what the rest of the world is doing and saying, to a simple folk who scarcely knew of the existence of a world outside of the estate.

Conceived and brought forth in the heart of a continent, surrounded on every side by other and generally hostile States, the age-long struggle of the Russian Empire has been to secure an outlet and water-front. It is that for which she is now fighting Japan. Shut out from the possibility of this in Europe, she is now actually carrying it out in Asia. Vladivostok, literally "the Dominator of the East," is the extreme monument-stone of the tremendous migration, the epic of which will have for its heroes the pioneer chieftain Yermak and the great Muravieff. These two names

sum up the history of the Russian conquest of Siberia. The father of the great Minister of Foreign Affairs added the magnificent realm of Northern Manchuria to the dominions of the Czar, and his name will stand in Russian annals with those of the adventurer Yermak and the Czar Peter.

It was Saturday night at seven, and one of the most disagreeable nights of one of the most disagreeable months in the year in Moscow—cold, bleak, damp, the rawness finding its way to your very marrow. Nothing but heavy furs will keep out that chill. The winds from the Siberian plains, unbroken in their mad race of six or seven thousand miles—for the Urals are only hills, and Europe scarcely knows when she touches Asia—came tearing over the spires and domes of this most Russian of Russian cities. It was cold, that gray, dead cold that one experiences, perhaps, only in Russia. And yet things were not frozen up. The winds are damp enough to leave mud in the roads. I stood on the platform of the great and spacious Kurski station, watching the famous Trans-Siberian express leave on its regular weekly trip for Omsk, Tomsk, and the Far East. A detachment of big, bronzed Circassians, in their gray cloaks, their picturesque regalia of cartridges, and the high white cap of sheep fleece, stood motionless at "present," waiting for the order to board the train. I did not know it then, but this very detachment was to help "turn over" Manchuria to the Czar's domain. A busy, important little man ran along, ringing a bell, and the detachment began to move toward the cars. A tall, thin, boyish fellow, with a great hooked nose, wavered a moment. But even Russian discipline was not proof against the temptation which faced him. He literally hurled himself on a little woman who stood near, nervously fingering her sirdak. "Matka," was all I heard, and it did not take a very wide acquaintance with Russian to grasp the story. In a brief space they separated, and the soldier joined his command. The train slowly steamed out of the station, and, as if by instinct, I felt in my pocket for the ticket

to the opera that evening—Glinka's "A Life for the Czar." It is the patient, hard-working, long-suffering, self-sacrificing Russian peasant and soldier, the man who never asks why, but does and dies, who has made the Empire. Russia has never been distinguished for great leaders. Her people, her common people, have gone out and taken possession of the land.

The opera began late on the evening of which I have spoken, so I accepted the invitation of a Russian friend of mine to attend the meeting of a literary society. We walked to our destination—a rather unusual proceeding in Russia. The streets were almost deserted. The oil lamps blinked and spluttered. The *isvostchik*, who usually sits stolidly on his box, could not bear the searching blast, and walked up and down, vigorously beating his arms to warm them.

In its comfortable quarters the literary society was holding its quarterly meeting. It was a cosmopolitan gathering this night. Prosperous Russian merchants, sallow-faced students, long-haired Orthodox priests, elegantly dressed ladies, members of the diplomatic corps—every class was represented. Being a stranger, I sat off modestly in one corner, and my friend, who had introduced me, made himself agreeable to his numerous acquaintances.

The exercises proceeded. Some one—a student of the University of Moscow—was reading a lengthy paper in French (so that all might understand) on Russian literature. He was saying: "Russia has now many writers, but not one of them can touch Tolstoy. He is the glory of Russia." There was a slight commotion at the door. A big, heavily built man, dressed in homespun like a *moujik*, his boots dirty with the mud of the streets, his big arms hanging loosely at his sides, with a wide nose, thick lips, and small gray eyes on a peasant face, a head set on bulky but slightly stooping shoulders, and a matted gray-white beard—but an indescribable air of power about him—stalked into the room. The "glory of Russia" in person! He looked about him, shook his head like a lion his mane, and steered directly for the sofa upon which I was sitting. He actually sat down beside me and remarked in a

pleasant voice, in French, "Good-evening." I gasped. Dare I venture a remark as to the philosophy of "War and Peace" or "The Kreutzer Sonata"? Shades of "Anna Karénina" and "The Resurrection" chased themselves through my consciousness. A strong, resonant voice broke in upon my meditation, and Count Lyoff Tolstoy, of Yasnai Poliana and the world, one of the only two men in Russia with whom the Imperial Government never interferes, remarked, in perfect, idiomatic English, "This is a very disagreeable month in Russia. I wanted to take a bicycle ride to-day, but the weather prevented. Do you ride a wheel?" Half-stunned, I murmured a scarcely intelligible reply. The clear, pleasant voice continued: "I admire the bicycle, but, really, I consider chopping wood better exercise. Don't you think so?"

Shades of Ivan the Terrible and Marshal Suwaroff! Here was the "glory of Russia"—well preserved despite his seventy years—with, by the way, the sentence of excommunication just broken over his head—attired as a moujik, deliberately discussing such mundane affairs as the bicycle, while I, who had come seven thousand miles to see him, gasped and hunted vainly for something to say that would make him divulge some grand precept of philosophy, some world-reforming sociological tenet. Finally I managed to make a remark about his books and plans. He waved off the subject deprecatingly. He said that he was not a great writer, nor a great reformer. "Some day," he declared positively, "some day, some one will come along—perhaps a little woman—and write a Russian 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and then all the abuse and oppression will go."

Perhaps it will. Prince Peter Kropotkin, the Socialist-Anarchist of royal blood, believes that the Russian people are even now ready for a republic. In the widespread social and political disturbances of the past few years he sees the end of absolutism, even the regeneration of the Orthodox Church, with its petrified ritual. It may be so. The Church itself is beginning to feel the touch of progress. Let me show you another picture.

One beautiful morning in September I drove up to the Nicolai railroad station in Moscow. It was very near train time, and I became somewhat impatient when the droshky stopped nearly a block from the station. A great crowd was surging about the building. Presently a cordon of gendarmes formed at the entrance, and gradually spread out, forming a lane or road from the building to the other side of the street.

"What is it?" I asked a military officer near by.

"*Père Jean vient*," he answered, as though surprised at my question. "*Il est toujours comme ça*."

In a few moments a spare little man in the garb of the Russian Church, with gray hair and beard, but having a singularly beautiful face, with clear pink skin, came out of the station and walked quickly through the gendarmes to the carriage which was waiting for him.

The crowd was literally on its tiptoes and surging forward persistently. An elegantly appointed carriage forced its way through the crush, and a richly dressed lady, evidently of exalted rank, alighted. The police made way respectfully. On foot she proceeded to the carriage in which sat the little cleric. She seized his hand, and kissed it reverently. He leaned over, spread his hands above her head, and blessed her. Then he turned and said something to the police. Immediately a commotion arose in the crowd. One by one they were permitted to approach the carriage, and kiss his hand. After the lady came two dirty moujiks, one still holding the pick with which he had been working on the railroad. The little priest in the carriage pulled out from a bag a bundle of what looked like yellow paper, and began to hand out bits of it rapidly to the crowd. I jumped out of the droshky and pressed closer. He was giving out three-ruble notes so quickly that I could not keep count of them. I found myself again near the polite military officer, and he volunteered further explanations.

"Father John has been called to Moscow," he said, "to pray for the Princess A——[naming a lady high in aristocratic circles], who is ill. She has sent him a sum of money—probably three or four

hundred rubles—for his work, and you see how he is using it.”

John Ilyitch Sergieff, of the Cathedral of St. Andrew's, Cronstadt, the man whom all Russia believes in and loves, is the general almoner of the Empire. When a rich man wants to give money for a benevolent or charitable object, and does not know just how or where to bestow it, he gives it unreservedly and absolutely to the little priest, who distributes it wisely and with scrupulous unselfishness. Millions of rubles pass through his hands every year; yet he is a poor man. He lives humbly, and even denies himself many of what we might call the necessities of life. Boats and trains in which he journeys are so besieged by crowds that he has to ask police aid in getting to his destination. When he comes to St. Petersburg, the news spreads like wildfire, and the crowds run madly to get near his presence, to receive his blessing, or to beg his attendance on sick relatives or friends. His power in prayer is believed in all over Russia,

and many instances of answers to prayer, resulting in the cure of sick persons, are cited. Many of the cures are almost incredible.

If the Orthodox Church can produce more men of this stamp, has it not grasped the meaning of the present, and taken hold of the future?

The country estate and the railroad in Russia are coming together. The latter is bringing the former to the world of to-day. The railroad has already taken the Russian flag from the Neva to the Yellow Sea, and it will not stop there. The Russian believes in his mission, and holds that to be the possession or control of all Asia. If his diplomacy is more subtle and less scrupulous than that of other nations, his large ambitions are natural, and, in a certain sense, legitimate. One may doubt whether their scale is not too colossal for the welfare of the world. But it is quite certain that the Russian eagle will not be fully satisfied until he sweeps the entire Pacific coast of Asia.

A Practical Reformer

By Slason Thompson

WHEN the late John H. Hamline was asked why he accepted a place on the first Civil Service Commission ever named in Chicago, tendered him by a Mayor notoriously hostile to the merit system, he replied: "When I am going anywhere, I don't wait for a star; I hitch my cart to anything going my way."

And he got on board the cart which Mayor Hopkins had cunningly built to dump both the reform and the reformer, and succeeded in making it a vehicle which helped to bear both on toward the passage of the best civil service statute so far enacted for the deliverance of an American city from the spoils system. There was no salary connected with that appointment, but there was an opportunity to fight for merit as the rule for the reorganization of the police force of Chicago; and, next to doing his full civic duty, John H. Hamline loved a fight at close quarters.

Outside observers of municipal reform in Chicago have been wont to reckon its initiation from the inauguration of the Municipal Voters' League, nine years ago. But the real genesis of the movement for its emancipation from the grip of "graft" and "boodle" in the City Council dates back to the election of Mr. Hamline as Alderman from the old Third Ward, in the spring of 1887, if not to the explosion of the Anarchist bomb in Haymarket Square the year before. Although he was only thirty years old at that time, Mr. Hamline had already achieved a marked success at the bar, and was a force to be reckoned with on all questions affecting the public interest. He was a stalwart Republican, and through his twenty years of active work as a local reformer he never balked from associating with and supporting in National politics the men whose pernicious activity in local affairs made the road to reform difficult and

discouraging. This course, however inexplicable to reformers who dream on and do nothing, eventually enabled Mr. Hamline to accomplish more for Chicago than many of his contemporaries who, in the crucial hour, drew the drape of their dreams about them and lay down to fresh dreams of lifting Chicago out of the mire with the dulcet strains of strenuous resolutions. So straight and true did he steer his course that reformers and machine politicians gathered at his funeral recently to pay their common tribute of respect to a man who never betrayed a friend or fouled an adversary.

John H. Hamline had no sooner set foot in the City Council than he locked horns with the boodler gang then in control of its majority, and the word went forth that he was to be suppressed. The opportunity to attempt this was not long deferred in a body whose principal business then was the granting of special municipal privileges on the payment of a *quid pro quo* to the leaders of the Council and not to the city treasury. An elevated railway ordinance afforded it. Mr. Hamline, among other amendments not acceptable to the elevated company or its friends in the Council, moved that it pay two per cent. per annum of its gross receipts for the first two years and thereafter five per cent. to the city, and proceeded to address the Chair in favor of his amendment. The Chair, however, was occupied temporarily by an Alderman who has since been characterized as a "gray wolf," and he started to hammer Mr. Hamline off the floor with his gavel. But the latter held his ground until, in a lull in the tumult, he was able to make himself heard to this effect: "The strength and nature of the influences behind this ordinance can be judged from the fact that they are able to insure its passage by electing as temporary Chairman to-night a man notorious as boodler-in-chief of this body." Then, with Mr. Hamline still speaking, the boodler Chairman recognized the motion of a fellow-boodler to lay the amendment on the table, and declared the motion carried.

The amendment offered by Mr. Hamline at that time was the first of a series

of efforts to secure for the city a share in moneys derived by private companies from the use of city property. Before he was gerrymandered out of the Council by a reapportionment that threw the Third Ward in with the Second, in which the "gray wolf" element then held undisputed sway, Mr. Hamline introduced and came within one vote of securing the passage of an ordinance to reform the civil service. This was in 1889, and from that day the fight for reform was never permitted to flag until the victory was finally won from a reluctant Legislature and a recalcitrant Governor.

How this was accomplished is the story of how a small band of practical reformers wrung from a spoils-ridden Legislature a merit law of unprecedented excellence. Mr. Hamline was President of the Union League Club of Chicago at that time (1895), and he, in company with Edgar A. Bancroft, a devoted advocate of the merit system, and the writer, then editor of the Chicago "Evening Journal," composed a select trio of skirmishers inside the larger committee headed by Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and the late John W. Ela, which went to Springfield on behalf of the reform bill. This was drawn by Mr. Hamline and Mr. Ela, and they had incorporated in it every good point they could gather from National and State enactments on the subject, reinforced by their experience on the commission appointed by Mayor Hopkins above referred to. Arrived at Springfield, the larger committee did all the public talking and held innumerable conferences with the committees of the House and Senate, while we three skirmishers mixed with the Senators and Representatives and held nightly councils with the late John R. Tanner, subsequently Governor and then Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and other leaders of the party in control at the State Capitol. And here I might bear witness to the fact that, though an unwilling recruit to the cause of Civil Service Reform, without his counsel and assistance the statute of 1895 would never have got beyond its introductory stage. Senator "Hank" Evans, who had no more

use for Civil Service Reform than Mr. Tanner for the skim milk to which he said it would reduce political patronage, was also a friend in the hour when the bill needed friends who controlled votes.

It came to a point where a few votes in both houses controlled by a Republican leader in Chicago were necessary to the passage of the bill. That leader was seeking re-election to the Council, and the reform element in his ward, backed by the newspapers of his own party, were exposing his record with a vigor that promised his overwhelming defeat and disgrace. The intimation was conveyed to Hamline and the writer that the only way to get the necessary votes of the Chicago legislators for the reform bill was to call off the fight on their boss and permit his re-election. We could not promise that the fight in his ward would be abandoned, but it was decided that the writer should return to Chicago and see the editor of the "Tribune," and if it would join the "Journal" in abandoning the fight on the boss, the necessary votes would be forthcoming from his henchmen in the Legislature. Mr. Robert M. Patterson, managing editor of the "Tribune," was seen and his approval of the programme secured, the fierce attacks on the Council leader in the "Tribune" and "Journal" were silenced, the votes we needed were delivered, Mr. Tanner and Senator Evans kept faith and swallowed their medicine like true men, and the bill was passed, with only one compromise embodied in it—that which provided an interim of "not less than forty nor more than ninety days" between the taking effect of the act and the appointment of the commissioners under it. The Egyptians of both parties in the Legislature were the readier to let the bill go through without serious change because they were confident that the more stringent its provisions the more certain would be its rejection by the popular vote. As another condition, the Republican Egyptians secured a promise from the Republicans among the reformers that they would give active support to George B. Swift, the Republican candidate for Mayor, and we willingly promised him 50,000 votes. The act was passed

March 20, barely in time to permit of its being submitted to the voters at the ensuing mayoralty election, which that year fell on April 2.

Before Governor Altgeld would sign the bill he exacted from its advocates a round robin, signed by a majority of the Senate and House, that the Legislature would forthwith pass an amendment to Section 8, relating to salaries and expenses. The amendment was of little consequence, but the exaction of a signed promise to pass it nearly brought all our labors to naught. We had more difficulty in overcoming the indignation of the Republican leaders than in getting them to vote for the original bill. We finally persuaded them that without our active support Swift would be defeated, and, to Governor Altgeld's disappointment, they furnished us with the round robin, and the bill, with its emergency clause, was signed.

With not a single day to spare, we returned to Chicago and took off our coats for the twelve-day campaign for the popular vote on the bill. Mr. Hamline not only took off his coat but closed his desk and rolled up his sleeves to fight with greater freedom for what he regarded as the sole hope for the regeneration of Chicago. Merit reform meetings were held in every quarter of the city. We devoted especial pains to convincing the patrolmen that the measure was not intended to legislate them out of their places, but to emancipate them from the tyranny of spoils and pull. We turned the station-houses into camps for the proselyting of the police. The politicians stood aloof sneering at our enthusiasm, and confident to the last that we were a lot of poor, deluded fanatics. When the votes were counted, Mayor Swift was elected by a plurality of 40,759, while the new civil service law was adopted by a majority of 49,985.

John H. Hamline had more to do in securing the passage of that law and its adoption by that splendid popular majority than any other man in the State of Illinois. And yet on the death of John W. Ela Mr. Hamline publicly placed the credit of leadership in this movement among the accomplishments which

crowned the work of that devoted advocate of Civil Service Reform. That was like John Hamline.

From April 2, 1895, to this day the merit law in Chicago has been subjected to the strain of constant though sometimes secret executive opposition. Mayor Swift exercised his spoils prerogatives during the ninety days allowed by the act and then appointed an admirable Commission which formulated an excellent code of regulations, but served to protect the Mayor's partisan appointees. This Commission was quickly put out of commission by Mayor Harrison, and its successors were selected to turn the merit system into a farce. After prostituting the Commission to partisan ends for four years, Mayor Harrison finally thought it good politics to follow Mayor Swift's example, and appointed a strong Commission, which he has permitted to be greatly weakened since the death of Mr. Ela. But the law still lives, and has been upheld by the courts against many attacks made upon it both within and without the administration. It is John Hamline's monument; but there are others more local in their character, such as his successful fight in the courts against the encroachments of the Illinois Central Railroad on the Lake Front and in the Legislature against the Humphrey and Allen bills, two measures of vital local interest to Chicago. And, with all

his untiring and disinterested activities in the political reform and club life of Chicago, John Hamline found time to achieve such prominence in his chosen profession that I find these truthful words in a recommendation sent to President Roosevelt not so long ago: "In character as in performance, he is, and he is recognized as, one of the best and strongest civic forces in Chicago. He is a practical reformer, who has made reforms popular. He has done things. He has neither neglected his profession nor his civic duties; he is a leader in both."

I may conclude this article by saying that at the time the above was written John Hamline, in the maturity of his power, was willing to surrender an income of over \$20,000 a year from his profession for the honor of rendering high public service on the Federal bench. Moreover, John Hamline was, what so few men in public and business life are, the captain of his own "unconquerable soul." The fly-leaf of the last pamphlet which he issued in fulfillment of what he regarded as a public duty, and which was being mailed as his body was being borne to its last resting-place, bore as its motto:

"O Neptune, you may save me, if you will; you may sink me, if you will; but, whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true."

To Sleep

By Harvey Carson Grumbine

The day is done, and, stalking through the town,
Swarth night's abroad, clad in his sable vest,
And burghers stout ensconced are at rest
Upon their pillows lavendered, of down.
Thus fortified, I scout the glooming frown
Of sable night within my sun-bleached nest,
And heal my beating temples on the breast
Of sweet repose upon my couch of down,—
Of sweet repose, the sweeter that dull care
Hath heavy hung amid the heat of day;
The sweeter now for that I strive and dare
And hew and draw upon the dusty way
At noon, as when reveille thrills the air:
Then haste thee, sleep, on me thy guerdon lay!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN'

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter XIII.—The President's Policies

I SAID I would not meddle with the President's policies, and neither will I from the point of view of statecraft; for of that I know less than nothing. But how now, looking at them through the man I have tried to show you? Do his "policies" not become the plain expression of his character, of the man? Ask yourself and answer the question whether he has "made good" the promise which any one not willfully blind could see. Lots of people were uneasy when he became President. It was natural, in the excitement over the murder of President McKinley. Roosevelt was young, he was hot-headed, hasty, things were going to be upset—that was what we heard. Perhaps they looked back and saw that no Vice-President had ever succeeded who did not dismiss the Cabinet of his dead chief and set up for himself. But this President did not let the day pass, upon which he took the oath, without asking McKinley's advisers to stay and be his, all of them. It was politically wise, for it allayed the unrest. But it was something besides that: it was the natural thing for Roosevelt to do. He knew the Cabinet, and what they could do.

"You know well enough," he said once, when we were speaking of it, "that I am after the thing to be done. It is the fitness of the tool to do the work I am concerned about, not my inventing of it. What does that matter?"

He found in Attorney-General Knox, for instance, a corporation lawyer whose very experience as such had made him see clearly the unwisdom, to look at it merely from the point of view of their

own security, of the arrogance that lay ill concealed at the bottom of the dealings of organized wealth with the rest of mankind. And splendidly has he battled for the rights of us all—theirs and ours. The utter mystery to me is that corporate wealth has not long before this made out that there can be no worse misfit and no greater peril to itself in a government of the people than to have the feeling grow that money can buy unfair privilege. "But it is true, and always has been," says my Wall Street neighbor who has the courage of his convictions. Then, if that be so, is he so blind that he cannot see the danger of it, since the very soul of the Republic is in the challenge that it shall not be true forever; that, with every just premium on honest industry, men shall have somewhere near a fair chance at the start; that they shall not be damned into economic slavery any more than into political slavery? Is he so blind that he cannot see that the irrepressible conflict cannot be sidetracked by any subterfuge, by the purchase of delegations, the plotting of politicians, the defeat of Presidents? I used to think that the great captains of industry must be the wisest of men, and so indeed they need be in their special fields. But where is their common sense that they cannot see so plain a thing?

Unless, indeed, they think that the Republic is a mere fake, government by the people and of the people and for the people a fad, a phrase behind which to plot securely for a hundred years more—life with no other meaning than to fill pockets and belly while they last! In which case I pity them from the bottom of my heart. For what a meaning to

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read into life, one little end of which lies within our ken, with the key to all the rest, as far as we are able to grasp it here, in fair dealing with the brother!

I have said that I speak for myself in these pages; but for once you may take it that I speak for Theodore Roosevelt too. That is what he thinks. That is the underlying thought of his oft-expressed philosophy, that the poorest plan for an American to act upon is that of "some men down," and the safest that of "all men up." For, whether for good or ill, up we go or down, poor and rich, white or black, all of us together, in the end, in the things that make for real manhood. And the making of that manhood and the bringing of it to the affairs of life and making it tell there, is the business of the Republic.

How, so thinking, could he have taken any other attitude than he has on the questions that seem crowding to a solution these days because there is at last a man at the head who will not dodge, but deal squarely with them as they come? How should he have "intended insult" to the South, whose blood flowed in his mother's veins, when he bade to his table one of the most distinguished citizens of our day, by whose company at tea Queen Victoria thought herself honored, because he represents the effort, the hope, of raising a whole race of men—our black-skinned fellow-citizens—up to the grasp of what citizenship means? And where is there a man fool enough to believe that the clamor of silly reactionists whom history, whom life, have taught nothing, should move him one hair's breadth from the thing he knows is right—even from "the independent and fearless course he has followed in his attempt to secure decent and clean officials in the South"? I am quoting from the Montgomery (Alabama) "Times," a manly Democratic newspaper that is not afraid of telling the truth. I have just now read the clear, patient, and statesmanlike answer of Carl Schurz to the question, "Can the South solve the negro problem?" He thinks it can if it will follow its best impulses and its clearest sense, not the ranting of those who would tempt it to moral and economic ruin with the old

ignorant cry of "Keep the nigger down!" And I know that the South has no truer and fairer friend in that cause than the President, who believes in "all men up," and who, with genuine statesmanship, looks beyond the strife and the prejudice of to-day to the harvest-time that is coming.

"On this whole question," he sighed, when we had threshed it over one day, "we are in a back eddy. I don't know how we are going to get out, or when. The one way I know that does not lead out is for us to revert to a condition of semi-slavery. That leads us farther in, *because it does not stop there.*"

Let the South ponder it well, for it is true. And let it be glad that there is a man in the White House to voice its better self. "A nation cannot remain half free and half slave" or half peon. And it can never throw off its industrial fetters and take the place to which it is entitled until it is willing to build upon the dignity of manhood and of labor, of which serfdom, by whatever name, is the flat denial.

Truly, the world moves with giant strides once the policy of postponement is sidetracked and notice is served that the man at the throttle is willing to give ear. I wonder now how many of us, when it comes right down to hard facts, consider government, the Republic, the general scheme of the world, a kind of *modus vivendi* to make sure *we* are not interfered with while we are at the game—never mind the rest? But yesterday the shout arose that the President was inviting "labor men" to break bread at the White House—white men, these. Well, why not labor men, if they are otherwise fit companions for the President of the United States? That these were, no one questioned. It was at that luncheon, I suppose, that one of them made the remark that at last there was a hearing for him and his fellows. I have forgotten the precise occasion, but I remember the President's pregnant answer:

"Yes! The White House door, while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the labor man as for the capitalist, *and no easier.*"

It seems as if it was in the same week

that the President had been denounced in labor meetings as "unfriendly" because he would not let union rules supersede United States law in the office of the public printer. Only a little while before, resolutions of organized labor had denounced him as "unfair" because he had opposed mob-rule with rifles in an Arizona mining dispute, and the editors of "organs" that had not yet got through denouncing him as a time-server because of his action in the anthracite coal strike were having a hard and bewildering time of it. How many of their readers they succeeded in mixing up besides themselves, I don't know. Some, no doubt; for even so groundless a lie as this, that President Roosevelt had jumped Leonard Wood over four hundred and fifty veteran soldiers to a major-generalship because he was his friend, found believers when it was repeated day after day by the newspapers that cared even less for the four hundred and fifty veterans than they did for Leonard Wood, merely using him as a convenient screen from behind which to hit Roosevelt. Whereas the truth is that General Wood was not "jumped" a single number by his friend, but came up for confirmation in the regular routine of promotion by seniority of rank, all the jumping having been done years before by President McKinley for cause, and heartily applauded by the American people. Of all this his defamers were perfectly well aware; and so they must have been of the facts in the labor situation, of which they tried to make capital, if I may use so odd a term. It was just as simple as all the rest of President Roosevelt's doings.

"Finance, tariff," he said to me once—"these are important. But the question of the relations of capital and labor is vital. Your children and mine will be happy in this country of ours, or the reverse, according to whether the decent man in 1950 feels friendly toward the other decent man whether he is a wage-worker or not. 'I am for labor,' or 'I am for capital,' substitutes something else for the immutable laws of righteousness. The one and the other would let the class man in, and letting him in is the

one thing that will most quickly eat out the heart of the Republic. I am neither for labor nor for capital, but for the decent man against the selfish and indecent man who will not act squarely."

To a President of that mind came the coal-strike question in October, 1902, with its demand for action in a new and untried field—a perilous field for a man with political aspirations, that was made clear without delay. Then, if ever, was the time for the policy of postponement, had his personal interests weighed heavier in the scale than the public good. To me, sitting by and watching the strife of passions aroused all over the land, it brought a revelation of the need of charity for the neighbor who does not know. From the West, where they burn soft coal, and could know nothing of the emergency, but where they had had their own troubles with the miners, came counsel to let things alone. Men who thought I had the President's ear sent messages of caution. "Go slow," was their burden; "tell him not to be hasty, not to interfere." While from the Atlantic seaboard cities, where coal was twelve dollars a ton, with every bin empty and winter at the door, such a cry of dread went up as no one who heard it ever wants to hear again. From my own city, with its three million toilers, Mayor Low telegraphed to the President:

I cannot emphasize too strongly the immense injustice of the existing coal situation to millions of innocent people. The welfare of a large section of the country imperatively demands the immediate resumption of anthracite coal mining. In the name of the City of New York I desire to protest, through you, against the continuance of the existing situation, which, if prolonged, involves, at the very least, the certainty of great suffering and heavy loss to the inhabitants of this city, in common with many others.

Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, came on to Washington to plead the cause of the Eastern cities, whose plight, if anything, was worse. The miners stood upon their rights. Organized capital scouted interference defiantly, threatening disaster to the Republican party if the President stepped in. The cry of the cities swelled into a wail of anguish and despair, and still the mines were idle, the tracks of the coal roads blocked for miles with empty cars. In

the midst of it all the "hasty" man in the White House wrote in reply to my anxious inquiry:

"I am slowly going on, step by step, working within my limited range of powers and endeavoring neither to shirk any responsibilities nor yet to be drawn into such hasty and violent action as almost invariably provokes reaction."

Long after it was over, Secretary of the Navy Moody told me of what was happening then in Washington.

"I remember the President sitting with his game leg in a chair while the doctors dressed it," he said (it was after the accident in Massachusetts in which the President's coach was smashed and the secret service man on the driver's seat killed). "It hurt, and now and then he would wince a bit, while he discussed the strike and the appeals for help that grew more urgent with every passing hour. The outlook was grave; it seemed as if the cost of interference might be political death. I saw how it tugged at him, just when he saw chances of serving his country which he had longed for all the years, to meet—this. It was human nature to halt. He halted long enough to hear it all out: the story of the suffering in the big coast cities, of schools closing, hospitals without fuel, of the poor shivering in their homes. Then he set his face grimly and said:

"Yes, I will do it. I suppose that ends me; but it is right, and I will do it."

"I don't agree with labor in all its demands," added the Secretary. "I think it is unreasonable in some of them, or some of its representatives are. But in the main line it is eternally right, and it is only by owning it and helping it to its rights that we can successfully choke off the exorbitant demands." And in my soul I said amen, and was glad that with such problems to solve the President had found such friends to help.

Many times during the anxious days that followed I thought with wonder of the purblind folk who called Roosevelt hasty. For it seemed sometimes as if the insolence of the coal magnates were meant to provoke him to anger. But no

word betrayed what he felt, what thousands of his fellow-citizens felt as they read the reports of the conferences at the White House. The most consummate statesmanship steered us safely between reefs that beset the parley at every point, and the country was saved from a calamity the extent and consequences of which it is hard to imagine. Judge Gray, the chairman of the commission that settled the strike, said, when it was all history, that the crisis confronting the President "was more grave and threatening than any since the Civil War, threatening not only the comfort and health, but the safety and good order of the Nation." And he gave to the President unstinted praise for what he did. The London "Times," speaking for all Europe in hailing the entrance of government upon a new field full of great possibilities, said editorially, "In the most quiet and unobtrusive manner, President Roosevelt has done a very big thing and an entirely new thing."

He alone knew at what cost. Invalid, undergoing daily agony as the doctors scraped the bone of his injured leg, he wrote to the Governor of Massachusetts, who sent him "the thanks of every man, woman, and child in the country":

"Yes, we have put it through. But, heavens and earth! it has been a struggle."

It was the nearest I ever knew him to come to showing the strain he had been under.

The story of the strike and of how it was settled by the President's commission, none of us has forgotten. That commission did not make permanent peace between capital and labor, but it took a longer stride toward making a lasting basis for such a peace than we had taken yet; and I can easily understand the President's statement to me that, if there were nothing else to his credit, he would be content to go out of office upon that record alone. For it was truly a service to render. I had supposed that we all understood, until I ran up against a capitalistic friend of the "irreconcilable" stripe. He complained bitterly of the President's mixing in; had he kept his hands off, the strike would have settled itself in a very

little while; the miners would have gone back to work. I said that I saw no sign of it.

No, he supposed not; but it was so, all the same. "We had their leaders all bought," said he.

He lied, to be plain about it, for John Mitchell and his men had proved abundantly that they were not that kind. And, besides, he could not speak for the mine operators; he was not one of them. But the thing was not for whom he spoke, but what it was he said, with such callous unconcern. Think of it for a moment, and tell me which was, when all is said and done, the greater danger: the strike, with *all* it might have stood for, or the cynicism that framed that speech? The country might outlive the horrors of a coal famine in midwinter, but this other thing would kill as sure as slow poison. Mob-rule was not to be feared like that.

There comes to my mind, by contrast, something John Mitchell said to the Southwestern Miners' Convention, after the strike, that shows the quality of the man and of his leadership.

"Some men," he said, "who own the mines, think they own the men, too; and some men who work in the mines think they own them. Both are wrong. The mines belong to the owners. You belong to yourselves."

Upon those who said that the President had surrendered the country, horse, foot, and dragoons, to organized labor, his action a few months later, in sending troops within the hour in which they were demanded to prevent violence by miners in Arizona, ought to have put a quietus. But it did not; they gibbered away as before. The reason is plain: they did not themselves believe what they said. The Miller case followed hard upon it, with no better effect. But the Miller case is so eloquent both of the President's stand upon this most urgent of all questions in our day, and of his diplomacy—which is nothing else than his honest effort, with all the light he can get upon a thing, to do the right as he sees it—that it is worth setting down here as part of his record, and a part to be remembered.

Miller was an assistant foreman in

the Government bookbindery. He was discharged by the public printer, upon the demand of organized labor, on charges of "flagrant non-unionism," he having been expelled from Local Union No. 4 of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders. His discharge was in defiance of the civil service laws, and, the matter having come before the President, he ordered that he be reinstated. In doing so, he pointed to this finding of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission which organized labor had accepted:

It is adjudged and awarded that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization.

"It is, of course," was the President's comment, "mere elementary decency to require that all the Government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principle thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated." But there are people who do not understand, on both sides of the line. Seventy-two unions in the Central Labor Union of the District of Columbia "resolved" that to reinstate Miller was "an unfriendly act." The big leaders, including Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell, came to plead with the President. Miller was not fit, they said.

That was another matter, replied the President. He would find out. As to Miller's being a non-union man, the law he was sworn to enforce recognized no such distinction. "I am President," he said, "of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social distinction. In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him."

The newspapers did not tell us that the White House rang with applause, as did Clarendon Hall on that other occasion when he met the labor men as a

police commissioner. I do not know whether it did or not, for I was not there. But if in their hearts there was no response to that sentiment, they did not represent the best in their cause or in their people; for of nothing am I better persuaded than that, as the President said in his Labor Day speech at Syracuse, "Our average fellow-citizen is a sane and healthy man who believes in decency and has a wholesome mind." And that was the gospel of sanity and decency and wholesomeness all rolled into one.

Well, these are his policies. Can any one who has followed me so far in my effort to show what Theodore Roosevelt is, and why he is what he is, conceive of his having any other? And is there an American worthy of the name who would want him to have any other? Cuba is free, and she thanks President Roosevelt for her freedom. But for his insistence that the Nation's honor was bound up in the completion of the work his Rough Riders began at Las Guasimas and on San Juan hill, a cold conspiracy of business greed would have left her in the lurch, to fall by and by reluctantly into our arms, bankrupt and helpless, while the sneer of the cynics that we were plucking that plum for ourselves would have been justified. The Venezuela imbroglio that threatened the peace of the world has added, instead, to the prestige of the Hague Court of Arbitration through the wisdom and lofty public spirit of the American President. The man who was called hasty and unsafe has done more for the permanent peace of the world than all the diplomats of the day. The Panama Canal is at last to be a fact, with benefit which no one can reckon to the commerce of the world, of our land, and most of all to the Southern States, that are trying to wake up from their long sleep. I confess that the half-hearted criticism I hear of the way of the Administration with Panama provokes in me a desire to laugh; for it reminds me of the way the case was put to me by a man, than whom there is no one in the United States who should know better.

"It is just," he said, "as if a fellow were to try to hold you up, and you were to wrench the gun away from him, so"

—with an expressive gesture; "and then some bystander should cry out, 'Oh, the poor fellow! you've taken away his gun! Maybe he wouldn't have shot at all; and then it is his gun, anyway, and you such a big fellow, and he so small. Oh, shame!'"

We can smile now, but Assistant Secretary of State Loomis lifted the curtain enough, the other day, to give us a glimpse of what might have been, had the Colombian plot to confiscate the French canal company's forty millions of property, when the concession lapsed in another year, been allowed to hatch. Half the world might have been at war then. I think we may all well be glad, as he truly said, that "there was in Washington, upon this truly fateful occasion, a man who possessed the insight, the knowledge, the spirit, and the courage to seize the opportunity to strike a blow, the results of which can be fraught only with peace and good to the whole world."

I am not a jingo; but when some things happen I just have to get up and cheer. The way our modern American diplomacy goes about things is one of them. You remember, don't you, when the captains were conferring at Tientsin about going to the relief of the Ministers there that were besieged in their embassies, and the little jealous rivalries of the powers would not let them get anywhere, the French and Russians pulling one way, the Germans another, the British another, and so on, how Captain McCalla got up and said:

"Well, gentlemen, you have talked this matter over pretty thoroughly and have come to no decision. And now I will tell you what I am going to do. My Minister is in danger, and I am going to Peking." Wherefore they all went.

I had to cheer then, and I have to give a cheer off and on yet for the man at the helm, and to thank God that he sent me over the sea to cast in my lot with a country and with a people that do not everlastingly follow worm-eaten precedent, but are young enough and strong enough and daring enough to make it when need be.

"But about his financial policy, about his war upon the trusts, the corporations,

which they say is going to defeat him for re-election, you have said nothing. You have offered no defense." Well, good friend, if you have found nothing in these pages that answers your question, I am afraid there is little use in my saying anything now on the subject. Defense I have not offered, because, in the first place, I am quite unable to see that there is need of any. If there were, I should think the coal strike experience, or, later yet, the disclosures in the ship-building trust case as to what it is that ails Wall Street, would have given everybody all the information he could wish. The President is not, Congress is not, making war upon corporations, upon capital. They are trying to hold them—through publicity, by compelling them to obey the laws their smaller competitors have to bow to, and in any other lawful and reasonable way—to such responsibility that they shall not become a power full of peril to the people and to themselves. For that might mean much and grave mischief—would mean, indeed, unless the people were willing to abdicate, which I think they are not. That mischief I should like to see averted.

"It is not designed to restrict or control the fullest liberty of legitimate business action"—I quote from the President's last message—and none such can follow. "Publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation. The only corporation that has cause to dread it is the corporation which shrinks from the light, and about the welfare of such we need not be over-sensitive. The work of the Department of Commerce and Labor has been conditioned upon this theory, of securing fair treatment alike for labor and capital."

That is all, and nothing has been done that is not in that spirit. Perhaps it is natural that a corporation like the Standard Oil Company, which has amassed enormous wealth through a monopoly that enabled it to dictate its own freight rates to the utter annihilation of its competitors, should object to have the Government step in and try to curtail unfair profits. Perhaps it is natural for it to object to the anti-rebate law, though it comes too late to check its greed.

Perhaps it is natural for some specu-

lating concerns to wish to keep their business to themselves; but it seems to me we have seen enough swindling exposed, to be plain about it, these last few months, to make a good many people wish there had been some way of finding out the facts before it was too late. That, again, is all there is to that. Nobody is to be hurt, nobody can be hurt, except the one that deserves to be. I have faith enough in the American people to believe that the time has not yet come, and will not soon come, when the speculators can defeat a man running for the Presidency on the platform of an equal chance to all and special favors to none. If they can, it is time we knew it.

And, in the next place, I have not the least idea in the world that the men who are plotting against the President do, or ever did, seriously question the fairness of his policy. It is him they do not want. Let a witness that is certainly on the inside tell why. I quote from an editorial in the "Wall Street News"—another newspaper that dares to tell the truth, it seems:

It is not because President Roosevelt is antagonistic to capital, or a partner in that hatred of wealth which is so odious and so threatening, that certain financial interests, expert in the manipulation of the markets, are scheming to prevent his election to a second term. They know very well that he is no enemy to capital. They know that by birth-right, by education, and by long political training he is a supporter of sound money, an advocate of a protective tariff, a firm upholder of the rights of property. They know that he is the last man in the world to lead in an assault on capital lawfully applied to the development of the commercial enterprises of the country. They have no fear that he will be led by ambition or impulse into paths of socialism, or that he will for one moment give the authority of his name and office to the aid of organized labor in any movement to crush out competition, and thus to establish a monopoly more destructive to the interests of the country than even the most corrupt, oppressive, and powerful trust.

What, then, is the reason why these financial interests are scheming to defeat him? The answer is plain.

They cannot control him.

All efforts to control him through his ambition have failed. Any attempt to control him by grosser forms of bribery would, of course, be useless. Effort to move him by sophistical arguments framed by clever cor-

puration lawyers into departure from the paths of duty and law have not succeeded. He is a friend of capital. He is a friend of labor. But he is no slave of either.

And so those Wall Street interests have decided that he is to be driven out of office. They will prevent his renomination, if they can. If not, they will try to beat him at the polls with money. "All the money is to be on the other side this year." They made the begin-

ning in New York this last fall. It is no secret that enormous amounts of money were thrown into the campaign in the last two weeks to turn the election. Low and reform were sacrificed. Next it is to be Roosevelt. "Money talks," is their creed. Other arguments are wasted.

Well, as to that, we shall see. There is still the American people to hear from.

[THE END]

A Free National System of Music

By Fannie Edgar Thomas

TO imagine the value of a free national system of music education, we must first imagine all our public schools swept out of existence. Imagine then our general education in the hands of whoever wished to put out a shingle as a teacher—here an old maid, there a young one; here a broken-down minister, there a well-set-up one; here a bigot, there an atheist; here a dyspeptic who loathes the whole thing, there one capable, efficient, conscientious, born teacher. All these people must live. And they must live upon the money of those who desire to learn. Each one has his trumpet and drum calling out: "I, I, I! Come to me! I am the one to teach you. All the others will harm you. I will not. Come to me, me, me!"

Of course the one with the loudest call and strongest drum gets the following. But when a pupil goes in at one door, who is there to say that he may not better have gone in at another? When the door is closed upon that teacher and pupil, who is there to see to it that much harm instead of much good is not being accomplished? Who, indeed, to see that anything at all is being done, or that parents and pupils are getting the worth of their money?

Nobody. Nothing.

On the other hand, imagine the position of the teacher, however able, however conscientious, however well-intentioned, before the problem of keeping pupils in the school and out of competitors' hands. When a monthly fee and

an educational principle come to be weighed one against the other, which do you imagine is going to win in the battle for bread, not to speak of place and power?

Imagine the general intelligence of this country dependent upon such a system of education. It was so once. But it did not long so remain. It did not require long for our young, strong, virile intuition to see that such a course was not for us—to see that a free national system of education was a necessity of the intelligence of a republic.

And it was so. Witness the result; the strongest, most capable, most far-seeing intelligence on the face of the globe to-day.

It is due, is it not, to the children of a republic that the talent of the poor should have opportunity of development as well as the talent of the rich? But it is also due to the talent of the rich that theirs be properly developed. Can either take place under the system of trumpet and drum? Certainly not. What of music?

In France a music student may enter the school at nine and remain till forty-nine if need be, without its costing him one single solitary sou—for teaching, for instruments, for music. From A to Z of a complete musical education is provided by the State, in the interest of the art of the nation.

As is the case in our general education, the course is planned, divided, graded, the pupils directed, controlled, protected, examined, according to the

best-known principles of pedagogic law, as applied to the study of music.

The examination is not left in the hands of interested teachers, not even of the directors, all belonging to the élite of the art authority of the country though they be. It is in the hands of juries—of twelve tried men and true, from the very highest ranks of authority not connected with the schools, who come together from all directions and at any sacrifice, proud of the privilege, the honor, of having something to do with the advancement of the art of France.

The reports of progress and achievement are not left to the statements of possible bias or prejudice. There is no "my pupils," "I," "me," in the case. The averaged estimate of authority says what is done. Teachers and directors smile or weep over results, as do pupils and parents.

Work, teachers, directors, juries, are all again watched over by the Ministers of Art, the highest and most esteemed Ministers of the Government.

Moreover, any one imagining that he desires to become a professional musician may not, for that reason, walk in and partake of these immense privileges. He is met at the door with tests as to the possession of born fitness of ear, eye, finger, mind, to warrant the care and cost of so valuable an education. After this, three and four times of every year during the study life must he pass through a series of examinations, to see whether or not the first estimate may have been a mistaken one. For the effort is not to get pupils in, but to keep them out. The search is not for francs to run the institution or to fill pocket-books, but for artists to add to the glory of the Republic.

The records of all examinations from the first are kept and averaged to the close, and account is carefully taken of disposition, tendency, endurance, sincerity, power of growth in perception of truth, as well as of technical results. Any student who at any time fails to come before or pass any three successive examinations, passes back and down and out through the door whence he came, even to the last year of the course.

There are also preparatory trials and

tests, and examinations for examinations, a continued sifting and winnowing; as in the refining of sugar, an incessant boiling and skimming from black to white. The final competitions are not between black and white, but between degrees of whiteness to discover the most pure. The student who passes out from under such an ordeal may not be a genius—none but God can furnish the divine spark—but he must be a skilled musician. He has to the highest degree possible the tools with which to serve whatever inspiration he may possess.

Under such a system the pupil of course has nothing to say as to what he wishes or does not wish, what he will or will not do. He does not have to consult his pocketbook as to time. The science of study is dictator. Students obey and achieve. Neither must the teacher consider the will, wish, or humor of the pupil. He is free to lead to the highest perfection prescribed. The work of teacher and pupil is in public view, and the survival is given to the fittest in music, as in our public schools in general education.

At the dawn of our Republic, we Anglo-Saxons, filled with the instinct of general intelligence, saw the necessity of free education and established the public-school system. The Latins, filled with art intuition, saw the necessity of free education in music. They laid the foundations of a free national system of musical instruction in the midst of the chaos that lay between the fall of a ruinous Royalty and the rise of an untried Liberty. Over one hundred and ten years ago was this foundation established. The head of the public music-school system was made the Paris Conservatoire. Branches and sub-branches now exist throughout the entire country, all free, all based on the same principles and having the same methods of work. While the ambition of all provincial musicians is to graduate into the Paris Conservatoire, the ambition of each provincial school is to remain independent of imitation of, while rivaling in excellence, the Alma Mater.

Since its foundation, the Paris Conservatoire has had six directors, the two

of our time being M. Ambroise Thomas, composer of "Mignon," "Hamlet," etc., and M. Theo. Dubois, likewise a composer, a fine disciplinarian, and one of the Lord's elect in honor, faithfulness to trust, graciousness, and benign charm.

The institution has for object training in the twin arts of music and drama, the same methods of grading examination and thoroughness being applied to both, and both absolutely free as to tuition.

Four national theaters—two for acting, two for music—were likewise established, not as commercial speculation in amusement, but as a supplemental means of art education for the country. Graduates of the free schools pass into them as artists, there to maintain the traditions of art, of which they are held to be apostles. Actors and opera singers in France, then, are not bought-and-paid-for curiosities, captured with gold in foreign fields and kept in gilded cages at so much a peep. They are the cream of the people themselves, bone of their bone and sinew of their sinew, trained apostles of art, ordained to teach by order of God through superior gift, and by order of the nation through free education.

The details of the foundation of the Paris Conservatoire, and of its daily working examinations, competitions, and results, are intensely interesting, and would be, to a people as educative as ourselves, highly instructive.

In one short article on two important features there is not space to indicate them. It must not be imagined that American music students going to Paris pass under the direction of this superb educational system. For many reasons this is impossible. Alas and alas and alas that it is so!

Could our students on going to Paris pass, under the direction, control, and protection of the national system of music-teaching, then this whole intricate problem of going abroad to study would be resolved logically. Paris would then become a post-graduate point for our people. Unity between our preparation and their higher development could be established. Light would stream through the present darkness as to intention

and action, and the mountain range of expense would fall out of sight altogether. Instead of pupils dictating, they would be dictated to. They would listen instead of talking, obey instead of arguing, and achieve instead of passing through a chaos of confusion from which, in most cases, but one certainty remains, namely, "I have been abroad to study!"

The reasons why our students do not share the national privilege in music education in Paris are too numerous to be treated here. Suffice it to say that few of them even know that there is such a system. During the century of its existence but five Americans have partaken of Conservatoire training, even in partial degree.

Side by side with that national system of music-teaching in Paris exists, the other, the one indicated above as that of the "trumpet and drum." Any unprejudiced educator has the opportunity of seeing the difference between the two—in one dictation, in the other catering flattery and false hope; in one control, in the other concession; in one examination by jury and its inevitable record, in the other the inevitable "M-y-y pupils are so-and-so. I say so and therefore it is so!" In one the effort to discover genius and suppress mediocrity, in the other the effort to get and to hold regardless of equipment; in one order, system, organization, in the other confusion worse confounded. This does not say that *all* on one side is bad, or that *all* on the other side is perfect. By no means. There are exceptions on the one hand, and ways more than one in which the other might be improved. It only says that one is the wise, logical, hopeful way of teaching music, while the other is simply a way of making money by giving lessons, with a greater or less hazard of possibility as to achievement.

The strange part of this whole problem is that the people to complain most loudly and most incessantly as to the weakness of the individual or private lesson method of teaching music are those who practice it. Their universal complaint is, "We cannot do ourselves or our pupils justice. We can only do

the best we can under the circumstances. They are not prepared to receive what we have to give them. They have not sufficient money and consequently insufficient time to give to us. They will not submit and obey. They revolt and change teachers. What can we do?" When you ask, "Why are you, the teachers, not the dictators?" they reply, "We cannot; they will go to other teachers who will not insist."

"But suppose some do go; the best will remain, and you will have better material with which to produce results."

"Ah! There are the rent, meat, and milk bills to pay. We *must* have pupils in the house!"

That ends the argument, of course. There you and they are, right up against the root of the whole tangle. Conscience, intention, knowledge, love of work, all understood, once the question of money becomes imperative, that instant teach-

ers' hands become tied. It is inevitable. It is incontrovertible. It *is*.

The bright and shining examples of achievement in spite of these conditions stand out all the more brightly as exceptions. But education in all things, music as the rest, must not be left to haphazard, to chance, to exception. It must be directed, controlled, organized, placed under authority, above all things be separated from self-interest.

People who would teach properly, music as all else, must be *free* to teach, else they cannot. Record and their own words say they do not.

A free national system of musical education is a necessity of the music art of a Republic.

Only so may a Republic ever have standard in music, knowledge of music, real love of music. Only so may it ever hope to have national music, national musicians, a national music art.

Japanese Characteristics'

THERE is a tone of reality about Mr. Gulick's book¹ that distinguishes it from the many pictorial but rather fanciful writings about Japan familiar to readers of English books. Evidence of first-hand and intimate knowledge of the Japanese people is abundant in every chapter. Mr. Gulick's work is marked by sane constraint and critical acumen. At the same time, though he does not attempt any vivid descriptive writing, Mr. Gulick leaves with the reader a picture of life in Japan that is clear and convincing. The reading of this book, one feels, is like looking at the Japanese through the eyes, not of a curious traveler in search of the grotesque, not of a sentimentalist who sees the blossoms on the trees but not the soiled bibs on the idols, but rather of an observant and clear-headed resident of Japan, who, on the one hand, has seen the people so close at hand that he writes of what he knows, and, on the other hand, is able to view what he knows in such perspective that he can

write not merely as a recorder but as an acute interpreter as well. The result is a volume which, though opened at random, would lure one into reading.

Mr. Gulick groups all that he says around a single thesis, which he introduces by saying that the conflict in the Orient "is not racial but civilizational." His thesis is that the progress of Japan has been and is to be determined, not by innate qualities which the race has physiologically inherited, but by changes in its social order. In other words, he maintains that the Japanese are psychologically in no respect different from Europeans; that the traits which mark them off from Englishmen, Germans, or Americans are the product of a social environment which can historically be explained. The conclusion is clear: the conflict in the Orient is not unending; change the social order and you change the temperament of the race.

Though this thesis sounds like Buckle's theory of civilization, how widely it varies from the materialism of that Mr. Gulick makes clear by the distinction he draws between the biological and the psychological view of society.

¹ *Evolution of the Japanese, Social and Psychic.* By Sidney L. Gulick, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

To put it otherwise, racial characteristics, Mr. Gulick is led by his experience in Japan to conclude, are not the result of a peculiar racial brain structure physically inherited, but are the effect of transmitted customs upon ordinary human nature.

It is by means of this general principle that Mr. Gulick explains the apparent fact that Japan has "jumped out of her skin," that within three decades Japan has suddenly, to use the author's words, "become an integral part of Christendom." For centuries Japan has had the unique experience of frequently feeling foreign influence while never undergoing foreign subjugation. As a consequence, she has developed her own institutions though she has borrowed foreign instruments to use in the course of her self-development. Old Japan consisted of a number of tribes which found national unity in the common acceptance of an emperor. Although it is doubtful whether in early days he ever was *de facto* a powerful ruler, he was the one concrete object of Japanese loyalty. The social order at the same time consisted of a thoroughgoing feudalism, and under it there developed a practical national government under the leadership of a tribe—the Tokugawa family. By virtue of possessing the emperor, this tribe established a hegemony which was recognized for two hundred and fifty years. During that time there were patriotic Japanese who resented this usurpation of imperial prerogatives; but, whatever the rebellions against the Tokugawa Shogunate were, there was never anything but the most devoted adherence to the emperor himself. To this day loyalty to the emperor is unquestioned in Japan. Indeed, it is so emphatic that it prevents the study of Japanese early history, on the ground that such study might disprove the myths concerning the emperor's divine origin! It hardly does for us Westerners to be amused at that, in view of exactly the same course that has been pursued by opponents of the impartial study of early Hebrew history and literature.

It fell to a foreigner to crystallize Japanese nationality. When Admiral

Perry, of the United States, made a treaty with the Tokugawa rulers, he expected them to carry out its provisions. They revealed their helplessness as against the tribes on the one hand and the American navy on the other. As it had happened that the emperor had not formally assented to the treaty, there was good occasion for the overthrow of the Shogunate and the establishment of an empire in fact. Thus, strangely, foreign interference became associated in the minds of the Japanese with the unification and strengthening of their own government. It was most natural, therefore, that patriotism should suggest the adoption of Occidental ways—in the army, in the navy, in the government, in commerce and transportation, in almost all the outward expressions of civilization. An imperial edict explicitly sanctioned this change. That made doubly sure the popular acceptance of the "Enlightened Rule."

In a series of very readable chapters Mr. Gulick shows how this transformation in the social order has affected Japanese traits. Waves of feeling, abdication, truthfulness, suspiciousness, jealousy, humane feelings, conceit, apotheosis, fickleness, stolidity, imitation, originality, "nominality," imagination, moral ideals, religious conceptions—these are some of the subjects, selected at random, which he considers. It is manifestly impossible to give in outline the substance of these chapters. Of them all it must suffice here to say that Mr. Gulick gives pictures and impressions of these and other characteristics, and shows how they have been modified or are being modified by the remarkable, almost dramatic change that has come about in the social order, and how, by future change in the social order, they will be subject to further modification.

Japanese sensitiveness to environment and to criticism he first considers. The thing most dreaded by a Japanese is ridicule. Says Mr. Gulick:

The Japanese young man who is making a typewritten copy of these pages for me says that, when still young, he heard an address to children which he still remembers. The speaker asked what the most fearful thing in the world was. Many replies were given by the children—"snakes," "wild beasts,"

"fathers," "gods," "ghosts," "demons," "Satan," "hell," etc. These were admitted to be fearful, but the speaker told the children that one other was to be more feared than all else, namely, "to be laughed at." This speech, with its vivid illustrations, made a lasting impression on the mind of the boy, and on reading what I had written he realized how powerful a motive fear of ridicule had been in his own life, also how large a part it plays in the moral education of the young in Japan.

Such a trait has naturally made the Japanese a nation of conformists. Their morality is to a considerable degree conventional. Their quick adoption of the ways of the Occident has made this sensitiveness very well known as a race trait. This trait has been bred into the Japanese by the circumstances of Japan's history, which at times have forced her to imitate at the peril of her existence.

Fickleness in the Japanese therefore is not a mental characteristic due to brain structure, but an outcome of certain historical episodes. That the Japanese have qualities of stability and even stolidity Mr. Gulick has occasion several times to show.

Self-conceit, which is mixed with a visionary ambition characteristic of the Japanese, is a result of the old feudal arrogance supplemented by the very remarkable achievements of New Japan. The amusing story of a school, with the pretentious title "Eastern Asia School," that started with twenty-five boys and went to pieces in three years, is cited as characteristic, as is the notion, at one time prevalent among some Japanese, that Japan was to give a new religion for the whole world to be adopted as the final religion of mankind. These and

other like instances are the result of the self-consciousness which has perforce been brought upon the Japanese by their sudden prominence in the civilized world.

An exceedingly interesting chapter on indirectness and "nominality" shows how the feudal system cultivated a regard for the names of things as distinct from the things themselves—a sort of systematized and recognized insincerity, not very distantly related to what Mr. Hodder in his articles in *The Outlook* on "A Fight for the City" called the administrative lie.

The most fundamental change, however, which is being brought about by the change in the social order in Japan is the introduction of individualism. In Old Japan the rigid feudal system buried men, as men, and women, as women, under offices and ranks and stations. In Japanese art there used to be no portraits; the only human figures depicted were types—the warrior, the sage, and the like, not really human figures, but clothes. The weight of class and of rank repressed the individual to such an extent that progress, which depends on individual initiative, was prevented. The emphasis that in the course of recent events has been laid on individualism is, in consequence, affecting the Japanese character mightily. How at the same time communal development is being stimulated by the same causes Mr. Gulick indicates. On this point, as on others, Mr. Gulick combines clear reasoning with much pertinent direct statement of fact. He has, therefore, made a book that is at once entertaining and provocative of thought.

A Twentieth Century Historian¹

A NEW name must be added to the all too brief list of historians who, without abating a jot of authority, contrive to make history appeal to all classes of readers. The name is that of Mr. Herbert Paul, journalist and parliamentarian. The first two volumes of Mr. Paul's "History of Modern England" cover a period extending

from the fall of the Peel Ministry in 1846 to the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, and we venture to assert that the reader's interest will not flag from the opening eulogy of Sir Robert to the final survey of the literature, art, and science of the closing years of the Palmerstonian era. If the remaining volumes attain the standard set by these, this History will deservedly rank as a *magnum opus*, clear-cut, virile, schol-

¹ *A History of Modern England*. By Herbert Paul. Vols. I. and II. The Macmillan Co., New York.

arly, and remarkably free from personal bias.

Yet—there is the inevitable yet. Some things about the work are productive of a distinct sense of disappointment. Perhaps its greatest weakness lies in its chiefest charm—the all-pervading quality of the epigrammatic. Inclusive, all-embracing tabloid sentences of description and narration, telling more in a few words than some writers could tell in a page, follow close upon one another's heels, and flash succeeds flash of wit, until the reader, if he be not cautious, will lose himself in the bewildering galaxy of verbal gems, and from open-mouthed admiration fall into a staggering confusion of thought. From this he can extricate himself only by laboriously retracing his way to piece together the argument tied by the all too loose thread of epigram. There is, there must always be, a philosophy in a history deserving of the name, but in a work such as this the philosophy is seldom to be had for the asking. The question is—is it there?

This question must be answered in the affirmative, despite the patent fact that Mr. Paul pays comparatively little attention to the material side of the development of England, and subordinates events to people. At home and abroad there was history-making on a grand scale in the Palmerstonian era—the Crimean War, the reconquest of India, the upbuilding of the French Empire, the Civil War in the United States, the unification of Italy. With all of these Great Britain was more or less directly concerned, and all form an integral part of Mr. Paul's narrative. Almost they remain merely narrative. That they force themselves into his work as philosophy is, one is tempted to say, due to the sheer weight of their importance. It is always the men—the makers of history—who are his chief concern.

We state this in no captious spirit of fault-finding. We gladly recognize the merits of Mr. Paul's straightforward, progressive, twentieth-century style of history-telling; but for the sake of those who cannot formulate the philosophy of history for themselves we could wish that he would more frequently glide from the

smooth waters of narrative into the stormy waves of disquisition. It is too much to expect a historian to unravel the esoteric, but we may reasonably ask him to guide his readers to a better understanding of what may not inaptly be termed the soul of history, that of which events are but the outward expression.

Mr. Paul's recognition of the fact that literature, art, and science are on a footing with politics in the weaving of the history of a nation goes to prove that he has a clear conception of the duties of the ideal historian. Back of all these elements, however, are many intangible "somethings," combining, for instance, to enable England to pass untroubled through the revolutionary fever that seized Europe in the late forties, just as, on the other hand, a vast congeries of these "somethings" rendered possible and successful Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. How varied and how multiplex are the ramifications of the making of history! and how hopeless to endeavor to elucidate it by the narrative method, however much be embraced in the narrative!

Thus, then, this "History of Modern England," with all its charm of style and wealth of information, must fall short of the ideal history. But it will remain of enduring value to the future historian, marking out for him the path that leads to the true goal, and, even by its failures, aiding him to success. The day of the dry-as-dust and state-paper history is surely at an end.

We have spoken of the remarkable impartiality of Mr. Paul's judgments. Doubtless the rigid Tories and the uncompromising Protectionists of the England of to-day will scent bias in his presentation of fiscal questions; but while it is easy to perceive how his sympathies lie, he does not allow partisanship to sway his verdicts. His treatment of the Irish and clerical questions is particularly broad and liberal, and his lack of "insular prejudices" is shown both by his sweeping condemnation of the policy of his country in connection with the Crimean and Chinese wars, and by his treatment of the delicate international questions arising between the United

States and England during our Civil War. Of the justness of the Northern cause he has no doubt, and seldom have we seen a happier pen-picture of the great war President: "Though mainly self-taught, the son of an Illinois rail-splitter, Lincoln had read many books, and the unsuspected range of his information was constantly surprising his friends. A lawyer by profession, he never failed to see the point of an argument, and was always fertile in replies. The richness and raciness of his humor, not always, it is said, strictly decorous, have never, even in his own country, been surpassed. . . . These qualities, and his imperturbable temper, were familiar throughout the North. But not until he was confronted with a task truly described by himself as greater than Washington's did the world, or even his intimates, discover his calm fortitude in adversity, his magnanimous temper in prosperity, his profound sympathy with opinions he did not share, his patience with folly and error, his long-sighted wisdom, his unshaken faith in the final triumph of good. He was indeed a strange mixture of openness and reserve. There was the Lincoln who would not let his Cabinet enter on business until he had poured out a flood of irresistible drollery upon every sort of subject, thus perhaps relieving his mind from a tension that it could not otherwise have borne. There was also the melancholy, mystic, brooding Lincoln, a dreamer of dreams and a believer in them, as gentle and tender as he was strong and brave, feeling the losses of the South only less acutely than the defeats of the North, horrifying his generals by his free pardons of deserters and spies, hoping always for the reunion of the future, repeating his favorite text, 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.' With the doubtful exception of Washington, Lincoln was the greatest of all Americans; and Washington was substantially a British aristocrat, while Lincoln was racy of the soil."

Trenchant and vigorous are his delineations of the notable figures who occupied the center of the stage at home. Statesmen, divines, authors, artists, scientists, pass and repass in kalei-

doscopic fashion. Like the celebrated Obadiah Drant, Mr. Paul has much to say of Sir Robert Peel, but, happily, in language far removed from Obadiah's. Peel, "the giver of freedom and plenty," "the true patriot," needs, he assures us, no defense. Palmerston, he finds, "was in truth a most laborious minister, clear-sighted though not far-sighted, profoundly versed in the secrets of European diplomacy, and always knowing his own mind." Of Disraeli in his younger days he writes: "In the House of Commons he was then unpopular, and his maiden speech, though clever enough, had been a failure. But his brilliant talents, his singular audacity, and his boundless ambition triumphed over all obstacles." Oftentimes his epigrams have an unpleasant sting. Wellington was distinguished by "courageous inconsistency." Malmesbury was but "a cleverish man about town." Of Sir Charles Wood he says, "It was of little consequence what he meant, for he did not mean it much or long." The luckless Smith O'Brien "never ceased to behave like a gentleman, and seldom failed to behave like a fool."

None suffers more severely from Mr. Paul's pungent sarcasm than Louis Napoleon, for whom he clearly entertains a whole-hearted contempt. Louis is pilloried as "a public criminal," a "Jonathan Wild the Little," and "the perjured President of a throttled republic." When he is received by the Church of France "in the Church of Our Lady," we are informed that "the neighboring morgue had been a fitter place." Walewski is another foreigner whom the author deems "corrupt and incompetent." For Bismarck he does not hold an unmixed admiration: "Liberty he detested, and he had no respect for the rights of any country except his own. Without pity, without mercy, without sentiment, without remorse, his dauntless courage, his vast ability, and his iron will raised him in time to a height of power not surpassed by any legitimate monarch who ever wore a crown." In striking contrast is his tribute to Cavour: "Where the interests of his country were concerned he had no self. . . . He died too young for Italy, though not for his own fame."

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Commentary on the Old Testament (An): **The Book of Job.** By J. T. Marshall, D.D. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 6×8½ in. 131 pages.

Asia and Europe. By Meredith Townsend. (Second Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 3½ pages. \$1.75.

A timely reprint of one of the most interesting and illuminating books on the East which has appeared for many years past. The volume is made up of chapters which originally appeared in the English reviews and journals, and presents the impressions and conclusions of a lifelong student of the relations between Asia and Europe. At this moment, when Asia and Europe are crossing swords in the most dramatic way, this interpretation of the spirit of the Far East will be of great assistance to those readers who are anxious to form an impression of what lies behind the struggle, of the differences between the East and the West, of the peculiar characteristics of the Oriental mind and civilization, and of what may be expected from the freer development of Oriental life.

Birthe of Hercules (The): With an Introduction on the Influence of Plautus on the Dramatic Literature of England in the Sixteenth Century. By Malcolm William Wallace. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 6½×9½ in. 183 pages. Reserved for later notice.

Book of Cartoons (A). Drawn by Harry J. Westerman. Published by Edward T. Miller, Columbus, Ohio. 9¼×12 in. 120 pages.

Day Before Yesterday (The). By Sara Andrews Shafer. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 255 pages.

This book may well go on the shelf that holds "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Emmy Lou," and "The Would-be-Goods." In other words, it is a true, charming, and entertaining story of child life. It is written with delicacy and feeling as well as with humor. The misadventures, fun, and achievements of Rachel and her brothers, sisters, and playmates are capitably set forth, while the story is pervaded by an atmosphere of cheerfulness and refinement. The story is natural and simple, and has freshness of spirit in an unusual degree.

Dayspring (The). By Dr. William Barry. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 331 pages. \$1.50.

Spiritualism, love, politics, and adventure are intricately linked in Dr. Barry's interesting if long-drawn-out story of the days of the Commune. The action revolves about a romantic Irish youth, of "Red Republican" tendencies, who falls in love with a young French widow, an aristocrat of aristocrats. For her part the widow is enamored of him

because of his striking resemblance to her dead husband, with whose soul she believes herself to be in constant spiritual communion. This belief is fostered by her evil genius, a charlatan with an eye to her fortune. As a result the lovers tread the proverbially thorny path, until the pseudo-spiritualist meets with his just deserts and the Irishman has a happy solution of his dilemma thrust upon him. The novel would gain by judicious pruning of the dialogue and the elision of totally unnecessary historical disquisitions.

Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems (The). By William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 248 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Denis Dent. By Ernest W. Hornung. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 324 pages.

A rather conventional story of adventure from the hand of a man who has accustomed his readers to more originality and freshness. The plot includes incidents of the most antiquated kind: a shipwreck, a rescue of an astounding character, a noble young man who refuses to marry the girl he loves and who loves him, because she has so much money, adventures in the mining fields of Australia, the advent of a villain of the first order, an interview of a decidedly sensational kind with a large snake in the bowels of the earth, the final success of the hero, his return to England to find the young lady of his choice married to the villain, the subsequent heroic death, with a moment of penitence, of the villain, and the triumphant marriage of the hero. "Denis Dent" is easily read. It is hardly possible for Mr. Hornung to write a dull story, but this tale is distinctly below his other work.

Essays on Milton and Addison. By Thomas B. Macaulay. Edited by James Arthur Tufts. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¼ in. 226 pages.

French Revolution (The). By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 585 pages. \$1.25.

It was a happy thought to include in a compact volume the three chapters from Mr. Lecky's "History of England during the Eighteenth Century" which discuss the causes of the French Revolution and describe its progress until the outbreak of the war with England. These three chapters stand by themselves, and can be taken from the History and printed separately without doing violence either to Mr. Lecky's purpose or to the essential integrity of the work. The editor is justified in saying that these chapters could hardly have possessed greater unity if they had been originally

composed as a single piece of work. In a very brief form Mr. Lecky's interpretation of the earlier periods of the French Revolution is presented; and while the chapters do not cover the whole movement, they deal in a complete way with its initial and, in a way, its determining phases.

From Sunday to Sunday: Short Bible Readings for the Sundays of the Year. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 302 pages. \$1.50.

These Bible readings are brief expository studies, five or six pages each, warmly devotional and meditative for the uplifting of the heart to God in Christ. For the individualistic type of religion they leave nothing to be desired. But it is rather singular to find the successor of such a scholar as the late Bishop Westcott insisting on the words of the Authorized Version in Acts i. 11—"Shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go"—as proof of a literal coming again of Christ. The Greek words here rendered "in like manner" are used in 2 Timothy iii. 8 to compare certain false teachers to the Egyptian magicians who played tricks to thwart Moses. A loose analogy is all that they express.

History of Pendennis: His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends, and his Greatest Enemy. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Illustrated. (Kensington Edition.) Vols. IV. and V. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6x9 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Imperialist (The). By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 476 pages. \$1.50.

To build a romance out of the mooted question of colonial preference in tariff legislation between Great Britain and Canada seems not a very hopeful undertaking, and the average novel-reader will be inclined to wish that Mrs. Cotes had published separately the argumentative part of her book. Nevertheless the author has with great care and faithfulness drawn a picture of middle-class provincial life in Canada, and one that is worth having. There is individuality, also, in her characters, and in many ways the novel shows the marks of literary training and skill. But one misses the sprightliness and vivacity of some of Mrs. Cotes's earlier and less ambitious stories.

In Famine Land. By Rev. J. E. Scott, Ph.D., S.T.D. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼x8½ in. 206 pages. \$2.50, net.

While this is mainly a study of the terrible conditions that prevailed in India during the great famine of 1899-1900, and of the measures taken to relieve the helpless natives, Dr. Scott devotes considerable space to recapitulating the history and the causes of previous famines. He also offers some practical suggestions in the direction, not of preventing famine—which he thinks impossible in view of the dependence of India on the monsoon—but of mitigating the suffering certain to follow. The famine of which he chiefly treats was the most severe on record, and he hazards the opinion that it was per-

haps the greatest drought the world has ever known. It covered an area of over 400,000 square miles, and affected more than 60,000,000 people, or fully one-fifth of the entire population. In its wake came cholera, adding to its ravages until the mortality was fearful to contemplate. Bravely government officials and missionaries strove to relieve the stricken people. Millions of dollars were expended and hundreds of volunteers risked their lives, many to lose them. These pages are full of instances of self-sacrifice, of devoted heroism. Dr. Scott had ample means of observation. As member of several relief committees he was in the thick of the struggle, directing and assisting. The horrors he witnessed can never be forgotten by him, and will not be forgotten by those who peruse the text and examine the gruesome illustrations of this work. But it is not merely as a chronicle that he has perpetuated the ghastliness of the famine. He would call the attention of the English-speaking peoples, who so nobly responded to India's appeal, to the fact that the famine has left thousands of orphans who must be fed, clothed, and trained. Already much has been accomplished, but much remains to be done, and a broad field is open to the charitable. Dr. Scott paints his picture in lurid colors. We do not see how he could have done otherwise.

India and Christian Opportunity. By Harlan P. Beach, M.A., F.R.G.S. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York. 5x7½ in. 308 pages. 50c., net.

Voluntary classes in hundreds of American and Canadian institutions for higher learning are engaged in the study of Christian missions, requiring the series of specially prepared text-books to which this volume belongs. It contains more than the usual amount of general information about the land and the people, along with a survey of the work pursued there and its problems. Among the effects of missionary efforts in India is the present ferment of religious ideas there, with various imitations of Christianity.

Influence of Pasteur on Medical Science (The). By Christian Archibald Herter, M.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½x7½ in. 78 pages. \$1, net.

An interesting memorial of a famous and beneficent life.

Joan of the Alley. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 290 pages. \$1.50.

The virility of this book is noticeable. At times it is overwrought and overwritten, but it has vivid sketches of tenement-house life, and its typical characters, such as a ward boss, a labor leader, a brave teamster, and a brutal hobo, stand out with positive distinctness. The heroine, Joan, a French-Irish girl, entranced by the story of Joan of Arc, aspires to lead her fellow mill-hands in a strike and to fight against what she believes to be robbery and oppression. The story of the strike and its failure has many thrilling

incidents, and out of it Joan draws not glory but love and content.

Lamb to the Slaughter (A): An American Girl's Experience in the Orient. By Lee Wel-ling Squier. The Patriot Publishing Co., Greensburg, Pa. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 402 pages. \$1.25, net.

Lectures on Commerce: Delivered before the College of Commerce and Administration of the University of Chicago. Edited by Henry Rand Hatfield. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $5 \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 387 pages. \$1.50.

If this first publication of the University of Chicago's College of Commerce and Administration is to be accepted as representative of those yet to come, the reader may rest assured of a rare treat. The papers herein contained are both instructive and eminently readable. Their authors approach the various subjects with directness, clarity of thought, and simplicity of diction, and go far toward evoking an indorsement of the policy of including higher commercial education in the curriculum of a university. Railroad, banking, insurance, advertising, the steel industry, and various phases of mercantile occupations, are the themes discussed, and all are treated informatively. We have no hesitation in commending this volume as a really valuable handbook.

Lectures on Physiology: Vol. I.—The Signs of Life from their Electrical Aspect. By Augustus D. Waller, M.D., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6 \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 175 pages. \$2.25, net.

Left in Charge. By Clara Morris. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 355 pages. \$1.50.

Lenten Soliloquies: For Private and Public Use. By William Edward McLaren, D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 222 pages. \$1, net.

These communings with one's own heart, as in the divine Presence, breathe penitence and aspiration, in a girding up of effort for a holier life. Yet it does not seem that this quite fulfills the ideal of the Lenten season. If this ideal is sought for in Jesus' forty days, it should involve, as those days involved for him, a distinct recognition of the life-work lying beyond, much beyond, an exclusively individual, detached life. This detached life, cloistral, occupied with one's own thoughts and feelings, is quite too narrow for the Lenten ideal. This proposes cultivation of the inner life in view of and for the sake of the external activity, apart from which it is incomplete. The whole field of philanthropy, missionary effort, and social religion comes into view in the true keeping of Lent.

Litany and the Life (The): A Series of Studies in the Litany designed more especially for Use during the Season of Lent. By Rev. John Newton McCormick, B.A., D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 304 pages. \$1, net.

Merely Mary Ann. By I. Zangwill. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 152 pages. 50c.

We have already spoken of Mr. Zangwill's clever story which is now proving popular on the stage in a dramatized form.

Modern School (A). By Paul H. Hanus. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 36 pages.

Regarding the secondary school as "the most widely available organized social force for elevating, refining, and unifying a democratic society," Dr. Hanus here discusses the modern function of such a school, and how it is to be best organized and administered. Distinguishing its threefold aim, vocational, social, cultural, and understanding by culture "the capacity to understand, appreciate, and react on the resources and problems of modern civilization," he considers that each pupil must in a democratic society be allowed "to choose his own curriculum"—not in the sense of an unlimited liberty, but in the sense of "a training in choice," from the age of thirteen onward. The next six years are the proper term of the secondary school, in which manual training and the elements of commercial education should be reckoned among culture studies, with no Latin or Greek for pupils not destined to college. The programme of such a course is sketched in full detail, and the conditions of success in the work of any school are fully discussed. This vigorous and enlightening book makes, among other suggestions, this highly important one: Make educational experiments more convincing by making them co-operative. If twenty-five or even ten school systems, each with five thousand pupils or even less, would agree on concerted educational experiments, the results thus obtained would substitute bases of fact on which educational theory could effectively advance.

New Revolution (The). By A. H. Gilkes. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ in. 84 pages. 50c.

Old Testament in the Light of the Historical Records and Legends of Assyria and Babylonia (The). By Theophilus G. Pinches, LL.D., M.R.A.S. (Second Edition. Revised.) Edwin Gorham, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 591 pages.

Passion of Our Lord (The): Intended for Devotional Reading during Lent and Holy Week. By Charles W. Heisler, D.D. The Sabbath Literature Co., Albany, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 141 pages. 75c.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A. (Second Edition—Revised.) Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 10$ in. \$1.50, net. (Postage, 14c.)

A second and revised edition of a handbook prepared for students and lovers of art, and intended to present the principles involved in pictorial composition in such a way as to help the reader in forming an intelligent and critical judgment of pictures. To this end the book sets forth the principles which underlie the work of an artist, using illustrations from well-known paintings.

Poems of John Cleveland (The). By John M. Berdan, Ph.D. The Grafton Press, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 270 pages. \$1.50, net.

This edition of the poems of a rarely read poet of the seventeenth century was prepared as a thesis for the doctorate degree at Yale University, and belongs to a rapidly increas-

ing group of university studies which are stamped by some immaturity of judgment and style, but which represent first-hand work in special fields and are of value to serious students of literature. The editor furnishes an introduction of more than fifty pages, which is both biographical and critical, and divides Cleveland's work into non-political poems and political, with a third division of poems attributed to Cleveland by modern scholars, but not included in the edition of 1677. As a piece of book-making the volume leaves much to be desired; as a piece of patient and thorough literary work it is in every way to be commended.

Politics and Religion in Ancient Israel. By Rev. J. C. Todd. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 335 pages.

An illuminating volume on Old Testament history and literature. Reserved for later notice.

Principles of Political Economy. By Charles Gide. Second American Edition. Re-translated by C. William A. Veditz, Ph.D., LL.B. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5¼x8¾ in. 705 pages. \$2.

In preparing for American students this new edition of Professor Gide's popular "*Principes d'Économie Politique*," Dr. Veditz has in the main followed the latest edition of the original, which was first published, it will be remembered, about twenty years ago. The translator has, however, made several noticeable departures, all in the direction of increasing the practicality of the work from an American standpoint. Of these changes the most noteworthy is the elision of all distinctly French illustrative material, and the substitution of data from American sources. Thus, in connection with the discussion of tariff problems we note a brief history of tariff legislation in the United States, while the history of banking in this country is utilized to add force to the treatment of the problems of bank organization. Dr. Veditz also supplements several sections with expository matter, giving the latest results of American investigations into certain of the more debatable problems of distribution and consumption. Clarity and simplicity mark his style, and in his hands Professor Gide's text-book loses nothing of its pristine purpose—to give a plain statement of the accepted principles of the science of political economy and to survey its unsettled problems and the various solutions that have been advanced.

Religious Life of London (The). Edited by Richard Mudie-Smith. Hodder & Stoughton, London. 6¼x10 in. 518 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Representative Modern Preachers. By Lewis O. Brastow, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7¾ in. 423 pages. \$3.50.

While there is no lack to-day of books on preachers and preaching, there was need of just such a book as this. Professor Brastow has wisely limited himself to a few—nine in all—of the great preachers of the last century, selecting men of diverse types, who have represented a tendency, or answered a

want, or headed a movement of their time. Beginning with Schleiermacher, from whom the so-called new theology takes its rise, he introduces in succession Robertson of Brighton, Beecher, Bushnell, Brooks, Cardinal Newman, Canon Mozley, Guthrie of Edinburgh, and Spurgeon. Each of these, whether progressive or reactionary, a dogmatist or a humanist, a broad churchman, high churchman, or free churchman, was a man of power in his line. The source of his power, the formative influences and regulative ideas that shaped his ministry, his personal characteristics, his method of preaching and its effects, all pass under review and appraisal in a luminous interpretation of the man and his achievement, nor is there any lack of an appreciative comparison of man with man. With not all of these could any critic have an equal sympathy. But in Professor Brastow's warm recognition of Cardinal Newman's excellence as a Christian preacher the separating gulf of ecclesiastical and theological difference almost vanishes. Such is the impartiality which characterizes the entire work. Whether as character studies of men variously entitled to distinction, or as critical estimates of the efforts and effects of different aptitudes in different environments, these memoirs possess the varied interest that belongs to our many-sided modern life.

Some Silent Teachers. By Elizabeth Harrison. The Sigma Publishing Co., Chicago. 5x7½ in. 187 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Songs of Content. By the late Ralph Erwin Gibbs. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5x8 in. 80 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Story of Siena and San Gimignano. By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated. (Mediaeval Town Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 391 pages. \$1.75.

This latest addition to the Mediaeval Town Series is from the hand of Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, and is furnished with the usual generous supply of illustrations by Miss Helen M. James and many reproductions of the works of painters and sculptors. The volume, which is intended as a popular history of the Republic of Siena and also as a guide-book to the city and its neighborhood, including Gimignano, follows the usual plan of its predecessors in this series, combining the historical, biographical, and artistic life of the town and the people in popular narrative.

Story of Susan (The). By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7¾ in. 384 pages. \$1.50.

Mrs. Dudeney is distinctly a literary artist in that she always conceives and consistently carries out a human drama, with cause and effect working on character. An English village of a half-century or more ago is set before us with the clearest rendering of local atmosphere and color, of class distinctions, and of hatred between church and chapel. In a different way the place and the people are made

as familiar as those of "Cranford." The situations are distressing and the strain on one's sympathy is too continuous to make the story a cheerful one; but its *genre* pictures of by-gone English life are capitably done. The love of an austere young Methodist tradesman for a frivolous but charming lady's maid, the severity of his co-religionists toward the two, the frightful fate the girl brings on herself by her weakness, the passion with which she resents the attempts of the overgodly to break her spirit and heart, and the gentle religious influence which finally soothes her wounded soul—all are presented with power and sincerity.

Tillie: A Mennonite Maid. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 336 pages. \$1.50.

In the hard life and quaint customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch the author has found a new field for fiction. There is, however, no dialect of a repellent kind, and the story of this little maid's struggle for education and intellectual freedom is worth telling in itself apart from the portrayal of types of the Mennonites, New Mennonites, Amish, and other queer sect-divisions of these peculiar people. There is romance, too, and quiet humor in abundance. The picture of the stolidity, meanness, narrowness, and crass ignorance of the community is relieved by side-lights of love and sympathy.

Twenty Piano Transcriptions. By Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. (The Musician's Library.) The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9x12½ in. 156 pages. Paper bound, \$1.50.

Whatever else Franz Liszt may or may not have been, he certainly was the greatest transcriber of music for the pianoforte. Mastery of the instrument as a virtuoso became in his case more than a tradition; it found enduring expression in his transcriptions. Mr. Spanuth has selected and edited twenty-two of them that may fairly be called representative, including orchestral pieces, operatic pieces, and songs. The biographical and critical introduction by the editor is appreciative.

William Pepper, M.D., LL.D. (1843-1898). By Francis Newton Thorpe. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6½x9½ in. 555 pages.

The University of Pennsylvania, though founded in colonial days, discovered its second founder in Dr. Pepper, who, during the thirteen years that he served as its Provost (1881-1894), created it as it now is. Rarely does any man earn equal distinction such as his, in different lines of activity, as an educator, as a physician, and as a public-spirited citizen. To him Philadelphia is indebted for her public museums and library. His "American System of Medicine (1885)" surpassed all its predecessors in our language. His gifts to the University, earned in professional practice, are figured by hundreds of thousands, and his gratuitous practice was immense. The premature burning out of such a life in overwork at the age of fifty-four was a national loss. Dr. Pepper was a man not only of tireless activity, but also

royally endowed both in mind and in temper. He endeared himself, as few Americans have done, to our Latin-American neighbors, and was commemorated at his death with national honors in the Capitol of Mexico. Such was the man whose name and services this volume embalms.

Woodhouse Correspondence (The). By George W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel. Dodd Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 281 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Russell will be remembered as the author of that capital book of anecdote and reminiscence, "Collections and Recollections." With his collaborator he here depicts, through the form of letters, the character of a supreme egoist—an Englishman of good family who heroically resists all the attempts of relatives and friends to extract from him either assistance or sympathy. The old gentleman has a trenchant and vigorous pen, and it is evidently a pleasure to him to expose the little tricks and devices of those who would wean him from his reverential care of his own health, comfort, and property. The humor is dry, not to say cynical, and the book is none the less amusing for being out of the regular class of fiction.

Yarborough the Premier. By A. R. Weekes. Harper & Bros., New York. 5x7½ in. 349 pages. \$1.50.

Miss Weekes's story of love and politics—mainly politics—is nothing if not melodramatic. It opens with a theft and ends with a murder. The theft has tremendous consequences. One of these is the meteoric flight of the younger son of a noble family from the obscurity of a private secretaryship to the premiership of England. He was the thief, and his booty was a secret treaty. Everybody seems to know that he took the treaty, but nobody will take the trouble to say so. Hence the premiership. But the treaty has a ghost which will not down, and throughout the story the ghost follows close on the charlatan-hero's heels. Finally it trips him up, after an unconscionable delay of twenty years, during which long hiatus—for Miss Weekes conveniently drops the curtain over this most interesting period of her hero's career—"Yarborough the Premier" appears to have developed a change of heart towards the dear people whom he had previously stigmatized as "fools." Inconsistency, however, is not any more marked in his character than in that of nearly every one of Miss Weekes's *dramatis personæ*. Even the heroine—a silly little girl with a tendency to utter commonplace remarks—yields to the general failing. If the personages vex the reader, the situations in which they are placed will, however, cause him to lose his vexation in admiration of the author's profound belief in the credulity of mankind. Of course, though, when a private secretary essays to rise to the premiership by means of one electoral campaign, he must expect to be placed in all manner of impossible situations.

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The Northern Securities Case

On Monday of this week the United States Supreme Court handed down an opinion in the Northern Securities case in favor of the Government. The Court was divided five to four. Justices Harlan, Brown, Brewer, McKenna, and Day rendered the decision for the Government, while Chief Justice Fuller and Justices White, Peckham, and Holmes dissented. Our readers will remember that the case was originally tried in the United States Circuit Court of Minnesota. The United States instituted a suit against the Northern Securities Company on the ground that it was an illegal corporation, formed to take over and control the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Pacific Railway in restraint of trade. The Northern Securities Company appealed to the Supreme Court, which has now rendered its decision against the appellant. The opinion of the Supreme Court was read by Justice Harlan. He declares in his opinion that Congress has complete power to control inter-State commerce; that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was enacted in a Constitutional exercise of this power; that this Anti-Trust Law forbids all combinations in restraint of trade or commerce; that the union of two great parallel transcontinental lines doing business in the same territory in one controlling corporation like the Northern Securities Company is a manifest curtailing of competition and is therefore in restraint of trade. As to whether the Sherman Law is a wise law from an economic point of view Justice Harlan says the Supreme Court has nothing whatever to do. The economic wisdom of legislation must be determined by Congress. The Supreme Court can only

determine the constitutionality of law and the limits within which Congress may exercise its power. In the opinion of The Outlook, the importance of this case far transcends the particular application of the decision to the railroads in question or to the stockholding interests involved. The Government, against very great odds and in the face of considerable expert and honest adverse opinion, has established through the Supreme Court the absolute right of Congress to regulate great corporations—or small corporations, for that matter—doing an inter-State business. The *obiter dictum* of Justice Harlan to the effect that the Supreme Court does not deal with the economic wisdom of the Sherman Law is of more than incidental interest. A law may be economically unwise yet be Constitutional, and be passed in the exercise of a basic legislative right of the people. We think it is quite true that the Sherman Law may have to be modified. We think it is also true that the National and economic tendency of the times is towards consolidation and co-operation rather than in the direction of individualistic competition. But the dangers of consolidation and industrial mergers are largely done away by the firm establishment of the right of the National Congress to control and regulate corporations—a right which the Supreme Court now confirms and makes more secure.



Working for Their Constituents

There is distinctly a humorous aspect to the storm of indignation and excitement which agitated the House of Representatives last week over Mr. Bristow's report on the relations of mem-

bers of Congress to postal affairs. The House had itself called for a report on this subject through its Committee on Post-Offices; but, to its consternation, it received a great deal more than had been desired. Without regard to the susceptibilities and sensitiveness of the members, Mr. Bristow included in this report, by name and date, a large number of instances in which members of Congress had brought their influence to bear on the Post-Office Department for one purpose or another. Not unnaturally, the members resented the grouping of these instances under the general designation of "charges," thus apparently classing Congressmen with Machen, now under sentence for fraud, and Beavers, now under indictment. The collocation suggested was the more irritating as in point of fact most of the requests referred to in Mr. Bristow's report were made to these arch-conspirators in postal frauds. In justice to Congress as a body, it must be pointed out that the many scores of cases cited are by no means on the same level. Several of them, if the facts are as alleged, show distinct culpability on the part of Congressmen in procuring by "influence" the leasing of their own buildings to the Government for post-office purposes, and in one, at least, there is an allegation that the member of Congress in question not only through his influence leased his own building to the Government, but that more than once he procured comparatively large increases of rent. The great majority of the instances cited, however, are of cases where the members of Congress wrote letters to officials in the Department recommending leases of buildings for post-office purposes, or authorization for extra clerk hire, or increases of salary, or similar favors. It does not appear to be asserted that all these requests were for illegal or improper acts. It is no surprise to most voters to know that in point of fact Congressmen habitually and notoriously use their influence with all the Departments in just this way; that these continual requests for favors form a nuisance and a hindrance to the Departments is equally true. The practice is defended, as it was by Mr. Overstreet in Congress last

week, as intended only "to promote the interest of constituents." Another member naively remarked: "If we are not to help our constituents, what are we here for?" It will probably be a long time before we see public business actually carried on solely by business methods and for purposes of efficiency; but nothing can be more obvious than that the continual interference with the work of the Departments by Congressmen for political purposes and for the strengthening of their own hold upon their respective districts needs only to be understood to be condemned. At first the House seemed to be in a mood of retaliation, and an effort was made for a general investigation of the Post-Office Department and a special investigation of Mr. Bristow's conduct and charges. The attempt, however, has so far failed that the whole subject has been relegated to a select committee of seven members for further consideration.



Mormonism in Politics

The most important additional evidence heard last week by the Senate Committee on Elections, which is now investigating the charges against Senator-elect Smoot, of Utah, was that bearing on the active and dictatorial part taken by the Mormon Church in State politics. The contention in this investigation is that Mr. Smoot represents, not the people of Utah, but the Mormon hierarchy, and that he should be debarred from a seat in the Senate because he was nominated only after formally asking the consent of that hierarchy; would have been opposed, defeated, and expelled from his office as "apostle" if he had not conformed with the Church's views and objects politically; and is practically not a free agent, but the tool of an ecclesiastical body within the body politic that is openly upholding and honoring violators of the law against living in polygamy. Thus Mr. Critchlow, formerly Assistant United States District Attorney for Utah, and a strong anti-Mormon, declared that there were many instances where the high officials of the Church have manifested their power over the members in order to compel obedience in

political matters, and where excommunication has been the price of an independent spirit. When Mr. Thatcher was running for Senator, Mr. Critchlow said, he was openly threatened by the Church through the papers because in his campaign he, although a Mormon, took ground not approved by the Church, and in the end he had to apologize and humiliate himself to the last degree to restore his relations with the Church. As to Mr. Smoot himself, the witness said that his candidacy was opposed by many laymen in the Mormon Church who felt that the candidacy of an apostle would be unwise when it was charged that a majority of the presidency and apostles were living in open defiance of the laws against polygamous cohabitation. Nevertheless, the Church insisted on nominating him, and he was elected as the Church candidate. Mr. Critchlow asserted that Mr. Smoot, under the rules of the Church, would have been "disfellowshipped and ostracized" if he had not formally asked and received permission from the hierarchy to be a candidate. Similar testimony was given by Judge Hiles, who had held the same office as did Mr. Critchlow. He brought out the fact that Brigham Roberts in his campaign for Congress (which rejected him as a member) at first clashed with the Church and was forced to recant and humiliate himself before he could be elected. Further testimony was heard establishing the fact that the Mormon leaders who were polygamists before the "revelation" of 1890 continue their polygamous relations and support others who defy the law in this respect, but attempts to show that "apostles" had connived at plural marriages since 1890 were not convincing. Francis M. Lyman, an apostle, and the appointed successor of Mr. Smith as First President, responded simply "Yes" to this question from Senator Hoar: "So you, an apostle of your Church, expecting to succeed Mr. Smith in the presidency and in that capacity to receive divine revelations yourself, confess that you are now living and expect to continue to live in disobedience to the law of the country, the law of your Church, and the law of God?"

The Power and Duty of the Senate

It is a recognized principle that a legislative body like the United States Senate is the sole judge of the qualifications of its own members. We know of no provision of the Constitution or other law that would make it impossible or illegal for the Senate to reject a member. Practically, however, it is bound to some extent by its own precedents, and morally it is bound by principles of justice and common sense. Hitherto neither branch of Congress has refused to admit a claimant to a seat except on one of two grounds—that his election was vitiated by fraud or error, or, secondly, that he was a law-breaker or morally objectionable person. Under the last category is to be classed the case of Brigham Roberts, who was refused admission to the House, not because he was a Mormon, but because he was a confessed polygamist. If Mr. Smoot is refused a seat in the Senate after an admittedly legal election by a majority of the voters of Utah, and with no personal charges against him, this action by the Senate will unquestionably constitute a new application of its power over its own organization. It is too early to judge positively what view the Senate will take of its rights and duty. On the one hand, it is argued that it is a dangerous extension of power for a Senate Committee to thwart the will of the majority of a State's voters because it believes that that majority is unduly influenced by a hierarchy; on the other hand, it is said that only by radical action can the Mormon Church's audacious and unendurable assault on the home and its open defiance of law be met. The question presented by this case is not only extremely perplexing and difficult, but is complicated by a very intense public feeling, amply justified by the history of Mormonism, but which ought not to count as a factor in the settlement of a question that should be settled strictly along lines of principle and precedent. Whatever may be the popular judgment of the Mormon Church, the popular abhorrence of Mormon practices (and that abhorrence *The Outlook* shares), the question of the admission of Mr. Smoot to the United States Senate

must not be determined by sentiment. The question before the Senate is ~~whether~~ ~~a man duly elected can be excluded from that body~~ because he is an officer of an organization the leaders of which are confessedly violating law, and which is said to exact from its members allegiance higher than that which membership in the Senate exacts from its members. Mr. Smoot is not a lawbreaker; he is not a polygamist; no charges of any kind are made against him personally. If he is excluded, it will be purely on the ground of his official connection with the Mormon hierarchy. In the judgment of The Outlook the Senate cannot properly take that action unless the fact is established that a man cannot be a loyal Mormon and at the same time a loyal citizen. If Mr. Smoot is excluded, the action of the Senate will virtually establish the principle that no Mormon can be a member of that body. However the country may abhor Mormonism, it cannot exclude a man from the duties of citizenship or the privilege of office-holding simply because he belongs to an abhorred sect; it can exclude him only because he is personally unfit, or because he belongs to an organization which demands from its members such obedience as to render them practically disloyal to the Government of the United States. If that principle is established, it must be established by indisputable evidence.



The Lynching in Ohio

Another case of mob violence in the North occurred last week. A police officer of the city of Springfield, Ohio, entered a low resort kept by colored people to arrest a disorderly negro. As the officer entered, the negro shot and fatally injured him. The next day, Monday, there were mutterings of lynching, and in the evening a mob attempted to enter the jail, but without success. Toward midnight about forty men approached the jail, broke in the door, intimidated the turnkey, and dragged the negro out. They hanged him to an electric-light pole, firing several shots into him both before and after life had left the body. The sheriff and others in authority seem to have made very little determined

effort to prevent the mob from carrying out its purpose. The sheriff excuses himself by saying that he wished to avoid useless shedding of blood. The disturbance continued on Tuesday. The Governor ordered out the militia, but it arrived tardily. The mob, which had not then yet dispersed, gathered in a quarter of the town made up of saloons and the haunts of the worthless negroes and a few miserable whites, and set fire to the buildings. The fire department prevented the flames from reaching surrounding property. A correspondent of The Outlook in Springfield, whose account of the occurrence is marked by a very judicial spirit, writes as follows:

The mob was made up of boys and young men and some women, but those who did the lynching were apparently workmen and ordinarily quiet citizens. They were unknown to the police, because of a class with whom the police have little to do. . . . The next day, Tuesday, business went on much as usual, with, of course, the one topic of conversation the lynching, and there were altogether too many reputable citizens saying that a good job had been done and a worthless "nigger" gotten rid of and not given a chance to escape his just deserts. There are no two opinions but that the impelling motive for the lynching is the failure in the past to punish criminals as they deserve. There have been a dozen murders in this county in the past two years and not a single execution, though several undoubtedly deserved it. It was repeatedly heard in the mob, "Well, he'll not be let off with five dollars and costs," and words to that effect. . . . The "levee" that was burned was one of the most disreputable places that the city ever had, and a resort for vile and dangerous negroes. . . . There are rumors and threats of a race war, but I think there is little foundation for this. I have no doubt that the murderer would have been lynched just as quickly if he had been white; the color made no difference. . . . A special grand jury has been called for Monday. No one has been arrested as yet, and I have very grave doubts of their being able to locate the lynchers. . . . Many have been too willing to condone the lynching, but the sober judgment of the best citizens deplores and condemns it. . . . The quiet and even tenor of things has not been as much disturbed as those on the outside would suppose.

It is evident that this lynching is an outbreak of lawlessness which has been smoldering in the community for a long time. Heretofore it has been in the form of official corruption or neglect.

For the prevailing laxity in the punishment of crime thoughtful citizens in the community have held the courts responsible. The county in which Springfield lies has been sowing the wind, and now Springfield has reaped the whirlwind. The fact that this violence can be traced to its source does not make the violence the less abhorrent. But it does show the direction from which cure for violence should be expected and sought. There are unnumbered communities in the United States, outwardly peaceable to-day, which are in fact as lawless as was Springfield, Ohio, on Monday and Tuesday of last week. What the people of America need is not to be less shocked at the symptom but more determined to stamp out the disease. We shall continue to have lawlessness met with lawlessness until we systematically and promptly meet it with law.



A Declaration by Negro Farmers

A conference of negro farmers in Arkansas recently made a declaration which is so sane, constructive, and liberal that we quote it here entire :

1. We declare now, as heretofore, that the soil is the foundation, and upon it the entire world depends, directly or indirectly, for a livelihood. Hence, while many of our people may and have a right to take the professions, the great majority of them will need to cling to mother earth. We recommend, therefore, that our people everywhere renew their effort to buy lands, beautify their homes, pay their poll tax, and steer clear of unnecessary debts.

2. It is quite apparent also that here two opposite races are destined to live together for a long time, if not forever, in the same country, under one and the same government. We urge our people, therefore, to do all they can to live on peaceable terms with their neighbors, of whatever color; be honest and prompt in their business dealings, and join hands in all that goes to improve public institutions and the peace and prosperity of this country. The lynch spirit is to be deprecated, but we think we see signs of a better day at hand, when all criminals, of whatever color or crime, will be duly tried by law and punished according to the assessments of the courts. Let us hope for such a day, and do our duty toward the State in the meantime.

3. It is impossible for us to cope with other people without education, elementary education at least, for the masses, and the best of professional education for leader-

ship. We would urge our people, therefore, to do all they can to support the public schools in their communities, extending the terms of same, when it becomes necessary, by private subscriptions. We also urge them to send as many young men as possible to agricultural schools, or such institutions as will encourage agriculture, that the future negro farmer may be master of his vocation in every way. Also let us encourage the medical, legal, and other professional talent of the race in our several communities by contributing to the aid of that kind of education, and by regular employment of such professional characters as they come from our institutions with diplomas declaring their fitness for such service.

This conference was held under the auspices of the Arkansas Baptist College, established by a colored man, Joseph A. Booker. He started with most humble appliances. His first building he erected as far as his money permitted, and put his school into it, though it was nothing more than a cellar roofed over. This college, like the St. Paul's School at Lawrenceville, Virginia, the Voorhees Industrial School at Denmark, South Carolina, and others scattered through the South, is the creation of colored people, stimulated by the example of Tuskegee to begin with what they had and to serve their race without waiting for anything else. The declaration of these negro farmers is but the expression of the spirit which has been embodied in these schools, and which indeed lies behind all practical efforts, whether in industrial schools or in colleges and "universities," for the education of the negro.



The News of the War

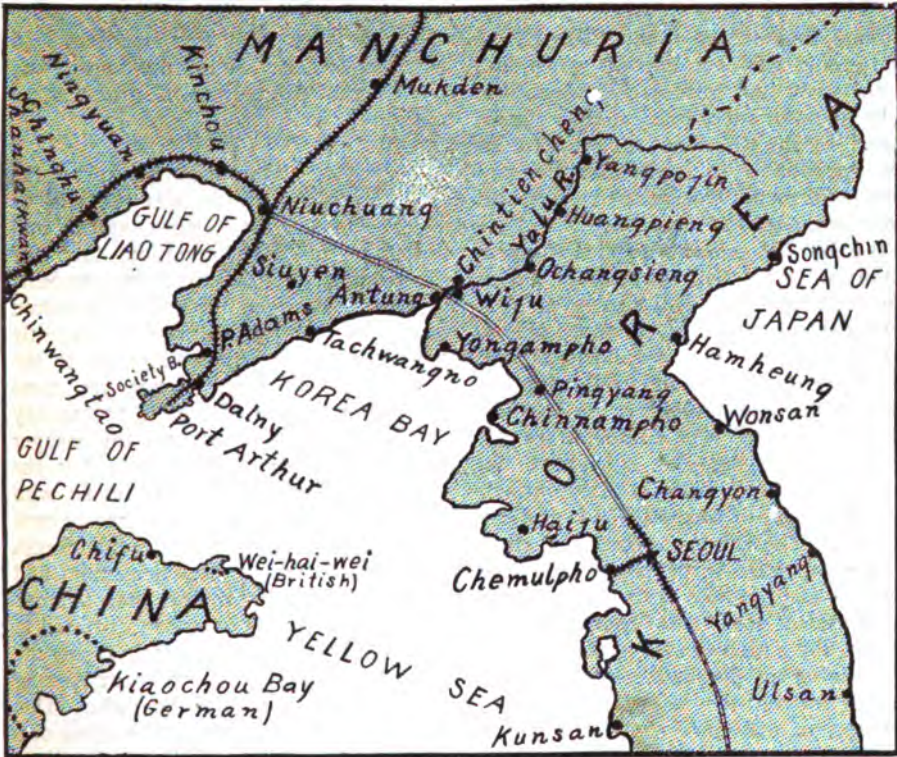
The bombardment at Port Arthur by Admiral Togo's fleet on Thursday of last week admittedly caused rather serious damage. The Japanese war-ships appear to have found a position, probably near Pigeon Bay, where the range of their fire reaches to the town itself. Shells from the ships repeatedly burst in the town, and the number of civilians and soldiers killed is variously estimated at from twenty to sixty-five persons. More or less damage also seems to have been sustained by the batteries of the forts. The Russian battle-ship Retzivan, already twice injured, had been towed into the inner bay to clear the outward

passage, and was again struck by shells. The report was even current at the end of the week that Port Arthur was about to be abandoned, or even had been abandoned, by the Russians; but this rumor was improbable in itself, and has not been confirmed. Russian patriotism and ardor were greatly encouraged and inspired by the action of Vice-Admiral Makaroff, who had no sooner taken command of the naval forces at Port Arthur than he introduced what appears to be a policy of aggressive naval action. At all events, immediately following the bombardment of Thursday, the Russian admiral, now chief in command of the naval forces in the East, sent forth his torpedo fleet and made a direct attack on the Japanese torpedo-boats and destroyers. The result was the destruction of one Japanese torpedo-boat and one Russian torpedo-boat destroyer. While the Russian loss was, therefore, the greater, the action of Admiral Makaroff in changing his flag to a cruiser and in rallying forth to the rescue of the boat attacked indicated personal intrepidity as well as an aggressive policy. It is hardly likely, however, that this policy extends, as has been asserted, to the design of bringing the cruisers at Vladivostok around the coast of Korea and through the straits that separate Korea from Japan, in order to consolidate the naval force. This is a thing much easier said than done, as it would seem almost impossible for the Russian vessels to escape capture by the Japanese in the passage. In point of fact, the mere announcement of such an alleged intention is fairly good evidence that it is not to be carried into effect. Consolidation of the Russian naval forces before the opening of hostilities would have been an immensely desirable course; now it seems impossible of accomplishment. The town of Niuchuang, a treaty port, is being fortified, and a serious question may arise as to the rights of neutral ships and trade in case of blockade. As Niuchuang is a Manchurian city, it is fairly to be considered within the belligerent zone; yet British and American war-ships, to say nothing of merchant vessels, will hardly consent to be "bottled up" there, and some such vessels

are now there with exit impossible on account of ice. Some diplomatic way out of the difficulty will probably be found.

The Land Campaign

The "bottling up" of the Russian war vessels at Port Arthur and Vladivostok is no more complete than the "bottling up" of the war correspondents in Tokyo. Between fifty and one hundred correspondents are said to be earnestly petitioning to be allowed to go to the front, but the time is not yet come when they may be allowed to accompany the Japanese advance, and the meager despatches from Japan show that the war censorship is being exercised with great diligence. It is of course beyond question that very considerable forces have been landed at Chemulpho and north of Chemulpho, and that a large Japanese army has been concentrated in the neighborhood of Pingyang, facing the Russian forces which are near Antung on the northern side of the Yalu. This region is evidently to be the scene of a great campaign, unless the Russians retreat to the railway; but apart from this central situation it is still in doubt where, if at all, Japanese troops have been landed in force. Last week there were repeated rumors that the Japanese had landed in force at Takushan, a point far to the northeast of Antung. If this report were true, it would place a Japanese force in the rear or flank of that Russian army which is in the vicinity of the Yalu, and thus would put that army in danger of being caught between two hostile forces; although, on the other hand, the Japanese force at Takushan would itself be in some danger of being caught between the two divisions of the Russian army, one on the Yalu River, the other in the vicinity of Mukden. It still continues to be possible, although not a matter of knowledge, that Japanese forces may have been landed north of Port Arthur, or on the western side of the Liaotung Gulf. There were reports at the beginning of this week that the Russians were moving out from northern Korea and retiring toward Liaoyang, a railway town midway between Mukden and Niuchuang. Such a movement would be in accord-



THE PRINCIPAL FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE WAR

Harbin, the Russian chief base of supplies, is some distance north of Mukden, and from it a branch of the Siberian Railroad runs east to Vladivostok, which is on the Sea of Japan a little to the northeast of the field shown by this map.

ance with the general policy of avoiding anything like decisive or extensive battles for the present. This policy of delay, which has been in past history somewhat characteristic of Russian military campaigns, would give time for the continuous accumulation of forces by way of the Siberian Railroad. General Kuropatkin has left Russia, with great ceremony and after many public tokens of honor, to take command of the armies in the East. It is hardly to be believed that he has been guilty of the folly reported by some papers of boasting that he expected to have the Japanese beaten by the end of July, and have a treaty of peace signed at Tokyo. This would be a tactless bit of braggadocio, akin to General Buller's famous prediction of a "military parade," with a "Christmas dinner in Pretoria." In point of fact, all the indications are at present for a long-continued and tremendous struggle between Russia and Japan. It is far more likely that General Kuropatkin is correctly reported

as saying: "It is necessary to be calm and patient. The army will make faithful efforts to accomplish the task intrusted to it by the Emperor. Slight reverses are possible. Our troops are assembling slowly, and in this everything depends on the railroad." The gathering of a Chinese force near the Manchurian border has called out a warning to China from Russia that any interference with railways or telegraphs, or any raids over the border by Chinese bandits or soldiers, will lead to repression and retaliation. The Chinese troops thus gathered are not under Imperial but provincial control, and are described as an undisciplined and almost grotesque military organization, showing an entire absence of equipment and training.

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Russia's
Unreadiness

There seems to be no doubt that the Russian Government, or at least that section of it represented by the Czar, was misled in regard to Japanese intentions and prep-

arations, and that the outbreak took the Russian Government by surprise. Russia, which has been in many respects a very successful power in dealing with Eastern peoples, and which, by reason of her racial, historical, and geographical position and history, is a kind of middle term between the Orient and the West, has long felt that she understands the Oriental peoples far better than any other European Power. Now, the universal characteristics of Oriental diplomacy are delay and evasion. As a rule, an Oriental diplomatist asks twice as much as he expects to get in order that he may make a basis for negotiation, reducing his claims very considerably and in the end securing what he has at heart. With this policy Russia is entirely familiar. Indeed, she has practiced it with great success herself. There is reason to believe that she regarded the Japanese diplomacy before the war as of this character. She expected long delays. She thought that Japan was asking far more than she expected to secure; she did not anticipate any serious trouble in the near future. She was rudely awakened, therefore, when it appeared that the Japanese meant precisely what they said; that what they asked for they intended to get, and that they were thoroughly frank and businesslike in their treatment of the matters at issue between themselves and the Russians. When they declared that unless their demands were acceded to they would proceed to war, they meant what they said, and promptly opened fire as soon as it became evident that Russia would not recognize their claims. Japan has already taught the world several lessons; but she has given it no greater surprise than her rejection of the old methods of Oriental diplomacy and her adoption of the frankest, straightest, and simplest methods of Western dealing.



Russia, England, and
the United States

Personal letters have passed between Edward VII. and the Czar, and friendly interviews between Mr. Hay and the Russian Minister in Washington, with the result of very much modifying Russian feeling against Eng-

land and the United States. That feeling ran very high during the first few days after the opening of the war. If the Russians were astonished at the rapidity with which the Japanese acted, they were equally surprised to find how general was the sympathy of Americans with the Japanese, and they at once leaped to the conclusion that this sympathy meant some form of tangible assistance to the Japanese. They have apparently come to a better understanding of the case. They recognize the fact that American sympathy with the Japanese in this struggle does not involve either forgetfulness of the former friendliness of Russia, antagonism to Russia, or failure of any kind to observe the strictest neutrality. The declaration of neutrality issued last week by the President not only follows the usual line of such declarations in imposing the strictest observance of neutrality on the part of officials of the Government, but warns them against any expression of hostility, or the most temperate expression of sympathy with either party. That the Government will rigidly enforce the laws of neutrality there is not a question, and the country stands behind its Government in this matter. Russian feeling against England has been growing for a long time, and has been intensified by the conviction of the Russians that the English have pushed on the Japanese and are ready to assist them in case of need. There is not the slightest question, however, that England desires peace above all things, and that under all normal conditions she will rigidly preserve her neutrality; and the remarkable diplomatic ability of the King, his excellent feeling, and his admirable judgment have been revealed anew in the softening of asperity and the increase of confidence which he has been able to effect by his communications with the Czar.



Roman Catholics
in Germany

While the Ministry of M. Combes in France is taking the most drastic action in regard to Roman Catholic teaching in schools throughout the Republic, the last vestige of legislation against

the Roman Catholics in Germany has been removed from the statute-books by the action of the Reichstag in repealing the anti-Jesuit clause of a law passed thirty-two years ago. The Falk Laws, so named because they were passed under the direction of Dr. Falk, Prussian Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, took all educational functions out of the hands of Catholic ecclesiastics of every kind in order to limit Catholic influence in Prussia, and later this legislation was extended to the German Empire by action to the same end on the part of the Reichstag which made it impossible for Jesuits to settle in Germany. These laws were enforced with the utmost rigor, and Bismarck, who inspired them, declared that he would never compromise with the Papacy. But the subsequent extension of the franchise gave the Catholics the opportunity of recovering lost ground, and of taking a strategical position from which they could compel Bismarck to modify and finally to cease his campaign against them. Under the leadership of Dr. Windthorst, a man of great ability and determination, a Catholic party was organized in the Reichstag which speedily became a power, adroitly and persistently used for one end. When it became necessary for Bismarck, in order to carry his measures, to secure the support of this party, its leaders exacted from him one modification after another of the restrictions imposed upon Catholic ecclesiastics; and the repealing of the clause forbidding the Jesuits to settle in Germany marks the final disappearance of the Falk legislation.



Revolt in Wales While the Education Act is being rigidly enforced in England upon the "passive resisters" by distraint of their property for the taxes they refuse to pay for the support of religious teaching which they object to, the case is far different in the principality of Wales. There an opposition so general as to be called national has compelled a halt, and will probably secure fresh legislation to meet the popular demand. Wales differs from England in being overwhelmingly Nonconformist. Most of the Welsh County Councils

showed from the first decided aversion to put the Education Act into operation. The issue was at last forced by the Board of Education, and February 1 was named as the day when the Act must be carried into effect. This coercive attitude only stiffened the opposition. A series of county conferences manifested a decidedly militant spirit, in a rising tide of popular resentment. "Never since the days of the last native Prince of Wales," says Mr. Lloyd-George, member of Parliament for Carnarvon, "has the Welsh nation been so united in making common cause against alien aggression and oppression." Even Anglican and Roman Catholic laymen are being swept along with Liberals in the current of national feeling, and are enrolling themselves in support of the demand for public control, full and absolute, of the public schools. Opposition to taxation for the maintenance of denominational schools and of sectarian religious teaching is now declared as "the Welsh national policy." A way out of the *impasse* thus created has been proposed, which is said to be favorably regarded by Mr. Balfour—the creation of a separate Education Department for Wales, nominally subordinate to the central authority at London, but empowered so to administer the Act in Wales as to satisfy the Welsh demand for full public control of the schools, with the removal of all religious tests for teachers. The proposition is already under consideration by the Welsh leaders. Whether they will accept it is rendered uncertain by their loyalty to their less favorably conditioned sympathizers in England, with whom they have made common cause, and from whom they feel some reluctance to separate themselves by making a separate peace with the Government, even on their own terms. Whatever their conclusion, this successful revolt in Wales can hardly fail to affect the course of events in England.



**A Theological Seminary
as a Religious Educator**

Certain special undertakings during the present academic year at Union Theological Seminary in New York may be cited as rec-

ords of progress in religious education. The courses for lay workers have been continued as they were last year. In these the Seminary utilizes its forces for the instruction of men and women who, principally in Sunday-schools, belong to the teaching rather than the preaching body of the churches. Then on Sunday afternoons at the Seminary there has been given a course of sermons on "The Church in the World of To-Day." In this the Seminary has used its influence to bring from a distance ministers of discernment of various denominations to give to a popular audience their best conceptions as to the different phases of church ideals and aims as applied to modern life. This month Professor Steindorff, of Leipsic, is giving under Seminary auspices five lectures on the Religion of Ancient Egypt. In this the Seminary is sharing with the community scholarly knowledge. Finally, for three days, March 25-27, the students of the Seminary are to hold a conference, to which they invite college men, for the purpose of considering the opportunities and work of the ministry. In this the Seminary expresses its close relation with other educational institutions and its sense of responsibility toward the great body of students. At the same time, with all this the Seminary is strengthening its curriculum by enlarging its homiletical department (from which Professor Hastings has just resigned to become Professor Emeritus), and by providing for higher instruction for advanced students, to the work of which Professor Briggs is transferred. Thus the Seminary is enlarging its influence while increasing its efficiency in its special work of training ministers. The conception, once prevailing, that religion is something separated from life, made of the seminary a cloister to which men set apart for the labor of saving a few souls from the general wreck of mankind might retire to engage in scholastic study and meditation. The changes in the character of the theological seminary, as indicated in the present undertakings of Union, embody a very different and, happily, more and more prevailing conception of religion as that spirit and power which alone

can give worth to all life, which indeed may be said to be the very fiber and substance of life itself.



Churches for Colored People

An interesting movement has been initiated in the Episcopal Church for the establishment of separate churches for the colored people, under the auspices and direction of bishops of their own race. Bishop Brown, of Arkansas, is one of the leaders in this movement. In saying that it is in the right direction we must not be understood as expressing approval of all the sentiments which have been attributed to Bishop Brown. The progress of the colored people in this country during the last forty years is without a parallel in the world's history, and is full of promise for the future. But amalgamation of the two races is not to be thought of; and if this be true, if the two races are to live as separate races, the colored race must have its own schools and its own churches, its own teachers and its own preachers. And the highest offices in the school and the highest offices in the Church should be open to that race, as they could not be in schools and churches in which the races are intermingled. The details of this movement may be thus briefly described. The general work of the American Episcopal Church among the colored people is carried on under the superintendence of a Commission for Church Work among the Colored People, established by the Board of Missions on the recommendation of the General Convention in 1886. The late Bishop of Kentucky was the Chairman of this Commission. Other members of the Commission are the Bishops of Ohio, North Carolina, Georgia, Washington, the Coadjutors of New York and Pennsylvania, the Rev. Drs. McKim and Tucker, Mr. Joseph Bryant, and Mr. Henry E. Pellew. Overtures have been made for some time to this Commission, by the colored people, for the consecration of colored bishops, so far without definite results. It is now proposed to provide suffragan bishops, which would open the way to granting these requests. A suffragan bishop, in the Church of

England, is an associate or under bishop, attached to a diocesan bishop and working under his direction, but without definite territorial jurisdiction other than that of the bishop to whom he is a suffragan. The American Episcopal Church, up to this time, has forbidden the election of suffragan bishops. It allows the election of coadjutor or assistant bishops, but a bishop coadjutor shares with his senior bishop in the territorial jurisdiction, and has the right of succession. At the last meeting of the Missionary Council in Philadelphia, in October, 1903, on motion of Dr. Huntington, of New York, a resolution was adopted recommending the next General Convention, at Boston, in October, 1904, to consider the expediency of so amending the canons as to allow the election of suffragan bishops, to be responsible to the presiding bishop of the Church, and available for diocesan duty as needed and desired by diocesan bishops. If this change should be carried into effect, it would make it possible to secure the consecration of bishops of the African race for specific work among congregations of their own race in connection with the Episcopal Church in the Southern States. It is curious that the leader of the Boston opposition is the Rev. C. N. Field, commonly known as Father Field, one of the mission priests of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, who is in charge of St. Augustine's Church and of St. Martin's Mission, both in the city of Boston, and both confined exclusively to so-called colored congregations of the Episcopal Church. The question naturally arises, Why, if it seems expedient to separate the colored work from the white work in the city of Boston, it may not be equally desirable, if not more so, to make that separation in the Southern States?



The African
Congregational Church

The deputation sent by the American Board of Foreign Missions to inspect its field in South Africa reports a state of opinion there similar to that which obtains among some people in our Southern States. The white colonists in Natal mostly

regard the native blacks as unfit for any but servile tasks, and missionary work among them as antagonistic to the proper social order, which does not there recognize them as on an equality before the law with whites. Yet these natives, the Zulus, or "Kaffirs," are a capable race, worthy of all efforts in their behalf. The work which American missionaries have carried on for them shows now a group of twenty-three churches, all independent and self-supporting, having over four thousand members and native pastors, organized under their chosen name, "The African Congregational Church." A trait significant for the future is their missionary zeal in behalf of unevangelized Africans. Their race spreads northward a thousand miles beyond Natal, and the wide prevalence of their language gives them an advantage as evangelists. The work of the American missionary is mostly educational, in training leaders for a people of promising qualities. The Colonial Government has placed in the hands of the missionaries the education of all Zulu children, with entire liberty of religious instruction, and has confirmed the original grants under which the mission reservations were held. Still, the statute-book contains separate laws for blacks and whites, and in most places the "Kaffir" must respect the monopoly of the sidewalk by the superior race. "Ethiopianism," with its motto, "Africa for the Africans," and its purpose to unite the natives through appeal to racial feeling in opposition to white aggressors, has been feared by the Government, but the deputation regards it as destined to fail through lack of wisdom and its internal divisions. It has, however, shown considerable strength, drawing from all the various African missions as many as twenty-five thousand members. The mission in Gazaland, East Africa, beyond the pale of civilization, presents unique features. Here the missionaries, settled on farms, are practically Christian landlords, and, as such, exercise an influence whose beneficence is attested by the immigration of natives for the protection and other benefits afforded, quadrupling the population in seven years. Here mis-

sion work gives prominence to industrial training, and the labor required as a condition of residence is willingly performed.

**The Whistler
Exhibition**

Perhaps the most interesting event of the season in the art world is the Memorial Exhibition of the works of Mr. Whistler in Copley Hall, Boston; including paintings, water-colors, pastels, etchings, and drawings. This collection is surprisingly large and representative, and conveys a very adequate impression of Mr. Whistler's versatility, of the quality of his genius, and of the scope of his interests. At the first glance the visitor feels that the fastidious care which Mr. Whistler always bestowed on details in the arrangement of his pictures has characterized the work of the hanging committee; it would be difficult to place pictures more effectively or to give them a more artistic background. The effect, entirely apart from individual pictures, is most pleasing, and would have delighted Mr. Whistler as an effective study in harmony of color. An examination of the etchings gives that delight which always comes from a work of art of the highest order, and confirms the judgment, in which the art world is now almost unanimous, that as an etcher Mr. Whistler belongs distinctly with the masters of his craft, second only to Rembrandt himself. The loveliness of the pastels as examples of Mr. Whistler's wonderful command of color can be appreciated only after a careful study; in their way probably nothing better has been done in modern times. From the collection of oil paintings one misses the two masterpieces, the portrait of Whistler's mother, now in the Luxembourg and shortly to be transferred, it is said, to the Louvre—the highest honor which can be paid to a picture in France—and the portrait of Carlyle, which belongs in Glasgow, but is now on exhibition, with other works of Whistler, in Edinburgh. There is wide difference of opinion in regard to the permanent value of these paintings, but their charm is unmistakable; and it is quite safe to say, even in view of the serious adverse criticism and the most skeptical questioning of

Whistler's genius, that he is a master of color and a master also of line, not in the sense in which Leighton, who was an admirable workman without a ray of genius, was a master of the line, but in making it say what he wants it to say. It is a misfortune that this exhibition cannot be seen in New York, in Pittsburgh, in Chicago, and other cities, for its educational value is very great.

**An Endowed
Orchestra**

Lovers of music will rejoice in the success of the movement in Chicago to make its admirable orchestra, which has been under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas since its organization more than ten years ago, a permanent institution. New Yorkers especially, who owe so much of their musical education to Mr. Thomas's wise selection and admirable interpretation of the older and newer classics, will take deep satisfaction in this practical recognition of his services to music in Chicago. Mr. Thomas was the foremost orchestral director in the country when he entered upon his career as leader in Chicago; and his long experience, thorough knowledge, and enthusiasm were placed at the service of the cause of disseminating knowledge of the best music and developing a taste for it, to which he devoted himself in Chicago as he had devoted himself in New York. In this work he was aided by a group of influential citizens, composing the Orchestra Association, who, with wise generosity and the public spirit which has done so much for Chicago, made up deficits for a number of years amounting, it is reported, to \$350,000—a fine example of the co-operation of intelligent men for the purpose, not of making money, but of affording an example of loyalty to the highest standards, and advancing the individual standards of a great population instead of lowering those standards for the sake of profits. This public-spirited service on the part of far-seeing men, co-operating with Mr. Thomas's musical generalship, is now bearing fruit in the collection of a fund of \$750,000, which is to serve as an endowment for a permanent orchestra. Subscriptions for this fund have already passed \$650,000, and the success of the

enterprise is assured. New York ought not to be slow to follow Chicago and establish a permanent orchestra in this city.

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Registration Frauds in Philadelphia Registration frauds have reached such a point in Philadelphia under the manipulation and management of the present political machine that elections in certain of the wards have become little more than farces. The ward leaders turn out majorities to order; not infrequently, it is stated, they are announced in advance. Mayor Weaver, who continues to justify the confidence reposed in him by the Independents at and since his election, has recently addressed himself to the task of securing something like a fair and honest election in the Delaware "river-front wards," where fraud prevails. He placed on the police the responsibility of examining the lists of voters, but he soon discovered that some of the policemen were themselves responsible for fraudulent names. Two of these thus detected were ordered before the police board, found guilty, and dismissed from the service. An investigation conducted by the conservative "Public Ledger" disclosed the fact that in one ward, the Fifth, 699 out of 1,926 names examined (or 37 per cent.) were fraudulent. The Joint Committee on Electoral Reforms, which is making a hard fight for a personal registration bill, claims that this proportion holds throughout all these wards and that these fraudulent names are invariably voted. The same Committee is authority for the statement that in many instances the whole list of electors is voted, and in some cases, through a swearing-in process, upwards of one hundred per cent. of the list is voted. Mayor Weaver, in his initial effort to stop registration frauds, concentrated his efforts in the notorious Fifth Ward, although the patrolmen throughout the city were required to watch the lists and the voting, and, wherever possible, to check illegal voting. In many sections the presence and watchfulness resulted in a very considerable reduction; but outside of the Fifth Ward, where the reduction was notably large, there was little or no change in those wards which

have been depended upon to roll up the manufactured majorities.



The Interior Department and the Indians

Eternal vigilance is the price apparently of Indian rights as well as of the liberties of the white citizen. Six years ago the Dawes Commission was created by Congress to protect the Indians of Indian Territory. The late Senator Henry L. Dawes, in a letter to The Outlook at that time, spoke of the creation of this Commission as one of great importance to the Indians, as it certainly was. At the same time Mr. Dawes added, "No doubt defects will be developed in application." Those defects have unfortunately manifested themselves in a degree which Senator Dawes, we think, would not have believed possible. Last August The Outlook reviewed at some length the report of Mr. S. M. Brosius, an agent of the Indian Rights Association, accusing some of the members of the Dawes Commission of financial transactions concerning Indians which were highly improper if not actually corrupt. These charges by Mr. Brosius were investigated by a special committee, consisting of Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, and Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, of Philadelphia, who have now made their report to President Roosevelt, sustaining most of Mr. Brosius's charges. The report of this investigating committee recommends the abolishment of the Dawes Commission. In transmitting the report to Congress, President Roosevelt says: "In accordance with the recommendation of Messrs. Bonaparte and Woodruff, the members of the Commission to the Five Civilized Tribes have been informed that if they are to continue in the service they must cease all connection with business operations of any kind in the Territory where it is possible that their official positions could be of any effect upon their private business, even though no such effect be in fact shown."

Scandals in the Indian Department like that exposed in the Brosius charges, like the Standing Rock case, and the

proposed swindling of the Indians in the Rosebud Reservation, raise the question in some minds whether it is possible to find American citizens of sufficient ability and intelligence who will go into the public service and refrain from prostituting their offices to their own private gains. Fortunately, we believe that it is possible to get men of strict honor and of high ideals to serve as representatives of the Government in dealing with the Indians. The Secretary of the Interior who will take the same attitude in the administration of his department towards the Indians that Secretary Taft has maintained in his relations with the Filipinos will find that he has not only benefited the Indians but has enhanced his own reputation as a citizen and as a Government officer.

The Northern California Indian Association is now vigorously engaged in urging upon Congress some action for the protection of the Indians in the northern part of that State. There are, it seems, between 13,000 and 14,000 Indians in the northern part of California, many of whom are in a most unfortunate and destitute condition because they are landless. They are landless, it is alleged, because their original holdings have been seized or taken by the Government of the United States, under one pretext and another, without payment. The Memorial of the California Association asserts that "in Northern California the Indians have never received a single dollar for their ownership of more than 100,000 square miles of the most beautiful and valuable country in the world." It appears to us that the California Association is taking the right ground with regard to these Indians. They do not ask for reservations; they do not ask for large farms; they do not ask for gifts of money or goods by which the Indians may be pauperized. They recommend that "our landless Indians be given small tracts of land in severalty where they now reside; that their own lands be given them wherever possible, and that a sufficient sum be appropriated to purchase these tracts wherever there is no Government land available." Commissioner Jones, of the Indian Depart-

ment, is on record as opposing the plan set forth in the memorial. The satisfactory outcome of the Brosius investigation in Indian Territory leads us to suggest that Mr. Brosius or some equally capable and disinterested person be sent as a special commissioner by President Roosevelt to investigate the condition of the Indians in Northern California. It seems to The Outlook that if there are fourteen thousand destitute and wretched Indians in California, and if there is a controversy between the Indian Department and the Northern California Indian Association, the President might well intrust a special commissioner with the duty of furnishing him a special report on the subject.

Service Pensions

All Governments grant pensions in some form, and many of them include in the list of their beneficiaries superannuated civil service employees and men who have achieved literary distinction or who have rendered any marked service to the community or the State. In this country pensions have always been limited to the army and navy, but they have been of so liberal a character that their aggregate has greatly exceeded the total paid for pensions of all classes by any other Government. When General Garfield brought in the Pension Bill at the time he was Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House, the amount being a little over \$38,000,000, he stated that from that time on the sum required would undoubtedly decrease; instead of which it went steadily up to over \$140,000,000, or nearly four times as much as he had estimated the maximum would require, and in excess of the entire annual military expenditure of the German Empire.

It is a fact known to every old soldier that when he entered the service he supposed that if he were actually disabled in the line of his duty he would be pensioned, but no one had any expectation that the Government would go beyond that; the length to which it has been carried is in the direction of pauperization and socialism, and has largely

promoted perjury and fraud. It is impossible that, with only about a million men under arms at the close of the Civil War, there should be just about a million bona-fide pensioners, which is the number on the list now, forty years after the war is over. That such a condition has been reached is the fault of both parties. The Grand Army has been and remains a powerful factor in politics, and its demands, often invented and fomented by greedy and unscrupulous agents, have been given by Congress the weight which is said to belong to *vox populi*; at least a ready obedience has been accorded them.

Now comes the demand for a service pension, and it is based on reasoning thought to be irresistible. It is said, and it is a fact, that the soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and of the War of 1812, and of the Mexican War, and of the principal Indian wars, have all been given service pensions forty years after the respective wars ended, that the country agreed willingly to the charge and has never complained of it, and that there is certainly just as much reason why the survivors of the Civil War should receive the same consideration. There appears to be no answer to this, except to say that pensions to all survivors now will require an enormously greater sum than at any previous period of our history; to which it is replied that it is not greater in proportion to present wealth and population. The only way out seems to be for both parties to agree in saying that service pensions have always been a mistake, and a burden which should not have been put upon the people.

And there is to be no discrimination exercised; the man who enlisted for three months, and never went out of his State, is to be put on the same level with the veteran who saw nearly four years' hard service and severe fighting. One reason which it is said is likely to contribute to the success of the proposed bill is the fact that it will bring pension legislation to an end. It is estimated that the amount required under it will be about \$60,000,000 annually.

To the man who lost a limb or was in any way crippled or disabled in the

service we would cheerfully grant unstinted assistance and consideration. It can hardly be too great. But it is time to call a halt. Let the old soldiers think it over, and ask themselves if any further demand on the country is justified; and in that connection let them consider some figures taken from official reports which should be interesting to every citizen and taxpayer. The disbursements for pensions by the United States from July 1, 1790, to June 30, 1865, were \$96,445,444.23. Since 1865 the disbursements for pensions have been \$2,942,178,145.33, and for expenses \$95,647,934.71—a total of \$3,037,826,080.64, and a total since the foundation of the Government of \$3,134,271,524.87. Of the entire amount expended, \$70,000,000 was for the Revolutionary War; \$45,186,197.22 for that of 1812; \$6,234,414.55 for Indian wars; \$33,483,309.91 for the Mexican War; \$5,479,268.31 already for the war with Spain, and \$2,878,240,400.17 for the Civil War.

The maximum cost per capita of population was reached in 1893, when it was \$2.44. It has now fallen to \$1.75, and the service pension will put it up nearly \$1 per capita, or to a point a good deal higher than it has ever been.

People who are always ready to rush the country into a war forget, beyond the suffering, bloodshed, and immediate destruction and cost involved, the frightful pension burden they are placing upon themselves and their posterity.



A Lenten Thought

The Springs of Happiness

In one of the many personal and sacred records in which the inner and spiritual history of the Civil War is preserved there is a story which opens the very heart of that great struggle by revealing the nobility of the host of young men in blue and gray, who stepped from the quiet places and the common occupations on to the uplands of heroic service, and were unaware that they were ranging themselves with the elect spirits of the race. In a democracy all the froth and foam come to the surface, and there is far more cheap patriotism and

wordy devotion than in any other form of public life. Under our system everything is revealed—vulgarity as boldly as nobility, ignorance as confidently as the most thorough training, cunning and hard shrewdness and mean avarice as courageously as the purest devotion and the highest passion for service. The noisy politician makes himself more conspicuous than the statesman, and talk about patriotism is so often mere sham and cant in the cheapest rhetoric that men who really love their country hide their feelings in order to keep them from the touch of vulgarity.

Under all this cheapness of speech and manner, this vulgarity of motive and aim, there has always been a great nobility of spirit; beneath the vociferous protestations of a sham love of country there has always been a deep and constant passion in the hearts of thousands of men and women. In every crisis these great realities of character come into view, and there are countless records of these hidden resources of the highest manhood and womanhood in the private annals of the Civil War. The common heroism of the men who fought on both sides in that struggle is one of the priceless possessions of the Nation.

The record which lies open as these words are written tells the story of a boy of New England birth and breeding, with the best traditions of character and education behind him, who went, while still a very young man, to a city in the Mississippi valley which was strongly Southern in feeling; overcame rapidly the prejudice against a stranger from New England; made his way into the best social life of the community by force of his pure manliness, his ability, his sincerity, and his charming personality; flung all that he had gained to the winds when the storm broke; raised a regiment for the Federal army in a State which was largely hostile; proved himself so efficient and gallant a soldier that he won the hearts of his men and of his superiors from General Grant down; and fell in the front line of his division as he was leading a charge at Vicksburg, a Brigadier-General at thirty-one. Such stories are not uncommon in this new world with its doors of

opportunity open to the resolute will and the strong hand; but never has a young American made a cleaner or more characteristic record than this gallant man whose character is typical of the best in American life.

In a letter written by this modest hero on the eve of the war there is a paragraph which not only throws a sudden light on the whiteness of his soul but reveals true insight into that secret of happiness which all men seek to discover but which few ever master: "I believe I am as happy in performing my present duties as I can be, unless, by becoming better and greater, new springs of happiness should be opened for me." Rarely has a great truth been more simply and adequately expressed. Here, in a sentence, is the heart of the matter; here is the unveiling of the secret which has eluded hosts who have died without gaining so much as a glimpse of that which they sought with aching hearts over the whole field of man's activities and resources. This young man, absorbed in practical affairs, suffering sorely from a great denial of his affections imposed on him by a sense of duty, discovered, by simple integrity of living and the quickened moral insight of a pure mind, that which has been often hidden from the great and wise.

For the wisest men are slow to learn that happiness is not a thing to be sought for as a treasure hidden in some distant country, a rare and beautiful possession to be found at last by the most daring and arduous; that it is never hidden at a distance, but always close at hand; that it is independent of conditions; that it is sublimely indifferent to rank or station or education or money; that it flees from those who pursue it, and blooms silently and unawares in the hearts that take little thought of it because they are set on other and still nobler things.

The world is full of eager men and restless women who think they can find happiness in some change of condition or of place, some gain in position or power or means; this pure-hearted man found it close at hand in the surrender of his will to what he believed was a higher will, in unselfishness of life, in

care and thought and work for others, Happiness came to him because he did not seek it; and, having found it, he discovered that to increase it he must become better or greater. The pathos of the human story lies largely in the weary searching of misguided men and women for that which lies close at hand; in the wasting of heart in the struggle to gain that which already lies within reach; in the tragic overlooking of the rest and peace which wait at home while they who seek wander sorrowful and empty-handed at the ends of the earth.

Springs of happiness are hidden and ready to break forth in every nature; and with every advance in goodness and greatness new streams are waiting to flow. The joy which all men crave lies always within the invisible circle of the heart; it is never found in the world without; and, once found, the world, which is powerless to bestow it, cannot take it away.



The Bible Societies

The one hundredth anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society was observed in many places in England and the United States with exercises commemorative not only of the remarkable achievements of the British and American Bible Societies in putting the Bible into practically all languages spoken by men and placing it freely in all parts of the world, but of the supreme position of the Bible, not only in the literature of the Western world, but in its life. The English Bible is so much a part of the consciousness of the English-speaking peoples that it is almost impossible to measure its importance or trace its influence as an objective force. It is wrought into the very fiber of these races and embedded in the heart of their literature. It is needless to celebrate its victories. It was well to recognize the place and authority of the Bible by the presence of the Queen at the services in St. Paul's and of the President of the United States at the services in Washington; the executive authorities of two great nations recognizing thus formally the supreme moral and

spiritual influences under which the lives of both nations are carried on; but it is needless, as indeed it would be impossible adequately, to report in the progress of the societies for the dissemination of the Bible the progress of the Bible itself. That is not to be found in statistics; it is to be traced in the progress of civilized countries in the Western and in much of the Eastern world.

A single thought suggested by Bishop Westcott, one of the profoundest and most reverent of Bible students, may well be emphasized at this time. He declared that he hoped much "from the deepest, the frankest, the most faithful study of the fullness of the Holy Scripture. I think we may gain through that, as time goes on, that outward unity which our Lord himself has declared shall be the power by which the world shall be overcome. If we look for that unity, that victory, I think we shall find it through the Bible." The deepest tendency of a great movement like that which has reorganized and revived the study of the Bible during the last thirty years is rarely perceived at the moment. It is not improbable that Dr. Westcott foresaw and in this passage predicted one of the most important results of the new Biblical scholarship when he declared that it is to be the chief agency in bringing about the unity of Christendom. Disunity, separation, division, rest largely on scholastic definitions of the Scripture. It is by these largely arbitrary differences that the polemic spirit has been bred, and men have been separated by formal didactic statements rather than by real differences. Now, the whole tendency of the modern study of the Bible is to get at the soul and the heart of that great body of literature, to go behind the text and interpret it in its relation to the entire disclosure of truth, to read the entire literature as a continuous unfolding of the human spirit under the divine guidance and a continuous revelation of the divine spirit in human history, to set the group of truths in large and true perspective; in a word, to go behind all the differences which appear on the surface of the Bible and to bring men into touch with the soul which

lives in this literature and the heart of love, of pity, and of helpfulness which abides there.

The Bible Societies are, therefore, notable agencies in bringing about the reunion of Christendom. This fact is recognized in the organization of the American Bible Society, and in its management by a group of secretaries representing several great divisions of the Church. This is the organization in which Americans are most immediately interested. Perhaps no single agency is more important from the standpoint of moral education than the free and wide distribution of the Bible; and everything that concerns the societies which have this matter in charge is of vital importance. It is, therefore, as a friend of the American Bible Society that The Outlook calls attention at this moment, when it is very properly emphasizing its achievements, to certain criticisms of its management.

The work done by the Society has been the subject of wide comment and the source of much justifiable pride. At the same time, however, there have been indications that the constituents and supporters of the work of the Society are not wholly satisfied with its results in recent years. One indication of this is the decided falling off in the receipts of the Society. They are about one-half of what they were ten years ago. Early in January the Society itself called attention to this decrease in its receipts, and announced that if continued it would have "to seriously curtail its work." The Rev. Philip S. Moxom made this announcement the occasion for a very frank criticism of the Society's method. The points of his criticism are these: That there is no need for as many as four executive officers; that their salaries are excessive; that the expenses of administration are disproportionate; that the salaries of the field agents exceeded in amount the money which they had succeeded in collecting; that the Bibles which were sold at "no profit" were more expensive than those published by private publishing houses; that the Society neglected the distribution of Bibles in the United States; that it duplicated the work carried on

by the State societies; that its refusal to distribute copies of the Revised Version was unjustifiable; and that in regard to its relations to the foreign missionary work, its conduct of the Bible House in New York, and its report of trust funds, its financial accounts were confusing and misleading. The Secretaries of the Society have answered these criticisms, pointing out the complexity of their work, the smallness of the salaries compared with those received by men in similar positions elsewhere, the peculiar nature of the Society's administrative work, which makes it appear greater than it really is; the fact that the field agents really secure funds not generally attributed to their activity; that the Society gives less attention to the domestic field than the foreign because it is not so large; that it needs to duplicate the work of the State societies because their support is inadequate; that the King James Version is the only version permitted by the constitution of the Society; and that a detailed examination of its accounts explains certain apparent discrepancies.

Three conclusions are clear from this discussion. First, that some of these criticisms are not well taken. There is, for instance, no doubt whatever in our minds that the Secretaries of the American Bible Society are doing as disinterested and unselfish a work as is being done by the officials of any missionary society. More specific facts than those already given are needed to persuade us that they are overpaid or underworked. Second, that there are some things in the administration of the Bible Society that need correction. Its duplication of the work of societies that ought to be auxiliary and not competitive ought to be ended. Its ingenious advertising is not at the same time altogether ingenuous, as, for instance, when it prints in an advertisement pictures of the Bible House in New York and the Bible House in Constantinople as though they were both the property of the American Bible Society, whereas the latter is an entirely independent house held under a separate board of trustees; and, as another instance, when it announces that "in eighty-seven years the Society has issued 72,670,783 volumes of the Holy Scrip-

tures," and that "the issues for the last year were 1,993,071 volumes"—in which the ordinary reader would understand "volumes" to mean "Bibles"—whereas the figures are only 19,423,652 Bibles and 302,121 Bibles respectively. There is no suggestion of lack of integrity, but the financial accounts are confusing to the lay mind; and so long as this is so the Society cannot expect its supporters to be wholly satisfied regarding the expenditure of the money they contribute. A third conclusion is that the Society ought to amend its constitution so as to permit the publishing and distribution of the Revised Version. In doing this it will be doing only what the British Society has already done. A correspondent, who is a life member of the Society, asks in a letter to us that this constitutional change should be immediately announced by the managers and be adopted at the annual meeting in May next. We believe that if the American Bible Society wishes to stop the decrease in its income it must meet the demands of its intelligent but dissatisfied members and former supporters.



The Spectator

The Spectator was greatly impressed by two articles in recent magazines on the subject of eating too much. He has long recognized the fact that at times he distinctly eats more than he ought, and that he is by no means a Gladstone in the matter of chewing his food. To be sure, he has always been fairly well, but the thought of a dyspeptic old age was terribly borne in upon him by these articles. True it is that the cunning of the cook entraps us into gluttony—that if somebody's breakfast food was last upon the menu of a long dinner instead of Nesselrode pudding, nature would assert itself and call a halt. And the Spectator is reaching the age when, according to these magazine writers, an excess of food must be given up.



One article contained a wealth of general advice; the other specifically detailed the adventures of Mr. Horace Fletcher, fifty-four years of age, in

search of the fountain of youth. He had found it, and was able to ride his bicycle one hundred miles a day, to run up the steps of the Washington Monument and down again, to chase and catch a trolley-car and to go on talking as if nothing had happened, and to write two thousand words on his typewriter before breakfast—an explanation of which may be found in the fact that he seldom eats any breakfast. All these feats Mr. Fletcher can accomplish "simply by eating what his appetite craves and no more, and by chewing his food thoroughly," the result being that his needs are met and that he eats only about one-third the quantity eaten by the average workman. But what remarkable foods! Mr. Fletcher lives chiefly at dairy restaurants because there he gets the amount of food that he wants and no more. The extremely small portions usually doled out at dairy restaurants are thus explained; it is not that the proprietors are niggardly, but because they have at heart the health of the community.

"But what are you going to eat?" I asked.

"'Griddle-cakes,' replied Mr. Fletcher"—and griddle-cakes he ate, even to the putting on of five little cups of maple syrup. On another occasion the writer of the article saw Mr. Fletcher at half-past nine A.M., when he had been up since five, exercising on his typewriter, and during that morning he ate nothing but candy. "At half-past twelve o'clock he said, 'I have an appetite,'" and he lunched on hashed brown potatoes, with coffee and milk, and a French roll. "At half-past eight o'clock at night he ate a small portion of corned beef hash which was four-fifths potato [the dairy restaurant again], and sipped a glass of milk. He had eaten one-third the amount of food that I had eaten during the day, and at midnight he was fresh and I was tired." Then Mr. Fletcher went to bed and slept five hours, which is all the sleep he needs on his novel diet.



Now this is very disquieting to a man who has been accustomed, all his life, to a solid night's sleep of eight or ten hours, a light breakfast and two very

square meals a day—and who never lunches at a dairy restaurant if there is anything else in sight. To be sure, the Spectator was brought up to believe that candy would take away his appetite, and that five cups of maple syrup on his griddle-cakes would be destructive of all desire to eat for a number of hours—in which he and Mr. Fletcher seem to be quite in accord. But it is evident that Mr. Fletcher is in better health than the Spectator, who would surely be compelled to spend a few moments in getting his breath after going up the steps of the Washington Monument before sprinting down.



It was on Monday that the Spectator read these magazine articles, and meditated long over the wood fire. Should he seek to prolong his life to the advanced age of fifty-four on a diet of candy and griddle-cakes? At least he had reached the period of life when he must relinquish many of the so-called pleasures of the table. He certainly ate too much meat; he would begin to chew his food thirty-two times in the Gladstone manner; he would rise hungry from the table. He still drew the line at dairy restaurants. He would eat at home, but he would be provident.



These resolves were confided to Mrs. Spectator Tuesday morning, and she sniffed, murmuring something about "smoking too much." He could afford to ignore this. He would begin that day to go to market, and he would purchase less meat and would cut down on supplies in general.

"But you know we have guests coming to-morrow," observed Mrs. Spectator.

Well, let them come. We would read aloud to them these epoch-making magazine articles; they would join us in the holy crusade against the sin and discomfort of overloading the stomach. Together we would press on—and go to bed hungry, and sleep for only five hours.



On Tuesday and Wednesday the Spectator stuck well to his resolutions. On

Tuesday he did not smoke at all—a hardship which was ameliorated by his having smoked too many cigars the day before. Meat he ate but once, and that at luncheon, spurning it for dinner. He held soup in his mouth until it burned him to tears—which was surely better than gulping it down unchewed. He counted the movements of his jaw until all conversation ceased or was carried on in disjointed sentences, interrupted by "fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one." For the Spectator soon discovered that it was necessary to chew some kinds of food more than thirty-two times, and, moreover, that he must have always done so.



On Wednesday the Spectator smoked a cigar—Mr. Fletcher smoked "when he felt like it."



The guests came. They were advised of the Spartan regimen which was before them, but they took it calmly, especially as there seemed to be no apparent change in the family mode of life—thanks, perhaps, to Mrs. Spectator and to the servants, who had not been convinced of the necessity of scrimping the food. The Spectator continued to eat sparingly and to chew unceasingly. At this time he made a computation of the number of times his jaw worked in the course of an ordinary day. The figures were appalling.



Thursday morning the Spectator took a fifteen-mile horseback ride with one of the guests, and returned to luncheon with an appetite such as he had not had for many days. His food was swallowed in the good, old-fashioned way, with no thought of the workings of his jaw. An afternoon at golf made the seven o'clock dinner a welcome and delightful meal. Four days have passed, and the wise words of those articles are slipping quietly into oblivion under the regimen of horseback and golf.



But we really do eat too much, and perhaps, when the guests have gone—

What Defeat Would Mean to Russia

By Wanda Ian-Ruban

The writer of the following article has by marriage become a member of a family of the old Russian nobility. The head of this family, for many years justice of the peace and member of the zemstvo in one of the governments, was finally banished from this sphere of his activities for an act not illegal even in the light of Russian law. At last allowed to be elected to membership in the zemstvo of another province, the same thing has once more occurred—banishment from the province for attempting to prevent the too flagrant disregard of all law on the part of those in authority. Another member of this family felt it to be his duty to give up his instructorship in one of the largest Russian universities, as a protest against the unjust treatment of the students. The writer has herself traveled through Russia, and had not a little opportunity for observation of a sort usually denied to the traveler in a strange land.—THE EDITORS.

IN the face of the war now being waged between Russia and Japan for supremacy in the Far East, there is much discussion as to what the historical outcome following upon the victory of the one or of the other may ultimately be. That the sympathies of the United States are more or less universally enlisted on the side of Japan will not be doubted by any one observant of indications of popular feeling. As the smaller and weaker but extraordinarily individual and progressive power, engaged in a very life-and-death struggle, her claim to sympathetic interest is furthered and supported by America's love of justice, and, if I may so express it, by a certain admiration for large pictorial effect. Nevertheless, what ultimate effect the event of her success might have upon the general course of European affairs seems to be open to more than one interpretation, and has of late formed the frequent subject of surmise and argument. As to what would be the effect upon Russia, however, there has been little or no discussion, and apparently but the one conclusion: that the loss of the war would mean a severe check to her commercial expansion through loss of control in Manchuria, and a still greater loss of prestige among Eastern and Continental nations, not to mention the crippling of her financial resources. But though it may be said that this would constitute the certain effect upon the Russian Government, the question still remains unanswered, What would be the probable effect upon the Russian people? and whether, in earnestly desiring the most

complete success for Japanese arms, one is not at the same time, however unconsciously, desiring the real salvation of Russia?—whether the final, especially if quickly gained, victory of the Russian forces would not imply an inevitable strengthening of all those elements of darkness and despotism which are beginning to yield even perceptibly to the unceasing and devoted efforts of her best sons?

How false it is to identify Russia at large with the Russian Government in this war, as indeed in any piece of State policy, is only to be realized by one who is thoroughly conversant with the real Russia. In spite of reports of patriotic outbursts of enthusiasm, it is a fact that the people of Russia know little or nothing, and are utterly unable to inform themselves, as to the real issues of the war; so that, in a recent letter, one of the most influential and best informed of the leaders of the Liberal party lamented the fact that we in America are able to keep in touch with events in Russia and in the Far East, while he is not. This cleft between Government, the exploiter, on the one hand, and Russia, the exploited, on the other, is daily broadening and deepening, until it is gradually separating into factions such heretofore homogeneous bodies as the army, the aristocracy, and the bureaucracy. Even certain of the dukes and princes, more honorable and enlightened than their class, are now in favor of a constitution—brought first to the thought, as they themselves admit, by the repressive measures of the Government; and to many able minds convinced of the theo-

retical advantages of a monarchy, the question is being sharply brought home by constant deeds of cruelty and violence, "Why is the Government taking the surest way to alienate our sympathy and support?"

Of this increasing weakening of the loyalty of its supporters the Government is necessarily aware, especially as the spirit of opposition has little by little assumed truly formidable proportions, yet it takes no steps toward regaining the confidence which it has so culpably forfeited. On the contrary, its every move is in the opposite direction. A spirit of demoralization, almost of openly avowed fear, seems to rule. Signs of open revolt are met, it is true, with renewed deeds of violence and cruelty; the characteristic espionage continues in full force; but all without the old confidence and efficacy. The influence of the opposition party is increasing at an almost incredible rate, due not a little to the fact that revolutionists, socialists, and constitutionalists are now uniting in definite organization against a common enemy. Such papers as "Osvobozhdenie" and "Zhizn," and many others of a still more radical revolutionary tone, like "Iskra" and "Revolutionaya Russia," are now sent openly across the border to all in power, from ministers to police, who, it is well known, read them with their whole array of unpalatable facts as a measure of defense; so that when at the present day gendarmes find revolutionary literature in a house search, a thing which would have meant certain banishment not ten years ago, the accused answers simply: "I cannot prevent the sending of these journals to my house. You probably receive and read them also." The propaganda of freedom has become so far-reaching that literally thousands of journals, pamphlets, etc., are brought over the frontier or printed secretly in Russia, and distributed systematically among peasants and workmen, and even in the army. The success of this last effort is proved by the measures which General Kuropatkin has found it necessary to take against it. A recent circular sent by him to all Generals begins with the words: "The attempts

of political agitators to spread their propaganda in the army, earlier a matter of comparatively rare occurrence, are now becoming more frequent, and so bold that they call forth the necessity for paying them earnest attention."

Not only is it now possible to hear in society animated discussions in which exception is openly taken to Governmental policy, incredible as it may seem to one not familiar with the Russia of recent years, but the people is beginning to show unmistakable signs of awakening, and woe to Russian misrule when awake! The people, that vast, inert, silent, hitherto so easily molded mass, composed of the peasants, the workmen, mechanics, artisans, etc., upon which the prosperity of agricultural and industrial Russia might under happier conditions securely repose—how terrible its wrongs, how unspeakably terrible the revenge it may one day in its blind agony take! Only the wisest guidance, the most unselfish and unremitting devotion, will be able to divert those appalling forces from carrying wholesale ruin with them, in that moment when they waken and stir, and then begin their inevitable course for good or evil.

The peasants are most of all difficult to reach—a fact which is due to their greater isolation, and the comparative ease with which the Government can in their case apply its system of espionage and control. Centuries of repression and cruelty have made them stolid, suspicious, and so ignorant as to be accessible by scarcely any of the usual methods. A prescribed list only of absolutely "innocuous" books is permitted to them. Where their systematic impoverishment through a mulcting and tax-levying Government ceases, the claims of the Church begin. The priesthood, backed by the power of the State Church, of course identical with that of the Government itself, is one of the most trusted tools of the latter. Strange to say, signs of disaffection have begun to be observed even in this class, but it is of course for the most part scrupulously loyal, and holds the peasant in its inevitable grasp. Interesting are the tales brought back by the tourist from Russia of the groveling superstition, or of the romantic

piety, as the tourist's fancy may happen to suggest, of the Russian peasant; but a less superficial observer sees rather symptoms of a deep-rooted hatred, its expression held in check only by fear. The abstract idea of the supremacy of the State Church is being constantly brought home to him in a strictly concrete way. Let him refuse any demand of the priest, or of the Government through the priest, and the former can refuse the rites of burial, marriage, or baptism. Without his certificate of baptism a Russian is no better than an outcast, or a Jew; no marriage bond is valid save the ceremony sanctioned by the Church and performed by the priest, and the sacred necessity of the service of burial for the dead is evident. Since the reign of the former Czar, Alexander III.—called the peace-giver, though it would be more accurate to call him the destroyer, since he abrogated all the reforms instituted by his father—corporal punishment, as being "wholesome for the peasant," is sanctioned by law, but is, fortunately, extremely rarely applied. How dangerous, however, such a power in the hands of an unscrupulous governor may become, in a land where all processes of law are purely farcical, has been demonstrated more than once lately. The effect upon the peasant is shown by the fact that in former days it was no uncommon occurrence for a peasant so dishonored to hang himself immediately after the administration of this "wholesome" punishment.

But though the peasant at home is difficult to reach, he goes into the army, and from some of the districts of northern Russia, especially those lying between Petersburg and Moscow, he is driven every winter into these cities by the necessity of earning enough bread to keep him from starvation. Here he appears in the guise of day-laborer, house-servant, etc., and though he remains a peasant at heart, he cannot but be influenced by the growing spirit of unrest which is spreading through the working classes. It has already gone so far that in one large city after another great crowds of workingmen take part in openly revolutionary demonstrations and parades, almost with immunity. A few

are imprisoned or exiled, of course without trial, as "examples," but the rest are simply driven apart by the soldiers—another evidence of the decreasing confidence of the Government. The position of the workingman is indeed an intolerable one. Overwork, underpay, and compulsory ignorance are his portion. Employers, including merchants and manufacturers (with here also the exception of many of the younger generation), side *en masse* with the Government, of course with the purpose of keeping him in subjection. It is true that Russian artisans and mechanics work badly, but that is not surprising. Where the shortest working day consists of eleven hours, the constantly recurring church holidays, whose inevitable result is intermittent and slovenly workmanship, are yet a necessity. A workman has no opportunity for acquiring adequate technical training, and his wage of from twenty to fifty (the latter very rare indeed) cents in our money per day is even in Russia not a living one, and could scarcely be considered an incentive to excellent work. An especially bad system is in force in certain Government factories, where the wages seldom exceed six and a half dollars a month. Here the full wage is paid only for perfect work. But, as it happens, the Government does not feel itself called upon to provide perfect machines for accomplishing this work, so that a failure for which a workman must forfeit the greater part of his pittance is frequently the inevitable result of the tools which he is compelled to use. Again, one workman has often to pay for the fault of another, as, for instance, where two work upon one piece, the one polishing what the other has welded. If the latter has done his work badly, both lose equally the price for the piece.

Perhaps the best friends of both workman and peasant are to be found in the Liberal party of the Dvorianstvo, or nobility. This class, in which are found the majority of owners of large estates, is sharply divided into two factions, of which the one, known as the loyal or Governmental party, performs services so valuable to the Government that the latter is often willing to pay its private debts from the State treasury. The

members of this party concur, of course, fully in the Government's paternal policy of repressing and exploiting the peasants. In the Liberal party, on the other hand, are to be found many of the most enlightened and progressive leaders of the opposition, men upon whom, in the event of reconstruction, the chief burden of responsibility and work will probably fall. At present their every step is hemmed by a fearful Government; they are branded indiscriminately as dangerous and revolutionists, though they are for the most part essentially conservative, even monarchists; their sons and daughters, students in the universities, are continually being thrown into prison absolutely without opportunity for either explanation or defense, often as the result of direct mistake. (In one such instance, for which I can personally vouch, a student was kept in prison for several weeks, to be finally released with the excuse that there had been a misunderstanding as to his name. As students are arrested upon the information of hired spies, not of students, still stranger mistakes occur. Not long ago, after some disturbance, it was discovered that a student expelled for participation in the affair had died six weeks before it occurred.) Any attempt on the part of the owner of an estate to benefit in any way, however purely philanthropic, the peasants he employs, or those living in the surrounding villages, is met by instant prohibition and reproof on the part of the authorities. His leadership in the zemstvos (provincial assemblies which constitute the one single approach to a popular institution, but whose functions relate solely to economics and husbandry) is the subject of the especial surveillance of the central Government, which very rightly feels it to be capable of becoming one of the most dangerous weapons of the Opposition.

Of the methods of the Government, and of the records of its leaders, much is known to readers of *The Outlook*. One has only to choose at random the names of those in high places to come upon deeds of so unsavory a nature that they must shock even the callous, beginning, if one will, with Plehve, who has acquired his extraordinary influence equally through

deeds of cunning and of violence, whose so-called reforms are never other than clever schemes for renewed espionage and repression of the people, who are, however, in every instance congratulated by the short-sighted newspapers abroad; Plehve, who replied to a petition presented by Madame Sajin, begging for permission to correspond with her sister, Vera Michaelovna Figner, now twenty years imprisoned in that hell for political prisoners, the Schlüsselburg, refusing her request, and saying in addition, "I may say to you, in general, that we have now firmly decided that whosoever enters the Schlüsselburg tower will *never* again leave it." A similar prison, and one nearly as terrible as this most terrible one (its name is "St. Peter and St. Paul") is in sight of every tourist strolling through St. Petersburg, who, if he ask perchance some charming Government official or army officer met in society, "Is it true that there is discontent among the people of Russia?" is hastily assured: "Oh, no, or, that is, only among a very small class of revolutionists and anarchists; disgusting people, you know, who would never be contented anywhere." And the tourist, satisfied with his own perspicacity, writes immediately upon his return home a long screed for some journal about the real Russia as he has had opportunity personally to observe it; about the bigoted and superstitious peasant, who hungers simply because he is too lazy or too stupid to work; about the happy workingmen, one of whom, while being photographed by the tourist, expressed by signs, since of course the tourist knows nothing of the language of the country, his blessings upon the Little Father and a gracious, benevolent Government, who are pleased to keep him supplied with holidays and vodka; and about the wicked Nihilists who are maliciously plotting to overturn this paradisaical condition of affairs. Not two weeks ago I read in a Boston newspaper an article of precisely this type.

The reforms promulgated by a beneficent Government are frequently very cleverly thought out, as, for instance, that which gave Witte undue credit for altruistic tendencies about a year ago.

This plan provided that nobles should be chosen in each zemstvo to form a committee whose duty it was to investigate the causes of the alarming impoverishment of the country at large, and to present an unbiased report upon this question to Minister Witte. A call was printed at the same time in the Russian State organ, requesting all members of this committee to express their opinion freely without fear or favor, assuring them that it was the ardent wish of the Government to know all facts, and that none need hesitate through fear to reveal the truth. Several members of the committee proceeded to comply with this request, some perhaps through childlike trust in the specious words of the call, but the majority certainly urged by conviction of duty; and the result was, as may readily be imagined, anything but agreeable to the Government. The answer came through Minister Plehve, who promptly exiled several of the too truthful members of the committee. The Government had undoubtedly relied upon fear to prevent the nobles from responding literally to the words of the call, and it would then have been able to boast: "You see, we asked for a fearless and truthful expression of opinion from the very ones who are complaining constantly, and it is that there is really no cause whatever for complaint against us; that the impoverishment is purely the result of natural, unavoidable causes." But the truth is expressed, rather, in the excellent summary of the causes of this impoverishment given by Mr. Kennan in a recent number of *The Outlook*—"land exhaustion, primitive agricultural methods, scarcity of domestic animals, oppressive bureaucratic legislation, rigorous collection of burdensome taxes, popular ignorance, and hopeless discouragement;" in fact, the universal exploitation of the people in the interests of those in power. On the other hand, the last scheme of Plehve, for the "reform of the zemstvos," was so palpably a new device to control and limit the power of these bodies that no one save the correspondents of a couple of French newspapers was even for a moment deceived. The lightest doubt on the subject was dispelled by the joyous sneer of the

"Moscovski Viedemosti," that inspired organ which follows the Government as a flag the wind.

Another reform, at the same time an attempt to add to the income of the State, which has called forth repeatedly favorable comment in American journals, was the Government's assumption of the monopoly for the sale of spirituous liquors. At the present time even chemically pure alcohol is to be bought only in bottles provided with the Government stamp, and is, it is sad to state, of so miserable a quality that even as a burning fluid I have discovered it to be distinctly objectionable. If this is true of the alcohol designed for medicinal use, it is to be imagined of what deadly quality is the vodka manufactured for the consumption of the peasants. Of course the latter is now to be obtained only in shops sanctioned and controlled by the Government; this limits the number of shops in each village—surely but another instance of the loving care of the Little Father for his dear children. But a single fact which tends to tarnish not inconsiderably the luster of this bright deed is the following: In many of the villages the peasants had unanimously agreed of their own accord to abolish all shops for the sale of spirituous liquors, and, after a long trial of the results of this act, had become firmly convinced of its wisdom. They were in every case, after the Government's assumption of the monopoly of the sale of spirits, *compelled* to see reopened in their village a shop of this character.

I have a Russian friend who has a scheme for getting up a sort of bureaucratic rogues' gallery, a list, revised up to date, of all the rascals at present active in Russia in the interests of Government and of their own pockets, with an accompanying account of their chief rascalities; but I fear that, unless abridged, its bulk would make it impracticable. One may choose, as I have said, almost at random. For instance, Duke Obolienski, who, in quelling an uprising of unarmed peasants, killed more women and children than men. Then the Gradonachalnik (a sort of chief of police) Kleigels, formerly of St. Petersburg, now of Kiev, known to have accepted large

bribes. His trial was, however, suppressed at the express wish of the Czar, upon representations made by the Minister Ssiapien (afterward assassinated), who admitted it to be true that Kleigels accepted bribes, but added: "But he is a most valuable man to protect your Majesty from enemies." To this same Ssiapien was given half a million rubles from the State treasury to pay for repairs upon his house. Indeed, several generals are known to have paid for their own large estates in the same manner. Only recently the Czar himself gave commands to have added to his private possessions, paying therefor 300,000 rubles, State forests of which the authoritative valuation is placed at 100,000,000 rubles.

Of the direct instigation of the Government in the Kishinev affair it is not necessary to speak. It is a fact too familiar to readers of *The Outlook*. Nevertheless, a single sidelight, gleaned from an authentic report of the trial printed in "*Osvobozhdenie*," is interesting enough to give. It seems that several days before the massacre took place, one of the police assured certain Jews of protection during the proposed massacre, upon the condition of their paying to him five rubles apiece. Nor is it necessary to speak of Plehve's incredibly false step in causing the confiscation of all the property held in trust by the Armenian Church; nor of the unswerving, remorseless process of expunging the Finnish nationality at present being carried out; nor of the cruel treatment of students and political prisoners in the constantly overflowing Russian prisons, save to mention here also one concrete instance of comparatively recent occurrence. On the evening of the 11th of June, 1903 (24th of June according to our calendar), twenty-two political prisoners, most of them students, were dragged forth almost without clothing from the cells where they were being held in solitary confinement in the St. Petersburg prison, cruelly beaten by a company of the prison wardens, dragged or kicked down stairs into a cold and damp subterranean chamber, where they were finally left, some of them wholly unconscious, until

ten o'clock of the following morning. They were then sentenced to a week's solitary confinement upon a diet of bread and water. During this time no one from the outside world was permitted to see them, presumably to give time for the cruel wounds to heal. All this was done absolutely without any word of explanation, although the victims begged repeatedly for one, so that they are still completely in the dark as to what their supposed offense may have been. The details, coinciding in every particular, given by some of these young men in letters to relatives or friends, are of so harrowing a nature that it seems better to me to spare the reader of *The Outlook* a perusal of them. It has since come to light that a programme very similar to this was carried out almost simultaneously in prisons in Odessa, Kiev, and elsewhere.

All of the facts given in this article might lead to no very definite conclusion on the part of the reader, and would certainly in no wise strengthen my assertion that the defeat of Russia in the present war should be the passionate wish of every one who wishes her well, if one left out of consideration the nature of the elements concerned. If in Russia these elements of a question demanding solution were simply, on the one hand, a vigorous despotism jealous of its power, and, on the other, a people supinely acquiescent, with no more than the usual accompaniment of sporadic discontent and rebellion inevitably engendered by despotism; if Russia were indeed as immune to the spirit of the age as Japan is sensitive to it, one might better expend one's whole sympathies upon the latter country without giving a thought to her gigantic rival. But such is not the case. Russia, awakening from centuries of lethargic sleep, feeling already the thrill of exquisite life, finds herself still cramped in the strait-jacket which former ages imposed upon her, and in which the present Czar and his Ministers are desperately trying to keep her. But the moment of her liberation is drawing near.

The forces now at work in Russia making for enlightenment are so strong, so far-reaching, and so sturdily growing,

that only the touch of opportunity is needed to make them capable of regenerating the whole. The men who will then inevitably assume the leadership are men fully abreast, even in advance, of our own times. They are conversant with the laws and institutions of all the lands which have so far outstripped their own in the march of progress, and, as the Japanese have done, they too will understand how to select the best and reject the unsuitable in these institutions. They are men of the stamp of the Decembrists and of Alexander Herzen, but now infinitely increased in number, with influence increased in proportion. They are not revolutionists in the commonly accepted sense of that term; they are constitutionalists or constitutional monarchists. Their aims are no other than were those of the handful of men who drew up our own Constitution: to make possible to every one life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to them or to their sons will be the victory must be a matter of surety to every one who knows their courage and their devotion; but it seems more than probable that Russia's success in the present war would mean another long period of sufferance for them. The Government, if victorious, could float loans now impossible, not to mention the huge sums it would extort from Japan. The army would be paid and praised. It would go home in a blaze of glory, laden with booty, to be made the recipient of honors and medals. A victorious army, with money and spoils in its possession, is bound to be loyal; and just as long as Russia is able to maintain in her army a compliant and quickly wielded tool, just so long will she be able to obliterate alien Governments and to keep her own a cause of shame to herself and of sorrow to her well-wishers. But if the Government is defeated in this war, Russia at large will suffer nothing worse from this defeat than the loss of money of which she would in no case have enjoyed the use, which cannot even be squeezed from her, since she is impoverished to the point of beggary as it is; the loss of commercial advantages of which she would never have reaped the profits;

and the loss of prestige, which means to her at most but a treacherous word in a specious argument to gain and to hold her good will as long as the war shall last—only in the event of the victory of the Russian arms will she learn how specious! But given one taste of self-reliance, of independent thought, and the yoke of a worn-out despotism will be thrown off forever. Then at last will the real Russia emerge, her natural resources boundless in extent, her zeal and patience efficient and therefore untiring, her people virile and eager for all knowledge, all skill. She will go forward by what seem to be leaps and bounds, because we have not been observant of the processes actually at work in her.

Russia at the present day represents a sort of inverted mob rule, the legitimate Government being carefully chosen in all its branches from the worst elements in Russia. As the feeling of insecurity in the Government increases, the spirit of demoralization increases proportionately. In wondering naïvely at the "hostility" of the United States, it seems to forget that it is the very feeling of warm and sincere friendship for Russia which makes every thinking American abhor those who so systematically oppress and misrepresent her. But I personally believe that the better day is near its dawn. I may seem oversanguine to many, but I earnestly believe that I know whereof I speak. At any rate, I feel sure that the present war is a great opportunity, and that every message from the Far East bringing news of disaster and defeat for the Russian arms is in reality a message of hope for a new Russia, for which this will be but the last, inevitable sacrifice.

As I am writing the last page of this article, a private letter has come bringing an account of the latest result of Mr. Plehve's reforms for the zemstvos. By his command the zemstvo of the province of Tver, one of the most efficient and progressive in Russia, has been simply disorganized, and in its stead a committee of Mr. Plehve's choosing delegated to take charge of the affairs of the province. The leaders of the zemstvo have been exiled for life, with-

out one word of explanation, from the province, including one large estate owner who was working with unselfish sacrifice to better the conditions of life for the people. In protest, the nurses, doctors,

and teachers in the employ of the district have left almost *en masse*, and Mr. Plehve has been compelled to pay in some cases three times the usual salaries in order to obtain substitutes for them.

The Women of America'

Seventh Paper—The Woman in the Play

By Elizabeth McCracken

THE office of the play, the canons according to which we may permit ourselves to judge the acting of the player, the function and the influence of the stage—these are questions which students of the drama and lovers of dramatic art are never loth to discuss. The problem as a whole has a peculiar fascination, partly due no doubt to the presence in it of more than one of those quantities designated in mathematics as indeterminate. Most of us know what the office of the play has been, all of us are even more definitely aware of what we believe it should be; but can any one of us tell, with the smallest degree of certainty, just what that office to-day is? Are we able quite satisfactorily to explain even to ourselves why we are so irresistibly attracted to the play? When we turn to a consideration of the acting of the player, in "what a case" do we still more deeply bring ourselves! In Hamlet's words to the players, especially in those which refer to the "purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," we find expressed very nearly the total sum of our canons of dramatic criticism. This circumstance does not assist us so extensively as it might were we not at such odds with respect to our conceptions of the real meaning of the true "nature," and consequently so prone to disagree regarding the verisimilitude of the reflection in the mirror of the particular player's art. If, for instance, Miss Julia Marlowe's representation of Juliet has convinced us, we cannot accept Miss Maude Adams's rendering, nor the reverse. Regarding the

function and the influence of the stage, how much wider and more marked are the divergences of our opinions! It is not strange that students of the acted drama are unfailingly ready to enter upon discussions of these many phases of a subject at once so perplexing and so important.

To no other of the arts are we in America more keenly responsive than to the art of acting. It arouses in us a species of fine delight and half-incredulous admiration. We are never done wondering at it. Learned scholars may write any number of very learned essays about "As You Like It," for example, and while we are immensely interested, we are not amazed; gifted musicians may set Amiens's songs to the most exquisite music, and though we are charmed, we feel no lingering surprise; but let some person endowed with what we name the dramatic gift do what, for want of a better word, we call act the part of Rosalind, and for many, many days afterward her face will smile at us and her voice speak to us from all the pages whenever we open the book of the play. Why this is true none of us can quite say; but we have only to consult our own personal experience, and to give attention to the experiences of others, in order to prove many times over that it is indeed an actual fact. If it be true for those of us to whom the acted drama is so wonted, to whom the witnessing of representations of plays is so usual a part of life, it is no less but rather more true of those other lovers of dramatic art who see few plays and see them very seldom, and who, moreover, are not vexed with "obstinate questionings" as to why they like to see plays, and

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when and how. It is enough for them that they may see—sometimes it is sufficient for them that they have seen—plays.

One day in my travels I came to know a woman to whom the memory of one play had been the chief and almost the only beauty in a life sadly darkened by toil and suffering. She lived on the outskirts of a remote Western village, and I met her, as I met so many persons during my journeyings, by the merest accident.

Driving with my host and hostess one gray afternoon, I chanced to notice a small, weather-beaten house standing alone on the snowy prairie, outlined against the cold sky. "Does any one live there?" I asked.

My hostess replied by telling me the names of the people to whom the house was a home; and then, in answer to my next inquiry, she added that the family consisted of a man who was partly paralytic, and of his sister—a comparatively young woman—who, though not very strong physically, supported herself and her brother by sewing.

"Tell me about the woman," I asked.

"I don't know her very well," said my hostess; "she is very reserved. She sews well, and she never complains."

With so much information I was obliged to be content. For the moment I made no further inquiries; but the remembrance of the small solitary house remained insistently in my thoughts, and one morning when I was accompanying the physician of the town, an old friend, upon his calls, I said to him, "Do you know the people in that little house out on the prairie?"

"Know them!" he echoed; "I've known them for years. I go there constantly; in fact, I'm going there right now, to see the man. He is partly paralyzed."

When we reached the house, the doctor appeared to hesitate before he helped me from the carriage. "The woman—" he began.

"I have heard," I said, "that she is very reserved."

"Yes," acquiesced the doctor; "she scarcely ever says a word, even to me."

The woman received me with the

silence that I had been led to expect. The doctor, going into another room to speak to the invalid, left me alone with her in the tiny apartment which served as a sewing-room. After inviting me to come nearer the stove, she took up a garment from the chaotic mass of fabrics and paper patterns lying on a table beside her chair, and, bending over it, seemed quite to forget me in her work.

I looked out the window for a brief time; but there was little to see beyond a dull sky, an expanse of snow, and the distant houses of the village. Then I glanced around the room. With the exception of various conveniences for sewing, it had in it few other objects, and of these only one was especially suggestive. That one was a volume of Shakespeare, too large to be a single play, too small to contain all the plays. Involuntarily I turned to the woman. As I had been told, she was young; her quiet face was very delicate and sweet. While I was still looking at her, and wishing that she would talk to me, she unexpectedly lifted her head, and met my gaze.

"Are you cold?" she asked, and though I answered her that I was not, she arose and mended the fire in the small stove.

"I should think you'd find the winter climate out West rather uncomfortable," she added; the doctor had mentioned to her that I was a visitor.

She afterward insisted that my reply to this remark had been the outcome of a real inspiration; and I could not gainsay her, for undoubtedly the presence of the volume of Shakespeare did suggest to me to say: "It is somewhat rigorous, especially the wind; but I have become almost as philosophical about it as the Banished Duke—"

A faint color came suddenly into the woman's pale face. "Have you seen her?" she asked, with gentle eagerness; "or have you only read the book?"

"Her?" I questioned.

"Rosalind," she explained.

Just at this moment the doctor returned to the room, having left the sick man falling into the sleep in which he lay during so many hours of the day and night.

The woman, of whose silent reserve I had been warned, wavered for an instant, as I reluctantly prepared to go with the doctor; then, a trifle tremulously, she said, "Need you go, yet?"

"Why, no," the doctor replied for me; "I'll make the rest of my calls, and come back for you," he said to me; and again he left me alone with the woman of the house on the prairie.

She drew her chair nearer. "*Have* you seen her?" she repeated.

"Yes," I replied; "have you?"

She did not immediately answer; but presently she began: "It seems a long time ago that I saw her; it was when my brother was well, before—so many things happened."

"Do you remember how she looked?" I asked.

The woman smiled. "I shall never forget," she said. "I was visiting," she continued, "in a town where there's a theater—you know there isn't one here—and she was there, and some one invited me to go. I'd never been to a theater before—I've never been since."

"And you haven't forgotten!" I exclaimed.

"A person couldn't forget Rosalind," the woman went on, her soft eyes brightening. "There she was, her very self, in the forest of Arden, with all the others."

"Do you remember the others?" I questioned eagerly.

My new companion reflected. "Yes," she answered, "I do; but I remember Rosalind best!"

Then, no longer recollecting that I too had seen the play, and had not merely "read the book," she told me all about it, and described Rosalind with such loving accuracy that I had no difficulty in recognizing, as I had more than half expected to recognize, the impersonation of Miss Julia Marlowe.

"There has been a great deal in my life since then," said the girl, with the quiet which even with the melting of her reserve she had not lost, "to make me forget any happiness I've had. And I have forgotten a lot of things; but, somehow, I've always remembered the time I saw Rosalind; and often when I sit sewing, or watching my brother, I let my

mind go back and think of her, in the forest of Arden; it doesn't change things any, I suppose, but it makes me feel better."

"You have the plays," I presently observed, indicating the volume I had noted.

"It isn't mine," said the woman, taking the book into her hands; "it belongs to the Library Society." She was silent for a short interval; and then she said: "A person gets so attached to Shakespeare's people."

"Whom do you like best?" I asked.

"Why, Rosalind, of course!" exclaimed the girl. "I only know about the others because I've read what they've said and done; but Rosalind—I've seen Rosalind!" She smiled again, reminiscently. "I liked seeing her, in the forest," she began; "and—I like even more to remember her," she concluded.

Even those critics of the acted drama who are inclined, both by nature and training, to be chary of praise, have been quite won over by Miss Marlowe's Rosalind, to the length of writing many pages of enthusiastic comment; other players—most exacting of all critics—have commended it with the greatest warmth; and many persons not ordinarily ready with happy words have been charmed by the Rosalind of Miss Marlowe into actually glowing eloquence; but have all of these together, in all their encomiums, rendered quite so high a tribute to that Rosalind, as the tribute of the woman in the little house on the prairie? In the long months of her unremitting work and sorrow, she did not lose the memory of that "merry hour" in which she had found the way to the forest of Arden; when her burden was heaviest, she yet could sometimes forget it for a brief time while she lingered with Rosalind under the forest trees.

Among the books which I had taken to bear me company on my long journey there were several volumes of the Temple Shakespeare; one of these, by a rare good fortune, was "*As You Like It*;" and when I went a second time to the house on the prairie, I took it with me to give to the woman of the house. The book had been in the country with me the previous summer, and as my new

friend turned its pages, the clover-blossoms and daisy petals and bits of leaves which had slipped into it from the fields and woods fell fluttering about her hands. This simple happening gave the woman what Matthew Arnold has called "a shock of pleasure." She looked at me with shining eyes. "I feel as though it had come from the forest of Arden," she said. "I shall always think you got it there, under one of the trees!"

It is somewhat remarkable that in America the development of the most complex of all the arts, the acted drama, has been so far in advance of the growth of any approach to a national expression in music, or painting, or even in literature. We write many books, but very few of them are so deeply and broadly American in spirit as to appeal to the people of the United States, as a whole, more strongly than do contemporary foreign books; we have very little American painting, and less American music; but we have an American stage. The plays we see may be English, or French, or Norwegian, but the playing is American; particularly and especially when the player is a woman. Mr. Robert Edeson's Gavin Dishart may have suggested some faint traces of Scotch origin, but Miss Maude Adams's Lady Barbara had all the "glad wild ways" of New World girlhood. Mrs. Fiske's Cyprienne is completely American; and in Miss Marlowe's beautiful representation the utterly Italian Fiammetta ceased to be Italian at all.

However perfectly an American actress may conceive a character, however clearly she may perceive the French or Italian or Norwegian national element in that character, the spirit of her own nation forces itself into her expression of the character, and, against her will or with her connivance, lends to her Norwegian or Italian or French impersonation a peculiarly American luster, as of "the freshness of new creation." It produces also an effect of *naïveté* which bewitches an audience in America as all Madame Bernhardt's technique never can.

It is this intangible quality in her lovely art which has given to the Amer-

ican actress her far-reaching and abiding influence. She has thereby made her art democratic; to the sympathies of the simplest people it addresses no less direct an appeal than to the appreciation of the most sophisticated. Only a few persons in a few audiences in a few American cities have felt even the interest of curiosity in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's extraordinary acting, and fewer still have been profoundly moved by it; but Mrs. Fiske, whose technical method is infinitely more delicate, absorbs the entire attention of any audience in any American community, large or small, and, through the mere sincerity of her artistic expression, leaves a deep and lasting impression. Our recollections of Paula Tanqueray and Melisande become dim, but Tess does not fade from our memories. We easily forget Beata, but the remembrance of Mary of Magdala continues to stir us to a larger human kindness.

One day last winter I chanced to go to a town, small it is true, but yet of sufficient size to possess a theater, to which representative players were in the habit of coming at intervals for a single night's performance. Among the persons of the place whom I met, there was one woman, a constant play-goer, who entered with the greatest zest into a protracted account of every play given in the town, from the first to the most recent. It happened that Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Fiske had visited the village during the course of the same season.

"I was interested in Mrs. Campbell," said the play-goer, "because she mystified me."

"And Mrs. Fiske?" I questioned.

"Oh, I was more interested in Mrs. Fiske," was the instant reply, "because she didn't mystify me!"

So far from mystifying her audience, does not Mrs. Fiske invariably win that audience to a clearer vision? I once received a most striking proof of the presence in Mrs. Fiske's art of this very clarifying quality. A woman, who came sometimes to a college settlement in which I was interested, borrowed from me one evening a copy of the "Doll's House," the title of which had attracted

her attention. To my surprise, she read and re-read the play with the greatest interest; and often alluded to it in conversations with me. She was a married woman, with two small children; and, so far as I was aware, her life was happier and freer from care than is often the case in the lives of women living, as she lived, in the tenements.

For this reason, I was rather amazed by her keen interest in Nora; and more than a little disturbed by her frequent assertions that "Nora should 'a' done jest w'ot she did 'bout goin'."

"Don't you think she should 'a' gone?" she suddenly demanded of me one day, when talking of this subject.

"I can't think about her at all," I replied, "because I don't quite believe a real person was ever like her."

"I think she should 'a' gone," the woman maintained stoutly.

While she was still urging me to a more positive opinion regarding the matter, Mrs. Fiske's forthcoming production of the "Doll's House" was announced. The woman went to see the play on its first night.

"What did you think of it?" I asked, when next we met.

"Well," said the woman, slowly, "I don't see how Nora could feel it was right to go off an' leave her little children."

"I'm glad you no longer think she should have," I said.

"The queer thing," observed the woman, perplexedly, "is that in the book it seems like she should 'a' gone, an' in the play it seems like she shouldn't; an' yet the words is the same." She looked at me waveringly for a moment, and then she said, earnestly, "Which 'ud you choose, the play or the book?"

"The play," I assured her, not without emphasis.

Not very long ago I saw her. More than a year had passed since Mrs. Fiske's production of the "Doll's House," and in all that time the woman had not mentioned it to me; but she began without preamble: "I chose the play, an' I'm glad I did."

"The play?" I questioned—and then, recollecting, I continued: "You mean the 'Doll's House,'"

"Yes," returned the woman; "I chose it; I didn't go."

Observing that my amazement was too great for words, she explained. "Me an' my husband hadn't been agreein' for a good while, an' when I read 'bout Nora I thought I'd do like her, an' go. But you kep' sayin' she wasn't like no real person, an' I couldn't decide. Then I saw the play; and it came over me no woman oughter leave her children, even to go. So I stayed, an' one night me an' my husband talked things over, an' we agree better now; an' I'm glad I stayed."

One of Mrs. Fiske's critics, in referring to her impersonation of Nora, said that it "lacked that nameless, elusive essence which particularly distinguishes Ibsen's dramas." The influence of that impersonation upon the woman from the tenements would seem to show that it unquestionably had. Mrs. Fiske, by the lucidity of her art, actually succeeded in substituting for that somewhat stifling essence a clearer and purer atmosphere.

Perhaps nothing has so tended to make and to keep the art of the American woman of the stage democratic as the unclouded sunniness of her dramatic expression. A foreign critic, exclaiming in surprise over the fact that no American actress had appeared to feel any desire to produce M. Maeterlinck's recent play, "Monna Vanna," which, as he observed, offered so decided an opportunity for the exercise of dramatic skill, said, "But no doubt an American representation of it would be useless. The great mass of Americans have so little feeling for the abnormal."

This deficiency on the part of the masses in America most of us are willing to acknowledge without the slightest regret. Aside from its intrinsic value, it does much to neutralize the effect of the occasional exhibitions of the abnormal made on our national stage, and does even more to inspire and to encourage in America the embodying of the normal in every art, and especially in that most personal of all the arts, the acted drama.

Not only, however, are the majority of the people in America who comprise audiences out of sympathy with the

abnormal, not only for this reason was no American actress strongly impelled in the direction of availing herself of the obvious dramatic opportunity in "Monna Vanna." The American public has quite as much feeling for the abnormal as the American woman of the stage. To the extent to which a distorted phase of life is represented by an American actress, to that extent does the American public apprehend it; but is the extent very great? When an American actress ventures into the gloom of the abnormal, her own inextinguishable light baffles her purpose by dispelling the very darkness in which she has invited her audience to grope, and leaves that audience in a state of such frank relief, and still more evident perplexity, that the situation becomes mutually embarrassing.

An incident which occurred in connection with Miss Marlowe's production of "The Queen Fiammetta" served to establish the rightness of this theory somewhat firmly in my mind. One afternoon, as I was going from the theater, after seeing Miss Marlowe's exquisite impersonation of the "little flaming queen," an impersonation which had been not fiery at all, but tender, reflective, and gentle, I met one of my friends, a Polish girl, whose interest in Miss Marlowe's acting had been the means, when first I made her acquaintance, several years earlier, at a college settlement, of enabling me to persuade her to study the English language, an effort to which nothing but a desire to read Miss Marlowe's plays would induce her. Her opinions upon any acting, and particularly upon that of Miss Marlowe, in which she especially delighted, invariably showed the keenest insight; and I was much pleased when she told me that she also had been seeing "The Queen Fiammetta."

"Did you like it?" I asked.

The girl meditated. "The queen, I did like her," she said, finally; "she was a noble lady; but what happened to her, I did like it not."

"Why?" I questioned.

"It was not what doess happen to a noble lady," the girl replied.

Was not this why most of us who saw

the Queen Fiammetta did not like what happened to her? In M. Catulles Mendes's depicting of his heroine, she was a tempestuous, selfish, and grossly sensual Italian woman of many intrigues, who by her own baseness and folly brought ruin and death upon herself. In Miss Marlowe's delineation she was a light-hearted girl of the most childlike purity and gentleness of nature, a victim of causeless cruelty, falsely accused, unjustly destroyed. Even if Miss Marlowe had played the part in the exact words of M. Mendes, it is doubtful if the personality of Fiammetta would have been differently indicated by her; on the contrary, it is very certain that the "butterfly" would still have been, not a "butterfly" at all, but a "noble lady."

The art of the American woman of the stage is never brilliant and seldom sparkling, but it is always radiant. It does not dazzle, but it illumines; and its light is for the unlettered no less than for the learned. We are reminded sometimes that this particular type of diffusive brightness is merely the glow of youth; but is it not the glow of youth in any artistic expression which gives to that expression its persuasiveness? One of the contemporaries of Robert Louis Stevenson, that artist who amid the "changes and chances" of his mortal life never ceased to be a child at heart, once said of him that he fearlessly took the tired old world by the hand, and, smiling up into its sober face, coaxed it to forget its age for a day, and frolic with him. We all know how the world succumbed. It hesitated at first, to be sure; and then half-indulgently it yielded, and then its vanished childhood suddenly returned, and it reveled as mirthfully as the child himself.

Somewhat as Stevenson did for English literature, Miss Maude Adams does for the American stage. Her glad, unflagging spirit will not be denied; it beguiles the most surly into a sympathetic gayety.

Last winter, in the course of my travels, I went to a village in the Middle West, familiar to me on account of several earlier visits, my primary object being a wish to learn, in the interests of my investigation, some facts regarding

the school-teachers of the place. My hostess obligingly devoted two days of the three which I spent with her to accompanying me through the numerous rooms of the village school-houses, and to introducing me to all the many teachers. Then she urged me to forego investigation, and to give the remaining day of my visit to renewing old acquaintance in the town.

To this I at once assented; and my hostess speedily began to arrange her teacups and to issue impromptu invitations.

One of the former friends who kindly came to greet me was a young girl whom I remembered as a lonely little child, an orphan, cared for by a conscientious but austere grandmother.

"I invited her," my hostess explained to me as we seated ourselves before the fire for a quiet talk after the departure of the last guest, "because you had her about with you so much when she was a child."

"She was a pathetic little girl," I said; "but she seems happy now."

"Do you recall her grandmother?" queried my hostess.

"I certainly do," I replied; "she told me once that there was one desirable thing about children—after a while they were sure to be grown up!"

When my hostess had ceased laughing, she remarked, "Well, she told me the other day that children would be children—and she was glad they would!"

"She must have changed," I commented.

"Yes," was the reply, "she has changed lately. She seems to be more fond of her granddaughter and to understand her better. I suppose that's why she looks happier."

"She was always sensitive," I said. "I wonder," I continued, interrogatively, "what has changed her grandmother?"

My hostess had scarcely finished saying that she did not know, when the girl of whom we had just been speaking was again announced.

"Grandmother sent me back to ask if you won't come over to see her for a little while," she said to me.

I was rather surprised, for my early acquaintance had been almost solely

with the wistful little girl; but I immediately prepared to go.

"You used to like my granddaughter," said the older woman, as soon as she had made me welcome, with the sedateness I recollected, but also with a newly acquired warmth.

"I like her still," I replied; "she is even sweeter now than she was when she was a child."

The granddaughter had left the room to attend to some household duty; but even in her absence the grandmother did not praise her with effusion. "She is a good girl," she said, briefly; then, as if involuntarily, she demanded, "Do you think she's happy?"

"She looks very happy," I said.

"Well, young people ought to be happy," said the older woman.

As she spoke her eyes strayed to a small picture on the crowded mantel shelf. There was a print in the frame, and as I glanced at it, I saw, to my astonishment, that it was a picture of Miss Adams as "Lady Babbie." I knew that Miss Adams had never been in that village; I had not supposed that the little granddaughter had more than twice in her life been elsewhere.

"She must have taken great pleasure in seeing 'The Little Minister,'" I observed.

"She? Oh, my granddaughter didn't see it; I did. I was visiting over in the city, and the people I was staying with took me. I've never seen many stage plays, and the others I saw I didn't care much about; but I liked the girl in this one. She did a lot of wild things I wouldn't have allowed if I'd been one of the people having the bringing up of her." My acquaintance paused, and then she smiled faintly. "And yet," she continued, "some way, I liked her. She made me remember how I used to feel when I was a young girl."

I unconsciously turned to look again at the picture on the mantel, with the laughing eyes, and the eager lips, and the wind-blown hair, and the rowan berries.

The woman whose austerity had for many years been a subject for comment in her town, noting this, said, in a low

voice: "A person of my age can't change her ways suddenly. After I'd begun to recollect how I felt about things when I was a girl, it came to me that all girls are alike—my granddaughter among them. And to keep me in mind of it, I cut that girl's picture out of a magazine and set it up there." She smiled again. "She was very flighty," she mused; "but she was so light-hearted about it, I couldn't blame her as much as I wanted to—especially when I began to remember how I'd been in my own feelings at her age."

As the granddaughter left me a little later, at the door of my hostess, I said to her: "Your grandmother asked me if I thought you were happy."

The girl's face colored shyly. "I am," she said, impulsively; "though I wasn't

when I was smaller. I was—lonely. I have grown old enough now to be companionable with grandmother," she concluded, with naïve seriousness; and I did not tell her that, on the contrary, her grandmother had grown young enough to be companionable with her.

Truly, if the sacrifices of the American woman of the stage for her art be, as none of us can doubt, numerous and large, her rewards are proportionately great and many. It has been given to her in large measure to inspire, to enlighten, and to refresh. If the moment of her expression be fleeting, the influence of that moment endures; and the influence is that which makes for happier and better days, days like the morning of the birthday of Colombe, in which "sunshine's everywhere."

Our Public School Music

By Daniel Gregory Mason

OF the many people who are aware that there is in our public schools a system of instruction in music, probably few, even of those who are parents, know definitely what sort of a system it is, what it does, or what it fails to do. There is not very much general public interest taken in it, partly because interest in anything involves effort, and partly because music is not yet welcomed by the popular mind as one of the serious human interests. But no one can look attentively at what is actually being done in public-school music without finding his interest in it stimulated, without coming to feel that it has genuine value as an element in education, and that it might easily be made to have more. Let us examine for a moment, then, the system as it exists to-day—not from the point of view of the professional musician or of the professional pedagogue, but from that of the ordinary man who interests himself in the efficiency of institutions in a simple and natural way.

In the sixty-odd years since Lowell Mason, by dint of an almost stubborn persistence, introduced the study of music into the public schools of Boston,

teaching gratuitously for a year in order to demonstrate its usefulness, wonderful strides have been taken. An elaborate, far-ramifying administrative machinery has been established, text-books have been written, conventions have met, training-schools have organized, and much breath and much ink have been expended in a hundred controversies. The result of all this activity is an efficient if still not entirely uniform system. Most of the cities and towns of the United States employ musical supervisors, whose duty it is to give instruction both directly to the children and to the grade teachers in charge of them. In small towns the direct instruction is the rule. In large cities it is more usual for the supervisors to concentrate themselves so far as possible on the task of guiding the grade teachers, explaining to them the use of the text books, observing them at work with the children, and correcting whatever errors in their mode of teaching may result from a lack of special musical skill. The grade teachers in their turn drill their pupils each day in ways that fall under two heads. In the first place, they teach them to read simple music at sight,

singing it directly from chart, primer, or blackboard. This music is at first hardly more than short phrases and scales, sung in unison; as the course proceeds it becomes more complex, and its goal is the simple chorus in three or four separate parts or "voices." In the second place, the teachers present to the children complete little songs, easily caught, called "rote-songs," intended to be sung directly from the dictation. The text-books and primers for sight reading consist of graded exercises, beginning with the simplest combinations of rhythms and intervals, and gradually increasing in difficulty. The object of the sight reading is to develop the ear to hear accurately, the eye to grasp musical relations and the voice to reproduce them, and to give the pupil an open-sesame to the stores of musical literature.¹ The object of the rote-songs is to give rest after the efforts of greater concentration, to develop the sense of melody, harmony, and rhythm—that is, the *musical* sense as a complete faculty—and to give delight. At the school commencements and on other festal occasions through the year, the children sing their songs *en masse* and with the greatest enjoyment.

Such is, in brief, the method by which thousands of teachers all over the United States are instructing in music about seventeen million American children. It is a matter of the greatest interest to us, when we think of the vast number of coming men and women thus being influenced, to ask ourselves just how much the system achieves.

In the first place, then, it achieves excellent physical results. Like any other form of calisthenics or bodily drill, it affords a relief from the studies which call for intellectual concentration without bodily motion—from such studies, that is, as reading, arithmetic, or history.

¹ The power to read at sight is essential to the true musician, however much clever amateurs may achieve "by ear." People with "a natural talent for music," as it is called, are apt to trust to their talent to compensate for gross musical illiteracy. They ought rather to respect themselves enough to submit their innate powers to training. One is reminded of the printer who took a bass part in one of Handel's choruses, assuring the master he was a good reader. After enduring his miserable attempts for some time, Handel, losing his temper, shouted at him, "You scoundrel! Did you not say you could sing at sight?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "and so I can; but not at *first* sight."

The daily music lesson means a daily suspension of these trying forms of study, an interim of soldierly drill, of muscular effort, of deep breathing. It means a united effort of all the scholars to do something with their bodies. And therefore it means renewed interest, oxygenated lungs, refreshed attention. One hardly needs to insist that it is a good thing for "the child"—that imposing pedagogic entity, that pathetically defenseless human being—to have in the regular course of study some moments of congenial bodily action, socially enjoyed.

Nor does this mean that the music hour makes no demands upon the mind. Reading music is in itself an excellent mental exercise. It calls into action memory, discrimination, judgment, and "motor response." Let any one who doubts this attempt to take a part in even the simplest two-part song, to read it from the blackboard while others read the other part, and to hold it firmly without losing consciousness of the other. It is anything but an easy process, for it involves hearing the other voice and still holding one's own. Yet in an uptown school in New York City the present writer had the pleasure of hearing a room full of eight- or ten-year-old boys manfully reading at sight a two-part exercise from the blackboard. One half the room took the soprano, the other half the alto; and each half, in this vocal tug-of-war, held its own with the tenacity of a bulldog (if, it must be confessed, with something of a bulldog's growling hoarseness). Such an exercise gives invaluable practice in concentration and in self-control.

But if music means to school-children in the first place a physical advantage, and in the second place a mental training, it means to them, in the third place, something far more valuable than either; it means an added faculty of expression. To this advantage it is hard to apply any word less general than "spiritual." Every new power of expression a human being can get actually enlarges his personality, develops a new aspect of his human nature, makes him more a man. And the power to express feeling in sounds, even in an elementary and very

simple way, and to understand such expression of it, is a special and unique power, not for a moment to be confused with any other. The child who improvises a scrap of melody to voice a mood of gayety or of meditation, does not merely translate into sound what he might say to you in words; he says something he could not otherwise say. However crude it may be, it is feeling of the musical type; and its expression, wholly uninteresting perhaps to any one else, is to the child himself an enrichment. To open up to children the means for this sort of expression is to make them inheritors of a new world. It matters not that most of them, for lack of faculty, will, so far as individual expression is concerned, stop at the threshold. A very small degree of personal skill in music is a sufficient basis for genuine and deep appreciation of it. The slight personal experience opens the doors, and one penetrates to the deeper sanctuary by merely listening, hearing, and feeling.

How wide a world musical appreciation opens up to us, how deep and satisfying are its enjoyments, and how great a resource it is to that vast body of people who from lack of education cannot in anything like the same degree enjoy the other arts, an appreciation of which is more directly dependent on general culture and intellectual training, it is impossible to describe in a short paper. The reader who is interested in this most general and ultimate aspect of the utility of music will find it well worth while to read at length the chapters on "Music's Nature and Position" and "Music in Relation to the Public," in Edmund Gurney's remarkable book, "The Power of Sound." We must content ourselves here with a quotation or two which may suggest the course of the argument Gurney so convincingly develops. "When we turn," he says, "to the actual position of music in the present day, to the actual effect of those works, from a street-song to a symphony, which have any sort of true vitality, we shall find that the extraordinary power or popularity of the art is due to the very isolation of its sphere, to the fact that its roots have their place apart in

our physical and spiritual nature, and know nothing either of the interests or the disturbances of intellectual, social, or political life. . . . Music can flourish to the utmost in an age of the most feverish speculation and the most prosaic activities; where the confusion of beliefs and aims, the want of an atmosphere of outward magnificence and beauty, the lack of the very conditions under which the other arts have chiefly flourished, only bring into stronger relief the singularity of this one. . . . Even the ebb and flow of national ideas and sentiments such as have often so powerfully influenced art, can have little bearing on works which are already and increasingly cosmopolitan, and in their aloofness from views and creeds affect equally and similarly men of all views and of all creeds." After much more in the same vein, Gurney clinches his point as follows: "The activities of most lives are in themselves dull and trivial, having little or nothing of vivid and changing interest, and no power of satisfying the imagination, leaving the mind, moreover, but little leisure to explore unknown worlds; while on the spiritual side there may be more of struggle than of peace. To such lives love of beauty is like water in the desert; and among the arts it is more especially the privilege of music that, penetrating where Nature's face is veiled, she can open the springs of this love to the poorest dwellers in the dingiest cities." The cogency of these words is even more evident when we apply them to twentieth-century America than when we are thinking, as Gurney was, of nineteenth-century England; and it is surely unnecessary to underline their eloquence with any comment.

Let us assume it demonstrated, then, that the study of music in the public schools is a valuable one, and that our present system carries out its important work, on the whole, efficiently and well. There still remain to be considered its shortcomings and deficiencies. It achieves much; what does it fail to achieve?

Curiously enough, Gurney's argument, which sets forth so convincingly the advantages of music as a popular art, also suggests to a thoughtful observer

just what is the most serious flaw in our present way of teaching it. The peculiar appeal of music to "the people," he says, depends on its natural isolation, on its not being dependent on intellectual culture as other arts are, on its ability to make its own effects directly and powerfully on the most simple, unlettered minds. It is of all the arts the most self-sufficient. Now, the precise blunder that is most constantly made in the teaching of music is the assumption that it is not thus self-sufficient, that it cannot be understood by its own nature, that it must be explained by something else. It is maddening, for instance, to see how inveterately teachers present music to their pupils as a mere supplement or condiment to the words. On the sentiment of the words they focus their attention, judging a song not by its musical interest and beauty, but by the train of images and ideas suggested by its text. If it be about birds, animals, domestic life, or patriotism, they judge it good. The question of what it *is* seems secondary; the pressing question is, What is it *about*? The inevitable result is the adoption of a vast body of wholly vapid music, which happens to be set to edifying verses. It naturally fails to interest the children, the deduction follows that children "care less about the music than about the words," and the vicious process goes on with increased impetus. Precisely the same thing happens, of course, though in a less aggravated form, in the case of the plastic and literary arts. The child is directed to look, in a picture, not for pictorial beauty, for light and shade, balance, composition, color, but for a story or an association of ideas. Naturally, he learns to prefer poor pictures to good ones. Deduction: "The child cares chiefly for the narrative element in art." Or he is made to read a poem with his attention concentrated, not on the charm of its rhythm, structure, and other qualities of style, and on its imagery, movement, characterization, and other ultimate literary qualities, but on its homiletic features, its moral. The result is that Longfellow is rated above Keats and Shakespeare.

This prevalent and mischievous practice of eliminating so far as possible the

artistic element from the objects of art to be studied is generally defended by an appeal to the immaturity and simplicity of the childish mind. "Things must be made simple and easy, or the child cannot grasp them." Very well, one wants to reply, make them as simple as you please, but do not make them vapid, do not wholly devitalize and impoverish them. As a matter of fact, the child—not the pedagogic "child," but the natural small human being—has a very keen nose for the interesting and the uninteresting, and nothing is simpler and easier, and at the same time more delightful to him, than art. Most children are very much alive. They are at once interested and won by a vital presentation of anything—even of a work of art—and they are quite capable of enjoying it keenly. Let them but understand what to look for in a statue like the "Disk-thrower," or a picture like Botticelli's "Spring," or what to listen for in a poem like "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and they will become devotees forthwith. Any normal child will vastly prefer Browning's Cavalier Tunes, even without entirely understanding them, to the "Psalm of Life." The literature of music is full of simple, beautiful songs that would at once become permanent possessions of the children who could but hear them until they knew them. All the fine old German church chorals, with their strong melodic phrases wrought into a perfect artistic balance, all the endlessly varied folk-songs of the different nations—French, Hungarian, Irish, Scottish, Russian—innumerable lyrical songs of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, and Brahms, are waiting to be made known to the thousands of children who would love them.

What is needed to make the best music intelligible to children is not the supposed simplification of going at it through the words, or even through the shades of musical expression, but the rigorous subordination of all other factors of effect to the primary musical fact—the melody itself. Melody consists of tonal sentences, embodying considerable variety in intervals but constantly defined by rhythm. Rhythm is the fun-

damental formative element in music, and must be the basis of all intelligibility in the rendering of it. Play even so familiar a tune as "Yankee Doodle" at the pace of a hymn tune, and it is unrecognizable. Maltreat the best music by playing it too "expressively," with long holds, and sudden sallies, and extreme *tempo rubato*, and it becomes wholly meaningless and vapid. It makes music not more intelligible, but less so, to be taken too slowly; it makes it not deeper in expression, but quite impotent, to be distorted and violated and tortured out of shape in accordance with the supposed demands of emotion. Yet these perversions are inevitable results of the theory that music is but an appanage of something else. Music is itself alone; its laws (of melody, harmony, rhythm) are its own; its message is untranslatable, its appeal is unique.

At this point some reader may object, perhaps, that the view of music here defended, if carried to its logical conclusion, will lead us to mere street-music as the ideal of the art. If definiteness of structure, trenchancy of rhythm, are the criteria of good music, what can be better than "Mr. Dooley" and "Hiawatha"? And the objector may add that already such tunes are but too popular, not only on the streets, but in the schools, and that the effort of theorists should be to suppress rather than to accredit them. But, surely, we cannot deny that they are popular. And if they are popular, they must have elements of merit; and these elements of merit are precisely their rhythmic vitality, their power to seize and compel our attention. They are indeed crude, but they are in their primitive way genuinely musical—far more so than the amorphous conglomerations of the pedants who despise them. The way to educate taste beyond them is not to ignore their qualities, but to familiarize their devotees with pieces that do even better what they do crudely but with undeniable interest. The music of the masses is a formidable rival of the music of the classes only when the latter is insincere, artificial, and unfaithful to its own higher possibilities. The man who honestly enjoys "Under the Bamboo-Tree" has already advanced one

step towards enjoying Brahms's "Cradle Song," while the man who tolerates a flat and meaningless tune for the sake of its words has not advanced at all. The prevalent public taste for "rag-time" and the waltzes and two-steps of the vaudeville stage means two things—it means, first, that ordinary people have a susceptibility to the effects of rhythmical balance and form that needs only cultivation, expansion, and chastening to become the basis of true musical taste; and it means, in the second place, that as yet the people's musical educators have not approached their work frankly and understandingly enough to accomplish very much in the way of refining this taste without stultifying it.

Useful as the system of public instruction in music already is, then, it is capable of being made even more efficient and widely influential. The direction in which it can most serviceably advance is suggested by the foregoing remarks. It can insist on a higher average in the quality of the music used; it can teach this music as music, not as a decorative embroidery for words or a medium of dramatic or descriptive expression; and by so doing it can insensibly effect a great improvement in popular standards of taste. Obviously, this advance must be made primarily through the supervisors, and will depend upon their devotion, intelligence, and musicianship. The training of the supervisors is indeed the most important practical element in the whole problem of improving the system.

At present the supervisors of music get their education either in the State Normal schools or in the large private schools, of which the Thomas Normal Training School in Detroit and the Crane Normal Institute of Music at Potsdam, New York, are good examples. There are also courses for supervisors offered by some of the larger universities, like Columbia. The Thomas Normal Training School, established over fifteen years ago by Mrs. Emma A. Thomas, has graduated more than seven hundred young women, who are now distributed all over the country, many as supervisors of the musical instruction in the State Normal schools. The Crane

Institute, organized in connection with the Potsdam State Normal School by Miss Julia E. Crane, has, in the fifteen years of its existence, sent out well-trained teachers to responsible posts all over the country. While such schools as these, however, do excellent work and have contributed much to the success of the public-school system of music, there are, as a matter of course, smaller and less efficient schools which give their students but a smattering of education, and there are many supervisors of music actively at work in small towns (and some, it is to be feared, even in the large cities) who are not really fitted to teach. In a word, the system at present suffers from having no fixed and universally accepted standard of efficiency in supervisors, no uniform examination which all candidates must pass. In too many cases supervisors of music drift into the work from being singing teachers, or choir singers, or church organists, or even teachers of some entirely unconnected subject, like drawing. However conscientious they may be, they cannot under such conditions come to their task with sufficient skill and enthusiasm to teach music as it should be taught.

The next step, then, in the evolution of the system of public musical instruction, a step which has been directly led up to by all the excellent work already done by such schools as those mentioned, by normal schools, and by individuals, is the establishment of uniform training and tests for supervisors. The credit of first definitely suggesting this step belongs to Mr. Thomas Tapper, of Boston, who is well known for his work in this

field, and who, in an address at Minneapolis before the National Educational Association, in 1902, insisted on the need of a regular course for supervisors of music in public schools. His suggestion, favorably received, resulted in the appointment of a committee, of which he was made chairman, to consider the matter. The report of the committee, to be made at the next meeting of the Association, in 1904, will advocate various improvements in the training for the grade teachers which is offered by normal schools, and the adoption by the large universities of a regular course for the supervisors.

The general public, it is hoped, will be interested to hear of the practical steps thus being taken to improve the efficiency of the musical teaching in the schools. Yet the public, and particularly all parents whose children are the final focus of these influences, should also remember that school instruction can do little without the cordial and intelligent support of that home circle which, after all, is the most constant and potent influence in the child's development. Indifference or ignorance in the home can almost entirely cancel the effect of enthusiasm in the school. Every individual—each reader whose eye may happen to fall upon these words—can support the efforts of the teachers, can help the diffusion of a taste for what is best, most delightful, most spiritually regenerating in music, by recognizing it as a serious art, with its own laws, methods, and ideals, and by championing it, whenever the opportunity may arise, as a pursuit worthy of effort, study, and respect.

Trevelyan's "American Revolution"

THIS history of the American Revolution has three characteristics which distinguish it from the works of previous historians.

It is first of all an Englishman's history. It is true that both Mr. Lecky and Goldwin Smith have given us an

Englishman's view of this epoch; but neither of them has written the history of the American Revolution; they have treated it only incidentally, the first in dealing with the history of England in the eighteenth century, the other through his very valuable though too brief history of the United States. Trevelyan's work is devoted wholly to the American Revolution, and the three volumes now writ-

¹ *The American Revolution*. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. Part II. In 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

ten bring the narrative down only to the famous battle of Trenton in December, 1776. It is minute, thorough, exhaustive, and devoted wholly to this one epoch in English history. But it is as an epoch in English history that the author treats the Revolution. In fact, Americans were fighting a campaign for constitutional liberty in England as well as for independence in America. George III. surrendered with Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the victory there won enured hardly less to the advantage of the people of England than to that of the people of America. While the English aspect of the Revolution is not put at the front, it is assumed as the basis of Sir George Trevelyan's story. The connection between events in England and in her colony across the sea is preserved; the point of view is that of an observer in London rather than in Philadelphia or New York. And this gives the work peculiar value to the American reader.

The author notes with commendation the change made by Congress in Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence—"the conversion of the paragraph addressed to the people of Great Britain from a bitter impeachment to a friendly and pathetic remonstrance," and he adds, very truly, that while George the Third has long passed away, the British people are as much alive as ever, and that "it is a good thing that every township between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans does not listen once a summer to Jefferson's thrilling sentences about the duty of forgetting the love which the colonists formerly entertained towards their unfeeling brethren in England." We fear that our school histories too little recognize the fact that the American Revolution was a war, not against the people of England, but against the last vestige of unconstitutional and unrepresentative imperialism in Great Britain; that George the Third had to hire Hessian soldiers because he could not get Englishmen to fight, and that it is at least doubtful whether he could have pursued his policy of repression and subjugation if Parliament had been a free representative of the people, or

the ministry had been truly responsible to the House of Commons.

A second characteristic of this work is that it is a history less of mere events than of the forces which produce events. It gives graphically and effectively such dramatic episodes as the retreat from Long Island or the battle at Trenton; but it recognizes the fact that the American Revolution was a great popular movement. It was first of all a revolution in public sentiment from one of loyalty, through discontent and protest against specific acts of injustice, to one of passionate desire for independence and finally resolute purpose to achieve it. It was next a gradual change from mere local, temporary, and passionate outbursts of enthusiasm, due here to some special leader, there to some special wrong, gradually fusing the heart of the people into a consciousness of nationality, a mutuality of respect, and a cohesion of will. It was therefore a progressive creation of a real army out of turbulent volunteers, who enlisted under an impulse, remained in the army while the impulse lasted, and left when it had effervesced. The chapter on "Washington's New York Army" and "The American Soldier" is as admirable a piece of historical painting as we have seen in many a day. It would be interesting to compare this account of the colonial volunteers with the very interesting account which the Comte de Paris gives in his history of the Civil War of the composition of the Army of the Potomac; or later accounts of the American soldier in Cuba or in the Philippines. Such a comparison would show that the very faults of individualism which in the colonial militia so tried Washington's soul were presages of military qualities seen in later battles of the Revolution, but more fully developed in subsequent military history of America, which has made her soldiers without a superior in the world, despite the imperfection of their drill and their army organization. A very small proportion in space in these two volumes is devoted to an account of mere military campaigns. The history is distinctly democratic, human, a study of vital conditions, an account of that moral and intellectual

development of which the campaigns are but the physical manifestation and without which probably no victory could have been won, or if won would have been but a barren victory.

Without this human quality this history could not have its third distinguishing characteristic—its humor. This is by far the most entertaining history we have ever read. It might almost be characterized as “light reading.” And this is not because of any frivolity or folly or light joke-making. It is partly because the American people are a humorous people; because no man with a sense of humor can write the history of that people, as distinguished from the history of their institutions or their public deeds or their great events, without humor. There is a popular superstition that the Englishman is devoid of a sense of humor. How any man who has read Thackeray or Dickens or Scott or Shakespeare can fall into this delusion it is not easy to understand. Certainly Sir George Trevelyan is not so deficient. Two or three instances taken at haphazard from that part of his chapter on the battle of Trenton in which he describes the Hessians may serve as illustrations, though taken out of their connection they serve but poorly: “The rank and file of Rall’s brigade acquired the good will of the captors by their docility, their mild and even temper, and their freedom from political bitterness—a virtue which

was based on the solid foundation of absolute and entire political ignorance. They had been poor soldiers at Trenton; but they made most excellent prisoners.” They were contented in captivity; “their minds were at ease; for their pay was running up on the books of the British War Office; and, as far as they were concerned, that was the one and only object for which they had come to America.” “When it was ascertained that at Fort Washington, where they behaved well, the Hessians had killed very few Americans—and that at Trenton, where they behaved ill, they had killed no Americans at all—the authorities in Whitehall directed their agents on the Continent of Europe to enroll recruits, if such could be found, who knew something of the use of the musket which they carried.” “Industrious plunderers, and soldiers of no account, that wretched infantry [the impressed Hessians] went through the war (whatever might be the case as to their honor) with their bayonets unstained.”

We are inclined to believe that in its largeness of view, its historical perspective, its understanding and interpretation of the intellectual and moral life of the time, and its singularly lucid and often really brilliant though never over-rhetorical English, this history of the American Revolution is destined to become the classic history of that great epoch for both Englishmen and Americans.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked “net.”

A Brief History of the Universalist Society of Hartland, Vermont, During the First Century. With Biographical Sketches by Nancy Darling. Illustrated with Views and Portraits. Northrop, Castleton, Vermont. 6×9 in. 90 pages. Paper.

Advanced Bridge: The Higher Principles of the Game Analyzed and Explained. By J. B. Elwell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York. 4½×7 in. 277 pages. \$1.50, net.

All’s Fair in Love. By Josephine Caroline Sawyer. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 346 pages.

A conventional historical novel of the time of Henry the Fifth of England. The chief char-

acters are Henry Percy, grandson of the renowned Harry Hotspur, Archibald Douglas, son of the great Scottish Earl, and Eleanor Neville, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, with the King of England, the Regent of Scotland, and other noble lords and ladies as subordinates. Not even the presence of such exalted personages, however, can atone for weakness of plot and tediousness of narration.

American Socialism: The Natural Law—The Only Scientific Socialism. By O. D. Jones. Published by the Author, Edina, Mo. 5½×8½ in. 140 pages.

Art of Living (The). By Ellen Goodell Smith, M.D. (Second Edition.) Published by the Author, Amherst, Mass. 5x7½ in. 172 pages. 91.

Beacons on Life's Voyage: Brief Answers to Personal Problems. By Floyd W. Tomkins, S.T.D. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 4x7 in. 216 pages. 50c. net.

Birds of California. By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5x7½ in. 578 pages.

A popular bird book, classified according to habitat or color, and introducing us to more than three hundred common birds of California and adjacent islands, with a valuable supplementary list of rare and accidental visitants. The work of the author is thorough, and vivified by personal enthusiasm. Fine full-page illustrations and numerous drawings in the text give valuable aid to the student.

Books of the Bible with Relation to their Place in History. By M. C. Hazard, Ph.D., and H. T. Fowler, Ph.D. (Pilgrim Series.) The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4½x7 in. 226 pages. 50c., net.

Call of the Master (The). By Reginald Heber Howe, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5x7½ in. 91 pages. 75c.

Cap'n Eri: A Story of the Coast. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 397 pages. \$1.50.

A fine touch of humanity attracts the reader to this homely sketch of real life. Three superannuated coast captains attempt house-keeping. The results are wittily indicated in the first chapter. They pitch pennies to decide which one shall marry for a house-keeper. Here begins the comedy, which continues to the end of the story, varied by delicious bits of humor and real pathos, shadowed by a villain and softened by a love episode between two young people. Cap'n Eri's generous nature, common sense, and ready wit enliven his entire neighborhood, and one feels a complete comradeship with him in his own particular problem. The illustrations, in color, by Charlotte Weber, are well conceived and drawn.

Certain Sources of Corruption in Latin Manuscripts. By Frederick William Shipley. The Macmillan Co., New York. 9¼x6 in. 93 pages.

Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature. (New Edition.) By David Patrick, LL.D. Illustrated. In Three Volumes. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 7x11 in. \$5 per vol.

From its beginning of over sixty years ago this work has had a literary and critical value quite apart from its usefulness as a reference-book. Robert Chambers, to whom the principal editorial supervision is ascribed, was a man of singularly sound and true tastes in literature. He made a labor of love of the work of characterizing and describing the authors treated, and the selections quoted were chosen with a rare gift for that which is truly interesting and apt. Moreover, the plan of arrangement (that is, not alphabetically but by the dates of birth) allowed a certain continuity and a historic grouping, both of which gave harmony and complete-

ness to the whole. In short, this work was, and is, a great deal more than a compendium. Its copious extracts are, as has been well said, "set in a biographical and critical history of the literature itself." Probably many readers shared in youth the experience of the present writer in taking the old edition of the "Cyclopædia of English Literature" from the shelf and "browsing about" in it until he found some stirring ballad or scene from an early play or some bit from De Foe or Sheridan or Cowper, and thus was led on to read of the man and his times. Indeed, better browsing ground for the young mind it would be hard to find. There was nothing mechanical, over-systematized, or tediously all-inclusive in the original plan or its execution. The present edition, starting with such an admirable foundation, has built on it well and wisely. There are, of course, numerous biographical and critical articles on all really important English and American writers of recent days, with ample quotations selected so as to stand each by itself as a fair specimen of the writer's style and quality. Our only criticism here would be that the very brief notes in the "Complementary Lists" of both English and American authors and also some of the shorter articles about living writers which immediately precede these lists are so slight as hardly to be worth while, nor wholly in keeping with the general character of the "Cyclopædia." Four or five lines apiece about Winston Churchill, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Johnston, A. H. Lewis, Poultney Bigelow, R. A. Wood-Seys, Irving Bacheller, Peter Dunne, and a score more, do not add much to the weight of the work, while it also may be said that in these notes are some names (E. P. Whipple, for instance) which should have received adequate treatment in the body of the work. The notes do, however, in a way give a completeness, and our criticism is a minor one. In the main the revision and extension have retained the essential plan of Robert Chambers. The names of a few of the collaborators in the work and of their topics will best give an idea of the high literary plane upon which the work has been done. It will be noted that there are included not merely critical articles about individual writers but elaborate essays on historical literary periods, so that the growth of literature is treated in broad groupings as well as in graphic portraiture. Stopford A. Brooke writes on the period "From the Beginning till after the Norman Conquest;" Edmund Gosse on "Elizabethan and Jacobean Literature;" Sidney Lee on Shakespeare; Samuel R. Gardiner on "The Civil War and the Commonwealth;" George Saintsbury on Dryden, Swift, Pope, and Sterne; Austin Dobson on the Eighteenth Century; Theodore Watts-Dunton on the Nineteenth Century and about George Borrow; Swinburne on Shelley; Edward Dowden on Matthew Arnold; while many of the topics relating to American literature are treated by Professor Woodberry, who writes the general article on that subject, by the Rev.

John W. Chadwick, and by President J. G. Schurman. To examine these papers and the much larger number from which the brief list is taken in detail is not possible, but it may be said that critical examination shows that there is in them a decidedly high average of scholarship together with a thoroughly satisfying literary expression.

Citizen (The): A Study of the Individual and the Government. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 346 pages.

Primarily addressing himself to young men and women, Professor Shaler has in "The Citizen" written a book that will hold the attention and interest of readers of all ages. His style is mellow and singularly persuasive, and while he voices many opinions contrary to prevailing beliefs, his tone is such that hostile criticism will find itself well-nigh disarmed. One does not have to read between the lines to recognize his political tendencies, but one will with equal ease perceive that he has in no wise allowed himself to be swayed by partisanship. His words ring with the sincerity of his convictions, and however the reader may disagree with him he will find himself the better for reading this book. We have no space to enter into any analysis, and must content ourselves with drawing special attention to the chapters dealing with the most important problems of the present day. Of these, not the least is the negro question, and it is pleasing to find Professor Shaler indorsing unreservedly the plans and methods put into execution by Mr. Booker T. Washington for the betterment of his people, and urging the necessity of National co-operation to complete the work so well begun. The negro, he holds, has latent powers far greater than is generally believed, but these can be developed only by the "slow, hard road" of industrial education. It is by manual training and "not to any extent by a literary education that the negro is to find his way to the full station of his citizenship." Drawing distinctions of connubium and commensality, he yet consistently protests against "that dislike of the negroes as a race which all Americans, except those who have been brought into intimate relations with them in their youth, appear to feel." On the subject of mob violence and "lynch law" he is equally outspoken in his deprecation of the spirit all too frequently finding expression in these latter days. The question of "foreign possessions" is viewed pro and con, the author declaring against a policy that would "hold subjugated countries without reference to the will of their peoples." This is one of the pre-eminently controversial chapters. Another is that treating of "The Limits of Freedom," wherein Professor Shaler takes issue with the views concerning the treatment of Anarchists that have obtained in so many quarters since President McKinley's death. In "Citizenship and Party Allegiance" he takes the ground that while the citizen owes an allegiance to the party representing his

ideals of government, it is his duty as a citizen to refrain from voting for "improper candidates, or those who are nominated on platforms which deny the principles of sound government."

Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Centenary Edition.) Vol. VI. *The Conduct of Life.* Vol. VII. *Society and Solitude.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. Pervol. \$1.75.

The two latest additions to the Centenary Edition of Emerson's works now coming from the Riverside Press represent the substantial workmanship and the thoroughly trained taste of that establishment at their best. To these volumes the editor, Dr. Edward Emerson, contributes, as to the former volumes, a biographical introduction and notes, which are valuable as explaining references in the text, but, above all, as setting behind the different essays the conditions under which they were written.

Concerning Book-Plates: A Handbook for Collectors. By Zella Allen Dickson, A.M. Illustrated. (First Edition.) Wisteria Cottage Press, Chicago. 5½x8 in. 217 pages. \$3.50, net.

Many well-printed plates illustrate this carefully written account of the origin, growth, and art of collecting *ex libris*. All collectors will value this book, and will find in it a reliable guide and handbook.

Confessions of Marguerite. Anonymous. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 264 pages.

One takes up a volume of *Confessions* with misgivings in these days. This Marguerite who confesses, however, disarms criticism to a degree, because she shows evidences of strength and sincerity. Hers is the oft-told tale of a woman's struggle for a livelihood in a great city, with temptations and hardships almost beyond endurance. While little is left to our imagination, the especial trials of a beautiful young woman wage-earner are indicated with delicacy and with some power. It is a relief to know that Marguerite returned, in the end, sadder and wiser, to her profession of country school-teacher.

Country Interlude (A). By Hildegard Hawthorne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 161 pages. \$1.25.

The love story of a girl who learns through a summer in the country that life offers more than mere material comforts, as represented by a lover who can give social position and luxury of surroundings. The device of storytelling by correspondence (in this case, in the telephone sense, only one set of letters being given) is somewhat in danger of being overworked. Miss Hawthorne, however, manages her material with skill, and often writes with charm and conviction of the beauties of nature, while her men and women are quite convincing and always good-mannered.

Dictionary of Historical Allusions. By Thomas Benfield Harbottle. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 9¼x8 in. 306 pages. \$2, net.

Any dictionary of historical allusions is sure to meet criticism in that it cannot be all-inclusive, because of the indefinite nature

of its subject. The present book, however, so far as our examination shows, has been compiled with judgment and knowledge. It is notable, for instance, that, although a book of English origin, it contains a remarkably large proportion of references to American affairs. The subjects treated are often curious as well as informative. One learns, for instance, from the very first page, that the Abecedarians formed a religious sect which held that all human knowledge was valueless, and therefore declined to learn the alphabet; while on the last page we learn that the X Y Z Mission was the name given to the American Mission despatched by France in 1797, so called because the agents employed to attempt to bribe them used in their correspondence the initials X Y Z. Occasionally a bit of humor creeps into the definitions, as where we are told that "The Young Turks" is the title given to the Turkish reform party, who, for obvious reasons, are for the most part non-residents of Turkey. The allusions are alphabetically arranged, and are also indexed. We are glad to add the volume to our shelf of reference works, and to attest its unquestionable usefulness.

Education of the Heart (The). By William L. Watkinson, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8¼ in. 255 pages.

The fifty-two short essays here collected—sermonettes they might be called, as based on texts of Scripture—are all intent on the ethical and religious factors of character. Some of them, as one on "Anæmic Virtue," are especially fresh and suggestive.

Evidence for a Future Life ("L'Âme Est Immortelle"). By Gabrielle Delanne. Translated by H. A. Dallas. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½x9 in. 264 pages. \$1.50.

The day when people evinced their intellectuality by scouting the idea of ghosts has gone. Now the belief in ghosts may almost be considered the badge of a keen mind. It is as an appeal to reason and as a scientific treatise that this book presents itself. Frankly, we do not want to be skeptical on the subject of psychic phenomena; in this epoch of wireless telegraphy, X-rays, and radium, unbelief is almost presumptuous; but when we are told that a young man after being drowned is seen walking with his patron saint, who is supposed to be the special intercessor on behalf of the drowned, we confess to being not persuaded. Yet, if any one wants to know all about the "perisprit" which envelops the soul and does duty for the body when the body is in dust, about materializations, and the psychic plane, we know of no book in which it is all told in scientific language with more assurance. To our mind something more is needed than familiar stories of unfamiliar appearances of familiar spirits. We believe that there is opening a world of knowledge concerning the life of the spirit as full of wonders as the world of knowledge concerning nature which the last century has opened to men's minds; but we do not think it has

opened as wide as this book would have us believe.

Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers (The): The Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of Glasgow in Sessions 1900-1 and 1901-2. By Edward Caird, LL.D., D.C.L., D.Litt. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8 in.

Dr. Caird has here given a worthy successor to his masterly lectures on the "Evolution of Religion." Theology, as he observes, is religion brought to self-consciousness in reflection upon the facts it is concerned with. The beginnings of theology are to be found in the Greek philosophy: "it first sought to grasp and verify that idea of the ultimate unity of all things which lies at the basis of religion." For there appears to be a certain opposition between "faith" and "reason," between religious intuition and reflective analysis. It is the concern of philosophy to show that this opposition is not real but relative, consisting only in the fact that these two are each the complement of the other in the development of spiritual life. In his first volume Dr. Caird devotes attention to the work of Plato and Aristotle on this fundamental problem. Plato is justly regarded as "the first systematic theologian, the first philosopher who distinctly grasped the idea that lies at the root of all religion [the unity that underlies all the differences in the world], and used it as the key to all the other problems of philosophy." The study of Plato is therefore essential to an understanding of the development of religious thought. "He did more than any one before or since to open up all the questions with which the philosophy of religion has to deal." Yet he failed to attain a full reconciliation of the opposite lines of mysticism and dualism. His premature idealism had to remain incomplete till slow-delving science could reduce phenomena to a system of necessarily related elements. And Aristotle, at once his faithful disciple and his severe critic, ultimately became even more dualistic. The second volume is mainly occupied with the Stoic and the New-Platonist philosophy. In both volumes many aspects of philosophic thought that do not seem to bear directly upon theology are exhibited with some fullness, for a better understanding of the theological views connected with them. And so these volumes possess as large an interest for the student of philosophy as for the theologian. But while Greek philosophy enjoyed unshackled freedom, Christian philosophy until the time of the Renaissance was not free; its duty was that of a handmaid to dogma. Its first and great problem was the relation of the human to the divine, and here the New-Platonist philosophy, with its hopeless dualism, worked a baleful effect. On one hand, the fundamental idea of Christianity, the unity of the human and the divine, was vindicated after a long struggle, but only in the person of Christ, while at the same time a gulf impassable was opened between the glorified Christ and humanity. The same

influence operated to pervert the doctrine of the Trinity, "essentially an attempt to deal with the great question of the unity of God and man," into an account of the inner nature of Deity. Thus, while Greek philosophy was the germ out of which Christian theology sprang, it became also the adverse force from which, after a period of one-sided development, it had to free itself. But, as Dr. Caird concludes, the negative result of the New-Platonist dualism is still an important factor in theological thought, through its protest against a too facile and shallow monism. The depth of the antagonism it insists on between the natural and the spiritual must be fully recognized, if it is to be fully overcome in any effective realization of the unity of God and man.

Eschatology of Jesus (The): Being Four Lectures Delivered under the "Constitution of the Bruce Lectureship" in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, in October, 1903. By Lewis A. Muirhead, B.D. Andrew Melrose, London, England. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 224 pages.

As the author says in his preface, this is no statement of a "'programme,' stamped with the authority of our Lord, of what is to happen after death." It is rather a study of certain of the words of Jesus as reported in the Synoptic Gospels which treat of the consummation of the Kingdom and the coming again of the Son of Man. Much of the discussion turns on the meaning of these words in the light of Jewish apocalyptic literature, and one lecture out of the four that constitute the book deals with the title "Son of Man" as Jesus used it. For the reader who is willing to forego being merely a reader and to do some studying this book is likely to bring reward. Mr. Muirhead assumes as already proven that Jesus was misunderstood by his disciples, and that, therefore, his words, even when carefully reported, are put into wrong contexts; he assumes also that Jesus was intellectually consistent, and he makes clear his conviction that Jesus' purpose was not to satisfy curiosity about the future, but to give dominant power to ethical principles. Readers who agree with the author's presuppositions will not agree in every case with the particular application of them.

Facts about Peat, Peat Fuel, and Peat Coke: How to Make It and How to Use It—What It Costs and What It Is Worth. By T. H. Leavitt. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 115 pages. \$1, net.

Glimpses into the Moral and Physical Labyrinths of Nature. By Julius Kuhn. The Natural Truths Association, Conshohocken, Pa. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ in. 196 pages. \$1.

Graal Problem (The): From Walter Map to Richard Wagner. By J. S. Tunison. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 134 pages. \$1.25.

Guide to the Study of Civics. By Charles M. Davis, B.S. The Varick Printery, Berlin Heights, Ohio. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 75 pages. 25c.

Highways and Byways in Sussex. By E. V. Lucas. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 424 pages. \$2.

Whether by driving, by bicycle, or by walk-

ing, a leisurely journey through the county of Sussex cannot fail to pay the traveler who loves old mansions, quaint English inns, fine specimens of the ancient English church, beautiful lanes, and rolling hills. That Sussex should have remained to such a large degree deliciously rustic, while yet it is so near London, adds to its enjoyment. In this volume Mr. Lucas has furnished perhaps the most interesting and readable of the series to which it belongs, all of which are correctly described by him as being less guide-books than appreciations of the districts described. He notes that while the history, archaeology, and natural attractions of the county have been thoroughly treated, there has been little written about Sussex men and women, and in some degree he has shown here the truth of the assertion that Sussex is "as rich in good character, pure, quaint, shrewd, humorous, or noble, as any other division of England." There is thus the interest of anecdote and personal narration as well as the more external charm of nature to be found in Mr. Lucas's volume. Particularly readable are those pages in which are quoted the references to Sussex in Dickens and Thackeray.

Habichtsfraulein (Das). By Rudolph Baumbach. By Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 191 pages.

Hermann und Dorothea. By Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Edited by W. A. Adams, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 189 pages.

Ingoldsby Country (The). By Charles G. Harper. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 274 pages. \$2.

In their way the Ingoldsby ballads form a classic of jovial humor. Their associations are with the legends, antiquities, and historic happenings of that corner of Kent which includes Canterbury, where Ingoldsby—that is to say, the Rev. R. H. Barham—was born and lived. This beautiful Kentish country includes also Folkstone, Dover, Margate, and Ramsgate on the coast, and, in the interior, numerous delightful English villages and parishes with quaint Dickensy names, among which, by the way, we notice one bearing Mr. Barham's own name. It is evident, therefore, that the present author has plenty of material out of which to construct a picturesque and readable book about the "Ingoldsby Country." The attractiveness of his collection of local legends, odd stories, and discursive information is made still more attractive by many pen-and-ink sketches, which are for the most part capably done, affording a welcome relief from the excess of process pictures met in most book illustration. The book will please not only the admirers of the "Ingoldsby Legends," but all who enjoy the charm of English rural life.

Korea. By Angus Hamilton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ in. 313 pages. \$1.50, net.

This admirable work, published not long ago in two large volumes, is now reprinted in a single volume and at a greatly reduced price, in order to bring it within reach of

the great number of readers who are eager to secure trustworthy information in regard to Korea and its people. No better work has appeared than Mr. Hamilton's. The volume is furnished with maps and illustrations.

Liberty and a Living. By Philip G. Hubert, Jr. (Second Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 252 pages. \$1.50.

Fifteen years ago the author advanced views in accordance with those held by Thoreau, and explained practically by the author of "Ten Acres Enough"—a book responsible for many imitations. The present simple record of an attempt to secure bread and butter, sunshine and content, by gardening, fishing, and hunting, does not offer a country life as a refuge to broken-down failures in city life. The author contends that strawberry-raising or whatever outdoor life is chosen as a means of livelihood is to be preferred to a city life, even though that be fairly successful in a commercial sense. His experiment made years ago is not regretted, and his experience told with dry conviction should be of value to many a harassed city dweller. In his preface to the second edition the author occupies a cool, detached position and recommends us not to take him too literally, but receive his notes as random suggestions. They are too full of vitality, however, to be so received.

Little Traitor to the South (A): A War-Time Comedy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 257 pages.

Love and war are mingled in proper proportions in this tale. An incident, historically true, of the Civil War, in which a company of brave men attempted to disable the Federal fleet in Charleston Harbor, is the tragedy. The comedy, intentional, is a melodrama planned by General Beauregard. A comedy, unintentional, may be enjoyed by the reader who flatters himself that he knows women better than Dr. Brady does, and who tries to accommodate the tall proportions of the heroine of the artist to the author's heroine, who "could just manage to cover the five-foot mark." Decorative drawings in green embellish the book.

Mosaic Essays. Compiled by Paul Elder. Friendship. Happiness. Nature. Success. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 4¼x8½ in. 10c. each.

Mycenæan Troy. By Herbert Cushing Tolman, Ph.D., D.D., and Gilbert Campbell Scogin, M.A. Illustrated. (The Vanderbilt Oriental Series.) The American Book Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 111 pages. \$1.

The famous work of Schliemann in the buried cities of the Troad has been carried to a more convincing conclusion than he reached, which this volume presents in a concise and luminous form. By "Mycenæan Troy" is meant the Troy which possessed the same culture as Mycenæ in Greece, the Troy against which Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, led his victorious expedition, as related in the Iliad. Of such a city the huge walls, towers, gates, and inner build-

ings have been unearthed since 1890, the sixth stratum in a series of nine superimposed settlements of different ages. This is pronounced by Dörpfeld, whose great work, "Troja und Ilion," has been freely drawn on in this volume, to be "the Homeric Troy destroyed by the Greeks."

Napoleon: A Short Biography. By R. M. Johnston. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 248 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

North Carolina: A Study in English Colonial Government. By Charles Lee Raper, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 260 pages.

Professor Raper prefaces his study of the provincial government of North Carolina with a brief survey of the proprietary period, dating from 1663 to the assumption of control by the crown in 1729. As he points out, the effects of the policies of the proprietors made themselves felt in the social, economic, and political life of the colony almost throughout the royal period. His introductory survey is, therefore, no work of supererogation, and is exceedingly well done. The same might be said of the entire study were it not that the author relies so exclusively on the documents utilized in his research for material that he has imbibed much of the formality and dryness common to state papers. This, of course, detracts only from the interest, not from the value, of his work, which is a worthy contribution to the literature treating of early American history. Apart from the style of presentation the reader will find little of which to complain. The various topics are well arranged, and are discussed with an unbiased mind, while the judgments passed are always based on excellent authority.

Notes on Electric Railway Economics and Preliminary Engineering. By W. C. Gotshall. Illustrated. The McGraw Publishing Co., New York. 6x9 in. 252 pages.

A series of hearings has recently been held by the New York State Railway Commissioners to consider the application of the New York and Portchester Railway Company for a charter. During this hearing the practicability from both an engineering and commercial standpoint of interurban high-speed electric railways was amply demonstrated. Mr. Gotshall, the author of the present volume, is the President of the Portchester Railway. In preparing his book, while he has referred to the engineering and other data placed in evidence at the legislative hearings, he has mainly based it upon a series of lectures which Mr. Gotshall delivered some time ago at Lehigh University. These lectures dealt with the economics of the preliminary determinations and of the construction and operation of high-speed and heavy-traction interurban electric railways. Some of the Lehigh faculty and others who had heard the lectures, together with financiers and engineers to whom the notes had been loaned, expressed a wish to have them published, for the reasons, as

they justly stated, that, in the first place, the treatment was novel and practical, and, secondly, that no discussion of the subject, as presented in the lectures, existed in book form. The book deserves this tribute. It not only describes actual conditions up to date; it prophesies, from the standpoint of a very practical and experienced observer, what is about to take place. Mr. Gotshall's views on the construction of a modern inter-urban railway to be operated by electricity and at great speed are of interest, for exactly this is the practical problem of the future. Our author's views are timely first of all to engineers and operators, but also to investors and promoters. Mr. Gotshall keeps the economic side of his subject well to the fore throughout, although his book gives much outside information. It is seldom that a scientific work appears which attracts both technicians and general readers.

Parsifal: A Festival-Drama. By Richard Wagner. Translated into English in Exact Accordance with the Original. By H. L. and F. Corder. The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 44 pages.

Parsifal of Richard Wagner (The). Translated from the French of Maurice Kufferath by Louise M. Henemann. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 300 pages. \$1.50, net. The presentation of "Parsifal" in New York makes the republication of this book timely. Over a third of the book is devoted to an account of the Parsifal legend, with its elements, as it has appeared in preceding forms. A chapter gives the story of the music-drama; another tells of the way Wagner came to write it; the next of its performance. A chapter on the score describes the music and gives in musical notation the motives, numbered and named. The interpretation of "Parsifal" given in the chapter on the materials Wagner used in his work is interesting, though it is to be remembered that a work of art is to be judged, not by what the creator of it says about it, but by what he made it. Buddhism, for instance, has to be read into "Parsifal" as it stands. The volume is a very useful handbook on the subject, and its appearance will probably contribute to the intelligence with which "Parsifal" is heard in this country. It contains a number of typographical blemishes.

Passion of the King (The): Short Daily Meditations for Lent. By Shirley C. Hughson. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 4×6 in. 50 pages. 15c, net.

Practical and Artistic Basketry. By Mrs. Laura Rollins Tinsley. Illustrated. E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 143 pages. \$1.10.

Reporter's Manual (The). By John Palmer Gavit. Published by the Author, Albany, New York. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 81 pages. \$1.

Seder Service (The): For Passover Eve in the Home. Arranged by Mrs. Philip Cowen. (Revised English Translation.) Philip Cowen, New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 107 pages.

Selections from Rabelais' Gargantua. Edited by C. H. C. Wright, A.B. The Macmillan Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 113 pages.

Stories and Poems. By Edgar Allan Poe. The University Publishing Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 124 pages.

Watcher in the Woods (A). By Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 205 pages.

This prettily printed and daintily illustrated volume contains chapters chosen from Mr. Sharp's well-known nature book, "Wild Life Near Home," which has been praised by Mr. John Burroughs and other naturalists as both true to the fact and pleasant to read. The chapters here included were selected with special reference to nature study in the schools, and the volume is undoubtedly well adapted for that purpose.

With the Birds in Maine. By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 300 pages. \$1.10, net.

Mrs. Miller remains one of our most pleasing writers about birds. She here enters with real sympathy into the domestic affairs of the bird families she has watched in Maine during the last ten years, and tells many droll, tragic, or otherwise characteristic tales of their doings, traits, and habits. The little narratives have full and accurate knowledge behind them, but are written not from the scientific but from the affectionate point of view.

Wonder Book of Horses (The). By James Baldwin. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 249 pages.

A book designed for use in connection with literary studies in the schools. Many of the famous Greek and Norse myths are introduced. The story of Pegasus, the story of the Great Wooden Horse, and other bits from classic literature are retold for young readers. Clear print and many pictures add their attraction to the fine tales.

Yoke (The). By Elizabeth Miller. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 616 pages.

The author has written a very long, very complicated, but decidedly interesting story of the bondage of the Hebrew people in Egypt and the Exodus. The heroine is a Hebrew girl working as a slave in the quarries, and the hero a young Egyptian noble, the son of the royal architect. A happy outcome for their romance is rendered difficult not only by their difference in race, their difference in rank, and their difference in religion, but by the machinations of the villainous chief adviser of the king. It is only after the young sculptor has embraced the Hebrew faith, and after the Exodus has been safely achieved, that their union is effected. There are vivid pictures of the luxurious life of the Egyptians, and the contrast between the two races is sharply brought out, to the advantage of the Egyptians on the material side, but entirely to the advantage of the Hebrews on the moral and intellectual side. The figures of the Pharaoh and of Moses, and the incidents of the plagues, three of which are described, are introduced with reserve but with admirable effect.

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The Maryland Suffrage Proposal

A thoroughly vicious suffrage amendment to the State Constitution has been passed by the Legislature of Maryland. It was proposed with the purpose of disfranchising the negroes of the State. If it should be adopted, it would result not in the purification but the corruption of the electorate. To many superficial observers it would seem to be practically identical with the suffrage amendments adopted in recent years by other Southern States. On the contrary, it is distinguished from them all (except in part that of Mississippi) by two features: one, that it gives unlimited discretion to election registrars; the other, that it makes the exemptions from its provisions permanent. It allows a male citizen of required age and residence to register as a qualified voter only if he be—

First. A person able to read any section of the Constitution of this State submitted to him by the officers of registration, and to give a reasonable explanation of the same; or, if unable from physical disability to read such section, able to understand and give a reasonable explanation thereof when read to him by the registration officers; or,

Second. A person who on the first day of January, 1869, or prior thereto, was entitled to vote under the laws of this State or of any other State of the United States wherein he then resided; or,

Third. Any male lineal descendant of such last-mentioned persons. No person not thus qualified by coming under some one of the above descriptions shall be entitled to be registered as a qualified voter nor be entitled to vote.

This means the introduction of two evils that are threatening to popular government. One is the evil of putting voters at the mercy of any whim that a registration board may indulge. As a result, a party once in power can so exercise its power as to exclude its opponents from

the polls. To use an illustration applied to the Federal Constitution, a Democratic registration board could declare a Republican voter who believed that a ship subsidy would be Constitutional to be incapacitated because he did not understand the Constitution; and, similarly, a Republican board could reject a Democratic voter who believed in an income tax. The other evil is that of basing the suffrage on permanent class distinctions. The so-called "grandfather clause," which elsewhere has been used as a temporary expedient and as such is capable of some reasonable though we believe in fact specious defense, is here made a lasting Constitutional provision. In fairness to Maryland it should be said that the proposal was put through the Legislature by rather subterranean methods, that it has been sharply criticised by Governor Warfield, and that it is likely to meet with defeat in the popular vote to which it must be submitted before it can be made valid.



Other Symptoms of Race Feeling

In addition to the passage of this amendment another outcome of the campaign of last fall in Maryland—a campaign largely waged by Senator Gorman on the race issue—is the passage of a law requiring railroads (except street railways and express trains not doing a local business in the State) and steamboats to provide separate accommodations for white and colored passengers. It requires, however, that there shall be no discrimination as to quality or convenience. This law has been opposed by the Society of Friends, the Congregational ministers of Baltimore, and other religious bodies, and has been condemned by Cardinal Gib-

bons. It is an unnecessary law—one to which many Southerners with strong racial feelings object. In Maryland especially it is an appeal on the part of small-minded politicians to an unreasonable class in the population. Mississippi as well as Maryland has been within the past week or so a storm-center of race feeling. Governor Vardaman, true to his announced opposition to all negro education, has vetoed an appropriation for a negro normal school. An instance of peonage has been discovered in Kemper County. The negro unlawfully held was rescued by a Federal officer. Finally, on March 16, in Congress, a Mississippi Representative delivered a vigorous defense of lynching as the suitable punishment for negroes assumed to be guilty of criminal assault. In each of these three occurrences there was a qualifying circumstance. The Legislature repassed the appropriation, but with insufficient majority to override the Governor's veto. Though the Governor's view prevails, it is not, therefore, the view of the State. On this subject Mississippi is misrepresented by its chief executive. In the peonage case it is to be noted that the crime was discovered and reported by reputable white people of the county. On this subject the real sentiment of Mississippi is both sound and strong; people do not risk the annoyance, not to say the danger, of clashing with ruffians for anything but a moral conviction. As to the speech of the Mississippi Representative—we do not fancy that Massachusetts, for instance, is willing to stand behind everything a Massachusetts Congressman may say.

Congress: General Wood's
Confirmation

The nomination of General Wood as Major-General was confirmed by the United States Senate in executive session last week by a vote of forty-five to sixteen; five Democrats voted for the confirmation, while two Republicans opposed it. Some surprise was felt at the publication of a letter written by Senator Teller long ago, congratulating General Wood on promotion, in view of the fact that Senator Teller has been among those who have opposed the confirmation of the present

nomination. General Wood takes rank as Major-General from the date when President Roosevelt made the promotion—namely, August 8, 1903. Thus ends the long-continued opposition to this advance in rank. As we have pointed out repeatedly, those promotions of General Wood which advanced him beyond others who originally stood higher in the regular line of promotion were made by President McKinley, and the present promotion by President Roosevelt is strictly in the regular and ordinary line of advance. The charges made against General Wood and examined by the Senate's committee were by the action of the Senate last week dismissed as disproved or trivial.—The charges against Senator Dietrich, of Nebraska, which have been under examination by a special Senate committee, have completely fallen through. The testimony which Mr. Summers, District Attorney for Nebraska, had offered to produce, showing that Senator Dietrich had received money for the appointment of a postmaster, was not, it appeared, in existence. It is understood that the removal of District Attorney Summers will follow as a result of these unsupported charges.

Mr. Hearst's Candidacy There is no doubt that Mr. William R. Hearst is making a systematic and determined attempt to capture the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and that his candidacy is becoming, for the Democratic leaders of the better class, a serious matter. Never in the history of the country has there been a more anomalous candidacy. Mr. Hearst is a young man, born on the Pacific coast, graduated from Harvard College, now holding a seat in Congress from a district in the city of New York, who has had no executive experience, has had no personal knowledge of public life except what is gained in a single term in Congress, has never put himself personally on record on any of the important political matters of the day except by his votes in Congress and the expressions of his newspapers, and whose record, both political and personal, is entirely unknown to the country. His

sources of strength are twofold. He is the proprietor of three newspapers published in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, and it is said he is about to establish another journal in St. Louis. All these newspapers represent the most extreme form of yellow journalism. They have attempted to make themselves the exponents of the interests of working people by doing their utmost to widen the breach between employers and employees, to inflame passion, and to array one section of the community against another. Instead of leading the workingmen in a spirit of genuine friendship, these newspapers have irritated them, and, by steadily contributing to the heat of the discussion between capital and labor, have diminished the light which ought to be shed on these difficult and perplexing questions. These journals, however, have secured for Mr. Hearst the following of a great number of working people who are indifferent to the fact that such newspapers have perceptibly lowered the tone of journalism in this country and perceptibly vulgarized American life. To this source of influence must be added Mr. Hearst's great wealth, which has enabled him to perfect an organization which has its branches, it is said, in all parts of the country where work of this kind can be done, and which is preparing the way for Mr. Hearst's candidacy. Leading Democrats are seriously alarmed about the situation. Their position is a difficult one; for opposition to Mr. Hearst would mean a savage personal warfare from which even a bold man might shrink. It is impossible to believe, however, that the Democratic party will select as its leader a man whose only sources of authority are his wealth and his exposition of yellow journalism.



Labor Matters

Two matters of importance in the labor field came into prominence last week—one eminently encouraging, the other the reverse. The first and more important was the vote of the United Mine Workers of America, through the local unions of nine States, to accept the two-year wage scale offered by the operators, although it includes a decrease of wages

amounting to about five and one-half per cent. For a time it seemed more than probable that a great strike of all the soft-coal miners, numbering 190,000 union workers, was inevitable. But, through the wisdom of the local unions in accepting the advice of President Mitchell, the reduction was accepted in preference to the strike. The relations of the miners to the operators in the bituminous coal fields have been decidedly less combative than those existing between the anthracite miners and their employers. A considerable advance of wages has been obtained in the past through the exertions of the United Mine Workers, and by mutual concession, compromise, and conciliation. Now the operators insist that the advance has been too great, and that it is not justified by the profits of the business. Mr. Mitchell, after fighting the reduction first asked for, and carrying the matter through two joint wage conferences, persuaded the operators to reduce their original demands to one-half, and then appealed from a decision in favor of a strike made by the United Mine Workers' delegates directly to the local unions, and persuaded them to vote by an overwhelming majority to accept the modified reduction. In other words, in what might have been a contest to the bitter end, if each side had insisted obstinately upon its first position, a peaceful and satisfactory result was obtained by calm discussion and a willingness to reach a fair compromise. On the other hand, in New York City a troublesome and ill-natured fight between employers and employees in the building trades has again set in. It was thought that the agreement of last year would refer to arbitration all new differences, but employers and employees seem unable to put the same interpretation upon their mutual agreement. The Building Trades Employers' Association claims that the bricklayers have violated the general agreement by going out upon a sympathetic strike without submitting the matter in dispute to arbitration; while the bricklayers insist that by increasing the hours of the building laborers, by hiring non-union laborers, and by refusing payment for overtime, the employers had

previously violated that article of the general agreement which provided "that the hours of labor shall not be increased or wages decreased for one year." Technically the employers' contention is correct, because the laborers (who now have a union of 10,000 men) were not included in the agreement of a year ago, and therefore the clause above quoted does not apply to them. Practically, however, labor sympathy being what it is, the action of the Employers' Association was not conducive to peace. As will be seen, the question involved is an intricate one, but it is precisely of the kind that can best be considered by a board of arbitration, and, in the interest of the City's industries and growth, it is to be hoped that the efforts now being made to lay the whole dispute before such a board may be successful. In 1903, the New York State Board of Mediation and Arbitration reports, there were over twenty-five thousand employees on strike in the building trades at one time or another, and the number of days' work lost is estimated at 1,700,000.



Vice in
Philadelphia

The commendable activity of Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, in connection with the suppression of the fraudulent vote, already noted, is in marked contrast with his treatment of the recent Grand Jury's findings that vice and immorality were protected, and his mild punishment of a police lieutenant and a sergeant for failure to obey orders. To the Grand Jury's criticism the Mayor replied that he "was entirely satisfied with Director Smyth's administration of the Department thus far," although, according to the Philadelphia "Ledger," a conservative journal, the Mayor has by his recent actions, in issuing his orders directly to the police instead of through the Director, shown in a striking way that he does not altogether trust the latter. This statement was made by the "Ledger" before the Grand Jury's presentment was made public, and is therefore to be taken as all the more significant. The Mayor's failure to punish Lieutenant Richards and Sergeant Slator, the former for disobedience and the latter for being drunk

while on duty, except by transfer, would be inexplicable except for the fact that a large delegation of prominent citizens, including a number of prominent lawyers and clergymen, pleaded for leniency in behalf of the former (before his conviction), urging in extenuation that he was within six months of his retiring period. This, however, is a matter which the offender should have borne in mind when he was violating the orders of the Mayor. The friends of Mayor Weaver continue to believe in his sincerity of purpose, but he seems to give them from time to time serious reasons to prevent them from depending too strongly upon him, or at least from expecting too much from him. In commenting upon the Mayor's leniency in the Richards case the "Ledger" commented upon the striking difference between the way Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, and Mayor Weaver dealt with similar situations. The former did not wait until his assistant was convicted of wrongdoing. He removed him before he had a chance to go wrong. Mayor Weaver did not remove the offender even after he had been convicted by a police court. Perhaps, however, the fault does not lie in the officials, but in the community.



An Irish Victory By a combination of the Liberal and Nationalist vote in the House of Commons Mr. Balfour's Ministry was defeated last week by a majority of twenty-five, to the surprise and consternation of his supporters. The little plot was planned by Mr. Redmond and most carefully carried out in all its details. The secrecy and the discomfiture of their political foes appealed to the Irish imagination, the Irish humor, and the Irish animosity to everything governmentally English. It was a dull afternoon in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour was in the gallery, and the supporters of the Government were to be found in the clubs and hotels throughout the city of London, or scattered in various parts of Westminster Palace, the impression prevailing that the whole afternoon would be taken up by a rhetorical discussion on the part of

Irish members of the question of Catholic education. The list of questions put to the Government was unusually short, and the House had resolved itself into a committee of supply to discuss the vote for Irish education. John Redmond arose and protested against the prohibition of Gaelic in the schools, holding a great mass of notes in his hand, with every indication that he had the intention of making a long speech. Instead of doing this he said only a very few words, to which Mr. Wyndham replied as briefly. The Government was represented on the Treasury Bench at the moment by the Chief Secretary for Ireland and three of his junior colleagues, and hardly twenty Unionists were in their places. A division was called for as soon as Mr. Wyndham had finished, and not until then was it realized that the Government had been outwitted and was facing an adverse vote. The division had been planned by Mr. Redmond to take place at three o'clock, and at five minutes before that hour the bells which always announce throughout Westminster that a division is at hand were clanging tumultuously, messengers were dashing in cabs to all parts of the city, and telegrams and telephonic messages were being sent out by the Government whips. It was too late, however. When the members filed in after the division, and the tellers, for the first time in a number of years, went to the right of the Speaker, pandemonium broke out in the Chamber, and for several minutes it was impossible to announce the vote. When the vote was finally announced, yeas 141, nays 130, there was another storm of cheers. The exuberance of Irish emotion saved the Government from a still more disastrous defeat. It lasted long enough to secure the attendance of a reinforcement of Unionist members, who rushed in breathless, one member without his collar, a thing unheard of in the punctilious House of Commons; and when Mr. Redmond moved to report progress on the ground that the Government had not a majority able to transact the business of the country, the motion was defeated by a majority of twenty-five. If this division had occurred a few

minutes earlier, the defeat of the Ministry would have been inevitable and its resignation would have followed. Mr. Balfour faced the situation with characteristic coolness, declaring immediately that he did not regard the vote as lack of confidence, and that he should not resign; but there is no question that this little episode, so skillfully planned, has still further discredited a Ministry which had very little to lose.



Is Dissolution Near? This bit of comedy in the House of Commons was characteristically Celtic in its dramatic, not to say picturesque, suddenness; but it was not a substantial victory. The Government has suffered a defeat by what may be called a snap division, but it has not received a fatal blow. If there were an efficient opposition under a leader who united all branches of the Liberal party, it is probable that the Government could not last a fortnight, and it is not impossible that even under present conditions its days are numbered. But the English people are a very practical folk. There is a great deal of confusion in regard to the financial issue which Mr. Chamberlain has forced on the country; the electorate has not made up its mind; and while it holds the Balfour Ministry in some contempt because of its weakness, it does not yet see any alternative Ministry which could present a definite programme and a commanding leader. The Liberal party as at present constituted is full of capable and high-minded men, but it is radically divided; and although the speedy retirement of Sir William Vernon Harcourt removes one obstacle to the union of the party under the leadership of Lord Rosebery, much remains to be done in the way of pacification and harmonization before that result can be reached. It must be remembered, too, that Lord Rosebery, while he has the high-mindedness and also the charm of Mr. Balfour, has also somewhat similar weaknesses. He is a cultivated English gentleman in politics rather than a determined and self-sacrificing statesman. He lacks the moral earnestness, the readiness to feed

on the crust and "climb the alien stairs" if need be, in order to establish a principle, which made Mr. Gladstone such a power. He has been "plowing his lonely furrow" so long that he is almost as much of a stranger in some sections of the Liberal camp as he is in the Conservative camp. Mr. Morley, although in many respects a man of the first order, is not primarily a politician, and is unfitted to act as the executive leader of a great party. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the very embodiment of respectability and integrity, but he entirely lacks the elements of leadership. Such men as Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Gray belong in the large group of Liberals who make efficient lieutenants but are incapable of commanding generalship. The Liberals at this juncture criticise freely and effectively, but they do not offer a definite alternative policy, nor do they appear on the field marshaled behind a capable and commanding leader. Under these circumstances the English people may not see anything to be gained by overthrowing a weak Ministry and leaving the field open to a group of men who do not know what they want and are not agreed as to their spokesman.



**The War:
An Uneventful Week**

The bombardment of Port Arthur was not renewed last week, and the attack of March 10 remains the strongest demonstration against that point. An interesting question has been raised as to the methods by which Admiral Togo's fleet manages to disappear and reappear so frequently in the waters off Port Arthur, when obviously there has not been time for it to retire to Japan for coal and ammunition and return to Port Arthur. Russians have even advanced the theory that the Japanese ships have been using a Chinese port as a base of supplies, and they have put this forward as another cause for Russia's distrust of China. It is more likely, however, that the Japanese are using for this purpose one of the Elliot Islands. These islands lie in the Korean Gulf about one hundred miles north-east of Port Arthur, and it was rumored

several weeks ago that the Japanese had taken possession after the Russians had evacuated the islands at the beginning of the war. The whereabouts of the Russian Vladivostok squadron of cruisers is still a mystery, with the probabilities strong that it remains in port. Again last week a Russian torpedo-boat destroyer, the Skorri, was blown up at Port Arthur by striking a floating mine. One theory advanced for the repeated disasters of this kind is that the Russian torpedo transport, the Yenisei, which was destroyed accidentally by one of the mines it was placing in position, had on board of it the only chart showing the positions where mines had been buoyed, so that these very mines have remained and still remain a menace to Russia's own boats. An interesting but probably futile discussion has been going on of late as to whether it is possible for Russia to send her Baltic fleet to the Pacific by way of the Arctic Ocean. Theoretically, it is just conceivable that the fleet might make its way through the frozen Polar seas, accompanied by colliers and powerful ice-breakers; but the experiment is one which we should hardly expect to see undertaken in the face of the very considerable danger that the fleet might be indefinitely blocked by ice in the passage.



**The Coming Conflict
in the Yalu Valley**

The Japanese advance northward toward the Yalu and the boundary of Korea continues slowly but steadily. The Japanese army last week occupied in force Anju, a town of some importance on the Chingchong River, about a third of the distance between Pingyang and the Yalu. The Chingchong is, next to the Yalu, the largest river in northern Korea. The Russians hold a strong position at Antung, west of the river, with some force at Wiju on the other bank. Between these two positions is a stretch of country of perhaps sixty or seventy miles, and in this region are likely to take place from time to time encounters of the skirmishers and outposts of both armies, which may be exaggerated into important engagements, as was seen by the report last week which falsely asserted

that the Russians had captured eighteen hundred of the Japanese. It seems probable that the Russians will maintain a strongly defensive position in and about the Yalu, and await the Japanese attack. The nature of the country and the lack of large cavalry forces make it evident also that the kind of campaign which took place in South Africa (marked by extreme mobility and rapid movements of large bodies of troops) is not likely to be seen in this war. Turning from the Yalu to the western limit of probable war, it is known that the Russians are fortifying positions on the Liao River, which debouches into the gulf of the same name near Niuchuang, and Russia has announced that this vicinity marks the western bound of the war field. General Kuropatkin is to have his headquarters at Liaoyang, a town about halfway between Mukden and Niuchuang, on the railroad; Liaoyang also commands the road running to the Yalu, and is thus a strategic center.



The Missionaries in Korea

Not a little anxiety has been felt concerning the safety of missionaries in that part of Korea which is now being overrun by the armies of both hostile nations. There are many American missionaries in northern Korea. Some of these and their families have been brought to southern ports by the United States vessel the *Cincinnati*, but many others have refused to leave their work and their people, although their stations are directly in the path of war. Although this may seem foolhardy, it is pointed out by those acquainted with the situation that the people of northern Korea in large numbers have a childlike confidence and dependence upon the missionaries; and that some four thousand of the people in this vicinity have become Christians, and regard the missionaries—to quote an interesting letter from Mr. H. O. Dwight in the New York "Tribune"—as "models of proper conduct and also as their natural recourse for sympathy and advice." The same writer strongly presents the reluctance of the missionaries to leave their Christian churches, as being in the nature of

a desertion, and likely to cause a panic. This attitude on the part of the missionaries is a noble testimony to their faithfulness and the high plane upon which their Christian work is carried on. There are now no missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Korea, although that body has a very large number of representatives in Japan. The American Presbyterian Church (North) has in Korea 70 missionaries, 323 congregations, over 6,000 communicants, and nearly 6,000 enrolled catechumens. There are 5 central stations and 372 out stations. The Southern Presbyterian Board and the two great branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church are also well represented in Korea. A capitally drawn picture of the mission work in northern Korea and of the life and character of the people may be had from "The Vanguard," a book mentioned in our Books of the Week department in this issue, written by Mr. James S. Gale, himself a missionary in Korea of some fifteen years' standing:



The Missionary Archbishop of the Wilderness

The death on March 9 of the Most Rev. Robert Machray, Primate of All Canada, has called forth many appreciations of his character and achievements. There was much that was unconventional about him. He loved the Northwest. He was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland. In 1865 he was consecrated Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land. A Fellow and Master of Arts of Cambridge, he devoted his learning to the work of a diocese nearly as large as Europe, without a mile of railroad or a steamboat in it, whose population consisted mainly of roving Indians, and whose white population consisted of river dwellers, trappers, and traders. The Toronto "Mail and Empire," in a vital and vivid sketch of this uncommon prelate, remarks that the word "bishop" would convey a wrong idea of this scholar in the wilderness. "One should think," it says, "rather of the Jesuit priests of the old French régime to picture his life." The Bishop's court was a log house; the Bishop's equipages were dog-trains and canoes.

In the wilds he re-established a college—St. John's—which had been abandoned. Many of his clergymen were separated from the others by a week's journey. In this great territory of Rupert's Land he lived; and so devoted to it was he that at one time last summer, when he felt that his end was nearing, he made a journey westward that he might die there. He never married. He lived to be seventy-three years old; but to the end, though he became Archbishop, Metropolitan, and Primate, and the character of his diocese was transformed, he was "his Grace the missionary."

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For the Safety of
Young Women

Anticipating the dangers that will attend young women who plan to go unattended to the Exposition at St. Louis, the Young Women's Christian Association of New York has made arrangements through its Traveler's Aid Department to furnish information as to safe boarding-places and lodgings for women who wish to visit the Fair. One of the inevitable consequences of the gathering together of a great crowd of strangers in any city is the opportunity it affords degraded and unscrupulous people to make a profit by persuading unsuspecting girls to go to places which, while bearing the name of boarding-houses, are really houses of ill repute. For the purpose of saving young women from such danger the Young Women's Christian Association of New York has in the past done what it proposes to do this year in connection with the St. Louis Fair. During the Pan-American Exposition and the Paris Exposition similar plans were carried out. References are required from the applicants as well as from the persons to whom they are sent. Introductory cards are given, and holders of such can be met by reliable guides if desired. These, however, are only special applications of a system regularly operative in New York City. The New York Association maintains the Margaret Louisa Home on Sixteenth Street in order to afford accommodation for women whom business or pleasure may have brought to the city for a brief stay. It is not for permanent residence. No guest may stay longer than four

weeks in each year. The advantage of the house is that it gives these women temporary quarters until they have become sufficiently familiar with the city to find respectable and safe quarters elsewhere. Only self-supporting women are admitted. Certain seasons bring the buyers, the milliners, and the dress-makers. In vacation time come the school-teachers. Besides these there are the usual number of women looking for employment in the city—intelligent workingwomen of the higher class of wage-earners. For such as are turned away the Association Board Directory endeavors to find lodgings. This is only one aspect of the work of the Association, which includes the maintenance of a restaurant, the support of a reading-room and library, evening and day classes (including industrial, business, art, English, and other branches, and comprising 2,812 pupils), a summer school, a Settlement, and what are called distinctively religious studies and exercises. The Association house is now greatly overcrowded. Moreover, the funds of the Association are very inadequate; the annual report which has just been issued declares that "the financial crisis is alarming." Mr. Conried, the Director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has agreed to give a concert with a large orchestra and some of the most eminent singers of the company for the benefit of the Association. The concert is to occur on April 4. The example of Mr. Conried, these artists, and others who make this concert possible ought to stimulate many to the giving of contributions to the work of the Association. The treasurer of the Association, Mrs. George L. Elliott, 7 East Fifteenth Street, will receive subscriptions, which should be made payable to the Young Women's Christian Association.

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A Greek Play in
New York

New York has had the opportunity this winter of seeing a number of fine plays well interpreted, and of enjoying more than one piece of genuine acting and more than one play of dramatic and literary interest. It has heard the music of "Parsifal" admirably rendered; it has seen "Candida" and "The Man of

Destiny;" it has studied Forbes Robertson's interpretation of "Hamlet," and Mr. Mansfield's "Ivan the Terrible." It has had further opportunities of being moved by "Everyman," and of enjoying Shakespeare as presented in his own time by the Ben Greet company. This week it is to have the opportunity of seeing the "Ajax" of Sophocles presented by the Greek residents of New York, in the language in which it was written. Although not among the greatest of the Greek tragedies, the "Ajax" is a beautiful and representative interpretation of the Greek conception of the struggle between the hero and Fate. It was given at Hull House, Chicago, a year ago by the Greek residents of that city, and it made the city acquainted with its Greek colony in a wholly new way. The preparation for the presentation of the play, which will be given at the new auditorium of Clinton Hall, 151 Clinton Street, near Grand, New York City, one of the most interesting centers of the East Side, on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Saturday afternoon of this week, has awakened deep interest among the Greek residents in New York, and has, it is said, revealed dramatic talent of a high order. Miss Barrows, under whose direction the play was given at Hull House, is superintending its production in New York. Tickets may be secured at the auditorium, or at Ditson's, 867 Broadway; and the performances ought to attract the most intelligent men and women in the city. It is not often that the most harmonious of the Greek poets and in a certain sense the most perfect classic poet is interpreted in that quarter of New York largely given over to tenement-houses, by a group of foreign-born citizens. It is impossible to bring such a piece of art as the "Ajax" before an audience without lighting the lamp of idealism in the hearts of all whose imaginations have not grown hard by disuse.



"As You Like It" No Shakespearean play is more unsatisfactorily rendered, as a rule, than "As You Like It." This charming pastoral, so full of wit, wisdom, and delicate characteriza-

tion, expresses the genius of the poet in his best mood, and cannot be interpreted save by those who bring to the task, not only technical skill, but a feeling for poetry and sensitiveness to the background of nature. Its performance by Mr. Ben Greet's company in New York City last week was in almost every way a delight to the lover of Shakespeare. It was not faultless, and some parts were not well taken, but as a whole it was the most intelligent rendering of the play which has been seen for many years. Mr. Greet's Jaques is an original, individual, and profoundly interesting interpretation of a part which has become conventionalized by the traditions of the stage. It was much less declamatory than some other well-known interpretations; it was far more thoroughly adapted to its background, wrought into the substance of the play. Mr. Greet did not seem to be playing; he came and went with such unobtrusiveness that he imparted a touch of nature to his rendering and wholly relieved the part from any suggestion of cynicism. Miss Matthierson, whose impersonation of "Everyman" has given her wide acquaintance throughout the country, was an ideal Rosalind in her refinement, her charm of manner and winning tenderness. She did not express the buoyant vivacity which some other actresses have put into the part, but, more than any other save Modjeska, she infused it with poetry and with womanly sweetness. The whole movement of the play in the Forest of Arden was pervaded by the breath of nature; the conventions of the stage were largely forgotten, and the spectator felt the enchantment of the lines and the beauty of the background as he has rarely felt them before.



President Eliot
at Seventy

President Eliot celebrated his seventieth birthday on Sunday last, and at the close of the academic year will finish thirty-five years of service as the head of Harvard University. The Outlook proposes later to give its readers an estimate of his services to education and of the significance of his work and character. It is sufficient here to

record the fact that Dr. Eliot has come to be regarded as one of the foremost citizens of the Republic, by virtue not only of his character, his services to education, his extraordinary ability, but of his breadth of view, his independence of thought, and his elevation. In this country there is no class of men whose position makes it easy for them, as it is made easy for a considerable class of Englishmen, to disregard entirely material considerations and look at public questions disinterestedly. This is the attitude which President Eliot has taken, and there has come to him in consequence an unusual authority. He is an American whose life, as the most critical foreigner must concede, is touched with distinction; who never plays to the galleries, who has not flattered the public, but who has always thought and spoken, not only with deliberation, but with disregard of popular approval. His sympathetic attitude towards organized labor was commented upon at length in these columns a few weeks ago. His frank and searching criticisms of organized labor have also been reported. At the recent meeting of labor unions in Faneuil Hall, Boston, at which he spoke, President Eliot's authority was evidenced by the crowd of men whom he addressed with the utmost frankness, and who listened to him, not only in perfect silence, but with evident respect. Few men have done so much, and few have received in their own lifetime so great a reward.



The Chicago Police The inefficiency and corruption of the Chicago police have very frequently of late been commented upon; but there has been a feeling that they had been greatly exaggerated. A recent report prepared by the Chicago Citizens' Association would seem to indicate that not only were the charges true, but that only a part of the story had been told. Because of the "intolerable and unnecessary reign of lawlessness, due primarily to the failure of the police to enforce law and order," the Association had two officers indicted for assaulting a citizen, whose pocketbook disappeared in the scuffle; two more for levying

blackmail on women; another for shoplifting; one for accepting a bribe from a prisoner; one for levying tribute on owners of slot machines. The following is a typical instance of the work:

A sample of the means used to prevent testimony against an officer is presented in the case of Patrolman Cody. He was drunk, broke through two doors, assaulted a woman, used vile language, tore her nightdress, and drove her out into the street barefooted before daylight on Christmas morning. She ran half a block to the elevated station, where she was found by a citizen and escorted home. The woman had never seen Patrolman Cody before, nor heard of him, and the evidence shows that she was a decent, hard-working woman, and innocent of any offense. She is now hysterical, and may never fully recover from the nervous shock. After leaving the woman, who was placed under the protection of another police officer, the patrolman wended his way to a saloon, where he secured entrance, and is alleged to have raised a row and hammered a citizen over the head with his revolver. He arrested the saloon-keeper and the inmates of the saloon, and took them to the Twenty-second Street Station, where he had them booked for disorderly conduct. Their cases were subsequently dismissed. The case against Cody was perfunctorily conducted by his superior, Captain Mahoney, of the Twenty-fifth Street Station. Only the prosecuting witness, a druggist, and two police officers appeared before the Trial Board. The prosecuting witness herself, after a sergeant by the name of O'Donnell, from Captain Mahoney's station, had attempted to intimidate her, was told by him that she did not have to appear if she did not want to. This remark followed the reading of the notice, and is probably a common method of hinting to witnesses that they had better not appear. This case is a striking object-lesson of the futility of Trial Board methods in relying upon the Police Department to prosecute police officers. After the Association took hold of the case the police produced the absent witnesses, a full hearing was asked, and Officer Cody was discharged from the force.

Surely there is imperative need for a complete overhauling of the Police Department in Chicago, and the city is to be congratulated upon having an Association ready and willing and courageous enough to undertake it.



**A Democratic
Coronation Day**

Following the custom established in April of last year, the Boston Equal Suffrage Association for Good Government held on Sunday, March 13, a "New Voters'

Festival" for the purpose of welcoming young men who had just reached or were about to reach voting age to their new office, and of conveying to them the sense of obligation with which the community expects them to meet their responsibility. The character of the service on this "Coronation Day to new voters," as it has been called, was religious in spirit, though not ecclesiastical in form. Addresses were made by representative citizens. Hymns of patriotism were sung. On the programme were given the titles of twenty-one books with public library numbers attached, useful for new voters. A noteworthy feature of the service was the acceptance by the new voters of the freeman's oath of 1634: "I do solemnly bind myself that I will give my vote and suffrage as I shall judge in mine own conscience may best conduce to the public weal, so help me God." Though the Equal Suffrage Association is a body of women who are organized to promote woman suffrage, it has established this festival in order to promote civic virtue and the public good. In this respect this Boston Association is an illustration of the procedure recommended at the Washington Convention for woman suffrage this year—that of allying woman suffrage associations with all forms of social progress. The Association hopes its example will be followed elsewhere.



The Northern Securities Case

The decision of the Supreme Court, reported briefly in *The Outlook* of last week, in favor of the Government and against the monopolistic merger of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways, has been received on the whole with very general satisfaction throughout the country. In the importance of its effects upon the political and industrial future of the United States it is likely to rank as one of the great cases in the history of the Supreme Court. Before considering the fundamental principle involved in the Court's decision, there are some interesting contributory facts which it is well to record and remember.

In the first place, the decision is in the nature of a triumph for the President and his Administration. In his first Presidential message Mr. Roosevelt outlined a plan for a Government department "to deal with commerce in its broadest sense . . . so as to secure equity as between man and man in this Republic." As a result of this message the Department of Commerce was created and the Secretary of Commerce was given a Cabinet position. In his second message the President laid strong emphasis upon the wisdom and necessity of devising some means of regulating the great industrial corporations which in their acts as well as in their powers have outgrown the control of the individual States.

By many people this attitude of the President towards what is commonly called a "business" question was regarded with genuine alarm. It was said that we have an "unsafe" President, who, while not trained as a financier or "business" man, was proposing to have both the legislative and executive branches of the National Government interfere with the operations of natural commercial laws. In spite of these criticisms, the President quietly persisted, and under his direction Attorney-General Knox, of his Cabinet, brought the suit against the Northern Securities Company which has now resulted in a decision that, in our opinion, must inevitably reach very much further than the two railroads immediately involved. Is the course which the President has thus successfully pursued a "safe" one?

It has yet to be said, we believe, that the United States Supreme Court is composed of radical men in the dangerous sense of the word radical. The Court has been criticised in the past more for its conservatism than its radicalism. Many of its greatest judges have been men who would have achieved a very pronounced success in finance or commerce if they had gone into those fields of activity. The industrial and financial development of the country in the last quarter of a century has been of such a nature that the well-trained and expert lawyer is no longer the mere adviser of great merchants and finan-

ciars; he is to a very large degree an equal partner with them in the carrying out of industrial enterprises. So it is that in the consideration of great industrial cases the courts are never radical, and rarely in advance of public opinion. They have generally served the unconscious purpose of formulating and expressing in terms of law the opinions and judgments which the people have adopted through the stress of experience. It is a fair inference, therefore, to say that the decision of the Court in this instance is equivalent to a declaration of the opinion of the country that the President has really acted as a wise and safe administrator of its financial interests.

Another interesting aspect of the decision is the divided attitude of the Court. The Government wins its case by a narrow margin—five judges sustaining the Government and four dissenting. The four opinions submitted by the Court form a curiously ascending scale of conservatism from which those who deplore what seems to them a Socialistic attack upon vested interests may take some comfort. Justice Harlan asserts that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law makes *any* combination in restraint of inter-State commerce illegal, whether that restraint be reasonable or unreasonable; Justice Brewer holds that the Sherman Law must be interpreted to attack only unreasonable restraint of trade, and that reasonable and natural combinations—even if their effect is to restrain trade in certain particulars—may stand without violating the law; Justice Holmes admits that the Sherman Law prohibits certain combinations within the field of inter-State commerce, but takes the ground that such combinations must be in the nature of a criminal conspiracy, and that such a stockholding association as the Northern Securities Company is manifestly not a conspiracy; while Justice White, who read the chief dissenting opinion of the Court, declares that Congress has no Constitutional power to “regulate the acquisition and ownership of the stock” in such a corporation as the Northern Securities Company, that “even if there were such power in Congress it has not been exer-

cised by the Anti-Trust Act,” and that the decision from which he dissents is one which jeopardizes “the great guaranty of life, liberty, and property, and every other safeguard upon which organized society depends.” If this opinion is a fair expression of his political beliefs, Justice White manifestly belongs to the extreme Jeffersonian or individualistic wing of the Democratic party and to the hopelessly antiquated *laissez-faire* school of political economy.

There has been some discussion of the question whether the publication of dissenting opinions of the Supreme Court is wise; whether this exposure of disagreements in the final legal and constitutional tribunal of the country does not weaken its authority. In our judgment, the present case amply justifies the wisdom of giving to the public the varying views of the Court. Justice Harlan’s characteristic vigor and plainness of speech arrests public attention; he states the principle at stake boldly, perhaps even baldly. Justice Brewer indicates the limits within which that principle may be soundly applied. Justice Harlan’s uncompromising attitude towards a skillfully constructed violation of law is wholesome and to be welcomed. But in Justice Brewer’s opinion are laid down, in our judgment, the lines which constructive legislation must follow if the country is to receive the full benefit which may be derived from the decision of the Court.

After clearing away some of the incidental facts and opinions involved in the case and its decision, there remains one profound and far-reaching principle of law and government which the Court establishes. From that principle Congress derives its right to define the limits within which and to regulate the methods by which industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce shall conduct their business. This right having been established, it remains for Congress to determine how it shall be wisely and economically exercised. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed, so the Supreme Court affirms, under a real Constitutional power vested in Congress. It seems clear, therefore, that Congress may pass other statutes touching upon

inter-State commerce which shall deal, not merely with restraint of trade, but with other aspects of corporation affairs, such as over-capitalization, publicity of accounts, and liability of directors and stockholders.

It is related of Lord Melbourne that, when the evangelical movement swept over the Church of England, he publicly protested against a sermon on personal sin by getting up from his pew and stalking down the center aisle audibly exclaiming, "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is made to invade the sphere of private life!" There are those who hold that to intrust such powers to Congress as the Supreme Court decision seems to imply is to give Congress a dangerous opportunity to invade the sphere of private life. As a matter of fact, whether we like it or not, the law does invade private life. Private business is to a very large extent and in the fullest detail regulated by Government. From the time he gets up in the morning until the hour when he goes to his bed at night the citizen of New York is under Government supervision on every hand. Government control is woven into the very fabric of his life. The clothes that he puts on when he rises are made under Government inspection; the milk that he drinks with his coffee must come up to Government standards; the sidewalk and steps in front of his house are cleaned of snow or dust under Government regulation; he must board the trolley-car in going down town at the corner of the street which Government selects; and the elevator and steam-heating plant in his office building can be run only under Government certificates. The real question is not whether Government shall interfere with private business, but how it shall interfere wisely. In our opinion, the chief value of the Supreme Court decision in the Northern Securities case is not that it prevents the consolidation of two competing railways, but that it paves the way to Governmental regulation of those railways after they shall have been consolidated; not that it cures a particular abuse of corporation powers, but that it establishes more firmly than ever the sound political and industrial

doctrine that corporations deriving their existence from the hands of the people must submit to regulation by the people.



The New Pension Order

Much to the relief of Congress, and greatly to the satisfaction of the old soldiers, though not fully meeting their demands, the Pension Bureau thinks it has discovered a way out of the embarrassing position in which Congress and the Administration found themselves in regard to a service pension. With a Presidential election just at hand, the Grand Army, casting and influencing a large number of votes, was demanding a twelve-dollar-per-month pension for all survivors of the Civil War, at an estimated additional cost of about \$60,000,000 per annum, although the finances were in no condition to meet such a drain; but neither party in Congress had the courage to go on record against the bill, and there was grave danger that such a bill would be passed. Taking advantage of existing law, a presumption is raised that any applicant for a pension, 62 years old, is one-half incapacitated for manual labor, and the rule established that all such, without the expense of examination, shall receive \$6 per month; at 65 to be increased to \$8; at 68 to \$10; and at 70 to \$12, which is the limit.

The theory under which the Department has reached this action is that under the law of 1890 the Pension Bureau was directed to consider every applicant 75 years old incapacitated, and place him on the rolls at \$12 per month; that, such being the case, the Bureau is vested with the power to make a ruling that he was almost totally incapacitated at 70, and half incapacitated at 62. The Bureau concedes that this interpretation stretches the law beyond what had been expected. Strictly construed, the law has not only been stretched but broken, but it is assumed that the result is likely to be so much less expensive than the raising of the whole question would have been that no one will make any objection, and that the necessary appropriations will be regularly made. The first one made will, of course, be

legislative sanction of the Executive order.

The order goes into effect April 13, just thirty-nine years after the war ended, and the Commissioner justifies it by citing the fact that Congress put the Mexican veterans on the pension rolls just thirty-nine years after the close of that war, and President Cleveland approved the bill.

It is believed that the first year's requirements will not be over \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000. After that there will be for some time a considerable increase. Past experience indicates that substantially all who are entitled will avail themselves of the provision.

In our opinion, this action is an evasion of an issue that ought squarely to have been met. There is no reason to believe that this concession will satisfy those who demand service pensions without limitation; it only puts off the evil day. The country is weary of having the matter of pensions brought up on the eve of elections; it is tired of the process of "pressure;" it wishes to deal with its really disabled soldiers most generously, but it ought to exclude all able-bodied men from the pension rolls. In our judgment, the Bureau has not only taken a very questionable and possibly an illegal step, but it has been weak where it ought to have been strong, and surrendered when it ought to have fought to the bitter end. And the President assumes a very grave responsibility in sanctioning a questionable and possibly an illegal act on the part of the Pension Bureau.



A Lenten Thought

Good Friday Penitence

Good Friday has taken its place in the observance of Christian people with Christmas Day and Easter as one of those great festivals which recall the basal facts of the Christian faith and bring home to the mind of the world its fundamental truths. Christmas and Easter are festivals of joy. Since Christianity became a faith, these days, with their beautiful and inspiring memories, have evoked the highest expressions of joy from men of all classes. They stand for the two facts which are foremost in

the happiest experience of men: the birth of Christ, in whom the revelation of the love of God toward men was made complete, and the resurrection of Christ, in which immortality was brought out of the vagueness of speculation and the darkness of uncertainty into the clear light of history. Good Friday, on the other hand, is commemorated in many of the churches of Christendom with signs of mourning, and in all churches with the deepest solemnity, for it is everywhere observed in remembrance of the supreme tragedy of the human race, the putting to death of the most perfect human soul, the divinest human spirit, that has ever appeared among men.

The crucifixion is the ultimate and most terrible expression of the animosity between right and wrong, between the world, the exclusive absorption in the interests of this life, and the spirit, the emblem and type of the immortal interests of the soul. All the wrath, hatred, malice, uncleanness, hardness, and hypocrisy of the world were combined in the crucifixion of Christ; all the hope, beauty, freedom, and final joy of the world were with Christ on the cross. In this dramatic climax of the career of the one man who has lived without sin, who served without a touch of selfishness and died without a murmur of reproach, the real nature of sin stands revealed without disguise. It is not imperfection, it is not lack of knowledge, it is not the absence of good; it is a real, positive, malignant force in fundamental conflict with goodness; something that cannot be compromised with, explained away, nor ignored in a vague scheme of universal happiness, but a real, lasting, and destructive element in human affairs; a force which not only denies, as Goethe conceived it in "Faust," but which also destroys. It was this force, of which Roman authority was only the executive, that slew the Saviour of mankind.

The shadow of this terrible tragedy has rested on the imagination and the hearts of Christendom for many hundreds of years, and the men whose sense of the reality of sin fades almost to the point of disappearance in the absorption of affairs awake on Good Friday with a sudden sense of distress to the fact that

this ancient and relentless foe of the happiness of the individual and the safety of society still persists. On Good Friday men and women everywhere are led to confess their sins afresh; they feel their unworthiness; they recall vividly their offenses against purity and peace, their neglect of opportunity, their infidelity to the things in which they profess to believe. The natural expression of Christmas and Easter is jubilant song; the natural expression of Good Friday is the prayer of penitence.

But no Good Friday is rightly observed which is devoted entirely to meditation and quickening of conscience. The answer to the tragedy of Good Friday is neither emotional nor imaginative; it may be both, but it must also be something more radical and fundamental; it must be the answer of action. The memory of Good Friday will never be erased by the sorrow of men; it can be erased only by a more efficient, powerful, and uncompromising Christianity. The heart of Christ will be comforted, not by tears shed over his crucifixion, but by the higher organization of men and women who believe in his life and resurrection, for the extirpation of the foe that slew him, for the energizing of the spiritual forces of the race, for putting new heart, fresh hope, and a greater power of action into society. It is not a weeping Christianity that Good Friday demands, but a militant Christianity. It is not the penitence of tears, but the penitence of action; it is not a world silenced and humiliated about a cross, but a world purified, uplifted, with its feet set in new paths and its hands committed to the highest tasks. For Christ is not only the Redeemer of men, he is also "the captain of our salvation;" one who appears not simply to touch the eyes of the blind and unstop the ears of the deaf and raise the dead from their tombs, but to lead the organized hosts of believers in an uncompromising warfare against every form of sin in Church, State, and society. He who died on the cross is not simply the refuge of the broken-hearted and the shelter of those who are overborne by the burdens of life; he is, above all, the unconquerable leader of those who believe in the reality

of the highest hopes of men, and whose hearts are set to realize those hopes by driving evil from the world. Under his leadership all things are possible. No sin is so intrenched in usage or institutions or in the conventions of society as to be beyond the reach of that Light of Holiness which is absolutely destructive of evil. No wrong is so hoary with antiquity, so embedded in the habits of men, that he cannot destroy it. No wrongs are so well organized that he cannot overcome them. Men give their deepest love and their highest reverence to the sufferer on the cross, only as they put themselves behind him as the captain of their salvation.



Liberty of Bible Reading

The resisting power of tradition is curiously illustrated by the difficulty which the Revised Version of the Bible encounters in getting into general use. That in some respects the revisers were too conscientious and made their translations too literal a rendition of the original may be granted. It may be true also that the New Testament would have been more acceptable if some passages which long use has made sacred by association had been left unchanged, and if relatively more attention had been paid in certain other passages to classic forms of English and less to a literal reproduction of the Greek. But that, on the whole, the Revised Version more truly represents the original than does the King James Version, and that in the Old Testament it is in every respect superior, can hardly be questioned by any one who has given the two versions a careful comparison, or has compared either with the original Hebrew and Greek texts. This is especially true of the poetical books. The poetic form of Job, the Psalms, Proverbs, and the Song of Songs appears in this version as it does not in the older version; and much that was scarcely intelligible in Job and the Song of Songs and in some parts of the prophets is interpreted by a translation at once more lucid and more consonant with the spirit of the original. In brief,

what Dr. Edward Abbott has recently said in a letter to the "Churchman" may be repeated here in abbreviated form: The work of revision was carried on by the foremost Biblical scholars of the nineteenth century, both English and American; the immense historical, archæological, textual, and spiritual material accumulated during three centuries and a half was at their disposal; their competency for their task was immeasurably greater than that of the Revision Committee of 1611; and the product of their labors has been subjected to the test of the severest criticism and to the severest test of actual use for nearly twenty years and has stood the test.

And yet the Bible Society will not print the Revised Version and the Episcopal Church will not allow it to be used in its church services.

This refusal rests, so far as it has any foundation at all, on the curious superstition that the King James Version is an Authorized Version. "The historical fact is," says a well-considered report on this subject to the Massachusetts Diocesan Convention, "that the King James Version was introduced on its own merits, and had to make its own way in the world. Its only authorization was its intrinsic superiority to other versions, and its long-continued use." Is there any reason why we should not exercise in the twentieth century the same liberty that our fathers exercised in the seventeenth, and introduce another and better version into use, and, if it can prove its superiority, allow it to win authorization by the same process?

This question will come before the General Convention of the Episcopal Church to be held in Boston next October. The Massachusetts Diocesan Convention in 1890 adopted by a large majority a resolution to memorialize the General Convention for authority making lawful the discretionary use of the Revised Version in the reading of the Lessons. The result of the debate was a compromise, by which a special committee was appointed to prepare an edition of marginal readings which might be so used, and such an edition has been published. It is needless to say that no such compromise is satisfactory

to the large and increasing number of clergymen who desire *liberty* to use for the benefit of their congregations in public worship the latest, and it can hardly be doubted the superior, version of the Scriptures, and the demand for such liberty will probably be pressed at the next General Convention, and will continue to be pressed until it is granted. The demand for reasonable liberty always has public opinion on its side in America. Such will be the case now.

As to the Bible Society, our hope is that its managers will discover by and by that they cannot expect contributions from all in the churches so long as they refuse to give so considerable a proportion of church members that version of the Bible for personal use and for distribution which they reasonably desire and the advantages of which are so apparent. Even if it is not the best version—though of that we think there is little doubt—it is certainly a good one, and the Bible Society, which should represent neither sect nor party in the Church, should be ready to give to the public any good version of the Scriptures which the public wants.



The Spectator

The Spectator was saying at breakfast that he put no faith in what a modern essayist has called the poetry of a machine age. It seemed to him that all things mechanical were working together to do the whole breathing world into plain prose. The Spectator's breakfast chanced to be served on that particular morning in Baltimore, and at the opposite end of the table there sat a Johns Hopkins professor. At the Spectator's words he looked up. "If that's your point of view," said he, "I recommend you to make a little tour down the bay to Sparrow's Point." "And why Sparrow's Point?" queried the Spectator. "Well," said the professor, knowingly, "there are some biggish steel works down there that I think will make you sing another tune." With these words the professor went his way. The Spectator sniffed to himself. Steel works, indeed! He regarded "works" of all

sorts as the essential embodiment of the commonplace. However, for the sake of argument he determined to go and see this poetic industry of the professor's; and within the hour he was aboard the Short Line train, rattling along toward Steelton.

For comfort he might as well have gone straight out to sea. It was December. As he stepped from the train at the little bird-house of a station, a bitter salt blast smote him stingingly in the face. A deep, pulsing roar assailed his ears. As he was turning his coat-collar up, his hat-brim down, the sky suddenly reddened before his eyes with a great surging wave of scarlet flame. As it had sprung up, so it died down suddenly, and the Spectator was left contemplating an impressive group of low, frost-whitened mills, whose tall chimneys belched a cumulous cloud of rich velvet-black smoke, threaded by slender spurts of snow-white steam. Despite his prejudices, the Spectator's pulse quickened as he fought his way against the wind toward the office of the steel works. There was certainly going to be nothing commonplace about the experience.

They gave the Spectator a permit and a guide, and made him sign a document setting forth that in case of accident or sudden death while on his way through the mills the Spectator would cherish no grudge against the company. Then he set out for a course of unexampled thrills. The first one met him in the yards, where he fell foul of a spidery electric crane sprawling about with a fat boiler in its grip. Eluding that by a hair's breadth, he narrowly missed destruction under the wheels of a fidgety trolley-engine bustling over to the blooming-mill with a trainload of red-hot ingots. Fresh from the twofold scare, the Spectator was dragged into a mill roaring with the voice of seven Niagaras. Eight high-speed blowing-engines, manufacturing cold blasts, filled the place with a crash and boom as of artillery, and a herd of elephantine stoves, turning the cold blast to hot, contributed a long-drawn, thundering below. It was

no place for a peaceful gentleman of letters. The Spectator begged to be let out.

A moment in the outer cold and stillness, and then the Spectator plunged into the red glare and gaseous stench of the Pit itself. A glimpse only he caught of certain little black fiends silhouetted against the glow of certain rivers of liquid fire, before he was drawn to the foot of a grimy hoist and bidden to ascend to see the stoking of a blast-furnace. Two ponderous ore-buggies already occupied the frail lift. The Spectator was squeezed in beside them; one of his unwilling hands was clasped upon the cold iron of an ore-car, the other upon his hat-brim, while the guide took his elbow in a fatherly grasp. A whistle shrieked, the sideless platform began to rise, and in a moment had shot clean through the roof and was mounting skyward through a shaft of skeleton ironwork. Howling blasts from the broad Chesapeake tore and wrenched at the Spectator with intent to hurl him into the cold gray sea. The Spectator's nerves are of the steadiest, but he admits that for an instant his brain reeled.

One hundred feet up in the air the lift came to a standstill. Peering dizzily out, the Spectator looked down, not into a pit of seething flame, but on the cold peak of a black iron bell which choked the throat of the furnace. Not till the last ore-car had dropped its burden of iron and slag upon its sloping sides did the bell move; then it sank slowly down into the burning, fiery furnace, and a scorching wave of crimson flame swept bellowing skyward. Before the Spectator could shield his dazzled eyes, the black cone had risen easily into place again, and darkness succeeded to glare. The Spectator would gladly have sat him down to digest his impressions, but there was nothing to sit on, and, besides, the elevator signaled its firm intention to go down. So he hugged the black ore-buggy tightly and set his teeth for the sickening descent.

Fortune favored him. The Stygian darkness of the smelting-shed below was

flushed with the pink glow of molten metal; a furnace had been newly tapped. A dazzling stream of liquid fire welled from the mouth of the crucible, and, growing momentarily more sluggish, more deeply red, meandered away through devious sand channels till it poured over the edge of the platform into the mouths of a row of Brobdingnagian caldrons denominated in shop-tongue "ladles." Each one held its thirty tons of fiery "devil's broth." While the Spectator watched, the last of the row brimmed full of incandescent iron, and an electric engine came and whisked away the whole glowing carload to the Bessemer works, whither the Spectator, somewhat more deliberately, followed.

With the Bessemer process of steel-making the Spectator was theoretically familiar. But of its spectacular side he had not the dimmest conception. When he stepped into the mill, the "blow" had just begun. A Bessemer converter—a corpulent iron plum of heroic size, with a queer, oblique spout—had just received its dose of red-hot metal and was being pivoted upon its end. As it came to the upright, the hot blast was turned on. A hoarse, sibilant roar broke the stillness, and a brilliant rain of sparks burst from the mouth of the converter. The guide explained that a scorching cyclone was being driven through the molten metal, burning out impurities, and turning iron to steel. The Spectator tried to look intelligent, but his mind was all in his eyes. The roar in the converter had risen to a bellow. The scattered sparks had given place to a broad gush of blinding white flame. Longer and fiercer it grew, till it streamed like the tail of a comet clear across the dusky mill. As the foaming and seething in the retort grew more furious, fluid iron splashed over the brim to fall in showers of crimson stars into the darkness below. Vivid and more vivid grew the flame, till all at once its fierce whiteness turned to luminous violet, dimmed, and died. A sharp whistle sounded. The converter began to tip on its side. The roaring ceased. The carbon was burned out; another moment's burning would spoil

the steel. An overhead crane rumbled up with a ladle, into which the converter spilled its whole fiery brew. The ladle swung ponderously away again to the opposite side of the pit, where stood a trainload of tall, earthenware ingot-molds. A plug was drawn from the bottom of the ladle, and fluid steel poured in a stream of liquid brightness into the first mold. The Spectator would fain have lingered to see again the marvelous Bessemer fire spectacle. But his guide hurried him on.

Could he speak with the tongue of a Carlyle, the Spectator might do justice to the interior of the rolling-mill. It was indeed "mad-blazing with flame of all imaginable tints, from the red of Tophet to the stellar-bright." Sudden flames licked roofward from subterranean fires and were as suddenly quenched. Heated air quivered over blocks of scarlet metal moving hither and thither, guided by unseen hands. Crushed again and again between the rolls, glowing cubes slid out as slender bars of brightest crimson or came writhing out in long rail-ribbons of vivid red. As for sounds, the Spectator might have blundered upon the demon revel on the Brocken, so uncanny were they. The shriek of saws biting their way through glowing steel, the groan of red-hot metal strained between the rolls, the clang of the rails, the heavy throb of machinery—these and a dozen other sounds conspired to make the Spectator's head swim. He was glad when his guide led him back into the common light of day.

The Spectator thinks he knows now what the essayist meant by "the poetry of a machine age." There was beauty in the mills, a chaotic terrible beauty born of power, and poetry, too, of a vast, thunderous, Miltonic (or shall we say Whitmanic?) order. It is not the Spectator's kind of poetry; it is too stirring, too strenuous. And yet, in its exhibition of naked force, is it not typical of this newest age of this newest world? The Spectator wishes he were a big enough man to give it voice.

Japan at War

From a Special Correspondent in Japan

THE long predicted has come to pass at last, and the followers of the bear and the dragon-fly¹ are at one another's throats. It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? It would look as if the dragon-fly had not much chance of winning out—and that is what the world of the West has expected if the dragon-fly ever were presumptuous enough to face the bear.

It has been disappointing and irritating to note the ideas in regard to Japan reflected in the press of America and England during these recent months. Sober and well-informed journals have spoken of the Japanese as "an upstart nation," "a volatile people," "a nation that declares war against Russia every morning at breakfast," and so forth. One influential English paper, misled by some simpleton who has discovered a mare's-nest in the shape of an Asiatic League, has been giving voice to loud warnings against "the yellow peril," proclaiming Japan the protagonist in a threatened invasion of the West by the nations of the East—the Chinese, Persian, Indian, and the rest. These warnings have been taken up seriously by other papers on both sides of the Atlantic. It has even been feared that the recent advance into Buddhist Tibet by a British force will tend to alienate Buddhist Japan from her ally, Great Britain. As if Japan—the Japan that really counts—were still Asiatic and Buddhist! It should be known once for all that the only Japan that has to be reckoned with has far more sympathy with the white and Christian West than with the yellow East. In North China in 1900 the Japanese lined up, not with the Chinese, but with the British, Americans, Germans, Russians, and French. That was not accidental or temporary, but their true and permanent place. Japan is as likely to form a confederacy with the Picts and Scots, Sabines and

Etruscans, as with the Chinese, Persians, and other members of the alleged Asiatic League. Japan is vastly more Occidental than she was ten years ago, when she drubbed into China the most impressive lesson that that nation has yet received in respect for Occidental civilization. And so far as Christianity goes, comparing the conduct of the two nations in the negotiations of the last eight or nine months, who will not say that Japanese diplomacy is two centuries more Christian than Russian? And who that knows the two will not predict that if, in the war that has opened, there be any breaches of international law, any "Oriental" barbarities, the perpetrators of such will *not* be the "Oriental" Japanese?

The West sometimes misrepresents Japan, not because it has any quarrel with the country or any reason for prejudice, except the old unreasoning one of pride, that invincible feeling of superiority of the West over the East and all that comes out of it. A new dog is not given his place among the nations till he shows his prowess by whipping one or more of the big old residents. Japan first began to get a little respect when she defeated China. But China was only a decrepit Eastern nation, and her overthrow by Japan could hardly be expected to entitle the latter to be thought of no longer as merely a nation of Asia, but as one of the nations of the world. The civilized and Christian peoples of the West somehow felt that Japan could not prove herself really Occidental and civilized till she had fleshed her sword, deep and well, in the body of one of themselves. And now, the past fortnight, she has done it, and, presto, change! what a chorus of acclaim she receives!

Japan at war! How does she behave herself? So far as the army and navy are concerned, they may be expected to make a most alert and intrepid enemy. Moreover, as has been said, they will

¹ Island of the Dragon-fly is a name said to have been given to the main island of the Japanese group by Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor.

observe the most enlightened usages of war. In the North China troubles four years ago the Japanese troops no less by their discipline and self-restraint than by their endurance and bravery shamed at least the troops from Continental Europe.

And the nation at home! For a "volatile," "upstart," fire-eating people, they are taking the war very quietly indeed, surprisingly so, even to those of us who have lived among them for many years. The other night I was journeying to Tokyo, and found myself on a train crowded with officers, many of them of the reserve, hastening to join their regiments. At Nagoya nearly a dozen came into our car, which was already pretty full. We might have expected a noisy night of it, especially as beer and *sake* circulated freely several times before morning. But the crowd, soldiers and civilians alike, were as quiet as they would be any night in the year, and you would never imagine that all over the land the nation was flying to arms to resist a dangerous and long-dreaded enemy.

Two days later I stood with a friend before one of the great newspaper offices of Tokyo, reading the bulletins announcing the first naval victories at Chemulpho and Port Arthur. The news came as an immense surprise, for there was yet no declaration of war, and so rigid had been the censorship of the press and the telegraph that the nation was unaware of the fact that a powerful Japanese squadron conveying several crowded troop-ships had set sail for the shores of Korea and the Liaotung peninsula. In front of the bulletins stood hundreds of Japanese. They were intensely interested and immensely pleased when the foreigners felicitated those nearest them on the successful and promising opening of the war; but there was no shouting or tossing of hats or other demonstration. The missionaries were more inclined to be demonstrative than the Japanese themselves. All that day and the next there were to be met on the streets of Tokyo the reservists of the rank and file, in ones and twos and half-dozens, trudging in from the country to put on the uniform once more and

set out to fight their country's battles. No one took much notice of them, but they were easily recognized, though as unmilitary-looking as you could imagine—diminutive, farmer-looking men in cheap Japanese dress, with one-cent straw sandals on their feet, no hats, a red or green blanket around the shoulders, and in the hand or about the neck a little bundle done up in a kerchief. One could not help a strong feeling of sadness on reflecting that many of these poor fellows would never see their homes again, and that most of them had left in their villages wives and children with scant provision for their daily needs.

The city was full of soldiers. From the barracks in every quarter of Tokyo they overflowed into hotels and private houses. All night long men were to be met running hither and thither with bedding and food for the newcomers. At midnight the main streets were still crowded with people, but there was little noise or visible excitement. Late at night I passed a company of reservists marching down a busy street. Some were in uniform, some half-uniformed, and a few still in civilian dress. One soldierly-looking fellow was well dressed in European clothes. It reminded me of the well-known French picture, "The Conscripts"—only in the French picture, if I remember rightly, the conscripts are cheered as they march by to put on the uniform in a time of peace, while these Japanese soldiers of the reserve, leaving parents, wives, and children for a desperate war in a foreign land, passed by absolutely unheeded.

It gave one a new conception of Japanese patriotism. In the streets of a Western capital under such circumstances the boys in blue or red or khaki would be cheered to the echo, and all kinds of attentions would be lavished on them for the time being—though later on they would quite likely be neglected enough. How much the cheers, the temporary and hysterical admiration and flattery—in other words, the feeding of personal vanity—enter into our patriotism it would be hard to say; but these features are hardly present at all here in Japan.

There is a fervid patriotism which we

are disposed to discount sometimes because it has so much to say about itself, but nevertheless it is a pure and powerful flame. The Japanese glory in their country and their Emperor. They glory in their army and navy, and do it in such a whole-souled, devoted way that the individual is entirely submerged. To-day in one of the northern provinces of this island there lives (unless he has died within a year or two) and works as a common coolie a man who, in the war with China in 1894, performed an act of heroic daring hardly equaled in military annals. Across the deadly fire-zone between his own force and the enemy's walls he carried a quantity of guncotton to deposit it at a gate which the Japanese were bombarding. The attempt succeeded and he came out unhurt—and now, by his own people at least, he and his deed are forgotten. He belongs to no Legion of Honor, he received no Victoria Cross or Distinguished Service Order, and of course he got no pension or berth in the customs or post-office.

That kind of devotion is all but universal in the Japanese army and navy, and will carry them far in the war that has now begun.

Nor are the people at home less devoted or ready to sacrifice for their country's sake. As a first step towards providing the sinews of war, the Government has decided to tax all government salaries from ten to twenty per cent. This touches every poorly paid public-school teacher in the Empire, and every one of the many tens of thousands of officials of the central and local governments. Men whose salary is more than 80 yen (\$40 American) per month will have twenty per cent. deducted. Salaries of 31 to 80 yen will contribute fifteen per cent., and those of less than 30 yen (\$15), the vast majority, ten per cent. This regulation goes into effect from March 1. *It will be accepted without a murmur.* Where else in the civilized world could a government as confidently put into force so drastic a regulation?

Though few now expect it, Japan may be defeated in the end, for, although Russia has many vulnerable places, no one can be blind to her vast potential strength. But if the little Empire should have to yield at last, it will not be till she has expended her last ounce of strength in as gallant a fight as is known to history.

Fukui, Japan.

J. G. D.

The War and the Powers

By J. C. O'Laughlin

The writer of the following article is one of the best-known American newspaper correspondents from Europe. He has written many articles for journals and magazines on international questions, and has had unusual opportunities for knowing the facts about international relations as regards the Eastern question. Readers of *The Outlook* may remember that the Hon. John D. Long, formerly Secretary of the Navy, in his chapter of personal reminiscences in the series of articles "The New American Navy," now published in book form, said of Mr. O'Laughlin's services as a newspaper correspondent in Cuba: "It seemed to me he never slept; no item of information, however recondite, ever escaped his keen eye, and he was invaluable to his paper and often of helpfulness to the Department."—THE EDITORS.

WITH desperate energy Europe is endeavoring to stem the current which is sweeping it toward the Red Sea of complications growing out of the Russo-Japanese war. At the same time it is furbishing up its armaments in order to be prepared for all eventualities, and is making diplomatic moves which promise to be fruitful in opportune aid in time of need.

No statesman of Europe is willing to predict that China will remain tranquil in case of continued Japanese successes; few have failed to appreciate the gravity of Vice-Admiral Alexiev's proclamation threatening to exterminate the Chinese population of Manchuria should it become hostile. But nearer home, where the interests of every nation of the Old World are particularly concerned, lies a

more pressing danger than that of China, for which the Russo-Japanese conflict is responsible. In the Balkans Bulgaria and Turkey are the actors in a diplomatic struggle which all signs portend will culminate within the next few months, perhaps weeks, in war. "There will be war between Bulgaria and Turkey this spring," predicted the German Emperor to one of his Ambassadors to whom he had granted an audience. "In Bulgaria and Turkey," declared Messrs. Demeric and De Muller, the Austrian and Russian Civil Agents in Macedonia, "there are preparations for war." "Turkey persists in a regrettable policy of hostility," remarked Monsieur Zolotovitch, the Bulgarian Agent to France. "It has menaced us by continually mobilizing troops near the frontier." Monsieur Zolotovitch read from a consular report he had received: "The Turks believe that the war against Bulgaria will not be like the last Russo-Turkish war. It will be truly a Holy War." And to cap this talk of strife I will quote the opinion of an American official who for two years has studied conditions in Turkey. "I do not believe the Sultan will initiate war with Bulgaria," he said. "He knows, for Europe has so informed him, that even if Bulgaria be conquered, not a penny or an inch of ground as indemnity will be allowed him. People will forget Bulgaria's ambition to absorb Macedonia and become a greater Bulgaria. They will remember only that the Christian and the Turk are again in combat, and, however just the complaints of the latter, their sympathy and their support will be accorded inevitably to the Christian warriors. If hostilities come, Bulgaria will be the aggressor."

During the last few months I have watched the playing of the great game in most of the important capitals of Europe. There can be no question that England encouraged the Russo-Japanese conflict, and at the same time has sought and is seeking to avoid being entangled therein. Hatred of Russia is instinctive with the Englishman, and crippling of the great Northern Power he regards as essential to English welfare. He cannot forget that India is menaced

constantly by Russian proximity, that Russian influence has supplanted that of England in Persia and is paramount there, and that Afghanistan and Beloochistan are, after all, buffer States, which, however valuable as such now, will pass under the sway of the Czar if India be conquered. But with the lesson of the frightful cost of the Boer War fresh in mind, the English people and their Government have no desire to embark upon another conflict. Their alliance with Japan is distinctly defensive. If any Power joins Russia, Great Britain will support Japan. Only one Power is likely to give aid to Russia—France. Almost a year ago, therefore, Great Britain began sedulously to cultivate her across-the-Channel neighbor.

King Edward tactfully made the first move. He paid an official visit to President Loubet. The President returned the visit. Parliamentary groups exchanged visits. Commercial organizations followed their example. Then came the Treaty of Arbitration for the reference of all disputes, save those relating to honor and territory, to the Hague.

Despite England's court of France, it must not be supposed that she will refrain from aiding Japan should the contingency provided for in the treaty of alliance arise. Not only will she fight, but she considers herself bound to prevent the Government of Japan from being deprived of the fruits of victory, as it was following the Chinese war of 1894-95. France does not want war any more than does England. When hostilities between Russia and Japan began, she was decidedly lukewarm in behalf of her ally. Many Frenchmen asked: "What is Manchuria? There is hardly a Frenchman in it; we have no interests there. Why should we aid Russia when the dispute in no wise concerns us?" Monsieur Delcassé, recognized as an ardent friend of the alliance with Russia, minimized the moral obligation of France to aid her ally, under the terms of the Declaration with respect to China which followed the announcement of the British-Japanese treaty. Believing the moment opportune, Monsieur Jaurès, the Socialist leader, made a

speech before a Congress of Socialists at Saint Etienne, in which he urged the denunciation of the treaty with Russia. Jaurès's declaration was important because the Socialists possess the balance of power in Parliament, and the Government is more or less dependent upon them for its existence. The friends of the alliance stepped to the front. The "Figaro" published secret exchanges which occurred between Russia and France when the latter was menaced with war by Great Britain over the Fashoda incident. By order of the Czar, Count Muravieff, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, came to Paris and called upon President Félix Faure. "If you fight," he said, "we will fight. That is the message of the Emperor."

Sentiment regained its ascendancy, and France is to-day heart and soul for her ally. She knows that Russia does not want her military or financial support. Russia has assured her that she can be of greater service by remaining at peace and giving her the benefit of friendly neutrality. Russia has already experienced the benefit of the latter by the permission accorded to her Mediterranean fleet to remain at Djibouti—a French port on the Red Sea. This incident offset the British refusal to allow Russian torpedo-boats to remain at Malta more than twenty-four hours. But, in spite of her unwillingness to become embroiled in war, France is aware of the danger of it, and is despatching reinforcements of men and ships to Indo-China and other colonies. Monsieur Pelletan, Minister of the Navy, states that an invasion of Indo-China is "practically impossible." Experts are not so sanguine.

If France remains at peace, however, she will be in a position to aid Russia also in the Balkans. Naturally, Russia desires that peace shall be maintained this year on that battleground of centuries. She and Austria were charged by the Powers seven years ago to deal, as their representatives, with this question; and decidedly Russia is anxious that nothing shall occur to affect her preferential position. She hopes that the Concert of the Powers will be maintained, and France is doing yeoman serv-

ice to that end. Turkey has assented to the enforcement of the reforms in Macedonia. Bulgaria states that she is desirous above everything else of seeing them carried out. But throughout the winter the Sultan's troops have been entering Macedonia, sometimes because of an ostensible reason, like the Albanian revolt; sometimes without any reason at all; and they have been stationed at strategic points. Bulgaria, too, has been mobilizing, and has been issuing manifestoes designed to inflame the patriotism of her troops. The Turks say that she or the Macedonian Committee—the two are considered identical—have been purchasing arms and ammunition since last fall, and these have been distributed among the Macedonians. It is even said that Russia has gone so far as to urge the Slavic population of the Balkan States to remain quiet, promising extension of the moderate reforms which are now being introduced into Macedonia. But the people of the Turkish province declare they can wait no longer. The only way they have gained concessions, they say, has been by fighting for them. To Bulgaria, as well as to Turkey, the Powers have pointed out that a war will not be profitable. The warning, however weighty to the Government, has fallen heedlessly upon the ears of the Bulgarian people, who cannot remove from their sight the sufferings of their kindred across the border, or forget that Russia, the nation they fear the most, is engaged in an exhausting conflict in the Far East. "The war between Russia and Japan cannot affect the situation in the Balkans," Turkey has been told. But Turkey knows that the contrary is the case, and she is aware that a better opportunity could not arrive for her to crush, once and for all, the Bulgarian movement that is surely separating another province from her European domain. Turkey believes that Russia would make important concessions in exchange for the passage of her Black Sea fleet through the Mediterranean. I have found different views prevailing in regard to the feasibility of this move. An Ambassador of one of the Great Powers, recently transferred from Constantinople, made the following state-

ment to me on this point: "Whenever the Russians desired to send a ship through the Dardanelles, they did not, while I was in Constantinople, ask permission. The ship started through, and when it was well out of range, the forts fired with a rapidity that was noisy and truly marvelous. In a few hours a messenger from the Porte would appear at the Embassy with a note somewhat like this:

"The Sublime Porte has the honor to advise the Ambassador of — that a Russian man-of-war, without previous notification to the Government of his Majesty the Sultan, forced this morning the passage of the Dardanelles. The forts fired upon the vessel, but she was not struck and did not stop. The Sublime Porte will not fail to bring this violation of the Berlin Treaty to the attention of the Russian Government.

"This communication forestalled complaint. It was the last the Embassy would hear of the incident."

But war has put a different phase upon the matter. "We will suppose," said the American official who also discussed the matter, "that Turkey agrees to the passage of the Russian fleet through the Dardanelles. The creation of a fleet by Russia in the Black Sea was in itself a violation of the Treaty of Berlin. But a violation of the treaty by the passage of the fleet through the Dardanelles would be so flagrant that Great Britain, the ally of Japan, and a signatory of the Berlin Treaty, would feel it her duty not only to make complaint but to act. So, while the Russian fleet could pass through the Dardanelles with Turkey's consent, Great Britain has a superior fleet in the Mediterranean, which could block the passage of the Suez Canal or the Straits of Gibraltar. Russia understands this danger. Moreover, she could not concede to Turkey a free hand in the Balkans, because, even supposing she were to withdraw, the other Powers would act and she would thereby lose the position which has been assigned to her, and which is so important for her interests. Finally, you should know that the Black Sea fleet is not fitted for oversea cruising, but was constructed solely for operations in a body of water where frequent coaling could easily occur."

Neither Turkey nor Bulgaria seems to be greatly concerned about Austria, if unsupported by Russia. Her internal troubles have obviously weakened her strength in Europe. Germany, while participating in the European concert with respect to the Balkans, maintains her attitude of friendliness toward Turkey. Italy and Austria have been jarring for months over questions which concern themselves only, but they are more or less in accord with regard to Macedonia. Yet Italy promises to play an important rôle in the Near East, and she must be considered in connection with the possibilities of the situation. Enough has been shown to indicate why diplomats in London, Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburg doubt that the concert will be as efficacious as heretofore in preventing a European war.

Because of the reiteration of reports that Germany would take advantage of the Manchurian and Macedonian complications to seize Denmark, I asked Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador to France, regarding them. "Those reports are nonsensical," his Highness stated. "Germany has no intention of committing any act of aggression against Denmark." Every European statesman is aware that not only Russia, but Great Britain and Sweden and Norway, would be intimately concerned with Germany's absorption of Denmark. But the Danish Government, like all the Great Powers, is preparing for eventualities. She and Sweden and Norway are calling into service their coast artillery and organizing their fleets, "to protect our neutrality." Spain is reinforcing her troops in the Canary and Balearic Islands for the same purpose. The mobilization of Spanish troops was the foundation for rumors that France and Spain would become involved in war. While these rumors were circulating, the two nations signed a treaty of arbitration similar to those negotiated by France and Great Britain and France and Italy. "That treaty," said the French Foreign Office, "disposes of those rumors, and shows that the two countries enjoy the friendliest relations."

I have said nothing as yet in regard to the effect of the attitude which the

United States has adopted with respect to the Russo-Japanese war. There can be no question that the friendship which Russia entertained for the American Republic since its struggle for independence has given way to suspicion which can quickly blaze into hatred. The United States is accused of egging Japan to fight. It is charged with playing into the hands of Great Britain. Since the war began, Russia claims that the United States made a move in favor of Japan by demanding the neutralization of China. Why did we not insist upon the neutralization of Korea, the Russian official asks? Japan has transformed Korea into a viceroyalty. This act did not cause in Washington the concern manifested when Vice-Admiral

Alexiev was appointed Viceroy over Russia's Far-Eastern possessions, which included northeastern Siberia, Port Arthur, and Dalny, and the railroad zone connecting those points, and the territory in Manchuria occupied temporarily by Russian troops. When one picks up a Russian newspaper nowadays, he reads a paragraph like this: "In order that neither England nor America shall intervene, it is necessary for us to take precautionary measures," or like this: "With America we are in bad relations. However, the ice covering Bering Sea can, in case of difficulty, serve Russia by enabling her to make a military demonstration in her ancient possession of Alaska."

The Soldier

By Meribah Philbrick-Abbott

He sprang to the saddle swiftly and into the east rode he,
 (Hailing the cry of conflict, tumult and tempest of fray;)
 Like a ruby glowing-hearted the sun hung over the sea,
 And he laughed for the joy of living as gayly he galloped away.

Hot in his ears the harry borne on the eager wind,
 (Fair to his gaze the marshlands, forest, and azure skies;)
 Up he stood in his stirrups for one last look behind,
 Tossing a kiss to westward straight as the arrow flies.

Strown was the field of battle. . . . Madly they fought and fell,
 (Victor and vanquished baffled, scorched in the baneful breath;)
 But ever he rode undaunted, and palm to palm with Hell
 Laughed for the joy of living, hearing the voice of Death. . . .

Clash of the carbines meeting, curse of the cannon loud,
 (Christ, couldst Thou see the slaughter nor weep for the souls in rack?)
 Trumpet and drum affrighted, smoke in a hurtling cloud,
 Blood of a thousand corpses staining the marshlands black.

Now doth his good steed falter, now doth his right hand fail,
 (Never a glance to westward, never a sigh or moan;)
 On, at the bugle's mandate, crowding the foe's trail,
 Martyr and knight he rideth, last of his line, alone.

The sun like a ruby shattered was lost in the summer sea,
 (Night came like a mourner, softly, to cover the shamed sod;)
 Down he fell in his stirrups, pierced to the heart fell he,
 And he laughed for the joy of dying, hearing the voice of God.

*The trench is deep and the trench is wide, and many lie therein,
 (Never a cross to mark the spot, and never a heart to know;)
 But sleep is sweet and sound and long where friend and foe are kin,
 And the west winds sigh, and the plover pipes, and the wild marsh-roses glow.*

Social Uplift in American Cities

A Study of Its Means and of Some Ways for Strengthening Them

By William Alexander Hoy

AT intervals during more than half a century public concern as to tenement-house conditions in the city of New York rose and fell and rose again. Three commissions made their investigations, and often the result seemed uncertain. At last, however, the real meaning of the problem was seen generally, and the State of New York finally assumed in 1902 a proper governmental attitude in the vital matter. With this victory won, the way now seems clear for strengthening the movement to cause full governmental recognition of the fact that requiring an improvement of housing conditions is only a part of what needs to be done in the city of New York to establish among many of its people the standards of American civilization. Fortunately, there is a fairly widespread perception of some necessities—special means for popular education, special means for popular recreation, and particularly the need of special means for diffusing knowledge of American institutions and American ideals. Possibly, therefore, these matters may receive adequate governmental treatment without the coming of as many commissions and the passing of as many years as marked the course of tenement-house reform. But, as the adoption of an aggressive public policy as to these unsettled questions is hardly possible until after full discussion, would it not be well to begin soon some formal consideration? It will be as disastrous to palter with them as it was to palter with the tenement-house question—perhaps infinitely more disastrous. As a result of formal discussion by representatives of private and public agencies engaged in what may well be called the social uplift movement, the spirit of that movement may be quickened in every large city. It is a great thing to hope for; but let us hope, nevertheless, that some

organization of separated forces may be made, and that more than one State will appoint a commission to consider ways and means for strengthening municipal participation in the cause of helping the bettering of men and the making of Americans.

Recreation piers, play-centers, small parks, park gymnasias, park concerts, public baths, vacation schools, school-house roof gardens, school libraries, free evening lectures, some other novel municipal undertakings, the many and varied activities directed by college settlement, university settlement, church settlement, by all forms of social settlement, and by other humanistic societies—all these things have been begun and are continued in recognition of the many peculiar needs of an enormous part of the population in a large city. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, all estimate them as factors for good. In what city, though, are these forces being systematized to meet the constantly increasing situation with which they contend? In New York the policy which directs governmental participation in the social uplift movement is perfunctory, inadequate, imperfect. Even social settlements and kindred societies have generally no media of correlation and consolidation, no permanently maintained means for exerting their collective strength, no mode of co-operating with governmental effort. In Boston there is a tendency toward a strong public policy, and some of Boston's private societies are allied in some ways; but can Boston, can any city, indeed, show a social uplift movement at all equal to the formidable conditions which it confronts?

To discover in what manner governmental participation in special work for social progress may be strengthened, it is necessary first to look at the several forms of participation. All may be

grouped in one or the other of two sets—means of education, means of recreation. Now private societies appreciate the fact that many means of recreation are factors in the processes of education, and consequently they bring both sets into practical relation. But it is characteristic of municipal administration to scatter control of these means among several departments, in disregard of the fact that they ought to be united in one system and be committed to single control. The total good accomplished by one school-house and one small park and one recreation pier is large. It would be much larger if the usefulness of these places were developed on lines like those with which a private society develops the usefulness of its instrumentalities—the policy of interweaving for both old and young the means of play with the means of recreation, and of intensifying their direction. A notable precedent for correcting the evil of wrongly distributed municipal powers is the tenement-house law recently enacted by the Legislature of New York. This law takes from several departments certain powers which those departments neglected or exercised perfunctorily, adds to them certain new powers, creates a new department, and to it commits practically exclusive control of all tenement-houses. Grave conditions required the systematizing of tenement-house supervision. Equally grave conditions now require the systematizing of publicly supported means of recreation; and theory and the experience of private social uplift agencies indicate that very many of the public means of education will be made more efficient by uniting with them most of the public means of recreation. With such a system under single control the varying needs of different districts could be ascertained better than now and could be ministered to more specifically. Thus to meet peculiar local requirements is one of the features of the policy of France in its treatment of the problem caused by neighborhoods in which salutary environment is lacking. Before France adopted new means to reach the situation which had grown beyond existing means the Government appointed a com-

mission of investigation. As a result extensive governmental work has been undertaken among the unenlightened and the joyless in Paris and other cities of France. The work succeeds admirably. It is reasonable to believe that its achievements are largely due to the fact that instrumentalities have been developed thoroughly and systematized harmoniously.

How to increase the strength of the social settlements and kindred associations of a city is a question upon which some of their leaders are deliberating. Will they not soon follow their deliberations with positive action? Will they not soon stand forth in the commanding power of unified effort? The spirit of the times expresses itself in consolidation. Clearly it would be well for the humanistic societies in each city to organize a conference league. Itself operating no district agency, it could afford permanent means for bringing together delegates from all private and public agencies and representatives of races and race colonies, for the purpose of systematically considering needs and methods and for correlating private agencies among themselves and with public agencies. Such a league could collate sociological statistics and maintain a bureau of sociological information. It could further statistical inquiry by arrangement with the Federal and the State census offices. In cities in which there is a system of district sociological survey, such as has been established in New York by Dr. Walter Laidlaw for the Federation of Churches, the league could utilize the system to great advantage. In a variety of ways benefits would accrue from the forming of an impressive alliance, and, as Mr. Robert A. Woods has pointed out in "The City Wilderness," the leaders of this cause, co-operating with citizens and churches of neighborhoods, can become "voluntary trustees of the higher educational and moral interests of the community." How true that is! How true also it is that even now the humanistic societies and the churches are trustees of these great interests, and that thus at this very time they are under moral obligation to adopt policies which will

strengthen the administration of their fiduciary duties!

With the private agencies federated in one system, with the public agencies of popular instruction and of popular recreation—of school-house and park and pier—ingeniously adjusted in another system, with each system preserving its individuality yet co-operating with the other for the sake of Mother City, surer and stronger work can be done in causing light to glow amid the jungles, the swamps, and the thickets of city society. Private agencies can continue to experiment with theories. Of those proved practicable some may be adopted governmentally; none savoring of charity, only those that will increase the individual's power of self-help; none springing from a paternal spirit, only those that are of the spirit of democracy. On the basis of what is now demonstrated to be expedient, the municipality may advance from where it now lags. It may utilize to the utmost its school buildings as centers of neighborhood life, developing neighborhood cohesion and a neighborhood social mind, encouraging the use of the building for formal neighborhood meetings, encouraging its use by branches of the City History Club and by self-sustaining neighborhood clubs meeting at night for study and discussion. The school-house may be made the place in which neighborhood choral clubs can be organized and trained, and the district small park and the recreation pier may be the appointed places in which concerts for the neighborhood can be given by the neighborhood's own people. The school-house may be the headquarters in which young men of the neighborhood can be assembled in athletic clubs; in its gymnasium they may go into training, and then on the afternoons of half-holidays in summer on the field of the district playground, and in winter on the stout floor of the recreation pier, the athletic contests of the neighborhood can be held for the enjoyment of all of the neighborhood. It is not going too far to believe that the young who participate and the fathers and the mothers who look on will rejoice in this harmonious utilization of school, pier, and park; and that, by other means

like those suggested, the school-house special work of popular instruction will become more attractive and gather to itself more and more of the people of a neighborhood. If municipal administration of now diversely directed activities be systematized, it will speed the coming of the time when in each of many small parks in crowded districts, and perhaps on the site upon which now is built only a recreation pier, we shall see a stately structure, with its classrooms, gymnasium, and baths, its reading-room, library, and roof garden, used by day for children as a school, used by night—the long year through—by men and women for their instruction and entertainment, a hall of the people, a building that may well be called The Neighborhood House. The beginnings of the work to be done in these houses are found in the social uplift movement. If this movement be only the work of men, it is naught, "but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

One of the most important responsibilities devolving upon our States and their large cities is that one imposed by the National policy of permitting almost unrestricted immigration. It is probable that this policy will endure indefinitely. Even if there be some restriction, there will come to us multitudes needing and deserving special means whereby they may acquire an understanding of our language and of the manners, customs, and laws of our land. Our assimilative processes to-day are slow and imperfect. In many cities assimilation is seriously retarded by the constant and rapid growth of segregated alien colonies which tend more and more to perpetuate standards that are not the standards of American civilization. To acquaint these peoples with some knowledge of American institutions and American ideals may be made a chief object, therefore, of the systematized public agencies specially engaged in social uplift work. If it be made a robust educational movement, a movement so imposing as to command public attention and to impress the public mind, it will do more than reach only our alien immigrants, even though it be designed to reach only them. It will draw within

its uplifting influences thousands and thousands of our own native-born who have fallen woefully from the ideals of their American ancestry; it will act for good upon all in the land; and by the deep workings of the spirit of this cause those who now think themselves among the elect may be born anew and become good Americans indeed. Why should there not be such a movement, and why should it not be made avowedly a veritable propaganda? It is the work of America for all who long to become Americans. It is the work of Americans for America. It is an affair of high sentiment. It is equally an affair of conservative, matter-of-fact business.

To make an Americanizing educational movement so strong that it will assume ultimately the power of a propaganda will be a difficult undertaking. Preliminary discussion of possible ways is of course requisite. Such a discussion by those most familiar with present work in congested foreign districts in large cities would be stimulating. It would result, probably, in the presentation of many suggestions from which, by processes of selection and amendment, a working plan finally could be evolved. Even now the successful experiments of private endeavor here and there in the broad field afford some suggestions. Extended and developed for governmental procedure, for example, in New York, these experiments suggest the following outline of some ways and means possible of adoption chiefly in school-houses:

1. English study clubs; especially for non-English-speaking, newly arrived foreigners, but open to other non-English-speaking persons also.

2. Citizenship clubs of men; clubs to be composed especially of non-English-speaking, newly arrived foreigners, but provision to be made for clubs of other foreigners, including those speaking English; club leaders to explain rudiments of public polity as enunciated in a New York State First Book of Citizenship, compiled under governmental auspices and printed bi-lingually; the citizenship clubs of non-English-speaking foreigners to study our language and laws at one and the same time. These citizenship

clubs and English-study clubs to have incidental recreative activities, and to be conducted in connection with—

3. A system of preparation for naturalization, to the end that aliens may be prepared and presented to the courts for ceremonious admission to the right of suffrage, under governmental auspices.

4. Lectures, as now established, but many more to be fitted in with the work of the citizenship clubs and the system of preparation for naturalization.

A very large part of the work to be done among certain classes of foreigners must be based upon a perception of the fact that those who would ascend to the clean highway and march on to the fields of American citizenship and of better living can best be led by leaders of their own race, leaders who were aliens but now are Americans. This is a clear illustration of the workings of the laws of imitation and of the primordial social fact—consciousness of kind. In the public propaganda, consequently, Americans of near alien ancestry should be so utilized that they may work with those of the racial source whence they themselves have come, the principle being that he who was an Italian but is now an American shall lead the Italians who aspire to become like him. Persons competent for leadership, according to this view, may be too few to-day for the many posts of an extensive governmental system; but the alien colonies, under the influence of our humanistic societies, are evolving scores and scores of young men and young women qualified to become most successful in leading their racial kind to the standards of real America. The general application of the rule of like leading like need not be, however, without glorious exceptions. Thomas Davidson, not a Jew, joined the uplift movement on the East Side in New York, and, refusing pay, went among the Jews and labored. They distrusted him for a time; he was not of their kind in race or in faith; but soon he won their affections, and now, though he is dead, his work lives. There are Jews, loyal to everything that the Jew holds most dear, who proudly call themselves Davidsonians. There is a Davidson cult, and it is spreading. It is a strongly

Americanizing factor. For a governmental propaganda there will arise other Davidsons able to overcome prejudice and antagonism of whatever source, and their co-operation with race-chosen leaders, rounding out the corps of propagandists, will make an American brotherhood of distinction and of honor.

Ordinary night-schools, with their commonplace rigid classes, routine ways, and jejune teaching of English words, do not do what needs to be done for adolescent and alien immigrants. It would be better to have, not haphazard classes, but congenially composed clubs, assembling Italians in one, Russians in another, Hungarians in another, Syrians in another, and to assign to them competent racial leaders. Work in learning our language could then be linked with work in learning the principles of our local and general customs, manners, and laws; and this work could be varied by the club members participating in the recreative activities provided by the general system, its lectures, stereopticon exhibits, concerts, gymnastic exercises. The most could be made of National and State and city anniversaries by celebrating them at night in large school halls, rallying scores of clubs, bringing together Slav and Teuton and Latin and Anglo-Saxon to listen, in the fraternity of soon-to-be-attained citizenship, to a narration of the causes for commemorating the day. Governmental work of this sort may seem extraordinary. Yet it should be remembered that not many years ago it was suggested that an extensive free evening-lecture system be made a part of the work of the schools in New York City. Many persons criticised such work as irregular. To-day that work is an indispensable part of the municipal scheme of instruction. The work now proposed for consideration involves merely specializing some functions of the lecture system and of the night-school work, and directing these new special activities along lines clearly indicated by the experience of some private agencies engaged in efforts to Americanize foreigners.

For the use of leaders and members of citizenship clubs a manual containing a simple exposition of citizenship is es-

sential. Consider, now, this subject in terms applicable to New York and as if the proposed book were to be used throughout the State and not merely in New York City. All good American citizens, irrespective of party affiliation or religious belief, regard certain principles as common to the country. They are of the law of the land. An embodiment of these fundamental truths can be presented plainly. The spirit of our history can be set forth. From the Federal Constitution, from the local Sanitary Code, text extracts may be taken and their provisions explained. This informative compilation, prepared so as to win from citizens of all schools of opinion their indorsement of it as a manual containing the least that a good American should know about himself in relation to our society and our Government, may then receive the imprimatur of the Chancellor of the University of the State of New York and be used as "The New York First Book of Citizenship." Let this elementary manual be the product of minds comprehending the concepts of aliens, understanding also those century-inherited opinions of the transplanted generation—retained by many, too many, even of their American-born children—and those unfortunate notions resulting from failure to perceive rightly what this country is and what it is not. Tell in this book the facts which will help citizens of city and citizens of hamlet to a better understanding of their local responsibilities and of their mutual relations as members of the society that makes one commonwealth from the Battery to Niagara, and from Lake Champlain to the Bowery and Mulberry Bend. It would be ideal to give to the drawing of this exposition of citizenship care as intense as is given to the drawing of a State Constitution. The task is as necessary and as important to-day as was the writing of the "Federalist" in that earlier time when New York and other States stood in deep need of political enlightenment—a task more difficult, in fact, because Hamilton and Jay and Madison wrote for a people of high political intelligence and for an almost homogeneous population. It would be ideal if for this

new duty the genius of such Americans as Elihu Root, Edward M. Shepard, Nicholas Murray Butler, and Felix Adler could be united with the special knowledge of those who have apperceived the peculiar needs of our many sorts of men and their many conditions. If it be too much to expect a realization of all these ideals, surely an effort may be made to construct a manual better than any now available for the purpose, something that the National Municipal League, now advocating a wider study of civics, will applaud as an intelligible and inspiring presentation of essential facts. For use by aliens have it printed bi-lingually, *i.e.*, in English-Italian, in English-Yiddish, in English-Hungarian, and in other languages severally coupled with English. Distribute it by the hundred thousand. Make it the basis of the work of the leaders of the governmental propaganda's citizenship clubs in their synchronous study of our language and our laws. Make it a hornbook for home use by people whether in or not in the clubs, a textbook for use in history by public-school children, deferring their study of its chapters on civics till they are sufficiently mature; and make it a book that will be accepted gladly by Chautauquans—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish; by University Extension agencies, by church clubs, by all the twentieth-century manifestations of the old American lyceum spirit. In ways such as these a governmental educational propaganda will acquire commanding strength, and the State that first will issue such a book will do a service for the Union.

By means of the citizenship clubs and the State's manual of citizenship, aliens can be prepared adequately for naturalization and for the assumption of the obligations imposed upon them by the law of the land. At present applicants for the right of suffrage are left to their own poor devices for ascertaining what is the law of the land; and in too many courts, in too many States, the naturalization process is a sham, a frivolous and unmeaning matter. All this can be changed for the better. It is within the power of each State. The evil practice of permitting aliens to be naturalized in

droves on almost the eve of election day has been stopped in New York by the Constitutional amendment of 1894. That was a step toward good. Another and much longer step may be taken by providing public means for the alien to learn what it is necessary for him to know that he may be naturalized. No Constitutional amendment is requisite. Lift the matter of preparation to a governmental plane, dignify the process in accordance with the dignity of the purpose—which is that the alien may have the electoral, the greatest of franchises, and that he may say, "*Civis Americanus sum*"—and he will avail himself of the public means. He will do so because of the very fact that they are public, and because they are *ex officina civitatis*. It is within judicial discretion to raise the standard of examination to conform to higher standards of preparation. The sound doctrine to apply is this: that the proffered declaration of allegiance to the Constitution "should not be accepted in any case in which, upon examination, it appears that the applicant does not understand its significance, or is without such knowledge of the Constitution as is essential to the rational assumption of an undertaking avouched by oath to support it."¹ Ought not this doctrine to be enforced? It is within the power of the courts to make more ceremonious the matter of inducting foreigners from the status of alien to the status of citizen; and deep influences will be set at work by recognizing their appearance in the courtroom as an extraordinary special proceeding, and by vesting with impressive formality the supreme moments of naturalization. They are the moments of a significant new birth. It is an event to be made memorable, too, by the Citizenship Club, on the evening of the red-letter day, commemorated under the very roof where, to these newly made citizens, the duties of citizenship first were unfolded, commemorated by a gathering that shall have all the inspiration of a college commencement. On the wall of the best room in many a humble home, in its most conspicuous

¹ See *in re* Bodek, 63 Fed. Rep., 815; opinion by Dallas, Ch. J.

place, a proud wife will point out to you her husband's framed certificate of naturalization. It is a decoration of their abode. It is a *decus* not less for her than for him. It represents much to them. Will not the State, Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, see cause for giving, as Alma Mater to her children, a new diploma to hang by the side of the naturalization certificate, a diploma certifying that this citizen was prepared and was presented, under the auspices of government, for the degree of citizenship? Inquiry below the surface of this question will show that all this is not fantastic, but that there are psychological reasons for surrounding the event of naturalization with ceremony and with token. Furthermore, by thus intimately relating the school-house with the final act in attaining citizenship, a deeper respect on the part of increasing numbers of men will be felt for that enlightenment upon which real citizenship depends and grows; and in the creating of this deeper feeling a governmental educational propaganda will work in places remote from alien slums, in ways unseen, but with results showing splendidly.

As if from a Teufelsdröckh watch-tower look now at a great American city. "That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going?" Look sharply for the social guiding currents. They are to be seen, but they are sluggish, they drift. Shall their private springs be invigorated, their public sources be unified? Shall there be closer mingling of influences of school and park and pier; new influences from citizenship clubs with racial leaders and a First Book of Citizenship and governmental supervision of preparation for naturalization? Reject all these mere suggestions as to means; yet shall we undertake somehow, by other means, by any means whatsoever, to strengthen the movement for the bettering of men and for the making of Americans?

In reply, there may come the quick words that nothing need to be done except to restrict immigration. This, however, is not a good answer. Congress may delay and finally refuse to pass an

exclusion act. Moreover, with or without checks upon immigration, there will still be need for stronger social uplift forces and for governmental extension of educational opportunities. Existing local conditions are so peculiarly enduring that it will take years to ameliorate them. Privately established humanistic societies cannot do all of the work. More of it must be assumed by States and cities. It is true, of course, that a State cannot manufacture the character of its people and cannot dictate their progress; but it is also true that it is the duty of a State to provide sufficient means to assure intelligent citizenship. When new conditions appear, new means must be provided. New conditions have appeared, and will continue to appear. For the purpose of popular instruction there have been adopted governmentally in recent years many means which formerly would have been deemed extra-governmental. Contemporaneously there have been established certain means of popular recreation, but this has been done not with conscious appreciation of the fact that most means of popular recreation can be administered best with the processes of popular instruction. Time will see increase of these special instrumentalities. It is desirable, therefore, that they be systematically and harmoniously developed. If a municipality will adopt merely the policy of locating a new school in a new small park, the cost of nearly one site will be saved. Going further, and interweaving possible functions of school with possible functions of small park, will do more than merely save money. It will provide more good for a larger number of people. In some cities direction of these special functions could be intrusted to existing local educational authorities. In others exclusive control might best be committed to a newly created department. Where city sentiment is callous, a State may justly compel action. Such exercise of broad police power would be proper in every case where a municipality permits a condition to endure which grievously concerns all the people of the supreme State.

England, recognizing the unwholesome conditions of alien colonies in

London, has had lately a commission to study the problem. Another commission has considered ways for improving the common educational system of English cities. These facts are pregnant with suggestion. Aliens are more numerous and their segregation more marked in Chicago and in New York and in some other American cities than in London. It will be worth while for some of our States formally to examine what they are undertaking formally to do in the special work of social progress. Governmental consideration also of private societies' operations is desirable. The activities of such an institution as the Educational Alliance in its building on East Broadway in New York suggest many ways whereby public school-houses may be used to larger advantage for old and young, for native-born as well as alien-born. Under the roof and even on the roof of the Educational Alliance building may be seen the happy results of in-weaving recreation with education. Here may be witnessed most successful work in forwarding the efforts of alien immigrants to become worthy members of society and of State. By adopting some of its principles for use governmentally, the part taken by public agencies in the Americanizing movement can be developed magnificently.

As social settlements and kindred societies have had primacy in the social uplift cause, it devolves largely upon them now to discuss ways and means whereby their own and the public forces may be strengthened. Much will depend upon these private bodies federating their separated powers. Do petty bickerings hinder? Emerson's censure is to be remembered. Let the spirit of

Arnold Toynbee triumph. A union in each city will assure moral dominance. It will lead to more aggressive governmental policy. If the humanistic associations of New York will form the needed league, their part will be brighter in those days soon coming when New York will celebrate the passing of the three hundred years since Hendrik Hudson found Manhattan Island and since Hendrik Christiansen built among its Indians the first homes for white men. Perhaps such a union may be one of the means whereby the spiritual life of the metropolis shall be quickened; so quickened that at the end of the tumult over the welcoming of New York's fourth century of civic life, and while the shouting of celebration dies away and "the captains and the kings depart," no recession need be sung to reproach us for what we have forgotten and to rebuke us for what we have omitted to do. It will be but fitting for the great city, great in material splendor, to become great as well in higher spirit. It should not take three commissions and half a century for the Empire State to get set right in this cause. Will Illinois and Chicago, Massachusetts and Boston, Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, other States and their cities, see that they also have many a wilderness darkening American civilization? Within these wilds of society it is possible to cause light to shine more brightly than now. What are the better ways, the better means? Discussion, discussion far and wide, will help to find them. They can be found—and they must be found, if the spirit of the Fathers of the Republic is to prevail, and if we are to move more surely than now toward better things.

O Ye Who Drive Upon the Rocks of Chance

By Clinton Scollard

O ye who drive upon the rocks of Chance
 Or drift upon the shoals of Circumstance,
 Or fail to reach the port of high emprise
 Through, on Life's seas, some patient sacrifice,
 Who, following Duty's beacon o'er the main,
 Love's golden galleon mark another gain,
 Take heart! None knows how fair the meed may be
 In God's green islands of eternity!

Aristotle's Principle of Proportion

By William De Witt Hyde

President of Bowdoin College

THE fundamental condition of a good life, the stuff that all virtue is made of, is the selection of some considerable sphere of common social good to be our end and aim. There is no goodness or badness in elemental appetites or isolated acts. For many years I have challenged class after class of college students to find a single example of any elemental appetite or passion which is intrinsically bad; which in all circumstances and relations is evil. Never yet has any student brought me one such case. Goodness and badness depend on the relation in which acts stand to the main end of life. Any act that is the best means to the best end, by virtue of that relation becomes thereby good; any act which promotes a bad end or hinders a good one, by virtue of that relation becomes bad. Nothing is either good or bad in itself. It is impossible to cut life into two antithetic halves and say that some things, like eating vegetables, and drinking cold water, and going to bed at ten o'clock at night, are intrinsically good; and other acts, like drinking beer, and playing cards, and dancing, and going to the theater, are intrinsically bad. All attempts to put poverty above riches, virginity above motherhood, obscurity above fame, are, from this point of view, immoral; for they all assume that there can be badness in external things, wrong in isolated actions, vice in elemental appetites, and sin in natural passions; whereas Aristotle lays down the fundamental principle that the only place where either badness or wrong or vice or sin can reside is in the relation in which these things stand to some worthy or unworthy end the man is seeking to promote. There is no morality quite so blind and perverse as the notion that riches or reputation, sexual love or alcoholic drink, dancing or card-playing, or anything else in the world, is intrinsically

and universally evil. Carried to their logical conclusions, this idea would lead to murder when a glass of brandy might save a life; compel us to share contentedly with swine their husky bill of fare; and end in race extinction.

Morality depends on clearly grasping some picture of large good for others as well as for ourselves; and then translating that pictured potency into energetic fact. The test of our rank in the moral scale is this: how large a section of the world do we care for in a vital, responsible way? The size of the ends we see and serve is the measure of our soul's dimensions. The will is not an entity which we carry in our spiritual pockets; it is an energy precisely commensurate with the work we try to do. Precisely the same external act is good for one man and bad for another. Political office for a man who has solved his own problem, and has time and strength, energy and capacity with which to solve the problems of the public, is the very gateway of heaven. To the office-seeker who is aiming to get out of the public a living which he is too lazy or incompetent to earn in private employment, this same office becomes the broad and easy descent into hell. For a woman who has her heart in her home, and has fulfilled all the sweet charities of sister, daughter, wife, or mother, the life and work of the woman's club is a way of salvation. No angel in heaven is better employed. To the woman who enters the club to get away from her home and her children, from duty and drudgery, for the sake of flattery, excitement, and social importance, though she does not a single thing more than her angel sister who sits by her side, her public work is the act of a devil. It is not what one does; it is the purpose expressed in the doing that measures the worth of the man or woman who does it.

Aristotle's second doctrine is that we

must have tools to work with, some furniture of fortune. General Gordon told Cecil Rhodes that he once refused a whole roomful of gold. "I should have taken it," replied Mr. Rhodes; "what is the use of having great schemes if you haven't the means to carry them out?"—a truly Aristotelian reply. Yet Aristotle is no gross materialist, no mere money-getter; to make these things the ends of life he denounces as degrading and unnatural. Degrading as ends, they are essential as instruments.

His third principle is that in the use of these instruments we must take just so much of them as best promotes the end at which we aim. This is the famous doctrine of the mean. Diet, exercise, rest, recreation, wealth, office, work, are all to be regulated by this searching principle. The problem of the athlete preparing for the contest is the problem of the moral man every day of his life. We must take so much of the good things of the world as will best serve our purpose; remorselessly cutting off whatever would interfere. Pleasure on this point is no reliable guide. The epicureans and the hedonists are people who go around with a clinical thermometer under their tongues and expect the world to be warmed with love in consequence. Not the gratification of the particular appetite, but the effective promotion of our ends, determines the limit of indulgence.

Wisdom shows us how ends and means are related in the great universe. Prudence shows us how to take advantage of these relationships in our specific tasks. It is the application of principles to cases; and it comes only with long experience. The most essential and yet the rarest kind of prudence is that considerateness which sensitively appreciates the point of view of the people with whom we have to deal, and which takes proper account of those subtle and complex sentiments, prejudices, traditions, and ways of thinking which taken together constitute the social situation.

Temperance and courage are twin sisters. Temperance rigidly excludes from life everything, however pleasant, that would defeat our end. Courage

takes on everything, however painful, that is essential to promote our end. Temperance is not abstinence. It is not indulgence. Neither is it moderation, in the superficial, mathematical sense of that term. To know whether a man is temperate or not you must know the end at which he aims and the strictness with which he foregoes all things which would hinder it. Courage likewise derives all its worth from the end it serves. "True courage must be for a noble object."

The crown of a good life is friendship, which Aristotle defines as "unanimity on questions of public advantage and on all that touches life." Conventional people and evil people are incapable of friendship. Friendship is the mutual recognition and respect of intense individuality in others by persons who are highly individualized themselves.

Aristotle's teaching lacks only the democratic principle introduced by Christianity to make it a complete and ultimate account of life. The rights of man as such, whether native or alien, male or female, had not yet been affirmed. Widen Aristotle's conception of the end by the Christian principle; make it include the welfare of the humblest man, the dignity of the lowliest woman, the happiness of the most defenseless little child, and Aristotle's doctrine thus broadened into Christianity becomes the final and universal ethics. His teaching may be summed up in ten Aristotelian commandments:

Thou shalt devote thy utmost powers to some section of our common social welfare.

Thou shalt hold this end above all lesser goods, such as pleasure, money, honor.

Thou shalt hold the instruments essential to the service of this end second only to the end itself.

Thou shalt ponder and revere the universal laws that bind ends and means together in the ordered universe.

Thou shalt master and obey the specific laws that govern the relation of means to thy chosen end.

Thou shalt use just so much of the materials and tools of life as the service of thy end requires.

Thou shalt exclude from thy life all that exceeds or falls below this mean, reckless of pleasure lost.

Thou shalt endure whatever hardship and privation the maintenance of this mean in the service of thy end requires, heedless of pain involved.

Thou shalt remain steadfast in this

service until habit shall have made it a second nature, and custom shall have transformed it into joy.

Thou shalt find and hold a few like-minded friends, to share with thee this lifelong devotion to that common social welfare which is the task and goal of man.

Toki the Lord Priest

By Charles Fessenden Nichols

A MESSAGE came that at twelve Horui Toki, Lord Priest of Buddha from Japan, would "humbly visit" me, a doctor in Boston.

They came, bending nearly prostrate; the priest in a yellow robe, his youthful face dignified by his square black cap, the friend in a black coat.

The interpreter, Nomura, wiry, square-capped, wore a dull purple robe, and bore small gifts. He now stood erect, and while the others again prostrated themselves, said: "The Lord Priest Toki would express the thoughts of the Japanese Government for your kindness to friends who have visited Boston. The Lord Priest has explained his religion at the Religion Congress." Hereupon the doctor invited all present to lunch at the hotel near by. A pretty cousin, a grave bluestocking, who happened in accompanied by a young gentleman of sober deportment and dress, agreed to join the party. The interpreter now said, semi-aside, yet in a tone quite audible to the lady, and not without embarrassment on his part, Would Sekini, the friend, be pardoned if he took "no notice of that lady," since he, a Shintu, "believes women to *have no souls*"? This difficulty was readily arranged, and I must say Sekini's manner toward the soulless afterwards proved most deferential.

Priestly yellow is now exchanged for a slaty robe, very shining-decorous; betasseled and becoming to the gentle, boyish face. His soft eyes, racially black, droop as he modestly describes through the interpreter his pilgrimage lately in India, but now and above all to Boston, shrinest of shrines, "with Bunker Hill

so *necessary* to be seen." He is as naïve as if his country were young; he appreciates our Mecca, and I feel like asking him to be my guide and friend. We shall see hereafter how Buddha does not prove unwilling.

Unknown to his host, an element of danger has lurked in this lunch—the chief guest can eat none of it! Of course a Priest of Buddha is a close vegetarian, constrained to pity and preserve each little bird, and give even to an oyster the benefit of questioning if it have nerves of pain. "My friend Sekini" (the Priest speaks quietly and points toward his friend), "his trade is war, he has a perpetual contract to furnish guns for the Japanese Government; yet I love him. He can eat meat with you."

However, not a few dishes new to the Lord Priest are easily prepared from tomato, artichoke, and asparagus. "We rested," observes Sekini, "at the beautiful land of the sandwiches" (he meant the Sandwich Islands), "but even there the Lord Priest Toki could eat only fruits."

Picture now our young lady accepting tidbits of game from the friend, graceful compliments translated, and sly counsel when our ways seem to excite his sense of the ludicrous—assiduousness might word the attitude of each toward all. At dessert all eat fruits, and an element but half suspected in the "frozen pudding." This experiment proves a subtle success; Toki, who has no objection to *sake*, the national beverage, thus partakes of a little weak wine.

The Lord Priest is now asked if Buddha had used a microscope before justifying the eating of fruits; for are there not many organisms, living and helpless,

here exposed to instant destruction and in the very jaws of death? His face suddenly relaxes and he laughs heartily.

But what follows much astonishes the neighboring tables, as well as his host. How unlikely is modern man to foresee what hidden springs may vibrate to a word, if so be those springs were tempered in the Orient! Sekini and the interpreter arise and bow towards Toki, addressing him in Japanese. They turn to me, and, after a similar obeisance, the interpreter declares that neither smile nor sounds of mirth have passed the Master's lips since he left his temple at Tokyo—meditation, sorrow, and homesickness interfering. But now the Good and Wise (the doctor, who causes this reconstructive laugh) is henceforth close brother and dear friend in the community at Tokyo.

A messenger is sent for more gifts—pictures and maps; they display Toki's temple. We now drive to the eloquently unconventional figure of Leif Ericsson, and much interest is excited by the rival Columbian claimant. "But," says Toki, "we found your land long before; your Indians, we think, were of our race, such hair and faces they have as ours, and many words alike; our legends say the ancient people of Japan spread into your country and dwelt there."

Returning, we are about to part, when yet one more incident leads our appreciative Toki to feel himself much at home. My little daughter approaches us on the street sidewalk, led by her nurse. There are in this broad land a million or more of little girls, to any one of whom might have come a chance meeting with the Lord Priest, yet is this meeting fraught with curious interest alike to priest and protégé.

"This is my little girl, Miss Cherry," says papa.

"Ei! Hei? What does the doctor call her name?" The Buddhists are prostrating themselves quite to the pavement, while Cherry, to my surprise, unabashed, takes off her large hat, flamingo-red, and bows to her strange worshipers, repeating her salaams, in rhythm, number, and lowliness, according to theirs.

"Are other children of same name in America?"

"We called our little girl Cherry because we liked the word."

"We almost see that our friend is inspired," remarks the interpreter. "The Lord Priest bids me tell you it is a name revered to us in Japan, for only maidens of the royal birth may receive it—*Sakura*."

"*Sakura*, the cherry-tree, is cultivated, not for fruit, but for its blessed blossom. It came at first from far countries—the very tall and sacred flowering cherry which blossoms twice a year. In spring-time our young people spend all day in the cherry spaces or orchards, and they illumine with lanterns those little trees all night, so they never cease to see them. In city Tokyo is the Cherry-gate; I go to my space through it to write in the spring. You will find, dear friend, your translation book, 'Classic Poems of the Japanese,' addresses more the cherry than all other flowers beside."

And more gifts are sent for! Dollies this time, which will come after our quaint friends have taken departure, excitedly bidding farewells. Finally in time came this letter from Japan:

Dearest Sir:

I find we have in Japan thirteen vegetables differing from any you eat in your country. Our Lord Buddha it would please, and He would gladly benefit you, when you like to eat these better than meat so cruel and indigestible. I send you packages of three to plant in your country, and shall send you ten more in spring.

I travel home and think of your dearest daughter, for whom, beside yourself, is daily a prayer, with one full service each year in temple of our Lord Buddha. And please tell her to be always gentle, as He loves such souls. May she dwell ever the Queen of her Father's affections.

May any new language be strong enough to show my gratitude and humble good will? We have a saying that shows what I feel: "To rest under shade of the same tree, a long time together with my friend, that is mystic friendship." Now your portraits with picture—Boston and monuments—are in last number of the Buddhist religion newspapers, where we take the liberty to tell of you.

Oh, I would not, my dear friend, have you think these words of love to you are lies, or any flirtation, for such things are strictly forbidden by our Lord Buddha.

Always I look forward to those years when we receive and entertain you and your Cherry-blossom. And will you not come?

Your truly faithful,

TOKI THE PRIEST.

Theodore Roosevelt the Man and the Citizen¹

By William D. Foulke

Formerly United States Civil Service Commissioner

THE titles of the two books "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," by Jacob Riis, and "The Man Roosevelt," by Francis E. Leupp, might be appropriately exchanged, since the work of Mr. Riis deals more with the personal qualities of the President, and the work of Mr. Leupp more with his public acts; Mr. Riis tells us more about his home life, and Mr. Leupp more about his appointments, policies, and political ideals. Both books are written by men who have an intimate knowledge of the President. Mr. Leupp has known him in Washington as Civil Service Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Vice-President, and President. Mr. Riis was closest to him when he was Police Commissioner in New York City, and Governor of the Empire State. Mr. Leupp has the advantage of the more intimate knowledge of political conditions at the National capital; Mr. Riis has evidently a more devoted and passionate sympathy with the man whose character he is describing.

Those who are not acquainted with President Roosevelt will be almost certain to say that the praise in Mr. Riis's book is extravagant. Indeed, I thought so myself when I came to Mr. Riis's enumeration of the President's faults, and found nothing except some criticisms of his dancing and singing. It struck me that an impartial portrait-painter ought to find more blemishes than that; but his "impulsiveness" hardly seemed objectionable where the impulse was always on the right side and never got us into difficulties; the fact that he talks a good deal, to which, indeed, Mr. Riis refers, is hardly undesirable when he talks so well that you would rather listen to him than to any one else, and would generally prefer it even to talking your-

self, which is perhaps the highest standard of acceptability. One who understands the President, and the relations he has sustained to Mr. Riis, will realize that this book is the inevitable expression of the enthusiasm of a man who loves a friend that is worthy of all love, and who is immensely proud, as he has a right to be, of every act and trait and word of his hero.

Mr. Riis's statements of the President's sympathy and friendship for the common people must impress every one who knows Mr. Roosevelt as the truth. Most men with strong democratic instincts have no other choice; they belong themselves to the multitude. But here is a man of aristocratic lineage and antecedents who is naturally fond of the plain people, respects them and likes them just as much as, perhaps rather more than, he likes those of his own set. Indeed, the people of the West regard the President, and I think correctly, as more their own than do the people of the East. The policeman, the locomotive engineer, the cowboy, the mountain guide, have often a closer sympathy with him than have the members of the exclusive social circle in which he was born and bred. And this feeling of fellowship has not the least taint of cant or political motive behind it. He is naturally fond of men, of good men, whether they speak pure English or not; of strong men, even if their hands are hard and grimy.

No one who does not know the President would realize, from his stern and fierce-looking pictures, that the man is constantly bubbling over with merriment, that he keeps the table in roars of laughter, that he has the keenest possible sense of humor, and that of the thousand absurdities which take place in his presence not one escapes his penetrating observation. He can enjoy a joke upon himself quite as well as a joke upon any one else, and his friends are not in

¹ *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen.* By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Outlook Company, New York.
The Man Roosevelt. By Francis E. Leupp. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

the least afraid of the most absolute candor in criticising him. When he talks about himself and his own course, as he often does, it is in the most impersonal way, as if he were quite another man, whose conduct was being brought up for review. Mr. Riis tells us that after his labor is over he is fond of play. This is quite true, but it is not all; I never knew a man who took such joy as he in the work itself; he revels in it. "It's a pretty hard job here," he says, "but I'm having a good time of it." He not only works tremendously himself, he makes everybody around him work in the same way. It is an odd thing to see him going over his daily correspondence and holding a conversation upon an important public question at the same time, keeping up two lines of thought simultaneously, and working rapidly at both of them. He thinks like lightning, and some of the sudden decisions which men attribute to rash impulsiveness are due to the fact that in a few seconds he has weighed considerations which for some men would require an hour.

Mr. Roosevelt's mind is of a primitive type. All sophistry, casuistry, diplomacy, and unnecessary complexities and refinements are foreign to him. He "thinks straight and sees clear," and seeks his end by the directest road. The President is absolutely sincere, and is as unselfish as any man can be, or ought to be, who plays the part he does in the history of the world. Some men speak of him as "erratic—an uncertain quantity." If by erratic it is meant that he is not like anybody else, that is true; he is certainly unique; not only in his brilliant personality, but in the almost childlike open-mindedness which characterizes his dealings with all. But as to being an uncertain quantity, no man in the world is any less uncertain than he. His conduct in any given case, *if you know all the facts*, can be predicated more surely perhaps than that of any other man living. When you can answer what is the right thing to do, so far as the right is humanly practicable you have the answer to the problem. He has got to make this great Government of ours work, and he is going to make it work as near right as it will work at all.

I think with Mr. Riis that the President's devotion to the Civil Service system was due principally to the fact that the system encouraged fair play, that under it the farmer's lad and the mechanic's son, who had no one to speak for them, had the same opportunity in competing for the public service as the social or political favorite. This notion of fair play was the thing which made him urge Southern Democrats to come up for the examinations and brought them into the classified service, which gave "to the honest and capable colored man an even chance with the honest and capable white man," and which led him to say of the negro question later: "We are in a back eddy. I don't know how we are going to get out, or when. The one way I know that does *not* lead out is for us to revert to a condition of semi-slavery. That leads us farther in, *because it does not stop there.*" It was this notion of fair play, as well as his sympathy for the poor creatures who would perish in the great cities in the East from its consequences, that led him to interfere in the coal strike; and I can quite believe the story told by Mr. Riis, that, after listening to the accounts of the suffering which would be entailed, he set his face grimly, and said, "Yes, I will do it. I suppose that ends me, but it is right, and I will do it." It was also that sentiment of fair play which afterwards led him to take ground against the exorbitant demands of the labor unions, when he refused to permit the discharge of Miller, the assistant foreman of the bookbindery, because Miller had become obnoxious to organized labor. He was absolutely consistent in both positions. This, too, explains his declaration to the representatives of the laboring men who came to dine with him: "Yes, the White House door, while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the laboring man as for the capitalist, *and no easier.*" It was this notion of fair play that led him, while Governor of New York, to put through the franchise tax laws that made large corporations pay on dividend-earning properties their fair share of the public burdens. It was this that led to the suit against the Northern Securities

Company, which he thought should not be allowed on account of its vast interests to be exempt from the common requirements of a law made for the great and small alike. It is natural that his simple way of dealing with men and things should be quite misunderstood by politicians, and that Tammany adversaries should call it the "honesty racket," and exclaim, "How well he does it!" It is not half so hard to do as they imagine.

I notice some trifling inaccuracies in minor details in Mr. Riis's book. I do not think, for instance, that it was Mr. Roosevelt who first instituted local civil service examinations throughout the country. That was provided for in the original scheme of Dorman B. Eaton. Nor do I believe that the battle of Las Guasimas was "a carefully planned engagement," at least so far as the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders was concerned. My impression is that the chief excellence of his tactics consisted in following the firing. But such trifles do not impair the accuracy of the portrait as a character study. I can see many things in the book which I would have written in quite a different way; but, for all that, it is not extravagant, and it is essentially true. The author's characterization of the President's speeches, for instance, is precisely correct. "Both his hearers and he are too much interested in the thing he says to pay great heed to the way he says it," and yet the President's way of saying it does not seldom conform to a very high standard of eloquence, as in his speech (quoted by Mr. Riis) seconding the nomination of Mr. McKinley at the Philadelphia Convention.

Mr. Leupp's book, "The Man Roosevelt," is written in admirable taste, and in a style so plain and clear that it tempts us to believe that English prose literature to-day has suffered no deterioration when contrasted with the models of former generations. Mr. Leupp gives us a better history of the current political events in which the President has been personally concerned than can be found in any other book or article. His judgment is reliable. He is of a colder

and more judicial temperament than Mr. Riis. His statement of the relations between the President and Mr. Hanna, for instance, comes closer to the facts, I think, than any other which has been given to the press. Mr. Hanna was never personally antagonistic to the President, and probably never seriously contemplated being the candidate of the Republican party in 1904. The enormous strain to which our Presidents are inevitably subjected would not only have been distasteful to him, but he realized, better than any one else, that he would in all likelihood be physically unable to endure it. Nevertheless, he wanted to keep the threads of political mastery in his own hands. He would rather, as Mr. Leupp says, "be a king-maker than a king." It would have been a source of unbounded satisfaction to him to have had the Republican nomination come to Mr. Roosevelt as his gift, or to control it in case anything should occur which might make Mr. Roosevelt's renomination undesirable—a contingency, however, which he did not anticipate, for he believed that under existing conditions it would be bad policy for the Republican party to discredit the administration of the Republican President by refusing to ratify by a renomination the acts of that administration.

There was nothing in this which aroused any unfriendly feelings on the part of the President, who, with the toleration which has always characterized him, considered Mr. Hanna's attitude as not unreasonable or unfriendly on the part of the man who had been the leader of the Republican organization; so their personal relations suffered no jar from this cause, although the indiscreet friends of each said things enough to have aroused deep animosity between men who were less generous. There were, perhaps, rather more radical differences in the views of the two men regarding the appointment and retention of certain persons in public positions—General Wood, for instance, whom the President proposed to promote in regular order (for it was not he, but McKinley, who had advanced General Wood over the heads of officers who had formerly outranked him), and whose promotion

Mr. Hanna energetically opposed. Senator Hanna believed that the Republican party was the great agency of political welfare for the Republic, and that nothing must be permitted to interfere with the supremacy and success of that party. The President believes just as strongly in the party, but realizes more clearly that it is only so long as that party maintains higher ideals and a better personnel than its adversary that it will deserve or keep the support of the American people.

Mr. Leupp has very correctly set forth the relations of the President to the various members of his Cabinet who have come and gone since he has been Chief Executive, the differences of temperament between Secretary Gage and his chief, and the reasons which led to the selection of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Payne, and Mr. Cortelyou. The President realizes the desirability of having in his Cabinet men who possess certain attributes which he lacks himself—the experience and skill of a trained politician like Mr. Payne—the cold, dispassionate judgment of the lawyer like Mr. Knox or Mr. Root—the conscientious regard for details in organization possessed in so eminent a degree by Mr. Cortelyou. I do not altogether concur in the severe judgment of the Postmaster-General expressed by Mr. Leupp. While mistakes have been made, I think that large credit ought to be given for valuable reform measures which he has instituted. For instance, the announcement, by the Post-Office Department, of the policy that changes were not to be made, as a general rule, in the fourth-class postmasterships on account of the mere lapse of four years, has been followed by results which have been far-reaching and beneficial, and have outweighed a hundredfold the consequences of a word spoken in haste, like that quoted by Mr. Leupp which characterized the Tulloch charges as “mere hot air.” It is delightful to hear the enthusiastic praise bestowed by Mr. Roosevelt upon his Cabinet, shortly after he became President, when he said, “I have an admirable Cabinet, and I have a right to say so, for I did not select it.”

Mr. Leupp describes very accurately

the President's treatment of political bosses like Platt and Quay. He never refuses to confer freely with the men whom the people have chosen as their representatives, or to maintain friendly relations with them; it is only when they seek something which he thinks ought not to be done that he stands in their way. Mr. Leupp performs a valuable service in setting forth the good instincts of these “bosses,” and their advocacy of worthy measures, even against their selfish interests. “I once knew Matt Quay,” he says, “to crawl out of a sick-bed and go in search of the Secretary of the Interior, to prevent an appointment which would hurt the Indians.”

In both Mr. Riis's and Mr. Leupp's books the most characteristic and the most attractive portions will be found to be the quotations from Mr. Roosevelt himself. There is no character that lends itself more readily than his to close personal biography. The sayings of the President, every day, are full of picturesque originality. Neither of these two volumes contains quite as many quotations as some who know Mr. Roosevelt well would like to see. But some of those given are capital; for instance, the following in regard to Senator Lodge. “I am going to remove M. to-morrow,” the President said one day. “Cabot has been here all the afternoon pleading with me to spare the fellow, whom he believes to be a model of righteousness. He has gone away convinced that I am a double-dyed ingrate, and that I am too stubborn to recognize resplendent virtue when I see it. I'm sorry. I love Cabot, I'd give him half I possess, but I can't yield that point.” This is absolutely characteristic. With the President *counsel* is always acceptable—no man will yield sooner, if he is really convinced—but *control* is impossible, either by the trusts or the labor unions or by his dearest friend or his most important political supporter.

Mr. Leupp says: “President Roosevelt is not a genius. He is a man of no extraordinary natural capacity. As author, lawmaker, administrator, huntsman, athlete, soldier, what you like, his record contains nothing that might not

have been accomplished by any man of sound physique and good intelligence. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother-wit in choice of tasks and in his method of tackling them." In one sense this is undoubtedly true. There is certainly nothing superhuman about the President, and there is no doubt that much of that splendid personality which attracts and charms those who are thrown in close contact with it has been the outgrowth of his own development, the result of his tremendous working power, quite as much as of his original natural gifts. Yet that working power was one of those very gifts. No one can look at the mass of excellent literature which he has produced in the midst of an intensely busy life and fail to be astonished at his productive energy. No one who has been under the charm of his conversation and seen his infinite resources and equipment can fail to realize that if this is not genius it is its very ample equivalent, and that he is in the presence of a man who, if not born great, has at least achieved distinction in a pre-eminent degree.

In this connection I must say a word of the Roosevelt "luck" to which Mr. Leupp refers in the beginning of his volume. There can be no doubt that he has been fortunate. No man can watch the steps in his career without

seeing that; and, as Mr. Leupp points out, it was often by the disappointments of his immediate personal ambitions that his success was achieved: as when he failed to become Assistant Secretary of State and took the Civil Service Commissionership instead; as when he failed to realize all that he hoped for on the Police Board and became Assistant Secretary of the Navy; as when he was reluctantly compelled to accept the Vice-Presidency and thereby became President of the United States. But in all his career he always swam with the crest of the wave when it was with him and dived under it when it was adverse. The opportunity found him always prepared. As he himself said: "I put myself in the way of things happening and they happened."

In both of these volumes the reader is permitted to get very close to Mr. Roosevelt. His life, indeed, is a very open book. There are few men of whom personal friends can speak with greater freedom than of the President. I notice with Mr. Leupp, as well as with Mr. Riis, an occasional inaccuracy as to details, which does not in the least impair the truthfulness of the portrait. But in their essentials both books are accurate, and they will furnish the general public with the opportunity of making a remarkably clear estimate of their Chief Magistrate.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Book of Merlin (The): The Book of Sir Balin. From Mallory's King Arthur with Caxton's Preface. Edited by Clarence Griffin Child. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in. 86 pages.

Breaking into Society. By George Ade. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in. 208 pages. \$1.

An English reviewer of Mr. Ade's "Fables in Slang" recently mournfully remarked that the fables probably were very amusing, but he found it absolutely impossible to understand them. Even the average American citizen may find Mr. Ade's fluency in the very latest slang a little puzzling at times. The present book is of much the same character as "Fables in Slang," and will un-

doubtedly amuse a great many people, although it cannot, in our judgment, be said to claim a place among the best specimens of American humor.

Child Life in Mission Lands. Edited by Ralph E. Diffendorfer. Illustrated. (The Forward Mission Study Courses.) Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 180 pages. 50c.

Complete Anas of Thomas Jefferson (The). Edited by Franklin B. Sawvel, Ph.D. The Round Table Press, New York. 6×9 in. 283 pages.

This edition of the notes on "passing transactions" jotted down by Thomas Jefferson during the years 1791-1809 well fulfills its purpose of bringing together in a single volume the "crisp, interesting, and famous

private notes, opinions, and conjectures of this celebrated statesman and author." The "Anas" appear in an attractive garb, are printed in clear type on good paper, and altogether make a brave showing. As Dr. Sawvel had access to the original manuscripts, "with the privilege of copying for publication," we may accept this version as authoritative in every sense. By way of appendix is printed Jefferson's first inaugural address, and the "Anas" are prefaced with a biographical sketch of their author, a sketch so attenuated that it might well have been omitted. There are several excellent illustrations. It is to be regretted that the editor did not see fit to supply an index.

Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray (The). (Kensington Edition.) The Newcomes. 3 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. Sold by subscription only. \$2 per vol.

Reserved for later notice.

Eastward Hoe, by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, and Jonson's *The Alchemist*. Edited by Felix E. Schilling, Litt.D. (The Belles-Lettres Series. General Editor, George Pierce Baker, A.B.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4×6 in. 408 pages. 60c.

This volume and one containing Goldsmith's comedies "The Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer" are the first issues of what is to be called "The Belles-Lettres Series." It is planned to include in this series not less than three hundred volumes, in uniform edition and at moderate price. The *format* is that of a small and comparatively thick quarto, almost or quite of pocket size. Each volume has its appropriate biographical sketch, critical introduction, notes, bibliography, and, when necessary, glossary. In each case the text follows an original edition recognized as authoritative; the old spelling (when there is any) is retained, but capitalization and punctuation have been modernized, and peculiarities which really belong to the style of the author have been carefully preserved. This description applies more especially to the volume before us containing Jonson's plays, but even in the Goldsmith plays a careful choice has been made between variant editions, and in both cases the editors have printed illustrative matter, such as recently discovered letters of Ben Jonson and Goldsmith's little-known essays on literary topics of his day, which in a measure induced the writing of the comedies. The two volumes before us give every promise that the series contemplated will be of value to students of English literature, and to all readers of the classics of that literature.

English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century: Ford Lectures, 1903. By Leslie Stephen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 224 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Good Natured Man (The) and She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. (The Belles-Lettres Series. General Editor, George Pierce Baker, A.B.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4×6 in. 285 pages. 60c.

See note under "Eastward Hoe."

Gordon Elopement (The). By Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taber. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 235 pages. \$1.25.

This is a jolly and irresponsible little story, amusing enough, but as light as a feather.

Great Adventurer (The). By Robert Shackleton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 356 pages. \$1.50.

The story of a colossal Trust, which in the end becomes so huge that the "great adventurer" who has built it up, having some regard for the people's interest, sets to work to pull it gently and gradually apart. Recent industrial events and the history of great combinations of capital have been made use of to some extent. A quaint conception is that of two brothers, one of whom becomes a successful speculator, while the other prefers to remain a capable and humorous burglar because he thinks burglary the more honest employment. The book has little interest as fiction pure and simple (the love story is particularly feeble), but it certainly sets one thinking on some important issues of the day.

He is Risen: An Easter Service. Arranged by George C. Hugg. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 6×9 in. 15 pages. Per one hundred copies, \$2.

Handbook of Church History (A): From the Apostolic Era to the Dawn of the Reformation. By Rev. Samuel G. Green, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 628 pages. \$2.50, net.

It is a rather colorless outline of Church history that is given in this thick volume. There is little attempt to do more than present what has been called "factual" history. Even within the limitation involved in a mere recounting of events there is some room for careful weighing of evidence. Little sign of this, however, is given. Sources are accepted at their face value. Such men as Praxeas and Sabellius are represented as if they taught in fact what their orthodox critics described them as teaching. When it is remembered that all we know of Praxeas we get from Tertullian (except for a sentence or two from the pseudo-Tertullian), and that Tertullian begins his account of Praxeas by saying that "The devil . . . maintains there is only one Lord . . . but he is a liar from the beginning, and so is any man he instigates in his own way such as Praxeas," we can hardly accept his statement of Praxeas's teachings as fair. The chief and only specific contemporary source for Sabellius is Dionysius of Alexandria; and his testimony comes in this roundabout way: Athanasius quotes Dionysius, who quotes from memory passages in his own writing in which he had quoted Sabellius. Now, in this handbook this kind of testimony is accepted without apparent question. As a compilation of events in Church history as they have been reported, this volume answers very well. The reader will have to turn elsewhere to get, for instance, an impression of the discrepancy between the wide circulation of Paul's writings and the general disappearance of Paul's teachings in the early Church; or an idea of the real

contribution to Church life and thought contributed by men who, frequently through fortuitous circumstances, were branded as heretics.

Her Infinite Variety. By Brand Whitlock. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 168 pages. \$1.

Mr. Whitlock, in his story called "The Thirtieth District," gave perhaps the best picture of provincial political life to be found in American fiction. In the present story he strikes a lighter note, and combines comedy and the intricacies of political life in an agreeable manner. The hero, a State Senator, who rashly undertakes to support a woman's rights bill to please a charming young woman lawyer, is crushed personally and outwitted politically by a group of anti-suffrage agitators which includes his own fiancée. The book is unusually well illustrated by Mr. Christy, and though a slight story, its rapidity of movement makes it thoroughly enjoyable.

Jewish Encyclopædia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by More than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists under the Direction of the Following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D., Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D., Richard Gottheil, Ph.D., Emil G. Hirsch, Ph.D., L.L.D., Joseph Jacobs, B.A., Kaufmann Kohler, Ph.D., Herman Rosenthal, Solomon Schechter, M.A., Litt.D., Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Crawford H. Toy, D.D., L.L.D., Isaac K. Funk, D.D., L.L.D., and Others. Vol. VI. *God—Israhel*. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ in. 681 pages. \$7.

With this volume, containing some eighteen hundred articles instructively illustrated, this great work, collaborated by Christian and Jewish specialists, is half completed. Biographical articles constitute about one-sixth of the topics treated, with a significant account of Jewish activity in American States and cities. Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, contributes a valuable article on "God," in which he regards Judaism as bridging the gulf between transcendent and immanent Deity by postulating the divinity of the human soul. This is in sharp opposition to the view of Dr. Caird's "Evolution of Religion," that this bridging was precisely what Judaism left to be accomplished by Christianity (see Volume II., Lecture third). The article on the Holy Spirit makes the curious criticism on the Christian view of it that Jesus' breathing on his disciples when he said, "Receive ye the Holy Spirit," indicates it as "materialistic" and non-Jewish. The article "Halizah," the ceremony of releasing a brother-in-law from the obligation to marry his brother's widow, still scrupulously observed by the great majority of Jews as in ancient times, forms a most interesting illustrated commentary on the fourth chapter of the book of Ruth. Among other noteworthy topics are "Hawkers and Peddlers," illustrative of the economic condition of Russian immigrants; "Health Laws," "Hebrew Grammar," and "Christian Hebraists," of whom a list of over four hundred is appended; "Homiletics," with its account of Jew-

ish preaching in the vernacular developed since 1806; "Incunabula" (works printed in the fifteenth century), with a full list; the "Inquisition," from which the Jews suffered much even in the eighteenth century; "Intelligencers" (seventeenth-century English for spies), who effectively served Cromwell's foreign policy; "Isaiah," from the pen of Canon Cheyne. Talmudic and rabbinical lore holds a prominent interest in this volume, administered by Dr. Schechter, the leading Talmudist in America, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary. The social and religious life of the Russian and Polish Jews, as well as that of some other communities, is narrated here for the first time, and the general historian will find a large amount of material for Jewish history throughout the world that has not before been collected.

Making the Most of Life. By George H. Hepworth, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 201 pages. \$1, net.

Although a selfish and sinister sense may have been attached to the idea of making the most of both worlds, it is an idea which St. Paul in his well-known saying about the profitableness of godliness has consecrated to a noble application. The idea runs through the forty short sermons here collected. The Christian aim is the making of manhood in the image of God, foot-fast, indeed, upon the earth but head-free toward the heavens. This is the aim of these discourses, thoroughly practical, thoroughly spiritual. It is a good book to have on the table for leisure moments.

Matthew Arnold. By G. W. E. Russell. Illustrated. (Literary Lives Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 265 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

"New Year's Gift": An Hitherto Lost Treatise. By Robert Browne. Edited with an Introduction for the Congregational Historical Society by Champlin Burrage. Congregational Historical Society, Memorial Hall, London, E.C. England. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 44 pages. Price 1s. 6d., net.

A "find" of much interest to antiquarians and church historians was made two or three years ago in the discovery of this long-lost treatise in the British Museum. It was written December 31, 1588 (January 10, new style). It discusses from the Congregational (then termed "Brownist") point of view the controverted questions of church government and discipline, and serves for some reconstruction of the account of Browne's early career. It shows his health to have been seriously undermined by persecution—he had then "bene in more than twentie prisons"—and lends some attractiveness to his personality.

Queen of Quelparte (The). By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 330 pages. \$1.50.

This is a new edition of an exciting story published some time ago. The facts that the book deals with Russian intrigue in the Far East, that its events are laid in the period following the war between China and

Japan, and that its scene is partly in Korea, sufficiently indicate the timeliness of the story under present conditions. Mr. Hulbert has been a successful and adventurous newspaper correspondent in the Far East, and his tale has a background of knowledge as well as adventure of sensational and brisk action.

Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre (Le). By Octave Feuillet. Edited by James D. Bruner, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 283 pages.

Short Biography of John Leeth, with an Account of His Life Among the Indians. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1831, with an Introduction by Reuben Gold Thwaites. The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 70 pages.

Signal Light (The). By Mildred Scarborough. Illustrated. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 219 pages. \$1, net.

Simon Peter, Fisherman. By "Thomas." Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 189 pages. 75c.

Song of Roland (The). Translated into English Prose by Isabel Butler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in. 156 pages.

This is one of the latest additions to the Riverside Literature Series, and its purpose is to put into the hands of young readers one of those great popular poems which date back to the very beginning of modern life, one of those songs of history which more clearly than prose history interpret the spirit of great events. Miss Butler tells the story of the poem in a very interesting preface, and has rendered it in very simple prose, with a glossary of words not in common use, and notes. The volume is also furnished with illustrations.

Standard of Pronunciation in English (The). By Thomas R. Lounsbury. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 285 pages. \$1.50, net.

Any one who takes up this little book expecting to find it a dry-as-dust volume besprinkled only with italics and diacritical marks will be agreeably disappointed. Professor Lounsbury has made an interesting book not only for specialists but for the average reader. He gives, in a style that is almost colloquial in its spontaneous humor and its absence of professional pedantry, an account of the various and varying standards of orthoepical propriety that have characterized the development of the English language. The conflict of popular usage with scholarly authority, of analogy with fashion or convenience, of the ear and the eye in the endeavor of the one to follow the spoken tradition and of the other to conform pronunciation to spelling, are discussed with keenness and insight and with felicitous illustrations. A sentence from the paragraph devoted to the history of *either* and *ither* gives an idea of Professor Lounsbury's playful humor, which is not without its admonitory tang: "All of us are privileged in these latter days frequently to witness painful struggles put forth to give to the first syllable of these words the sound of *i*, by those who

have been brought up to give it the sound of *ē*. There is apparently the impression on the part of some that such a pronunciation establishes on a firm foundation an otherwise doubtful social standard." This is hard on the *itherites*, but they may be comforted by Professor Lounsbury's admission that their innovation is steadily gaining ground. Professor Lounsbury in dealing with his subject in general illustrates the open-minded and undogmatic attitude that wide knowledge and a truth-loving spirit are increasingly engendering in the modern scholar. As to the possibility of obtaining a uniform standard of pronouncing English he is pessimistic. Until we can have a phonetically spelled language—and of this he sees no immediate hope—he thinks "no small share of our lives will be spent in the profitable and exciting occupation of consulting dictionaries, in the equally profitable and exciting discussion of the pronunciation of particular words, and in airing our opinions and delivering our decisions upon points about which one thoroughly educated man is as good an authority as another and nobody is an authority at all." We should not be doing justice to the orthoepical critic's privilege if we closed this notice without expressing our surprise at Professor Lounsbury's apparent sanction of the English practice of dropping the *h* in the word *hotel*. "It may be," he says, "that there exist men who say 'a hotel,' . . . but such expressions are certainly uncommon in literature, if ever found there at all." We hope soon to see a new edition of this valuable book, in which this statement may be modified.

Summer in Telemarken (A) and Some Character Sketches. By N. N. Ronning. Illustrated. The Northland Press, Minneapolis, Minn. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 117 pages. 50c.

To Comfort You: Poems of Comfort. Selected by Elia W. Peattie. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 160 pages. \$1, net.

This collection of poems of consolation, selected by Elia W. Peattie, is taken from a very wide range of poetry, old and new; the names of Herrick, George Herbert, Mrs. Deland, and Phillips Brooks revealing in the first glance at the table of contents the variety and scope of the volume. Such collections represent taste, and it is useless to argue about matters of taste; there is no absolute standard of criticism which can be applied to this kind of editorial work. In this instance the editor has made a generous selection of what may be called the classics of consolation, to which she has added an equally generous selection from contemporary verse, the value of which is still in large measure to be determined. The volume is strikingly bound—a dark blue cover with white back and a design of conventionalized flowers.

Tolstoy the Man. By Edward A. Steiner. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 310 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Upper Way (The). By William Curtis Stiles, B.D. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 5x8 in. 226 pages. \$1.

The title recalls the primitive appellation of Christianity in the book of the Acts as "The Way." Defining salvation as the highest life, Mr. Stiles here sets aside all the technical terms of theology, and regards it from the point of view in Tennyson's lines,

Rise upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

The highest life is won through the expulsive power of a great affection, enkindled by the exhibition of God's suffering love in Christ, and so determining the sinner to rise from his dead self to higher things. Placing all emphasis on the moral choice, all discussion of theological problems is declined throughout. It seems to us that some compression of the argument would have been advantageous, and also some adequate recognition of the social beside the personal demands, interests, and activities of "the upper way."

Vanguard (The): A Tale of Korea. By James S. Gale. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5x8 in. 320 pages. \$1.50.

Many of our readers will remember Mr. Gale's "Korean Sketches," a book that bears the same relation to Korea that Dr. Arthur H. Smith's "Village Life in China" does to the latter country. The present book is practically a narrative of the author's own fifteen years' experience as a missionary (and, we rejoice to say, a missionary with a sense of humor) in and near Seoul and Pingyang—that is, in that very part of the country whose names are now filling our newspapers because Japan and Russia there face each other in battle array. There is a thin veil of fiction employed, and typical Korean characters are cleverly drawn as individuals. The book is eminently enjoyable; its religious spirit never falls into pietism; it is hearty, unconventional, full of odd and unexpected bits of adventure, romance, and character. The style is sometimes abrupt and careless, but there is never any lack of novel and interesting material. In one brief chapter, for instance, is found a singularly effective picture of the rout of the Chinese by Japan; another gives an amusing, graphic sketch of Ko, robber, gambler, scamp, and finally convert; another presents a fine picture of a courageous medical missionary and his work; others bring out clearly Korean whims, superstitions, queer customs, racial traits. The book is a capital one to read just now—and, indeed, at any time.

Velasquez. (Newnes' Art Library.) Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 7x9½ in. 64 pages. \$1.25.

William Greenleaf Eliot, Minister, Educator, Philanthropist. By Charlotte C. Eliot. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x8½ in. 376 pages. \$2, net.

The idea that fame and worth do not correspond, which when stated in general terms

is trite, becomes freshly clothed when it is illustrated in the life of such a man as William Greenleaf Eliot. The reader who takes up this volume with the question, Who was William Greenleaf Eliot? will lay it down with the question, Why have I not known of him before? Dr. Eliot had the distinction of being the first Unitarian minister to undertake a pastorate west of the Mississippi River, of being virtually the founder of Washington University in St. Louis, of which he later was the Chancellor, and of being the originator of the Western Sanitary Commission which during the Civil War was a precursor, as it were, of the Red Cross. He went to St. Louis as a pioneer. The opponents of Christianity at first hailed him as a coadjutor, but soon in disappointment classed him and his church among those "superstitious people," the Christians. On the other hand, the other churches of the place were unfraternal at first. From 1834 to 1871 he was pastor of the Church of the Messiah, which he developed from a congregation of twenty-five to a society which was not only a church but also a charity organization, and which by 1861 contributed \$50,000 a year to benevolence. Of Dr. Eliot's ministry, of his organization of the public schools of the city, of his establishment and direction of Washington University, only mention can here be made. The most interesting chapters in the book deal with his activities on behalf of emancipation and the preservation of Missouri to the Union. Though strongly, even radically, anti-slavery in his feeling, he was not an abolitionist. He even advised against emancipating individual slaves in certain cases; and himself bought and owned a negro servant. His guiding principle was the Golden Rule. As a consequence he suffered severe criticism and even abuse from some New England friends. He held to his course, and was justified by events. The description in this volume of Missouri during the Civil War and reconstruction times casts light on present-day problems concerning the negroes of the South. There is little that is theological in the book. Dr. Eliot is seen in these pages as a man of great moral earnestness, of broad sympathies, of practical consecration to duty, and of spiritual mind. Though a believer in total abstinence, he was an advocate of temperance, not repression; though a believer in woman suffrage, he regarded the ballot as a burden to be accepted, not a rightful privilege to be demanded. The secret of his power, his open-mindedness, and his modesty is to be found in the last chapter: he did his work for humanity because he saw that human nature is "allied to him who by his sinless glory is the incarnation of the invisible God." The story of his life, though dispassionately told, is stimulating because it concerns a stimulating personality.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

The Authority of the Minister

The editors of *The Outlook* have received the following letters addressed to the author of the "Letters to a Minister:"

Esteemed Friend:

In thy article last week on the Authority of the Minister I noted with delight the cogency of thought and the naturalness of conclusion. It would be an easy task to comment upon it favorably. It seems to me, however, to fall short of the full truth at the last. We are told that the authority lies in the power to evoke in the hearer a recognition of the dormant truth in himself—the power to "turn people to the Light," as Quakers say. Would it not be more exact, and less liable to mislead, were we to say this power is an *evidence* of authority only? "Ye shall receive power," said Christ, "after the Holy Ghost has come upon you." The receiving of the Holy Spirit was the authority, and the assuring evidence was "power." Perhaps a later essay may amplify this point, but to me it seems important that all who would be ministers of Christ should realize that authority is not acquired by endeavoring to exercise power, but by accepting the Holy Spirit and allowing ourselves to be governed and actuated thereby.

BENJAMIN F. WHITSON.

To the Editor of The Outlook:

Your letter of February 27 on the "Authority of the Preacher" has been read with interest and pleasure. All that is said therein is both true and important, but it seems to me to leave unanswered the question—which possibly it did not aim to answer—How the writers of the Bible knew that they were speaking with divine authority? We may readily grant that when a man so speaks that he evokes a spiritual response in the men who listen, his words are with authority, and that if his message contains nothing capable of calling forth such a response, it is not from God; but the question still remains, How did these men, who spoke with such positiveness, and whose words uttered so long ago we still recognize as a divine message, know that their message was divine? How did they know that what was burning within them for utterance would or could meet a response in the spiritual nature of their fellow-men? If that is the basis of the authority, what produced the conviction in the mind of the preacher that he was on that basis? If, as you rightly assert, it was not a process of reasoning, it could not have been the perception by him that the message was having that effect. Indeed, it is mani-

fest from the utterances of both the Old Testament prophets and the New Testament preachers that they had the conviction when they began to preach, and quite independently of the results. In the ministry of many of them, indeed, the message found little or no response in the hearts of their hearers. The men of their day did not recognize either the truth or the beauty of what they said. Nay, they even in some instances had the conviction beforehand that their words would not be believed. So far as results perceptible to the prophet were concerned, Amos went on a fruitless mission and Hosea pleaded with his countrymen in vain, Isaiah preached to people of gross hearts and closed spiritual eyes, and Jeremiah's hearers rejected his message and tried to take his life. Yet all these and other prophets show no wavering in their conviction that they were speaking with authority. They felt bound to speak whether men would hear or whether they would forbear.

For the practical work of ministry it is vitally important that the preacher not only have divine authority, but also know that he has it. The question to which I seek an answer is, What gave the men of the Bible their conviction that their message was from God? And, likewise, how may a preacher of the present day have the same assurance?

Chicago.

F. J. G.

[The only authority that the minister can have is, of course, that which comes from God. It may, however, come through human channels. In the last analysis, the only way by which the minister can be assured of possessing this authority is the way by which he comes to any moral certainty—by heeding that which Kant calls "the categorical imperative," which men usually call conscience, and which the Friends, with happiest and truest phrase of all, call the Inner Light.—THE EDITORS.]

Tuskegee's Needs

To the Editors of The Outlook:

So many of your readers are interested in the work of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute that I feel it is my duty from time to time to keep them informed of the condition, the progress, of the institution.

At present we have an average attendance of 1,441 students in all of the departments, representing 35 States and 7 foreign countries. In all the departments there are 143 instructors, officers, and employees.

Since the institution was founded, we have sent out as workers in various fields about

6,000 men and women who have finished a full or partial course, and who are doing good work.

The institution has property, including land, buildings, and personal property, valued at \$684,346.36. The present endowment is \$1,042,931.28. The annual current expense is about \$155,000. To meet this we have resources as follows:

Income from endowment.....	\$40,000 00
State Appropriation.....	4,500 00
John F. Slater Fund.....	12,000 00
General Education Board.....	10,000 00
Miscellaneous Sources.....	5,433 00
	\$71,933 00
Leaving to be collected each year.....	\$83,067 00

This amount has to be secured each year for current expenses, mainly by personal appeals, to say nothing of the large amount it is necessary to spend annually at a practically new institution for permanent improvements, and for insurance as well.

Our needs at present are mainly in two directions: money for current expenses, and increase of the endowment fund to \$3,000,000.

Contributions may be made to the current expense fund in the form of \$50 scholarships in larger or smaller amounts.

Contributions may be made to the endowment fund in the form of \$1,000 for a permanent scholarship, or in smaller or larger amounts.

Some of the special needs, aside from the two items mentioned, are improvement and equipment of the farm, \$15,000; improvement of the steam plant and water-works, lighting, etc., \$12,000.

Correspondence may be had with

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal,
or WARREN LOGAN, Treasurer,
Tuskegee, Alabama.

North Dakota

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a reader of The Outlook for more than ten years, I have come to look upon its editorial comments and its signed articles as having the weight of absolute authority, and because of my faith in The Outlook I desire to call your attention to certain statements made in an article written by Mr. George Kennan upon "The Social and Political Condition of Russia," which seem to me to give an erroneous idea, to say the least, of this State. Mr. Kennan says, to quote from his article, "Now, as in the past, its politically untrustworthy subjects may be arrested without warrant, imprisoned without a trial, deprived of property without judicial procedure, and banished to *remote* parts of the country without even so much as a hearing." A little later in the same article Mr. Kennan says: "If, to take another illustration, Secretary Hitchcock, by and with the consent of President Roosevelt, should suddenly notify W. D. Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, George H. Putnam, Horace White, John B. McMaster, Professor van Dyke, John Burroughs, and George B. Harvey

that they must abandon their business, leave their homes, and live for three years under police surveillance in *North Dakota*, Oklahoma, or Alaska, these gentlemen and their friends, if they had no power to resist and no redress in the courts, would probably become revolutionists of a very active type."

It seems to me that Mr. Kennan has, unintentionally maybe, used the term *North Dakota* instead of *Hawaii* or the *Philippines*. Any ordinary student of geography must know that there are many States more remote than *North Dakota* from any standpoint you may take. In fact, as a State she needs no defense at my hands. However, a few facts regarding *North Dakota* may not come amiss. There are within her borders nearly half a million happy, prosperous, and contented people, the greater portion of whom are engaged in agriculture. Nowhere else in this broad land are seen such vast and productive wheat-fields. The western portion of the State is dotted with hundreds of thousands of sheep and cattle. The homes of the people are far above the average. Everything that makes an enlightened commonwealth is to be found in *North Dakota*. The school system, beginning with the common school and continued up through the high school, normal school, college, and university, is thoroughly articulated and will hold its own in comparison with the system of any other State. Free public libraries are found in every town of any size and importance. The men who are at the head of our educational institutions and those who teach in them are graduates of the best institutions of our country, and many of them have taken degrees abroad. Last year *North Dakota* expended \$1,700,000 upon education, an amount \$200,000 in excess of that expended by *North Carolina* with a population nearly six times as great. Fairly reliable statistics show that *North Dakota* spends \$5.70 per capita upon education, as against \$5.40 and \$5.10 per capita for *New York* and *Massachusetts* respectively. The interest-bearing endowment of the schools of *North Dakota* now exceeds \$6,000,000, and this endowment will be increased many-fold within the next twenty-five years.

I feel that the unprejudiced reader will be able to draw the conclusion that the term "*remote*" does not properly apply to *North Dakota*, and that any one of these gentlemen mentioned in Mr. Kennan's article would find much to enjoy, much to be interested in, and much to appreciate here, and that they would find as many evidences of refinement as can be found anywhere in this great central Northwest. W. L. STOCKWELL,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

[We are sure that Mr. Kennan had in mind only the geographical distance of *North Dakota* from the East. But we are very glad to have the opportunity of printing this interesting evidence of the State's rapid material and intellectual progress.—THE EDITORS.]

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War and Rumors of War

Admiral Togo's fleet again bombarded Port Arthur on March 22.

This is counted by some as the fifth bombardment of Port Arthur, although there is a question as to the exact number. An interesting illustration of modern scientific methods of naval warfare is found in the fact that the Japanese fleet lay at a distance of eight miles from the Port Arthur fortifications, and was entirely out of sight of the point attacked, while reports as to the effect of their fire were conveyed to the attacking ships by other Japanese vessels at a distance and within sight of the forts, by means of wireless telegraphy. Another interesting phase of this attack upon Port Arthur was the number of Russian vessels which appeared at the entrance of the harbor. This was stated in Admiral Togo's report to have been five battle-ships, four cruisers, and ten torpedo-boat destroyers. If this account is correct, it shows conclusively either that the Russian ships at Port Arthur have been less disabled than had been supposed, or (and perhaps more likely) that the repair of vessels has been carried on most successfully. Originally there are supposed to have been at Port Arthur seven battle-ships and eight cruisers. The Czarevitch and the Poltava are both still disabled, as appear to be also several of the cruisers. During the past week contradictory despatches have been received from Russia and Japan as to the fate of the cruiser Boyarin, which is confidently affirmed by the Russians to be uninjured, while the Japanese are equally confident that it was destroyed by a mine. The total damage done by the repeated bombardments at Port Arthur is probably not great absolutely, but the moral effect upon the

garrison of these repeated attacks may be of some consequence, as the concussion produced by the high explosive shells used is described as stunning, nerve-racking, and demoralizing. Early on Sunday morning of this week another attempt was made by the Japanese to block the channel at Port Arthur by sinking in it four steamships heavily laden and filled with explosives. The attempt was a complete failure; a Russian destroyer, the Silni, crippled one of the steamships and drove it on shore, where it was soon followed by the others. Russian sailors boarded these vessels and at imminent risk cut the electric wires connected with the explosives. The conduct of the Silni's crew was exceedingly gallant; she engaged, according to the Russian account, six of the enemy's torpedo-boats, had about twenty of her own officers and crew killed or wounded, and is said to have caused the loss of two Japanese torpedo-boats. The Russian fleet emerged from the harbor to engage Admiral Togo's vessels, but the latter withdrew.



The Military Campaign

There have been some slight clashes of small forces in that region in northern Korea which lies between the Russian main position on the Yalu and the Japanese advanced division on the Anju River, and the despatches toward the end of the week indicated with some positiveness that the Russians have in this intermediate space larger bodies of cavalry than had been supposed. Practically, Korea has only one good road (in the spring especially, most Korean roads are mere mud-holes)—that along which the Japanese advance has been made; but there is a mountain road from Won-

san, a port on the east coast of Korea, across to Pingyang, and it was alleged in Saturday's despatches that the Russians hope to intercept on this road a body of seven or eight thousand Japanese which may have landed some time ago at Wonsan and may be now on its way to Pingyang. Here again, although the St. Petersburg despatches set forth in detail this brilliant scheme of capturing a Japanese force, the lay of the land and the present relative position of the two armies, as will be seen by a glance at any map, makes the likelihood of such an attempt slight. The main discussion of the week has been with regard to the possible field of military action at and near Niuchuang. Amateur strategists from the beginning of the war have thought it extremely probable that Japan would land a large force somewhere south or southeast of Niuchuang, along the coast of the Liaotung Gulf, and advance upon Niuchuang, with the design of cutting the railway to Mukden and thus carrying out a flank movement at a distance and on a large scale in aid of the advance in the Yalu valley. The position is a very peculiar one. Niuchuang itself is a free treaty port, situated in a nominally neutral country, but occupied and partly fortified by the Russians, and really in the field of warfare. Below it, along the western shore of the Liaotung Gulf, lies a strip of territory which belongs to Manchuria and was nominally evacuated by Russia in 1902. Here runs the railway from Peking to Niuchuang, and here several towns, like Shanhaikwan and Kinchou, are apparently well situated to serve as possible bases for Japanese operations. Again and again rumors have stated that the Japanese have landed a force in this vicinity, but in point of fact there is not to-day any evidence whatever that Japan has landed any military force elsewhere than for the advance to the Yalu valley. The Russians clamor loudly that any attempt by the Japanese to land in this strip of territory at the northwest of the Liaotung Gulf would be a violation of neutrality, and that this part of Manchuria is within the neutral Chinese territory as defined by Russia. The force of this clamor,

however, is very much broken by the fact that Russia has, it is alleged, constantly scoured this district with her cavalry, and, if she does not actually occupy it, has in no way treated it as neutral ground. The Russians also continue to declare their suspicion of the Chinese forces which have been placed near the Chinese border; but Chinese despatches repeat the intention of the Empire to maintain perfect neutrality, and it is announced that the Empress has positively refused to entertain suggestions made by General Ma, General Mu, and other Chinese commanders that China should now make a formal alliance of offense and defense with Japan.



German Southwest Africa The situation in German Southwest Africa, where the native troops, now in revolt, have torn up railroads, wrecked many manufacturing enterprises, and are charged with having killed many settlers, is causing great concern in Berlin and is furnishing material for fierce attacks on the Government in the Reichstag, where charges of unpardonable brutality have been made against German officers and troops. The German possessions in southwestern Africa cover a tract about half as large again as the German Empire in Europe. This tract lies on the west coast of Africa, stretching along the coast for nearly a thousand miles, with the Portuguese colony on the north and the English colony at Cape Town at the south. The land along the coast is barren sand for a distance of ten miles inland; then comes a broad plain, and further inland rises a high tableland, with a mountain range of considerable elevation and of several hundred miles width, valuable by reason of its agricultural and mineral resources. Germany was led into this section of Africa through the interest of a Bremen merchant who obtained a concession and established a trading station nearly twenty years ago at Angra Pequena, about a hundred and fifty miles north of the Cape Colony boundary. A little later this merchant ceded his concession to the German Government, and the German flag was raised for the first time

on African soil. Treaties were made with England and Portugal, and the boundaries of the respective colonies marked off. In the southern part of the German colony are tribes of Hottentots; in the north are various tribes, of which the Hereros are the most powerful and warlike. Promising deposits of ore in the northern mountains led to considerable activity in that section, and, after making a treaty with the chief of the Hereros in 1885, the Germans began mining operations. The natives, however, regarded them with great suspicion, and three years later revoked the mining concessions and ordered the colonists, under penalty of death, to leave the country. The German settlers retreated to the coast, and it was not until six years ago that the German supremacy was re-established over the natives.



Cause of Insurrection

The German Chancellor, Von Bülow, stated in the Reichstag three months ago that there was no visible cause for the present outbreak, which has spread from tribe to tribe until practically all the natives have joined in the determination to exterminate the German settlers. These natives are charged with having tortured and put to death whole families of whites; on the other hand, the German officers and soldiers are charged with kindred barbarity inflicted on the natives. It is very difficult to get at the facts. A missionary has written to the Reichstag defending the Hereros against the charges of massacring women and children and the indiscriminate slaughtering of men, and giving the names of a number of women who are said to have been killed, but who, he declares, are alive and well. He says that native Christians have assisted a number of women and children to reach the military stations in safety, and asserts that the Hereros rebelled on account of the oppressions of the traders, the cruelties inflicted on the natives, and the gross immorality of the Germans in their relations with the native women. The missionary charges that the Germans use as an instrument of punishment rhinoceros whips, Prince Prosper von Aren-

berg, against whom the most serious charges of cruelty have been made during the past few months, has undoubtedly been guilty of the most wanton brutality. It is said, apparently on good authority, that German traders have of late been selling the natives unlimited quantities of goods on credit. These salesmen are generally discharged soldiers who have persuaded the natives to buy until they have involved them hopelessly in debt. The Germans then turned on them, charged exorbitant price for the goods, with high rates of interest, and compelled them to surrender large herds of cattle and great tracts of land. In this way a whole tribe of about eighty thousand people have become impoverished, and have taken up arms and are trying to drive the Germans out as a matter of self-preservation. Germany has now about two thousand men in Southwest Africa, and is preparing to send further reinforcements. The native population is probably about two hundred thousand, among whom are about four thousand whites—twenty-five hundred German immigrants, and the others chiefly Boer refugees from the Transvaal. It is estimated that the native forces available in the present war number about fifteen thousand. They are officered in some cases by German and Boer deserters and have modern weapons, but are entirely unable to meet the Germans in the open field. So far, Germany has found her experience as a colonizer extremely expensive and unsatisfactory. In twenty years she has spent about \$75,000,000 in South Africa and the South Seas, while the trade returns have been very inadequate and the perplexities of government increasingly great.



More French Drastic Legislation

In pursuance of his drastic policy of suppressing the teaching of all monastic orders, M. Combes, the French Premier, has brought in a bill suppressing all schools taught by such orders and forbidding all teaching by monks and nuns, except in private. The bill provides for State schools to take the place of the Church schools which

will be closed under it, appropriating about \$12,000,000 for that purpose. The bill has been vigorously assailed by a good many members of the Republican group, among them M. Ribot, on the ground of the great expense which the measure will involve and which its critics declare the Premier has understated, and also because it is an encroachment on the liberties of the people. It is urged that the teachers whom it will turn out are citizens as well as monks, and have a right, if they possess the scholastic qualifications, to teach school because they are French citizens. In answering these criticisms M. Combes declares that the teachers whom he proposes to prohibit "deform the minds of French youth." The bill was declared "urgent" two weeks ago by a vote of 310 to 262, and its passage is regarded as assured.



Sir Edwin Arnold
Alexander Murray

If Sir Edwin Arnold had died in 1879, after the publication of "The Light of Asia," the event would have been one of almost world-wide interest. No long poem of a similar character has attained such extraordinary popularity in modern times. That point, however, marked the culmination of Sir Edwin's career and the most popular expression of his remarkable talent as a transcriber and translator of thought. He was educated, after the thorough English fashion, at King's School, Rochester, King's College, London, and University College, Oxford, and was the recipient of the Newdigate prize in poetry. Sir Edwin's career was devoted first to teaching in England and India and later to journalism. During his five years' residence in India he became familiar with the religious and philosophical thought of the Far East, and made his first contributions to literature. On his return to England in 1861 he became a member of the staff of the London "Daily Telegraph," and later its editor. His characteristics as a writer of verse were disclosed in his "Song of the Songs of India," which appeared in 1876, and was the first of a series of poems in which he translated into English verse the thought and feeling and religion of the East. He was

not in any sense an original poet, but he had a sensitive imagination, great power of assimilation, and extraordinary facility in the use of verse-forms. "The Light of Asia" was one of the earlier of the many popular transcriptions of Oriental thought and feeling into Western speech. It passed through many editions in this country and in England, and contains many very happy passages. Loaded as it is with Oriental names, and with both fact and thought which are often distinctly unpoetic, Sir Edwin showed remarkable dexterity in handling difficult material. It was an idealistic rendering of the Buddhist faith, a poetic exposition of the doctrines of reincarnation and of Nirvana, and a very charming description of Indian scenery and of ancient Indian manners. Perhaps the most popular and in certain respects the best of Sir Edwin's shorter poems is "After Death in Arabia."—A man of much more substantial qualities and acquirements was Mr. Alexander S. Murray, a Greek scholar and student of Greek antiquities of the highest distinction, who died in London last week in his sixty-fourth year. In the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum he was a final authority, to whom all questions were referred as to an arbiter. A Scotchman by birth, he became Curator of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum in 1886. His position and his inclination made him not only a generous but a useful friend to the Metropolitan Museum of New York City. Like many other scholars, he was wholly absorbed in his own field, which happened to be one of the richest in the whole range of art. He was not widely known, but he was a man of great attainments who rendered most substantial service to one of the first museums in the world.



The
Rhodes Scholarships

The United States Government, through its customs officials, endeavored to do in this port recently what a great many college students have tried to do, sometimes successfully—secure examination papers before the examination day. Dr. George R. Parkin,

of Oxford University, arrived on one of the great steamers, bringing with him in a huge envelope, wound with many yards of red tape and sealed with much wax, the examination papers for the ninety-six Cecil Rhodes Canadian and American free scholarships. The customs officers wished to open the envelope. Dr. Parkin declined, and explained that the examination papers would be worthless if the contents of the papers were disclosed before April 13, at which time the examination was to take place. When the identity of Dr. Parkin was established, his statement of the character and contents of the envelope was accepted, and it was returned to him intact. The preliminary examinations will be held simultaneously in all the States and Provinces on the 13th of this month. These examinations, Dr. Parkin explained, are similar to those required at Harvard, with the exception that at Oxford some knowledge of Greek is required. Dr. Parkin said, in an interview, that the American who wishes a technical education should not go to Oxford, that the graduates of the University do not receive a professional but a classical training; and he added, with great pertinence, "Longfellow, Hay, and President Eliot, men of classical education, are just as important in this country as Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie. . . . America has become a world-power, and she needs men with the world-knowledge that Oxford can give them." The three chief requisites demanded of the applicants for the Cecil Rhodes scholarships are intellectual and athletic ability and force of character. The men chosen from this country will enter the University next year, and will receive \$1,500 a year, which will leave them sufficient balance, living moderately, as scholarship students ought to live, to supply them with means of travel.



**Congress as
a Court** An impeachment trial by Congress is so rare an event that the proceedings in the case of Judge Swayne, of Florida, naturally attract National attention. By the Constitution Congress is authorized to impeach and try any Federal civil offi-

cer. The House of Representatives is charged with the duty of framing the impeachment charges—just as a Grand Jury finds the indictment in an ordinary criminal case—while the Senate is made a high court for the hearing of the charges and the conviction or acquittal of the accused. The penalty does not extend further than removal from office and disqualification to hold any office of honor, trust, and profit under the United States; but the convicted person remains subject to criminal prosecution before State or Federal courts. It has been held by the Senate that a Federal officer cannot escape impeachment by resignation, but a contrary opinion was once rendered by a State Supreme Court. This remedy for offenses by Federal officers provided by the Constitution has not, as a rule, proved effective. The failure of the impeachment trial of President Johnson is only one of several such failures; in point of fact, it is stated that but seven impeachment cases have been held by the Senate during the history of the United States, and of these only two have resulted in conviction. The case against Judge Swayne, as reported to the House by its Committee on the Judiciary, includes charges to the effect that he has not been a resident of the Northern District of the State of Florida, over the Federal Court of which he presides; that he has unlawfully imposed fines and imprisonment in two specified cases; that he unlawfully committed a citizen to prison for alleged contempt of court; that he refused a fair hearing and trial to another citizen, and that he made an appointment of a man whom he knew to be of bad character. The Committee, after examining the facts, which need not be detailed here, declared that Judge Swayne's case was one of gross abuse of judicial power and misbehavior in office; that he has forfeited the respect and confidence of bar and people; that he has violated the law; that he has "so conducted himself as to earn the reputation of being susceptible to the malign influence of a man of notoriously bad character. He has shown himself to be harsh, tyrannical, and oppressive, unmindful of the common rule of a just

and upright judge." This is, indeed, a serious indictment, and there seems to be no other way of removing this Judge from office, if the charges are proved, than by the impeachment before Congress which this Committee recommends. A resolution has been introduced by Senator Hoar calling upon the Committee on Rules to report to the Senate whether its rules now permit, or can be so changed as to permit, the referring to a committee of power to take testimony during the summer with the intention to report the testimony to the Senate for the formal trial when the Senate meets in the fall. Congress is evidently desirous of avoiding a trial now, as it would prevent the much-wished-for early adjournment of Congress. In this connection it may be added that the committee of investigation into the standing of Senator Smoot will probably be continued through a special committee during the summer recess, so that no final report of that committee will be made to the Senate until the next session of Congress.



The Pension Extension Ruling

The extension of the scope of pension laws by executive order has attracted a good deal of attention in the country and evoked widespread dissent, which it is earnestly to be hoped will bear fruit in Congressional action. Senator Overman, of North Carolina, secured the adoption by the Senate, without opposition, of a resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior to inform the Senate whether an order has recently been issued enlarging the pension act of June 27, 1890, and amendments as to disabilities of applicants for pensions, and, if so, to send copies of the order to the Senate; and also to furnish information with regard to the amount, if any, the operation of this order will increase pensions annually, especially when the order shall have become fully operative. If the Democrats have the courage of their convictions, they will secure a thorough discussion of this action of the Bureau, not only as regards pensions, but also as regards the proper employment of the executive order. The authority of the President

of the United States ought not to be exercised independently of Congress in ordering the payment of money out of the Treasury to citizens not explicitly entitled to such payments under the law, unless in great crises or on a ground which can be easily and conveniently justified. The Outlook is strongly in favor of the most generous treatment of all men formerly in the service of the United States as soldiers who have suffered any real disability as the result of that service, but it is uncompromisingly opposed to a service pension, on the ground, first, that such a giving of money for services rendered for patriotic reasons and on a financial basis understood at the time would be degrading to the men who accept it; secondly, that it would give to men who have suffered no disablement a large sum of money which, if the country wishes to increase its pension appropriation, ought to be divided among those who need this kind of help, in the interests of the men who have suffered and of the dignity of the pension list and for the sake of the veterans of the Federal arms. The assumption that men are incapable of supporting themselves at sixty-two is grotesque when one remembers the leaders in public life and in the professions. The Secretary of the Interior who signed this order is sixty-nine years of age, the Pension Commissioner who is charged with its execution is sixty-three years old, the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior is sixty-seven, the Chairman of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions is sixty-five, the Speaker of the House is sixty-eight, the President of the Senate is seventy-three, and the President of the new Panama Canal Commission, charged with the most onerous and difficult tasks, is sixty-nine. It is a misfortune that the Administration did not consider these things before committing itself to a policy which is open to very serious criticism.



New York Legislation: Gambling

Three bills now before the New York Legislature are of more than local interest. District Attorney Jerome has prepared an amendment to the Penal Code which is known as the Jerome Anti-Gambling Bill. Under

the present law the Court of Appeals has decided that an unwilling witness in a criminal prosecution for gambling may refuse to testify, upon the ground that his testimony would tend to incriminate him. In the now famous Canfield gambling-house case the chief witness in District Attorney Jerome's prosecution of Canfield declined to testify, his refusal was sustained by the Court of Appeals, and the indictment had therefore to be dropped. The present amendment proposed by District Attorney Jerome provides that no witness of or participant in a criminal gambling act may be excused from testifying or producing documents in the case on the ground that such testimony will tend to incriminate him. It further provides that no such person shall be prosecuted or punished in any way on account of his evidence. The reasons that have led the District Attorney to desire this modification in the law are very interesting. The notorious Canfield is alleged to have been the proprietor of one of the most expensive, elaborate, and exclusive gambling-houses in the city of New York. His house was raided by District Attorney Jerome, who very justly, it seems to us, takes the ground that the petty criminal gambler should not be punished while the wealthy and powerful violator of the law with social influence behind him goes free. Mr. Jerome believes that with his amendment to the Penal Code he will be enabled to bring into court witnesses of such prominence in the community that he can thus close up gambling-houses which it is impossible for him to reach in any other way. The wholesome effect upon the community of a law so framed that rich and powerful violators shall suffer the same penalties as the poor and influential transgressor is manifest. The debate in the Legislature over the Jerome Anti-Gambling Bill has been of a sensational nature which goes very far towards sustaining the popular opinion that it is often very difficult to reach men of wealth and social prestige through the courts.

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Public Parks Public interest and apprehension has been excited by a bill introduced by Senator Dowling which provides for the erection of tem-

porary school buildings in some of the public parks of New York City. Under the express terms of the bill the two great parks—Central Park and Prospect Park—are exempt from this unwise encroachment upon the recreation grounds of the people, but the smaller parks in congested districts of the city may be taken for school buildings. It is true that, pending the erection and completion of new school buildings which are planned, New York is seriously suffering from lack of necessary accommodation for school-children. Undoubtedly, temporary buildings are an urgent necessity, but that necessity can be perfectly well met by the erection of temporary buildings upon city property other than that used for parks and recreation purposes, or upon private property which may be bought for the purpose. New York has increased its park area, especially in the crowded districts of the city, only after great and patient struggles on the part of the people, aided by a few public-spirited citizens of the type of Jacob A. Riis. We can hardly believe that the Board of Education or the city administration will permit the mistake to be made of putting school buildings on park property. New York needs more space for sunshine and air in its crowded city streets—not less.

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Unjust Mortgage Taxation The Bostwick bill for the taxation of mortgages brings before the New York Legislature a subject to which The Outlook has called the attention of its readers frequently during the past three years. Under the present law mortgaged real estate is subject to unjust double taxation in this State. The owner pays taxes on the value or assessed valuation of his property, and the holder of the mortgage is supposed to pay the personal tax on the face value of his mortgage. This year that tax amounts to about two per cent. The injustice of this method of taxation is manifest, and its inexpediency in New York City and other large cities of the State is equally patent, for, as a matter of fact, the holders of mortgages to a very large extent succeed, by technical expedients or by actual

falsehood, in evading the payment of taxes on these mortgages. As The Outlook has previously said, theoretically the most just method of taxing mortgaged property would be that pursued in California. In that State the mortgagee and the mortgagor each pay their respective shares of the tax on the property. But at present in New York it appears to be impossible to establish this method. The reform aimed at in the Bostwick bill is one which has been recommended by Governor Odell and has been indorsed by such bodies as the New York Chamber of Commerce. In the judgment of The Outlook, it ought to be made a law, because its effect will be to combine a greater amount of revenue with a greater amount of justice than any method thus far devised. The Bostwick bill proposes to make mortgages exempt from all local taxes, but provides a fee of one-half of one per cent., which must be paid at the time of the recording of the mortgage. As all mortgages must be recorded to make them secure, the payment of this tax of five mills on each dollar is practically automatic and unavoidable, and so the conscientious taxpayer is not discriminated against in favor of the unscrupulous taxpayer. Moreover, it is calculated by competent authorities that the revenue to the State from this method will be very much larger than the revenue under the present method, although the rate of taxation is nearly a quarter less. The districts outside of the great cities, where avoidance of the direct taxation of mortgages is difficult, may receive less local revenue under the Bostwick bill than they do now, but they ought to support the measure, since the total tax revenue of the State will really be increased. Opposition to this reform in the taxation of mortgages has, unfortunately, in the past come pretty largely from holders of mortgages who profit by the present method through their dishonorable evasion of any taxation whatever.

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Trees and the City Streets
The attractive report of the Tenement Shade Tree Committee of the New York Tree Planting Association calls attention to a very interesting public-spirited effort to

increase the beauty and comfort of the city. The climate of New York in mid-summer is at times semi-tropical. The discomforts of the hot temperature are greatly augmented by the radiation and reflection of the rays of the sun from the miles of pavement and the acres of brick and stone surface in the great buildings that line the city streets. In the early days trees in the streets of New York were not uncommon, but such trees as did originally grow outside of the city parks have gradually but surely been destroyed by the tearing up and excavating of streets in the various necessary municipal "improvements" of the last twenty-five years. In its treeless condition New York makes a sad showing in comparison with most of the Continental capitals. This lack of shade, and of rest to the eye, and so of peace to the mind, which the green leaves of a tree give in midsummer, the Tree Planting Association is endeavoring to supply. The Association has proved, by practical success, notwithstanding the pavements, the trolley conduits, the subways, and the vast network of pipes and wires which underlie our city streets, that trees may be planted and will grow if a little thought and care are given to them. It will probably astonish some of our readers who live in the smaller cities and in country towns where the tree is an essential part of their lives, to learn that fifteen dollars is required for the proper planting and care of a street tree. To plant a tree in a New York street is quite a different thing from setting one out on a lawn or country highway. The stone flagging must be cut and removed, good loam must be put in the place of the unfertile street soil, an iron guard must be erected to protect the tree from passing vehicles or from reckless street passengers, and during the first two or three years of its life the tree must be watched and watered at some expense. Not one of the least useful results of the work of the Tree Planting Association is the cultivation of a love of nature among street children. Each tree planted by the Tenement Shade Tree Committee bears a small enameled sign with this inscription, "This tree is a gift to all children. Be its friend." The Committee has found

that the Carolina poplar is the best tree for its purpose; "it is quick-growing, very hardy, and moreover its foliage is enduring and of a beautiful color—a green which Sargent [Professor Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum] says is unrivaled in all the American forest." The writer of this paragraph, as he looks out of his office window upon the great brick wall which shuts him in, feels like exclaiming, Long life to the Carolina poplar and to the New York Tree Planting Association!



**The Greek Play
in New York**

The performance of the "Ajax" of Sophocles by members of five East Side Greek Settlements in this city last week was a unique and interesting event at the close of the dramatic season. It is a revival rather than an innovation in the way of Greek tragedy in the original in New York, for twenty years ago brilliant assemblies applauded Mr. George Riddle's production of "Edipus Tyrannus." It is safe to say that the large and representative audiences which filled Clinton Hall were vastly more interested in the manner of interpretation than in the unfolding of the plot, which deals, in brief, with the madness and death of Ajax after his overthrow by Odysseus, the dispute between Teucros, Menelaos, and Agamemnon over the disposal of the body, and its final burial with honor through the pity of Odysseus, his victorious rival. The representation throughout was marked by earnestness and sincerity; the lines were delivered rhythmically, accompanied by simple and effective gesture. The last half of the tragedy, after the death of Ajax, far exceeds the first part in interest and dramatic power. With the exception of a musician, a lawyer, and a physician, all the actors are men who earn their living in the workshop, the factory, the store, and on the street, while dreaming dreams, seeing visions, and looking forward to wider opportunities in the land of their adoption. It is worthy of note that these Greeks possessed not only the imagination to enter sympathetically into the spirit of one of the great masterpieces of literature, but were also able to pre-

sent it in such a way as to give genuine enjoyment to an audience of cultivated people. In the final words of the chorus, "Many things shall mortals learn by seeing; but before he sees, no man may read the future, or his fate."



**An East Side
Social Center**

The theater in which the play was given is in some respects as interesting as the performance itself. Clinton Hall is a five-story building of colonial design on Clinton Street, near the entrance to the new East River Bridge. That quarter of the city is one of its most crowded sections. The streets teem with children, young men and women, peddlers' carts, and moving groups of people day and night. Small shops and crowded tenements of foreign aspect line the way. Clinton Hall has been erected by the Social Halls Association of New York. While this Association is incorporated on a business footing, and proposes to so conduct Clinton Hall and other similar buildings erected by it that the earnings shall return a fair rate of interest to the investor, a social purpose is at the basis of the enterprise. Clinton Hall contains two restaurants—one where men can smoke—halls for dancing, lodge and club rooms, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, a roof garden, and an audience hall. The main hall, in which "Ajax" was performed last week, is rented for theatrical performances, weddings, balls, and other social festivities. It is really a charming assembly-room, and would be so considered if it stood on upper Broadway. The *foyer*, or entrance hall, is attractive, and the restaurant is dainty in every appointment. The influence of such a building upon the social and art life of the community in which it stands can hardly be overestimated, and the plan and impulse which are behind the enterprise are admirable, and it deserves the fullest success. It will be a good thing for the entire city if the Social Halls Association can make Clinton Hall so successful as a business enterprise that similar buildings may be erected for the same purposes by the Association in other quarters of the city.

**The St. Bartholomew
Conference**

"Perhaps the most comprehensive and most important conference of ministers representing the churches of the United States ever held in this city," in the words of Bishop Greer, was held on March 23 at St. Bartholomew's Parish House in New York. The delegates present represented the Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal (North and South), Reformed, Lutheran, Baptist, Congregational, and the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, and included some of the most prominent church leaders in the United States. The purpose of the gathering was to take some action with regard to the prevalence of divorce. Two ideas lay behind this purpose: one, the idea of bringing about a more uniform legislation on the subject throughout the United States, either by co-operation between the States or by amendment to the Federal Constitution; the other, the idea of bringing about a more uniform practice on the part of the churches. With regard to the former no definite action was taken. Objection to a Constitutional amendment was raised on the ground that any resulting Federal law, since it would be almost inevitably in the nature of a compromise, would probably be more lax than the best of the State laws. As regards effecting more uniform laws among the States, a committee was chosen to prepare an appeal to the public; it was plain, however, that the churches would gain more influence if first they should make more uniform their own practice. To that end the following resolution was passed, with but one dissenting vote:

Resolved, That, in recognition of the comity which should exist between Christian Churches, it is desirable, and would tend to increase the spirit of Christian unity, for each Church represented in the Conference to advise, and, if ecclesiastical authority will allow, to enjoin, its ministers to refuse to unite in marriage any person or persons whose marriage the ministers have good reason to believe is forbidden by the laws of the Church in which either party seeking to be married holds membership.

This Conference is likely to have a position of some historic importance in two respects: first, as a step toward higher ideals regarding divorce; second, as a

step toward real church unity. The evil of ill-regulated divorce is one that strikes at the foundation of the State, which is the family. No expression of remonstrance against this evil can be insignificant. There are already societies organized to combat it. But necessarily such societies are composed of people who are especially concerned in the problem, and who therefore lead rather than constitute public opinion. The churches, on the other hand, are to a great extent representative of the people at large. And when they unite in emphasizing an idea, their action tells something of the state of public opinion in general. As a step toward church unity, the action of this Conference will be hailed by every one who is disturbed at the warring of sects. It also is an illustration of the fact that church unity is being brought about less by agreement in doctrine, or by organic amalgamation, than by concurrent action in practical matters that concern the Christian ideal.



**Dr. Strauss
Triumphant**

To be the most talked about of all present-day composers, to be the center of several circles variously made up of the jeering, the worshipping, the judicial, and the merely bored, to succeed in eliciting from the same people at one moment expressions of praise and respect, at another exclamations of disappointment and even disgust—this has been the experience of Dr. Richard Strauss in America. In Cleveland and Pittsburgh he was entertained by admirers. In Morgantown, West Virginia, he was the recipient of honors seldom accorded to any man (even an office-holder), doubly significant when shown to a man as an artist; banks, shops, and schools were closed, the Governor of the State made a journey expressly to greet him, the Pittsburgh Orchestra was brought to the city to perform a concert under his direction, the cadets of the State University acted as his escort, and the freedom of the city, symbolized by a banner inscribed in gold and a cut-glass key, was presented to him by the Mayor and the City Council. That this ovation was made possible by the energy of a single Strauss enthusiast

simply shows how much unsuspected musical appreciation there is in the American people which only needs cultivation; for this occasion was not a sudden spectacular outburst, but the natural outcome of a course of musical training carried on in the community by the dean of the local music college. Undoubtedly such an ovation betokens capacity for enjoyment rather than ability to discriminate; but art must always be enjoyed before any specific works of art can be judged. As for that, Dr. Strauss has had his share of criticism, severe criticism too, especially in New York.



The Two Strauss The event in New York during the "Strauss festival" which more than any other called forth this criticism was the performance on March 21, for the first time anywhere in public, of the "Symphonia Domestica." It is a huge work, lasting nearly an hour and requiring somewhat more than all the forces of a modern orchestra. It is supposed to express the experiences of "mamma, papa, and baby" (not to mention two aunts) in their experiences during a day at home. The baby is disciplined, washed, and put to bed; "papa," who is Dr. Strauss himself, and "mamma" discuss the method of the child's education, and there is a disturbance of some sort—interpreters differ as to whether it is a thunderstorm or an instance of "papa's" method of composing his own music. At this first performance Dr. Strauss merely hinted at a "programme," because, so it was said, he wanted the Symphonia judged as a piece of absolute music. One ecstatic admirer declares the result a proof that such music requires a "programme" in order to be understood. This is as if a painting by Corot could be appreciated only after reading a printed description of the ten-acre lot depicted. Dr. Strauss is supposed to attempt being droll in his music. After listening to this composition, however, one questions whether Dr. Strauss possesses a sense of humor. A day at home represented in sound that could not be more emphatic if it set forth the *Dies Irae* is a sad joke. In striving to avoid conven-

tionality Dr. Strauss generally succeeds in merely inventing new conventions. Many passages of greatest contrapuntal complexity and most ingenious orchestral distortion have a commonplace effect much like that, as one hearer expressed it, of "chord on g, one, two, three, four, chord on c, one, two, three, four." Really there are two Strausses, Richard and the Doctor. With or without a programme, Dr. Strauss may be an "extraordinary philosopher and psychologist" (we quote an admirer again), but he is no more of an artist than, say, Doré. But Richard Strauss is quite different. He gave a recital of his songs with his wife as soloist and himself as accompanist. He played with an ease and mastery that irritated some critics because there was no sign of display. To the sympathetic hearer, on the other hand, it seemed as if he and his wife were entertaining friends in their own music-room. The songs are almost without exception primarily beautiful and only secondarily ingenious. Occasionally Dr. Strauss seems to have been a collaborator of Richard Strauss, and then the hearer exclaims, "What a baffling change of tonality!" In turn Richard Strauss sometimes assists the Doctor in writing an orchestral work, and the hearer exclaims, "What a flash of beauty!" But in general it may be said that Richard Strauss writes songs and has written some instrumental music of absolute beauty, while Dr. Strauss constructs psychological-orchestral-tone-productions.



The Free Churches of England This year's meeting of the National Council of the Free Churches of England, held last month at Newcastle, afforded a large outlet for the indignation to which the impolitic Education Act has roused full half of the people of the country. That the opposition to it is not limited to the Free Churches was evidenced by the speech of an Anglican, Sir George Kekewich, who affirmed that he represented thousands of the laity and hundreds of the clergy of the Established Church, in opposition to the Act, and urged the Free Churches to carry on their fight against it. Mr. James

Bryce, in Mr. Gladstone's time a Cabinet Minister, declared that the settlement of the controversy must include two things—absolute equality between the Free Churches and the Church of England, and absolute control of the schools by the people. The warmth of feeling on this subject may be estimated by the fact that during the past nine months over thirteen thousand have been brought into court for refusal to pay taxes for sectarian teaching, and their goods distrained in consequence. As indicative of the spirit animating these "passive resisters," one of The Outlook's warm friends, a lady over eighty years of age, and quite infirm, rather than pay seventy cents as a tax at which her conscience revolted, preferred to be summoned to court, make public protest there, and incur costs of \$3.65. A few cases of exorbitant severity, as stripping five rooms of furniture to meet a tax of \$3.65, serve to accentuate the general resentment. A considerable section of the council cheered the President, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, upon his declaration that religious teaching in the schools should be eliminated altogether, rather than that it should be given by the Romanizing clergy. Mr. Meyer's address pressed the duty of Christian men to engage in political action against crying public evils. Social and political questions are more freely treated in such meetings in England than in church assemblies in this country. On this occasion the gambling evil was discussed, and the enforcement of law against it demanded; the Government was called upon to discharge England's duty to oppressed Macedonia; the recent legalization of Chinese coolie labor in South Africa was denounced—all in formal resolutions. On the last-named subject Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") spoke strongly in an address on "The Coarsening of National Ideals" through the commercialism of the time, declaring it a national shame that Parliament had sanctioned "a measure for creating a body of serfs within the Empire to increase the gains of a wealthy industry." The religious spirit animating the treatment of public questions seems to have appeared in the rapt attention with which the Council

listened for sixty-five minutes to Dr. Fairbairn's sermon on "Salvation by Grace through Faith."



Protection for the Family

Among the more important agencies at work for social betterment none are more important, as going to the root of the matter, than those that care for the social unit—the family. In this line, though with a deplorably inadequate treasury, the National League for the Protection of the Family is accomplishing much, and its reports are widely sought for by students of sociology. Its twenty-fourth report records a decided growth of public interest. Fifteen States, with Alaska, Arizona, and the District of Columbia, show by a variety of recent enactments a general tendency toward uniformity of legislation for the safeguarding of the family. Pennsylvania, in particular, has adopted and amplified in a law concerning marriage licenses some excellent provisions of the German marriage laws that are worthy of general imitation. On the other hand, the proposed Uniform Act on Divorce, drafted several years ago, remains untouched by the Conference of State Commissions on Uniform Legislation. Of the nine States that publish divorce statistics annually only Connecticut seems to be effecting much reduction of the divorce rate. Insanity as a legal cause for divorce has been for some years disappearing, but Utah has recently added it. To an account of the Rhode Island experiment for harmonious action of the clergy in the matter of marrying divorced persons the pertinent comment is added that "it is not wise for the Church to permit the State to outstrip it in efforts to reform itself." A new ally of the League has appeared in the Religious Education Association with its Home Department. An important suggestion is that the Home Department of the Sunday-School, devised by the Secretary of the League in 1885, and now with hundreds of thousands in its membership, should be supplemented by a Home Department of the Church to secure the proper engagement of the home in the activities of the church. The increase of crime and

lawlessness is turning attention to the fact that low domestic morals are a prolific root of all evils, and the urgent need of attacking them at this root. This valuable report and kindred literature may be had of the Secretary, Dr. S. W. Dike, Auburndale, Massachusetts, to whom stamps for postage to applicants will be acceptable.

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An Easter Thought

The Light of Life

There is no record of the earliest appearance of the idea of immortality; it is older than the oldest history. For many centuries men have known that death was an illusion—somber, appalling, often heartbreaking, but nevertheless an illusion; not the end of the drama, but the darkening of the stage while the scenes are shifted that another act may begin under a fairer sky in a happier country. In the far-off past, when men were looking at the world for the first time with conscious intelligence, they knew that those who went out of their homes did not go out of existence, but waited, dim and shadowy, on the boundaries of human life, or haunted invisibly the places they loved, or lingered, melancholy and hopeless, but still conscious, in worlds as shadowy as themselves. In the beautiful fancy of the Japanese, those who have vanished from the ways of life come back at times to their old homes, bringing a deep and tender peace with them. To them, as to the Chinese, the worship of ancestors means that the dead have not only not ceased to be, but have gone over to join the greater and freer spirits who live the larger and diviner life. The Greek saw in every return of spring, when the tide of life came flooding back, the hint and sign of immortality, and treasured his great hope behind the veil of the mysteries into which only the initiated were admitted. Savage and highly developed races have shared alike in the revelation of immortality, and every race, according to its insight and culture, has given form and speech to this sublime idea. The belief in what the scientists call the persistence of force is apparently instinct-

ive; men do not conceive of an end of the power they feel within themselves until they have become cynical or introspective or critical in their attitude toward life.

The pale figure which haunted the antique imagination dimmed the light but did not extinguish it; the living knew that those who had parted from them, and whose ashes were piously guarded in memorial urns, could still be reached and affected by the affection and devotion of the living. Antigone, the type of sisterly self-sacrifice, faced death that she might give her brother's shade rest; and Ulysses talked in the underworld with the heroes who fell by his side on the plain of Troy. The morbid and saddened imagination of the Middle Ages saw death as a grim and repulsive skeleton, the touch of whose icy hand meant the passing of earthly happiness, the solitary journey of Everyman, the awful loneliness of the descent into the grave, the judgment seat beyond.

To the freer modern mind, in the fuller and richer modern life, death is no pale ghost summoning the living to leave the light and warmth of the sun and wander disconsolate along the boundaries of being; no grim and ghastly skeleton coming unbidden to the feast and in the happiest hour summoning the trembling spirit to its last accounting. The dim shadow and the terrible destroyer have vanished, and in their place has come the great, benignant, mysterious figure of Mr. Watts's "Love and Death." The passionate defense of Love, wild with grief, cannot hold the door against the irresistible strength of the messenger; but in that great form, towering above the helpless defender, pressing upon the door with a purpose that cannot be stayed, there is no malice, no antagonism; there is a noble dignity as of one come from heaven, the minister of an authority to which all doors must open, and of a wisdom as tender as it is fathomless, by which the immortal spirits of men are forever guarded from harm. "You may kill us," said an early Christian martyr, "but you cannot harm us." There is often heart-rending sorrow in death, for it brings appalling loneliness with it; but there is

peace, fulfillment, the joy of the perfect life.

What men in the earliest stages dimly divined, and men of a larger culture hoped for and expressed in noble dreams, Christ brought to light. Death was as much of an illusion before as after his resurrection; but that which was vaguely felt or poetically conceived became, in his triumph over the grave, a historical fact which transformed a little group of weak, vacillating men, who shared the moral blindness of their race, into a company of heroes eager to bear witness in all places and ready to face death in all forms. They hoped and dreamed no more; they knew, and in the certainty of their knowledge they spoke as those who had put their fingers into the places where the spear pierced and the nails were driven, who had heard the voice speaking that for three long days was silent, and had seen him walking who was wrapped in grave-clothes and laid in a sepulcher.

In their early conscious life men felt that they were not born to die, and that death was not an ending but a changing of the course, because they were dimly conscious of the indestructible force within them. In every later age men have been compelled to make the same great inference to satisfy reason and to appease the heart; for if we are but the dust of the earth become conscious for a time, life and the world are alike incomprehensible. In these later days a deeper process of thought and a wider observation have affirmed that no force ceases to be. And One has lived who died as all men die and was buried, and came out of the sepulcher not only with the light of life undimmed within him, but so visibly holy and immortal that they who were most familiar with him fell at his feet and worshipped him.

The light has come, and the faint stars of early hope and dream have faded from the sky; but mists and shadows still linger about the places where men toil and suffer, and many who sit in the darkness of closed rooms and silent homes cannot, at the moment, see the brightness of the sky above them. Not until the first long hours of loneliness have passed will they open the

windows and doors and look up at the heavens. On every Easter day there is a new group of mourners, for there are newly made graves over the whole earth. To those who cannot hear the notes of joy in the Easter bells for memory of the recent sorrow these tones bring with them, the Christ comes, not with reproach, but with infinite patience and tenderness. He knew not only the victory at the tomb, but also the sadness of Gethsemane; he remembers that human hearts, with all their weakness, have also the power of deathless affection. He knows that while to him the hope of immortality is a massive causeway glowing with lights spanning the blackness of the river, to us it is a crossing of stepping-stones, of which we see but one at a time as we pass down into the darkness and mystery of the stream which none save he has ever recrossed.



Make Washington Beautiful

When the Senate Commission on the Improvement of the District of Columbia made its report two years ago, its recommendations met with a practically unanimous indorsement throughout the country, and its suggestions as to the gradual development of the Mall between the Capitol and the Washington Monument were pronounced particularly happy. The fact that the principle on which its detailed plans were based was a return to the original plan of Washington, Jefferson, and L'Enfant struck a responsive chord, and the proof of the possibilities of their scheme gave just foundation for the sentiment. It may seem odd that, while the report was presented January 15, 1902, Messrs. Saint Gaudens, Olmsted, Burnham, and McKim, who composed the Commission, were not called before any Congressional committee until March 12, 1904. As a matter of fact, however, there has been no serious need for their presence, as during its session last year Congress made distinct headway in providing means for securing the key to the entire improvement. That key is the removal

of the Pennsylvania Railroad's tracks from the Mall, now assured, an improvement that, with the expense of the erection of the new Union Station, will cost \$11,000,000, of which Congress provided \$4,000,000. The importance of this action cannot be overestimated. The Mall is to be the central feature of the whole development. The Commission gave its detailed dimensions most careful study, and finally decided on the dignified scheme of a tapis-vert in the center, three hundred feet in width, flanked on either side by four rows of American elms, the whole width being eight hundred and ninety feet; Government buildings are plotted to front on the Mall thus created. It was obvious that if the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, which stretched directly across the Mall, were permitted to remain, the whole scheme was impossible of fulfillment. Yet there was some danger that the House of Representatives would not act because of an unfortunate omission when the Commission was formed. The Senate alone authorized its appointment, the services of the members of the Commission being paid for out of the Senate's emergency fund. When the Commission made their report, the members of the House expressed considerable 'discontent and annoyance, apparently because no credit was due the House. But the finding of ways and means to carry out a public plan is much more difficult than its suggestion, and, apparently realizing that therefore its share of the credit will be at least equal to the Senate's, the House wisely chose to ignore the irritation and took the initiative referred to. But now this notable beginning, secured a year ago at this expense of several millions, may go utterly for naught.

There is serious danger that the new building of the Department of Agriculture may be placed on the south side of the Mall so that it will jut into it one hundred and fifty feet, far enough to block completely the four rows of elms on that side. A location was plotted for it by the Commission on the north side, where there is abundant room for it, and where it will add greatly to the dignity and beauty of the Mall, and will itself have

an adequate setting. It is known that President Roosevelt favors this situation, but it is thought that the Secretary of Agriculture is somewhat inclined to the other. In order to prevent such encroachment on the space to be occupied by the Mall, by this or any other building, Representative Powers and Senator Newlands have introduced in their respective branches of Congress identical bills, providing that no building shall be erected within four hundred and forty-five feet of a line drawn from the center of the dome of the Capitol to the center of the Washington Monument. The Senate Committee called the members of the Commission and others before it on March 12, and, after a lengthy hearing, reported the bill favorably. The House Committee has not yet indicated its intention. Unless that intention is to act favorably, the Commission and other representatives of the entire country should be given a hearing. The development of Washington is distinctly a National matter. Not only do the eight hundred improvement associations throughout the country look to Washington for their ideal, but every patriotic American desires that the Federal City shall represent in a reasonable way the noblest type of civic beauty that the country can conceive. It is of the utmost concern to all Americans that Washington be made a beautiful city. As a rule, American cities are extremely ugly, and the time is not far distant when Americans will revolt against the ugliness of urban surroundings. So far, ugliness must be excused on the ground of ignorance; but Congress will not have that excuse if it condemns the Capital to permanent disfigurement. Paris had to be reconstructed by the process of Haussmanization—a process costly enough. Owing to the foresight of Washington and his fellow-planners, the city of Washington needs no radical reconstruction. But, if a harmonious result is to be produced, the original plans of the city, as developed by the Commission, must be adhered to consistently. Surely the House of Representatives will not permit its own splendid initiative to be frustrated by the location of the Agricultural

Building or any other structure on the Mall. The passage of the Powers-Newlands bill will tend to insure the gradual development of the Mall on dignified and beautiful lines. The bill ought to pass.

The Freedom of Wealth

Mr. Carnegie's gift to Tuskegee, not long ago, with its avowed purpose of freeing Dr. Booker T. Washington from anxiety as to the future support of his family, so that his whole powers may be undividedly given to his great work for his race, was a suggestive gift. Wealth can set a man free to serve; we see it exemplified here. Can it also set him free from the obligation to serve?

In this world of ours, as at present constituted, the majority of us have to spend most of our time working for a living. In working for a living, also, we find ourselves largely dependent upon the wills and ideas of others, and of the community at large. We are not free either as to our time or our purposes. Instead of wide plans, we have to make narrow ones; instead of hours and days, minutes are all we have to spare. Those of us who want to do unselfish works of service are often restricted to very small efforts in such lines. We have to fall back, in the end, on the evident truth that, in so far as we do our own particular personal bit of the world's daily drudgery honestly and cheerfully, we thus, in that measure, help to accomplish the work of the world rightly. Our work withholds us from liberty of action; but, at the same time, it absolves us from the responsibilities of an unchartered freedom.

The rich enter into this freedom. When a man no longer has to work for a living, but only for superfluities and power, he has left the wholesome absolutions of necessity behind. Others must toil; his hours and days are his own. Like the feudal vassal who commuted forced personal service by a money payment, his fortune sets him free. But free for what? The world releases him from its obligations of drudgery. But can he be freed from the divine obligation of service? Service, somewhere, somehow, he was

created for, and from this law he can never be exempted. He is free to serve—to do the unpaid, ungrudging higher services of men to their race. He has been called up higher; but the obligations of duty are not removed.

In practice, however, what generally happens? When a man has enough to live on, instead of stopping the intensity of his daily work, he often keeps it up for the sheer pleasure of making more money, or adding luxuries to personal or family life. It is a commonplace of observation that many a man labors on when his gains are far beyond normal requirements, in order that social ambitions may be realized by his household. His wealth does not free him; it only piles more baggage on his back as he travels on in the world. He has not even the excuse of working for a living, no matter how hard he works. He is working for luxuries which inevitably corrupt and derange life; and good cannot come to him, his family, or the world from such a viciously false state of things.

Or, higher still, comes the man whose fortune bulks too large to leave him any excuse for continued toil at all. He administers his millions, and makes his money payments to the world—charities, educational gifts, and so on. But his personal service—not at all. He practically repudiates the idea. Not liberty to serve, but license to live at ease, is what he expects his riches to bring him. Made free to serve, he evades the obligation as a matter of course. Yet even he, at times, has an uneasy sense of possible accounting. A certain lawyer the other day, drawing up the will of such a multi-millionaire, suggested to him that, in view of probable newspaper criticism after his death, it might be well to leave at least one large bequest to charity. His client nodded. "I guess you're right. You know more of such things than I do, so just put down a million for any charity you please, and then let's get down to business."

The outcry against wealth in these days of the greatest wealth the world has ever seen has this solid truth behind it—that riches that commute personal service by money payment, or repudiate

it altogether, are corrupting to social and national life. It is this aspect of wealth that the Gospels rebuke, with a direct rebuke that Christianity cannot afford to explain away. But where riches are used, loyally and personally, to render large and far-reaching service, beyond the power of ordinary men, there should be none so foolish as to object to the fortune or its possessor. It would be hard to imagine, for example, any criticism of Miss Helen Gould's fortune or services. Wealth, subject to this law of liberty, is a sociological blessing, not a sociological danger. Is it a baseless dream that in an educated class, thus set free for social service, America may yet produce a new nobility, far higher than any selfish aristocracy, greedy of personal luxuries, that the world has ever known?



The Papacy in International Affairs

Recent events in Europe have made it plain that the Papacy is an important element in international politics and that the Roman Catholic Church must be reckoned with by all the Great Powers. The policy of Leo XIII. was so broad and modern, as compared with that of his predecessors, that a working reconciliation was effected between the Papacy and modern society, which, wherever it is active and powerful, is essentially democratic. Pius X. is a man of a different type from his predecessor. He has had very little direct contact with the world outside Italy; but he is not only a religious man in the true sense of the word; he appears also to have a stock of common sense, a practical sagacity, and a catholic temper which are likely to make him wise in dealing with other countries and races.

It was not the fault of Leo that France arrayed itself by legislative action so definitely against the teaching of Catholic religious orders. If the Catholic clergy in France had been as wise as the Pope, and carried out in good faith the policy which he urged upon them, it is highly probable that the present acute stage of friction between the Gov-

ernment and the Church would not have been reached. That the Ministry of M. Combes has gone too far, and that its measures have been too drastic, is the judgment of many of the best friends of France among Protestants; but it is undeniable that the attitude of many of the leading ecclesiastics in France has been irritating in the last degree, and that many ecclesiastical teachers, departing entirely from the attitude urged upon them by Leo, have been instilling reactionary principles into the minds of their pupils, and prejudicing them against the Republic. The public disapproval of the drastic repression of teaching by religious orders recently expressed by Pius X. was a necessary result of recent legislation; no Pope could have taken any other ground. But there seems to be no question that a great majority of Frenchmen are supporting the policy of M. Combes, and that the proposed law of congregations, inaugurated some time ago for the purpose of extirpating the teaching of religious orders, will be adopted. In every case in which this question has been before the Chamber of Deputies the Government has held its majority, the only exception being the modification of the term during which the provisions of the bill shall be carried out—the period of ten years having been substituted for the period of five. There is every prospect at present that the bill will become a law in the near future; and if, as is anticipated in some quarters, the Ministry of M. Combes should fall, its fall will not be due to disapproval of its legislation, but to the growing disaffection of his supporters among the Socialists, who are angry with the Premier because of his failure to carry through legislative action providing for pensions for superannuated workmen.

France has long been the protector of Catholic Christians in the Far East, and the Vatican is likely to be slow in taking an extreme position toward the French Government, because no country can do what France has done except England or Germany, and both these countries are Protestant. Another consideration which is likely to hold the Papacy back from complete rupture with

France is the probability that any further irritation would lead to the abolition of the Concordat, the continuance of which French ecclesiastics seem to consider essential to the interests of the Church and of religion. The Radicals of all shades in the Chamber of Deputies would welcome any attitude of the Papacy towards the Republic which would justify them in moving for the abolition of the Concordat.

Germany, on the other hand, is bent on securing the best possible understanding with the Papacy. When Bismarck declared, early in the seventies, that he would not go to Canossa, he undoubtedly meant what he said; but twelve or thirteen years later events compelled him to go to Canossa, and the practical politician, with his usual disregard for consistency, quietly ignored his declaration and reversed his policy. That reversal was brought about by the necessity of securing Roman Catholic support against the growing Socialistic party. At the last election that party cast about 2,500,000 votes, and made an immense gain in representation in the Reichstag. Against this rapidly growing movement, which expresses, not antagonism to the Emperor or to the monarchy, but antagonism to the military system, to heavy taxation, and to extreme restriction of freedom of action, the Roman Catholics who form the Centrum in the Reichstag have become not only very valuable but indispensable allies. For the Roman Catholic Church is a great force for conservatism in the modern world. A high American authority has said that it is the most valuable police or regulative force in modern society. It is allied by instinct and by policy with all groups which stand for the sanctity of the home, for the inviolability of marriage, and for social stability and order. It was for this reason more than any other, probably, that Bismarck finally went to Canossa, and it is for this reason, under still greater pressure, that the last remnant of the Falk laws was recently erased from the statute-books.

Germany has great interests and great ambitions in the East, and the Emperor is one of the shrewdest and most far-seeing rulers of the day. He has shown

in many ways his desire to be on the best of terms with the Pope; he has visited Rome, and he has been cordially received at the Vatican. The restrictive laws enacted in Germany in 1872 and in 1873, followed by the expulsion of the Jesuits from that country, by the arrest of bishops and the closing of churches, have been erased one by one from the statute-book, and Germany is now in a position to take the utmost advantage of the coolness between the French Government and the Papacy. She would like to be the protector of Catholic Christians throughout the East in exchange for the support of German Catholics against Socialism. France will not willingly give up a position which she has held for many decades, nor will the Papacy willingly cast off French support in the East. It is difficult to see how the service which France rendered to Catholics could be rendered by either Germany or England. In any event, the great importance of the relations of both France and Germany to the Papacy evidences the reality of the power of the Roman Catholic Church in modern Europe, and evidences also the extraordinary success of the statesmanship of Leo XIII.



The Spectator

It was at the dog show some time since, amid an almost deafening babel of tongues, that the Spectator met a friend he had not seen since the college days of more than twenty years ago. There was no need to ask whence this old friend came. His dress told the story as plainly as words could have done. He was from the further Middle West, just east of the Rocky Mountains. How did the Spectator know so surely? The Spectator confesses that he cannot tell. Can one tell in words the difference between the fragrance of peaches and grapes? Maybe so, but the Spectator would not like to attempt it at this moment. Nor would he care to attempt to tell in what the differences in the dress of a man from the Middle West, the further Middle West, the Southwest, and the Northwest consist; but there are differ-

ences that one much less acute than Sherlock Holmes can detect in a moment, even though the differences are mainly in the head-coverings, and these coverings are all pretty nearly the same—soft felts with generous brims. That they should all be very much alike would seem to make the task the harder, but it is not, for the difference in the main is in the fashion of wearing the hats, of turning the brims up or down, in front, on the side, or behind, and of denting or creasing or crushing the crowns. Well, the Spectator's friend had his fashioned as they do a little this side of the foothills of the Rockies, and if any reader wants to know how that is, a journey to that region is recommended, in the confident belief that it will pay in many other ways.



It was not a desire for sartorial knowledge that had brought the Spectator's friend to New York and to the dog show. He came as a kind of commissioner from his neighborhood to buy young bloodhounds with which to start a kennel where dogs could be bred and trained to hunt the men who prey upon their fellows in a not very densely populated section. "We are not on the frontier," the Spectator's friend explained; "there is no frontier, in the old sense. Nor do we have more than our own share of dishonest people, and practically no desperadoes, certainly none of the kind that used to be described as bad men in the flash stories that we read when we were boys, and which are still somewhat current. But we have thieves and robbers, as you have here—thieves who more frequently than not baffle the skill of our officers. So we have concluded to try dogs, just as they have been tried in other parts of the West, where they have been astonishingly successful in running down fugitives of various kinds, particularly horse-thieves, or men who have carried off booty either on horseback or in buggies or wagons. Before coming," he explained, "I saw some experiments in Nebraska and Kansas which convinced me that bloodhounds in anything like an open country are almost invincible if they can be put on a track within twelve hours or so."

Recollections of the old-time horror that filled the North at the idea of running down fugitive slaves in the South with bloodhounds came to the Spectator, and he asked his friend if it were not rather inhuman to hunt men with dogs. "The idea of hunting men," was the answer, "is never nice, and hunting them with dogs does seem rather brutal. But in reality there is nothing any more cruel about hunting thieves with dogs than in any other way. In the West it is done with as much kindness as possible. To begin with, the dogs are not turned loose to run the track and follow and catch the quarry, but they are kept in leash, so that the huntsman reaches the quarry with the dog. This prevents harm to the man hunted, and harm also to the dogs hunting. The notion, however, that a bloodhound is a savage beast of prey should be dismissed. A well-trained bloodhound would no more think of attacking its quarry than a well-trained pointer or setter would think of jumping on a partridge or quail. The business of each is to seek and find. When the person or other animal sought is found by a bloodhound, its work is finished. The huntsman goes with the dogs, however, for another reason. The dogs would go so fast that no one could keep up to capture the fugitive when found, if they ran free; then, again, if the chase were long, the dogs would be apt to run themselves to death. Why, there have been chases in Nebraska of more than a hundred miles; and the percentage of failures has been most inconsiderable. To be sure, no court would accept the evidence of a dog as conclusive against a man; but in nearly every instance a dog-caught thief owns up and takes his medicine. I verily believe that a neighborhood supplied with several braces of well-trained bloodhounds would be more immune than if protected by a force of Pinkerton detectives. Dogs of this sort exert a very persuasive moral influence which deters, I fancy, to an extent by reason of its uncanniness. It is instinct against criminal cunning, and instinct is much the more unerring. Every criminal does something to 'give himself away,' but the dog detective does not reason and is not reasoned with—he

merely follows his nose, and that takes him straight to the end."



The Spectator learned that the best strains of bloodhound blood were in New England, where one or two breeders had imported dogs from Old England. There the dogs have been bred from time out of mind and kept pure more for bench show purposes than for any practical purposes. They have here and there, however, been trained, and now and then have been used in an experimental way in the effort to catch persistent criminals who defeated other means of capture. They have not been very successful, however, for the trails invariably led to large towns or cities where the track was so crossed and recrossed that the dogs were soon at fault. In some of the Western cases alluded to the trails ran into towns where there was more or less recrossing, but in many instances the dogs were successful, and in one notable case the young man sought was in the midst of a large crowd that had gathered to watch the dogs work. They went right up to him, and manifested the greatest pleasure when they had found him. He pretended to feel complimented at their attention; when accused, he stoutly denied all knowledge of the crime, but in the end, other evidence corroborating that of the dogs, he confessed.

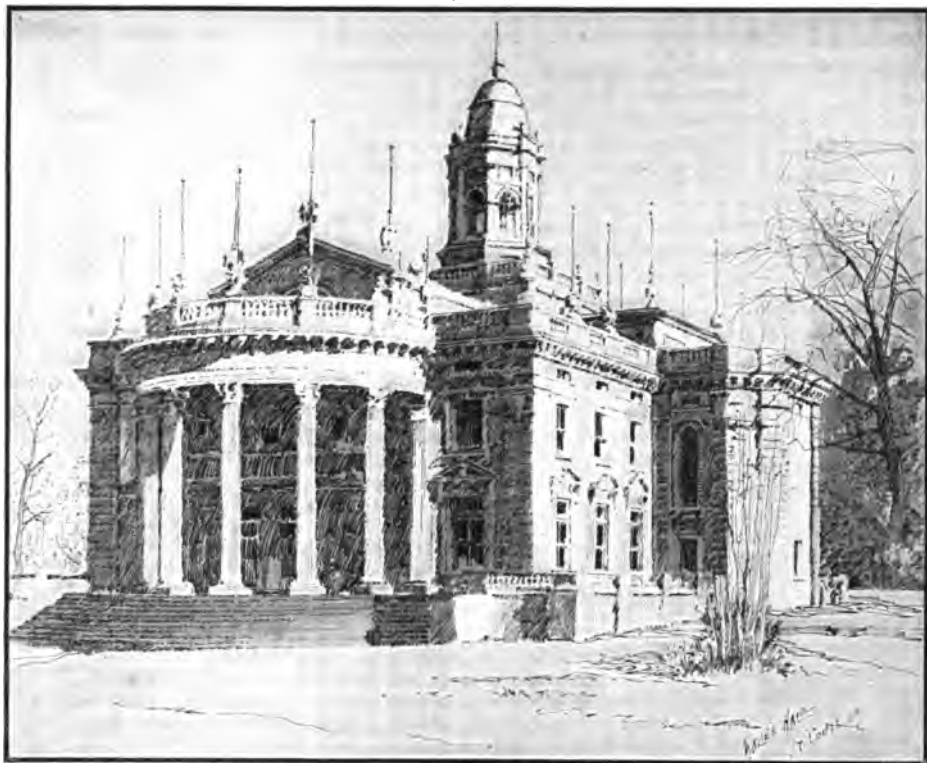


The Spectator had some talk with one of the New England breeders, and found him a man of notably gentle manners and kindly nature. He has been breeding dogs for many years, and has experience of many breeds. He is enthusiastic about the bloodhound merely as a dog, and quite apart from his extraordinary capacity to follow a trail. "They are very gentle and affectionate," he said, "and as companionable to have about as any dog that ever lived. Moreover, they are more reasonable than any other dog. By that I do not mean that they will learn tricks, that they will jump through hoops and do other circus tricks. They are not that kind. I should be ashamed to ask any such nonsense of a bloodhound. I could not look into his

sad and noble face and have any desire to so demean him. But he can reason and he can remember. Here are two cases of reasoning. A bloodhound was lying on the hearth at my house in front of an open fire. One of the children sat on him, and, thinking his ears too long, began clipping one off with the scissors. Had the dog jumped up, the child very likely would have been thrown into the fire, so the dog stayed still and merely yelped till some one came to the rescue. Was not that reason? Then, again, I had a bitch with a new litter of puppies. A youngster visiting at my place, a child the dog had never seen, wandered into the kennels where the mother and puppies were. Dogs are pretty savage at such times, and only the regular attendant is tolerated. In this case the mother left her puppies, and, taking the child by its sleeve, led it to the house where it could be cared for. Was not that reason? Now, this same dog was in the kennel inclosure and a man was painting the fence. She stuck her nose between the palings and the man jabbed the paint-brush in her face; her indignation was beyond bounds; she nearly went crazy, but she could not get through or over the fence. Now that man meant no harm; he was merely having his little joke. But the hound remembered and would never forgive the man, though he tried all he knew to apologize and make amends. She hated the very sight of him, and was evidently anxious to avenge the wrong. I had to discharge him for fear that the dog would attack him, and so bring upon herself and her kind an ill-deserved reproach. Give a dog a bad name, you know."

A Correction

The editors of the "Wall Street Journal" call our attention to an inadvertent but unfortunate error in the final installment of "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," which appeared in *The Outlook* for March 12. In that chapter Mr. Riis describes the attitude of Wall Street towards the President, and quotes a striking and significant editorial from one of our contemporaries which has expert and intimate knowledge of such matters. That editorial appeared in the "Wall Street Journal," published morning and evening by Messrs. Dow, Jones & Co. It was, however, erroneously credited to the "Wall Street News."



THE IOWA BUILDING

The State Buildings at the St. Louis Exposition

By Charles B. Wells

With Drawings by Walter Hale

MORE than one-half of the forty-three States and Territories to be represented by buildings of their own at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis this summer have their houses entirely finished and the keys turned in the doors awaiting the opening day—a fact which betokens a state of completeness which is as gratifying as it has been unusual in the experience of our several previous Expositions.

These buildings are destined to play a more important part in the social entertainment of visitors than hitherto has been the case. This will be due in a great measure to the fact that the

"Plaza of States" lies just within one of the great gates, which is served with a trolley line direct to the heart of the city; this in addition to the Intermural Railway, familiarly known as the "Mu," which connects this locality with "The Pike" and every other section of the Fair. This will make possible the elaborate scheme of evening receptions which has been planned, and which has been fostered by the extraordinarily generous appropriations for entertainments which have been made by the majority of our commonwealths. The only hotel located within the grounds stands in the midst of this section, and will nightly add its quota of six thousand guests to swell

the number of those to gladly welcome this social recreation as an attractive innovation in World's Fair experience. Although the main buildings will close their doors at sunset, "The Pike" will remain open in the evening, and, together with the gatherings in the State Buildings, may easily attract as large an attendance as will the day exhibits. Separate days have been set apart for celebration by each State, Territory, and Possession, so that scarcely an evening will pass that does not see some function in one or the other of the State Pavilions.

It would be difficult to find a more attractive spot for the location of these representative homes of the States. Here are wooded hills, ravines, and a lively brook, in fact everything which might be found in an ideal residential quarter of a wealthy suburb.

The buildings themselves are potent factors of historical interest, for more States than ever before have sought to commemorate some incident of National importance by reproducing such structures located within their boundaries as have been the scenes of history-making events. The Southern States have contributed largely in this respect.

Missouri's home, complete and ready for use, stands in a commanding position at the beginning of the "Plaza of States," on the brow of a hill just above and facing the elaborate United States Government Building. It is an imposing structure, of classical design, and is double the size of any other State Building on the grounds, its high and heavily ornamented dome being a striking feature of the view from almost any standpoint in this vicinity. Expending in its construction \$150,000 of the half-million so generously appropriated by the Legislature, the State Commissioners will have a balance of \$350,000 still in hand with which bountifully to entertain their guests.

Directly across the avenue from Missouri's stately pile stands completed the building which, by virtue of its historical association, should most command the visitor's attention. It is Louisiana's reproduction of "The Old Cabildo," the New Orleans City Government Build-

ing of the Spanish régime, as it existed in 1803 when the representatives of Napoleon and President Jefferson met there to complete the transfer of the 880,000 square miles of territory then known as "Louisiana," to celebrate which event this Exposition is held. The original "Cabildo" is still standing on Jackson Square, New Orleans, where it faces a park glowing with tropical trees and plants, while its duplicate here, at present, stands on frozen ground surrounded with ice and snow. It is built in three stories of typical French architecture, with a Roman arched arcade running the full length of two sides of the building, while surrounding the characteristic interior stone-paved court are balconies jutting out from the two upper floors on all sides, which lead directly to the prison cells. In the courtyard, during the Spanish occupation, criminals were punished with torture and death, and later it served as a public mart of slaves. Here the old Spanish stocks and other instruments of torture will be exhibited. In the council chamber, where the transfer actually took place, will be shown the original treaty between France and the United States. The building will be filled with objects of historical interest, and furnished throughout in the style peculiar to those ancient days.

Also completed, and scarcely less interesting than the old Cabildo, is the State Building of New Jersey, which again, as at the Columbian Exposition, presents Washington's Headquarters, the old Ford Tavern at Morristown. Surrounded by the more pretentious Indiana, Arkansas, and Iowa Buildings, this reminder of Revolutionary days is most striking in its quaintness. Viewed from without, its dormer windows, small window-panes, and huge outside stone chimneys suggest a colonial atmosphere which is not dispelled as one crosses the threshold to walk on rag carpets and sit on furniture of a bygone day before the huge fireplace of our great-great-grandfathers, as did Kosciusko, Lafayette, Putnam, Hamilton, and the numbers of other heroes who fought the good fight by the side of the Father of his Country.



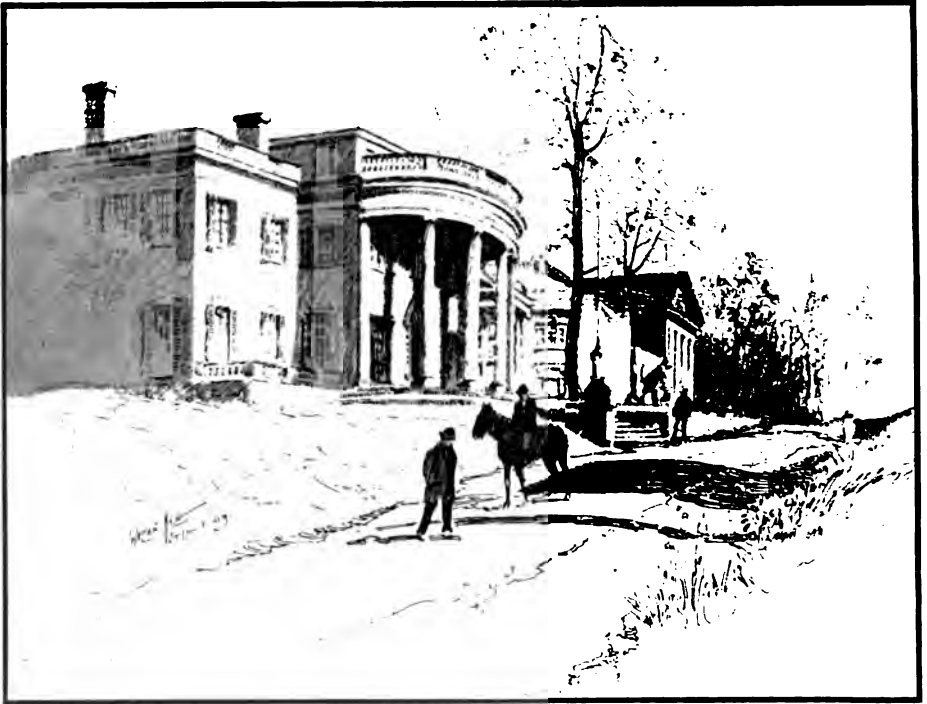
THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING FROM THE REAR

The Iowa Building, which was the first to be completed, commands a sweeping view from the southern extreme of the Plaza, and shows two Corinthian-columned portals on its wings which are certain to attract attention. In the interior a monster pipe-organ has been installed to assist in entertaining the guests of this State.

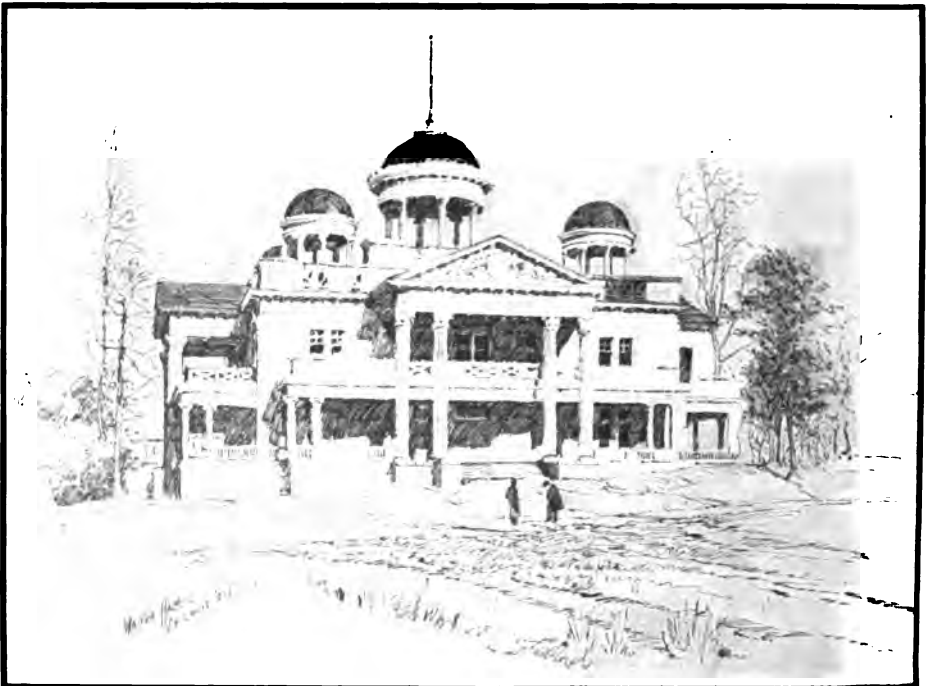
Virginia has reproduced "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, while New York State has paid a compliment to the Old Dominion in following that great founder of American Democracy's

design for the University of Virginia. Second only to the Missouri Building in size, it is located midway on the Plaza, and is in an advanced state of completion. The scaffolding has been left standing to facilitate the painters in their work, but a glimpse through the beams shows a Grecian colonnade running through the length of the entire front, while the low-domed cupola over the center surmounts what is certainly the most impressive piece of architecture erected by any of the States.

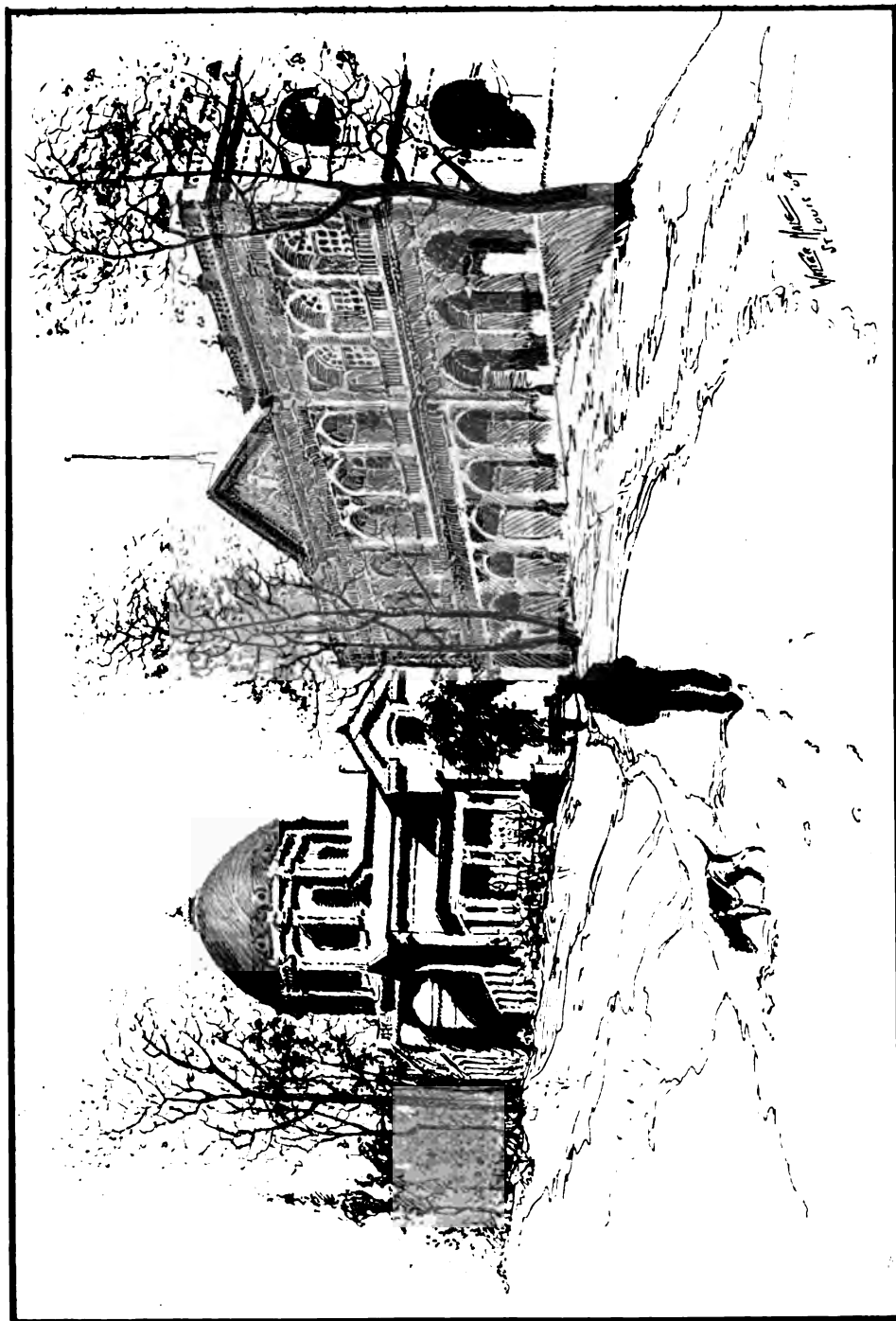
Washington has built a colossal



THE CONNECTICUT AND ARKANSAS BUILDINGS



THE WEST VIRGINIA BUILDING



THE MISSOURI AND LOUISIANA BUILDINGS

"wickiup," which faithfully represents on a large scale the prairie home of our extreme northwestern native wards, while Connecticut gives us the stately outlines

With the afternoon sun casting the shadow of these tall monoliths, as one glances up the avenue toward the majestic and graceful side portal of the Iowa



THE NEW JERSEY BUILDING

of Colonial Governor Sigourney's home, but recently still standing in Hartford. The exterior view is very pleasing. The dark-green front door, with its polished

Building, and the cozy, colonial architecture of Washington's headquarters, the eye rests with a feeling of gratified satisfaction.



THE WISCONSIN BUILDING

brass knocker, was brought from the original building to find a fitting rest under the impressive Ionic semicircular colonnade of the principal entrance.

Massachusetts has built an almost exact replica of the Bullfinch front of the old State House as it stood a century ago on Beacon Hill in Boston, while

Alabama and Georgia are also represented by reproductions of their old State Houses in Montgomery and Atlanta. Oregon gives us old Fort Clatsop, built at the mouth of the Columbia River by the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and Mississippi does honor to Jefferson Davis by presenting a typical mansion of the South in his old home "Beauvoir."

Tennessee and Wisconsin have both provided welcome architectural reliefs to the almost universally classic style of the other States; the former in adding another historical touch with "The Hermitage," the home of President Jackson, and Wisconsin with an artistic Old-English Club House, which stands immediately east of the old Cabildo.

Pennsylvania again furnishes its never-failing Revolutionary relic, the Liberty Bell, to grace the rotunda of its immense pavilion on Colonial Avenue. Although Missouri alone surpasses the Keystone State in the size of its building, many of our other Commonwealths have here produced creations far more pleasing to the eye than this rather squatty building so heavily weighted in the center with its all too broad expanse of dome.

Somewhat removed in location from this quarter, but near the Grand Cascade, stand the buildings of Kentucky and Texas. The former, known as the "New Kentucky Home," from its elevated position on the slope of a hill commands an excellent view of the main buildings of the Exposition. It is finished, and is a large and exceedingly handsome edifice built on classical lines. Texas has sought to be original in producing a gigantic five-pointed star. Standing on the crest of a hill directly back of the artistic and characteristic

Mines and Metallurgy Palace, its colossal dome will attract attention to this effusion of the Lone Star State from almost any point near the principal buildings.

California's structure is still farther away, being located at least a mile to the westward, and in the midst of the foreign buildings. The Golden Gate State shows us an exact duplicate of the old Spanish La Rabida Mission at Santa Barbara, although the few leafless oaks now standing near rather tend to dissociate the mind from the semi-tropical atmosphere which surrounds the original.

Our outlying possessions are well represented. Alaska has brought from that cold northland two native Aleut houses which recently stood near Sitka. Totem-poles adorn each corner, and two large ones in front extend to the ridge of the roof. Doors cut through these latter are the only means of entrance, and are completely covered with the curiously carved hieroglyphics of the Aleuts.

Our Government has appropriated \$600,000 for the Philippine Reservation, which covers some thirty acres of hills and woods bordering on Arrowhead Lake. This tract has been surrounded with a reproduction of the city walls and gates of Manila, and within will dwell hundreds of native Filipinos. The warlike Moros will live in houses built on stilts of bamboo in the lake, while the tree-dwellers will locate their homes in the tree-tops of the wooded district. The Igorrotes of northern Luzon, the Visayans, and other native tribes, occupying a large village of bamboo and nipa huts, will faithfully represent the customs, sports, and occupations of the daily life in their island home.





FROM THE LONDON "SPHERE." DRAWN BY P. THIRIAT

VICE-ADMIRAL HEHATCHI TOGO

Two War Leaders

ADMIRAL TOGO occupies a foremost place among the Japanese war leaders, as the commander of the strong Japanese fleet which has practically shut up the Russian naval force at Port Arthur. It was a detachment of torpedo-boats from Admiral Togo's fleet which struck the first quick, sharp blow of the war at Port Arthur, and the entire fleet commanded by him

is a tremendous war machine from which still greater deeds may be expected. More than this, the English authorities on naval warfare declare that Admiral Togo is in effect the Nelson of Japan in that he has been one of the most active agents in creating the modern Japanese navy, and is now in a position to show by actual warfare the results accomplished in the last ten years. Ad-



PHOTOGRAPH BY D. EGODKOBR. ST. PETERSBURG

GENERAL ALEXIS KUROPATKIN

miral Togo is about fifty five years old, not of noble birth like many of the Japanese commanders, but a simple gentleman of the Samurai class. His early education was at the English college at Greenwich, and he has held various commands in the Japanese navy since 1894. He distinguished himself greatly in the war with China.

General Kuropatkin presents the singular and notable spectacle of a Russian War Minister resigning office in order to take active command in the field.

Kuropatkin entered the Russian army at sixteen, and has served in every war, great or small, in which Russia has been engaged in the last thirty years. In the war with Turkey and in the subsequent campaign against the Turkomans (1880) he distinguished himself, not only by his forcefulness as a military commander, but by his personal intrepidity. One of his most famous feats was a forced march of more than 1,600 miles. He has been a Lieutenant-General since 1890 and Minister of War since 1898.



SPARKFORD INN, SPARKFORD, SOMERSET

The first inn managed by the People's Refreshment-House Association.

Competing with the Saloon

By William H. Tolman

Director of the American Institute of Social Service

TO understand the enormity of the saloon problem, the amount of capital invested in the liquor traffic must be considered. In the United Kingdom, for 1898, according to the Brewers' Almanac, the capital value of the breweries, distilleries, liquor licenses, and all other trades in connection with the liquor traffic, amounted to eleven hundred and fifteen million dollars. For 1899 the total expenditure on alcoholic beverages in the United Kingdom was nine hundred and ten million dollars. The seriousness of these figures is the more startling when we consider that the working classes constitute about seventy-five per cent. of the population. In New York State between the year 1896, when the new liquor law went into effect, and through the fiscal year ending April 30, 1901, the liquor tax yielded nearly seventy-four million dollars. According to the studies of Arthur Sherwell, of England, one of the most careful and unbiased

students of the temperance problem, the "Crooked Billet" in Newcastle-on-Tyne is an illustration of the immense monopoly value of a license, practically a gift of the "unearned increment" for which the proprietor has no title and for which he makes no return. This saloon license was put up at auction in 1896. The same house had been sold forty years before for \$4,500, but no structural alterations had been made in the interval. The license was sold for \$79,000—a profit of \$75,000. These enormous prices are paid in the expectation of getting the money back, together with a handsome profit. The liquor traffic being a trade harmful to the community, which fact is recognized by its regulation through licenses by the State, some better system of control must be devised whereby these immense values should not go into the pockets of a private individual, but to the community.

Considering this question from the economic standpoint alone, the futility

of attempting to solve this problem by the mere closing of the saloon is very evident. Brilliantly lighted, warmed in winter, cooled in summer, the poorest man, with only enough money for the purchase of one drink, is treated with all the deference of a patron of the establishment. At the tables he may meet his friends, and spend a reasonable time with them. Some of them may be able to stand treat, which means the possibility of a longer stay. Other men are coming and going, the current news of the day is discussed, or the local events of the neighborhood. The free lunch is always spread, where the counter is heaped with appetizing viands. Do you wonder at the attractive power of the saloon?

In making my study of the saloon I wanted the philosophy of a man like Mr. Tekulsky, who had been at the head of one of the most powerful liquor associations, the Wine, Beer, and Liquor Dealers' Association of New York, and was himself the owner of several saloons. "All right," he said, when I told him what I wanted; "I will do everything in my power for you, as I shall be very glad to have our business shown up in the right light." Continuing, he said: "The saloon is a meeting-place for men of great minds who wish to exchange thought; it is the place where the congenial will meet his friends to find a few



THE HILL OF BEATH "PUB"
Managed by the Public-House Trust.

hours' relief from toil. The saloon is not a church or a Sunday-school. It is not what it ought to be, but it is here to stay; and under right and reasonable laws it would and could be greatly advanced. The question is not how to get rid of the saloon, for that will be accomplished only by getting rid of human nature. To make the saloon what it should be, you must stop oppressive laws."

"Are the saloonists willing to observe the laws?" I next inquired.

"Well, it's this way," he replied. "If the better class of saloon-keepers—and there are a host of law-abiding, honorable men in the saloon business—felt reasonably sure of not being called upon to confront sudden and sometimes exasperating and expensive legal requirements, often of a technical nature and doing no one any good, there would be a greater inducement to curtail objectionable features and add very desirable ones."



ENTRANCE TO THE RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUST "PUB" AT LUMPHILLANS, SCOTLAND



THE ROSE AND CROWN, DOWNEY, PETERBOROUGH

"Can a man already intoxicated, or one who seems to be very poor, get liquor in your place?" I asked.

"I'll tell about that," he said. "The advanced saloon-keeper seeks to eliminate offensive characters, refuses to accept the orders of minors or intoxicated people, or those whose dress and appearance indicate that the buyer is too poor to afford the drink, and tries to obey the law. Human nature is the same in this busi-

ness as in any other. What the advanced and more prosperous establishment sets the pace for doing, the humbler saloon is sure to try to imitate—all down the line. Ours is a practical business interest, authorized and licensed under ancient laws, and sustained by the sanction of long custom. As a large, important commercial enterprise, the liquor business of the State deserves real protection under regulations not oppressive, but



THE FOX AND PELICAN, GRAYSHOTT, HAMPSHIRE

rational and meeting the requirements of the large class of citizens who support it. The liquor-dealers are not alone opposed to the law as it stands, nor are they against the church or reform, nor are they desirous of breaking the law. Indeed, no one would welcome more heartily a just and fair-for-all law that could be kept. Nor are the liquor-dealers antagonistic to the best interests of society at large. We never forget that it is by the license of society that our business exists, and we desire to recognize our duties and obligations as well as our rights."

Mr. Tekulsky admits that the saloon is not what it ought to be, and portrays, from his point of view, an ideal saloon, freed from hampering limitations and hedged about by law; but the fact remains that as long as the saloonist is in this business for private gain there cannot be the ideal saloon. The saloonist is not in business for his health. With the motive for private gain constantly operating, he plans to run his business for all the tariff will stand. This means the temptation to adulterate his liquors; to sell at any time to any one who has the price; to offer opportunities for men and women to meet under immoral conditions—many young women dating their ruin from the saloon back rooms, the social features of the saloon—cards, billiards, pool, bowling, and other games. The use of the saloon for weddings, christenings, lodge and social meetings, its reading and writing rooms, its public comfort stations, all of these features making the modern saloon a kind of social center, are used as allurements in pushing the sale of drinks. Many of these things are not bad in themselves, but the surroundings are vicious.

The temperance people have been directing all their energies to closing the saloons, hereby failing to recognize that many human cravings which the saloon gratifies are perfectly legitimate, and men will gratify them. The outlook for true temperance is by no means hopeless, as each year is witnessing a more scientific and intelligent study of the problem in all its phases.

The saloons under the care of the

People's Refreshment-House Association in England are attempts based on the Scandinavian experience of placing the liquor trade under the control of a company whose object is to minimize the sale of liquor, thus promoting the cause of temperance. This English movement on the initiative of her best private citizens is most praiseworthy, and is already succeeding in rural communities. Its test will come when applied to the cities. To my mind, outside of the Gothenburg system, it contains the most approved methods for minimizing the evils of the liquor business and promoting true temperance.

To those who are discouraged by the futility of making headway against this great evil, this English movement should give new courage, for we may consider it a working model. Just as Norway profited by Sweden's mistakes, so England is learning lessons from both countries. There is, therefore, no reason why we should not utilize the failures and successes of all three to advance the cause of true temperance in the United States.

The People's Refreshment-House Association was incorporated in 1896 for the object of promoting temperance by a trial of various methods best calculated to reduce excess in the consumption of alcoholic liquors. The promoters recognized the dangers incident to the disagreeable but lucrative trade of liquor-selling. The underlying principle of the Association is the elimination of private profit. They know that it is to the interest of the saloonist to extend his custom, sell as much liquor as he can, and resist any change in the law that might interfere with his privileges and monopoly. His livelihood depends upon pushing his business. The Association leases existing public-houses, acquires new licenses where a growing population obliges the magistrates to create new ones, establishes canteens and refreshment bars at large public works, collieries and elsewhere.

On October 1, 1897, the first license was granted to the Sparkford Inn, Somerset, located in a small village, where its receipts were mainly from roadside customers. A fortnightly stock market,

held on the grounds, increased its revenue considerably. Very few changes were made, and its identity as a village inn has been maintained. The tariff of prices is hung conspicuously in the bar and in the parlor. The liquors are not exposed with a view to attracting customers, but the foodstuffs and non-alcoholic drinks are prominently displayed. Special attention is given to making tea, coffee, and cocoa most attractive and palatable. As far as possible, tea is freshly made for every customer. Fresh filtered drinking-water in glasses is always at hand in the tap-room and parlor. Here, as at other inns, every effort is made to push the sale of food rather than liquors.

Upstairs there is a large tea-room daintily set with tables and furnishings; the two rooms adjoining this can be thrown into one should the occasion require accommodations for a private banquet. The surrounding grounds have been made into a pleasure garden for the public, while coaching parties and cyclists will find ample provision in the stables and storage sheds. All the rooms are cozy and attractively furnished. The color scheme of the interior is lighted up with mosaics and enameled tiles, thus forming a pleasant contrast to the oak woodwork.

The strategic point is the manager, who is paid a fixed salary, and is allowed no profit whatever on the sale of alcoholic drinks, in order to remove all temptation from their sale; but he is allowed a profit on all food and non-alcoholic drinks, so that he may push their sale instead of beers and spirits. He must manage his inn as a house of refreshment, and not that of a mere drinking bar. In the Scotch as well as the English houses, I observed that he must make his food and non-intoxicants just as accessible as beer and spirits. He must be most strict in the observance of every particular of the license law as enacted by Parliament, never forgetting that he is a servant of the public, and as such he must study the comfort, well-being, and health of his customers; his house must be scrupulously clean, the rooms comfortably arranged, well warmed in winter, and well

ventilated. The Association's capital is offered to the public in five-dollar shares. Dividends are limited to five per cent. a year out of the profits; any surplus, after provision for a reserve fund, is devoted to local or general objects of public utility.

The Hill of Beath public-house in Scotland is an outgrowth of the People's Refreshment Association, by which the Public-House Trust was organized in 1900, when it was decided by the local authorities that a new saloon was needed in the mining village of Broom Hill. The license was granted to Lord Gray. He offered it to the Refreshment-House Association, who accepted it, at the same time informing the local authorities that if they should grant any new licenses the Refreshment-House Association would accept and manage them as a trust in the interests of the community. This plan received such favorable notice through the press that it was decided to form a Central Public-House Trust Association, with the object of establishing a Public-House Trust Company in every county. The administrative details and the general policy are almost identical with that of the People's Refreshment-House Association. In this same district, within the radius of five miles are three Public-House Trust saloons, that at Lumphillans being the newest. There is a separate entrance to the sitting-room and restaurant, thus making it possible to get food without drinks. This saloon is most attractive in its color scheme and general appointments.

At Kelly the manager of the public-house informed me that under the new method his business was so successful that he had drawn away the greater part of the trade from the old-time saloon just opposite. In a letter from the secretary he writes concerning the Trust house at Cowden Beath: "At first the house was avoided, but it is now doing a better trade than under the old system. It is clean and well conducted, whereas it was formerly dirty and disreputable. The manager supplies about twenty workmen with tea on their way to work in the morning."

These Scotch saloons which I have been describing are located in the col-

liery districts, surrounded by the workmen's dwellings. In some instances the whole community consists of a single street, with the houses on either side. For the most part the houses are unattractive, dismally plain, with practically no home comforts. Each tenement has one room, which is a general living-room, with an attic. The coal company own these houses, and as there are no others, the miners are obliged to rent them. When, as in this case, the water supply for a whole row of houses must be brought from the hydrant in the street, you can imagine how hard and laborious it is for the women of the family.

I asked one of these women if the people were contented to live under such conditions. "What else can we do?" she said; "we can't get away, and must make the best of it. If our men would give us their wages it might be different, but they work so hard and have so little pleasure that when pay-day comes they go to the pub. What is left goes for the rent. There is mighty little we see for the home."

The Trust, however, makes persistent efforts to minimize drinking. Its houses close at nine, an hour before the usual time. The liquors are of the best quality, and there are no temptations to linger about the house, but there are ample inducements for rational recreation outside, all of which are provided from

the profits of the saloon. For example, at the Hill of Beath, above mentioned, out of the profits, a library with a reading and billiard room was built, this social center supplying the absence of these opportunities for reading, companionship, and recreation in the home. Adjoining the library is a small park and recreation field, where one corner is set aside for a bowling-green.

The profits from another public-house were used towards electric lighting of the village, a singing class, and a football club and an ambulance, although I am not sure that the football club was established first. It is the opinion of the secretary that there is no reasonable doubt that the repressive influences regarding the consumption of liquor on the one hand and the provision of counter attractions on the other are exercising a most wholesome effect on the village.

From this summary of the British movement it will be seen that it is well under way and is commending itself to all classes. If, now, the temperance people in America would get together and act in unison, taking conditions exactly as they exist here, and follow out a constructive programme, using the English movement as an object-lesson, there is no reason why an immediate divorce between the saloon and politics cannot be brought about, and the evils of the saloon greatly lessened.



THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF THE MINERS IN COWDEN BEATH, SCOTLAND

This is the class that the "Trust" seeks to benefit.



AN ARETINO MEDAL

Titian's Most Intimate Friend

By Paul van Dyke

IN the year 1527 there came to Venice a young man who had been a marked figure at the courts of Leo X., Clement VII., and more recently in the palace of the Marquis of Mantua. Though he had published very little, he had already won among "those who knew" a great reputation as a writer of satire in verse and prose. He lived in Venice for twenty-nine years a life of freedom and fame won by the pen.

Of the life and character of Pietro Aretino we have a most vivid record in nearly a thousand letters to him and over three thousand from him. In those five thousand pages one can see the reflection of the man and his times. But the few pages of this article are not enough to sketch the full outlines of a personality that was as paradoxical and illuminative as that of Benvenuto Cellini. They only give space to show enough of the man and his life to make plain Aretino's constant companionship and close friendship with Titian.

A home in Venice was as well suited to Aretino's tastes as it was adapted to develop the genius of Titian. And Pietro was never tired of praising the charm of life in what he called "the

crown and beauty of the world." Venice was the richest and largest of Italian cities, and the only one free from foreign control. The lines of trade were indeed changing. Adventurous ships had traced on the ocean the great highroads of travel, and the center of commerce was no longer at the head of the Adriatic. It was moving up the Atlantic coast toward the delta of the Rhine. But the decline of Venice was very slow. It was as yet scarcely noticeable. The State revenues were larger than those of the English Crown. The citizens were prosperous, and out of a population of 190,000 in 1585 there were only 187 beggars. So easy was living that by the middle of the century citizens could no longer be found to man the galleys and they must be filled with aliens. The common people were comfortable to an extent unknown elsewhere in Italy. They had rugs for the floor, good beds to sleep on, pictures on the walls, and some silver pieces for the well-spread table.

The homes of the Venetian nobles had long been magnificent. In the early fifteenth century a traveler wrote that not even the Queen of France or the Duchess of Milan had apartments as

gorgeously furnished as those of a Venetian lady. At that time the ships unloaded their cargoes at the steps of the palaces, and the lower rooms stored the merchandise that made the family wealth. Bales of wool and rolls of silk rested unashamed beneath the banners and arms won by noble ancestors in glorious fight from the Turk. But in the sixteenth century the eighteen hundred patricians, leaving trade to the citizens, gave themselves to the cares of government and to spending the wealth laid up by their hard-working forefathers.

They spent it in princely style. It was traditional in their class to be well

educated, and when the rude English nobles could scarcely read and write, the Venetian patricians had maintained a course of public instruction in philosophy whose chairs must all be filled by aristocrats. They were rapidly building the hundred palaces which rose on the banks of the canals during that sixteenth century which brought into being most of the Venice we know; for about half of the buildings mentioned in a modern guide-book were erected or restored in the sixteenth century. Their patronage was fostering the bloom of artistic power that made Venice succeed Florence and Rome as the third center of



TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF ARETINO

the art of the Renaissance. At the public celebration of the victory of Lepanto in 1575, the gates of the Rialto were draped in gold, blue, and red, and decorated with trophies of Turkish arms, among which the city displayed as its most precious possessions pictures of Raphael, Bellini, Giorgione, Michael Angelo, Pordenone, and Titian.

The luxury of living grew steadily, in spite of laws passed to restrict it by men who sighed for the good old times when generations of Venetian seamen, working and fighting hard and living simply, wrested wealth from the sea and power from the infidel. Venice gained from Rome the reputation of being the center of license as well as art, and became the pander of the visitors who flocked to see her beauty.

In Italy of that time public sentiment was deeply depraved. One of the many Italian scholars who, in these last few years, have been doing such valuable work on the Renaissance, says: "It is now a banal truism . . . that in the Italian Renaissance the concept of morality underwent a transformation and a general lowering so great that it requires a strong effort for us to form a just idea of it." Aretino had no quarrel with this depraved moral judgment, and it may be said once for all that his life, so picturesque, so joyous, so adorned with the pleasures of literature and art, was frankly based on worse than Turkish morals. But this disorderly life did not prevent popular preachers from writing him flattering letters; nor stop honorable women from sending him wine, preserved peaches, and beautiful embroideries; nor make a bluestocking of unimpeachable reputation like Veronica Gambara hesitate to celebrate his love in verse.

Within two years of his arrival in Venice, Pietro moved into a house on the Grand Canal, close to the Rialto bridge, in the very center of the city's life; a situation which inspired him to say, "I enjoy the prettiest street and the pleasantest view in the world."

This house he filled with pictures, statues, and frescoes of Titian, Sansovino, Tintoretto, and Vasari. And he had choice glassware of Murano, speci-

men Majolicas, wood-carvings of Tasso, medals and silverware of Leone Leoni, Oriental hangings and tapestries. He was fond of magnificent dresses. One of his costumes was "a robe of black velvet, ornamented with gold cords with the lining of cloth of gold, a long gown and jerkin of velvet." Another, given by the Marquis of Mantua, apparently for one of the women of the household, was a coat of soft silk trimmed with embroidered black velvet and lined with pure white foxskins, together with a cymarr of black satin. Many gold chains were sent him; one from the King of France weighed eight pounds. His letters are filled with thanks for "white satin stockings wrought in gold," "green silk caps," "a flesh-colored jerkin embroidered with silver cords and trimmed with ermine"—a long catalogue of splendid stuffs, embroideries, and jewels, enough to furnish the wardrobe of a theater.

But in spite of this apparatus of luxury, there was nothing really aristocratic about the life of Aretino. The house was filled with confusion, robbed secretly by the servants, plundered openly by presumptuous guests. When he received a present of wine, the neighbors all crowded in to drink it up. For he was lavishly kind to the poor and exceedingly hospitable.

His friend and publisher, Francesco Marcolini, tells two stories that make Aretino's temper clear.

The first is of a "clever little knave who came and told you that a certain respectable young girl, who had formerly been a neighbor of yours, was dead, and got from your purse the money to bury her. And when a few days afterward the poor brother of the said young woman came to ask your help to find her a husband and a marriage portion, before he opened his mouth, you ran to meet him with open arms, tenderly mourning with him over his sister's death. But the young fellow, all taken aback, answered, 'Signore, if she hasn't died within the half-hour, she is living and well.' And since you would not believe it, he was obliged to go and bring his sister to your house, with scarcely clothes enough to cover her." She left it very well dressed, and with



COURTESY OF BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN

the promise of a marriage portion to find her a husband. The second story is a comment on the "continual hospitality of your house, which is so open to everybody that the mistake the party of strangers in Venice made on the first of May, 1532, is not to be wondered at. They took your house for what in one sense it is, a tavern; especially when they saw so many people come out, bragging of having drunk the best wine in Venice. And so they went up stairs,

and took their places at the table, saying, 'Bring us a salad.' When they had been served with it and everything else they asked for, and were ready to go, they called your Mazzone, who, because he is young, good-looking, white-faced, tall, fat, merry, and of pleasant humor, they took to be the host. But when he was asked by one of the good fellows, 'What was the bill for supper?' the good Mazzone, understanding that he was being treated as if he was an

innkeeper, got ready to give him a thrashing. At last, from the sound cursing you gave them, accompanied by four or five blows, the merry gallants recognized that you must be the owner of the house and not the gentleman stopping at an inn, for whom they had taken you. And when the good fellows understood that, having supped like emperors, it was not going to cost them anything but hearty thanks and good wishes, they were full of bows and compliments to you, and went off roaring with laughter."

This open house of a royal good fellow in luck exactly suited Aretino. And he loved the pleasures of the table he shared. But he did not love them in a very coarse way. The traveler who passes from the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic to the shores of the Mediterranean and Adriatic remarks at once the temperance of the Italians as compared with the Teutons. And this contrast seems to be an ancient one. The heavy eating and drinking of England and Germany struck the Italian traveler of the Renaissance with disgust. And while the letters of Aretino suggest the epicure, they do not show him as either drunkard or glutton. His imagination and wit are quick to play about what he eats. "In spite of my fever," he writes, "I could not help tasting two of the peaches you sent. Certainly the peach is a fruit which appeals to the heart. When I see it beside a good melon, I feel the same pleasure which my eyes would have in seeing a king and queen together." Another gift of fruit makes him think of the villa Caneggio, whence it came, "so beautiful that if the world liked to carry flowers it would carry it always for a carnation."

Instead of one "thank you for a good fellow," which I should have given you for sending the mushrooms I am still waiting for, I ought to give you ten for sending me the quails and thrushes I did not expect. Because they are safer eating than those dangerous things, and one cooks them in a couple of turns of the spit where they are sandwiched between leaves of laurel and sausages, farmer style. But you can't do that with mushrooms, for you must boil them with two chunks of the inside of a loaf of bread, and then fry them in oil. And also one ought to be chary of eating them, except

in the morning, for fear of poison which could so entrench itself during the night, thanks to sleep, as to be able to put to rout their excellencies the physicians. The Chietini (pietists) understand this very well, for they confess and take communion before they swallow a mouthful of them. It amuses me when a greedy and timid man wants to stuff himself with them, and I smile to see his nervous antics when at the same moment fear and the savor of the mushrooms attack his heart and his nose.

He confesses a great weakness for salads. In a letter humorously defending himself against a mock charge of gluttony, he admits, "If one sins in devouring a whole salad with an onion, I am undone, because there is in that dish a delicate pleasure which the kitchen hawks that flocked around the table of Leo didn't have."

One of the best of his lighter letters is on salad. The question of how to make a salad dressing has been known in modern times to divide families. It was evidently equally troublesome in the sixteenth century. Aretino, with mock submission, begs his friend to keep on sending from his garden the salads he used to send before their controversy as to whether citronella and strong vinegar ought or ought not to be used in dressing. He goes on to praise them:

I notice the way you lessen the sour of one herb with the sweetness of another. And it is no small art to temper the bitter and the sharp of some leaves with the neutral flavor of others—making the mixture so dulcet that satiety itself would taste. . . . The flowers scattered in the delicate green of such appetite-sharpeners tempt my nose to smell them and my hand to take them. In short, if my servants knew how to dress your salads *à la Genoese*, I would give up for them the breasts of capercaillie which very often at dinner or supper Titian, the unique, gives me for the glory of Cadore. . . . Certainly I am astonished that the poets don't strain every nerve to sing the virtues of mixed salad. And it is a great mistake of the monks and nuns not to praise it, because the monks steal time from their prayers to keep the soil of their lettuce-beds free from little stones. And the nuns tend it like a baby, wasting hour after hour in watering and caring for it. . . .

I believe that the inventor of such a delicacy was a Florentine. He must have been, because the arranging of a table, decorating it with roses, washing the glasses, putting plums in the ragouts, dipping cut-up liver in batter, making black pudding, and serving fruit after a meal, all came from Florence. Their brains, active, always working, with the subtlety of their foresight have grasped



COURTESY OF BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF ROBERTO STROZZI'S DAUGHTER

all the points with which the cuisine can charm the sated palate.

Aretino's most intimate table companions were Titian and Sansovino. A couple of the many allusions of the letters will show this sufficiently. He writes to the Cavaliere da' Porto: "Sansovino and Titian, the reputation of marble and the glory of color, since the first with the chisel gives to marble both senses and spirit and the second with the brush gives to color both senses and spirit—they, I say, enjoyed with me the two pairs of red partridges you sent."

He wrote to Pigra: "You told me when you sent the big jar filled with Ferrarese finocchi, 'Eat them at once with your friends, because I am keeping some more for you.' That being so, I give notice that Titian, Sansovino, and I, after having enjoyed the first lot, are waiting to get into the middle of the second lot with little less anxiety than the Cardinals watch around a Pope's bed for the hour of his creeping death."

Of the two, Titian was the more intimate. Aretino spoke of him as his other self. They called each other "com-

pare," the old English "gossip." They were continually at table together in the house of one or the other.

Pietro tells Conte Manfredo di Colalto: "The day before yesterday we were eating some hares caught by the hounds which Captain Giovanni Tiepoli had sent me, and while their praises went up, *cæli cælorum*, one of your lackeys arrived with the thrushes, which in tasting them made me chant the 'inter aves.' They were so good that our Titian, seeing and smelling them on the spit, glanced out at the snow, which, while they were setting the table, fell in showers, and abandoned a crowd of gentlemen who had arranged a dinner for him. And all unanimously gave great praise to the birds with the long beak, which we ate with a little smoked meat, a couple of leaves of laurel and pepper. And we ate them for love of you."

Aretino writes that he took refuge at Titian's for luncheon whenever he was bored by too many visitors. And the grammarian Priscianese has left a letter describing a more formal banquet at the painter's house :

I was invited the day of the Kalends of August to celebrate that sort of holiday which is called "ferrare Agosto." I don't know why it is so called, although it was much discussed here the evening I spent in a delightful garden of Messer Titiano Vecellio, as everybody knows the most excellent of painters and a person truly fitted to ornament by his agreeable manners the best circles of society. There were met together with the said Messer Titiano, for like always draws like, some of the most exquisite men of talent to be found to-day in this city, and particularly M. Pietro Aretino, new miracle of nature, and next, her great imitator with the art of the chisel as the master of the feast is with the brush, Messer Jacopo Tatti, called Sansovino. And beside them was M. Jacopo Nardi and I; for I was the fourth of such an able company. Because the sun, in spite of the shade of the place, made its power felt, we passed the time before we sat down to table in looking at the pictures of the most excellent painter, of which the house was full, and in talking of the truly beautiful and charming garden, the pleasure and wonder of all who see it. It is situated on the outer edge of Venice, upon the sea, looking out toward the lovely little island of Murano and other most beautiful places. That part of the sea, as soon as the sun went down, was filled with a thousand gondolas, ornamented with the most beautiful women and ringing with changing harmonies and tones of voice and instrument, which up to

midnight made music for our gay supper. But to come back to the garden; it was so well arranged and so beautiful, and therefore so much praised, that the comparison which occurred to me with the delightful gardens of Saint Agatha quickened so much my memories and desires for it and you, dear friends, that I could not tell most of the time during the evening whether I was in Rome or in Venice. Meantime the hour of supper arrived. It was as beautifully served as it was generous, and furnished, besides the most delicate food and most costly wines, with all those pleasures and enjoyments which fitted the house, the company, and the feast. Just as we got to the fruit, your letters arrived, brought by a young man from my house. . . . I read them to the company . . . and because in them you praised the Latin language and had little good to say for the Tuscan, Aretino grew particularly angry, and if he had not been stopped, I believe he would have turned his hand to one of the cruelest invectives in the world, for he excitedly demanded pen and paper. However, he did not fail to give us a good share of it in words. At last the supper ended hilariously.

The friendship of Titian and Aretino was the most natural thing in the world. Their tastes and view of life were the same, and each was anxious to make out of his talents fame and the means of luxury. Aretino had great skill as a critic of art; and the chief artists of the day were glad to have his advice, feared his blame and sought his praise. When he wrote to Michael Angelo, saying that he was tempted to come to Rome just to see the "Last Judgment" and give a pen-picture of the stupendous effects which he felt sure the painter had produced, the great solitary, so little given to compliments, replied :

Magnificent Messer Pietro, my master and brother, your letter gave me both pain and pleasure. I congratulated myself because it came from you, who are unique in the world in virtù, and at the same time I was very sorry that, having completed the great part of my picture, I would not use your imagination, which is so successful that if the day of judgment had taken place and you had seen it, your words could not have reproduced it better. I shall not only be glad to have you answer my letter, but I beg you to do so, because kings and emperors consider it the greatest of favors to be named by your pen. Meantime, if I have anything which pleases you, I offer it to you with my heart.

Always yours, MICHEL AGNUOLO.

It had long been the part of every finished man of the world to have some taste in art and to be ready to express a judgment upon a statue or a picture, but

Aretino has the best possible claim to be regarded as the father of that *genre* of literature which is known as art criticism. His skill in this was so clearly recognized that Lodovico Dolce, writing his *Dialogue on Painting*, makes Aretino the chief speaker. Any artist seems to have been glad to work for him. Half a dozen different medalists modeled his head, some of them several times. Six of the leading art collections of the world, Munich, Windsor, the Belvedere, Berlin, the Pitti, the Hermitage, possess his portrait, so frequently reproduced by the engraver that the Bibilothèque Nationale has thirty-eight different prints of him. These favors seem to have cost Aretino no money. He was able fully to repay them by the constant advertisement he gave to his friends. He never misses a chance of mentioning and praising the work of artists he approves. When the factories of Murano turn out a new style of glass vases, decorated with the arabesques of Giovanni da Udine, he sends a case of them to the Marquis of Mantua, pointing out their beauty and mentioning at the same time that they are called Aretini. When Jacopo del Giallo sends him a miniature, he writes a letter which was worth a good many pieces of gold to the artist:

I am not blind in painting, and many times Raphael and Fra Sebastiano and Titian have taken my advice, . . . and I know that miniaturists take their purpose from the motives of painted glass windows; they do nothing but a charming combination of deep blue, of azure green, of cochineal lake, and of powdered gold; they spend their utmost skill on a shell or a strawberry and similar little novelties. But your work is full of drawing and relief. . . . Everybody is pleased with the way in which the little children, resting their feet on the head of the eagle, hold up the letter addressed in capitals with the name of the Emperor. . . . But how shall I repay you for such graceful work, since you do not want money? I will give you back ink for your colors and effort for your labor. By which your name will have as much pleasure in the fame I shall give it as I have had delight in the work you have made for me.

This was no idle boast of Aretino. He did the greatest service to his artist friends. The fame of the other two members of the trio of friends, Sansovino and Titian, has outlived his. The biographers of Titian can only wonder

why he had anything to do with such a man. But it never occurred to Titian that Aretino's friendship was anything but a great gain and a matter of pride. Vasari, who knew both, says that the friendship of Aretino was of the greatest advantage to Titian, both "as a matter of honor and of material gain, because he made him known far and wide where his pen reached, and especially to princes of importance."

He was equally useful to Sansovino. It was no small service to an architect to be told, in a letter which would be read by many of the patrons of art throughout Italy, that "the works of his genius had put the finishing touches on the pomp of the city of Venice." And Aretino was not content with advancing the reputation of his artist friends. He did everything in his power to foster the taste for art among those who paid for it. He makes the characters of his comedies discuss noted pictures and buildings and the glory of those who built them. His letters speak continually of art, and in one he touches with master hand the strongest motive of most of its patrons in the Renaissance:

The prince, who reigns solely because he is made in the image of God, ought to imitate the maker of all things, whose power, according to the model of his will, built Paradise for the angels and the world for men, placing on the façade of the great edifice of heaven, as it were, his coat of arms painted by the brush of nature—a sun of gold with its infinite stars and a moon of silver in a broad field of bright blue. And just as every one of us who is born, as soon as he opens the eyes of consciousness is astonished, looking now at the heaven and now at the earth, giving thanks to Him who made one and created the other, so the descendants of your Excellency, wondering at the magnitude of the edifices begun and finished by you, will bless the generous providence of their magnanimous predecessor with the blessing given to the mind of the ancients embodied in stone in their theaters and amphitheaters by one who sees the pride of the ruins of Rome—whose wonders show what were the habitations of the conquerors of the universe.

Aretino judged in the taste of the day and wrote in its style. He told Vasari in regard to some draping, "Raphael has drawn things of the same sort. He has not surpassed you so much that you need regret it." He wrote to Giulio

Romano that if Apelles and Vitruvius could see the buildings and paintings he was doing in Mantua, "they would approve the judgment of the world which preferred him for originality and charm to any one who had ever touched compass or brush." These judgments might now be questioned. But those who know Titian best are most ready to admit that they do not understand the secrets of his art better than Aretino. The comments he has left touch the finest points of his friend's pictures. The angel of the annunciation "filling everything with light and shining in the air with fresh radiance, bending gently with a reverence which makes us believe he is really in the presence of Maria;" the portrait of the little girl of Roberto Strozzi, so true that if "art should say it was not real, nature would swear it was not imitation;" the lamb in the arms of the little St. John, "so natural that a ewe would bleat at sight of it"—these are not vague praises. The words come not only from the lips but the eyes. And it would be hard to find a better phrase than that with which he places Titian in a sonnet alongside of the two most celebrated artists Italy had produced.

"Divine in beauty was Raffaello, and Michael Angelo was more divine than human in his stupendous design—but Titian has in his brush *the sense of things*."

Pietro has perhaps shown most plainly how well he understood his friend in the following letter to him:

Having, contrary to my habit, taken my meal alone, Signor Compare, or rather in company with this quartan fever which does not let me taste my food, I got up from table having dined on the desperation with which I sat down to it. Placing my arms on the window ledge and resting my chest and almost my entire body against it, I gave myself up to gazing at the wonderful spectacle made by the infinite number of boats which,

full of foreigners as well as natives, enlivened not only those who looked on but even the Grand Canal itself; joy of everybody who furrows its waters with the keel of his boat. And when two gondolas with celebrated gondoliers had finished a race, I found great enjoyment in the people who had stopped to see it at the bridge of the Rialto, the quay of the Camerlinghi, the Fish market, the ferry of S. Sofia, and the Casa da Mosto. And while these crowds went their different ways with gay applause, I, in the mood of a man who begins to bore himself because he does not know what to do with his mind and his thoughts, turn my eyes to the sky, which, since God made it, was never touched with beauty by such lovely painting of light and shadows. This made the atmosphere one of those which they try to express who envy you because they cannot be you. Try to see it as I describe it. In the first place, the houses, which seemed not of real stone, but of some stuff of dreams—and then bring before your eyes the atmosphere, which in some parts appeared pure and fresh, in others turbid and wan. Think also of the marvelous view I had of the clouds of condensed dampness, which in the center of the picture (*principale veduta*) stood partly near to the roofs and partly in the middle distance, since the right hand was filled with a smoky vapor tending toward a dark ash color. I was truly astonished at the changing tints the clouds showed. The nearest blazed with the flaming fires of the sun. The more distant were reddened with the glow of red lead, not too well heated. Oh, with what beautiful touches the brushes of nature thrust back the atmosphere yonder, clearing it away from the palaces in the style of Titian when he paints landscapes. In certain parts there showed a greenish blue, in others a blue-green mixed indeed by the caprice of nature, mistress of the masters. She darkened and threw into relief with shadows and high lights what she wished to darken or bring out until I, who know that your brush is the very soul of her ministering spirits, cried out three or four times, "Oh, Titian, where are you now!"

Between the lines of this letter the discerning eye may read how pleasant must have been the many hours the two spent together at Aretino's windows on the Grand Canal or in Titian's little loggia looking off across his garden to Murano and the hills of Cadore.

The Lumber-Jack and His Job

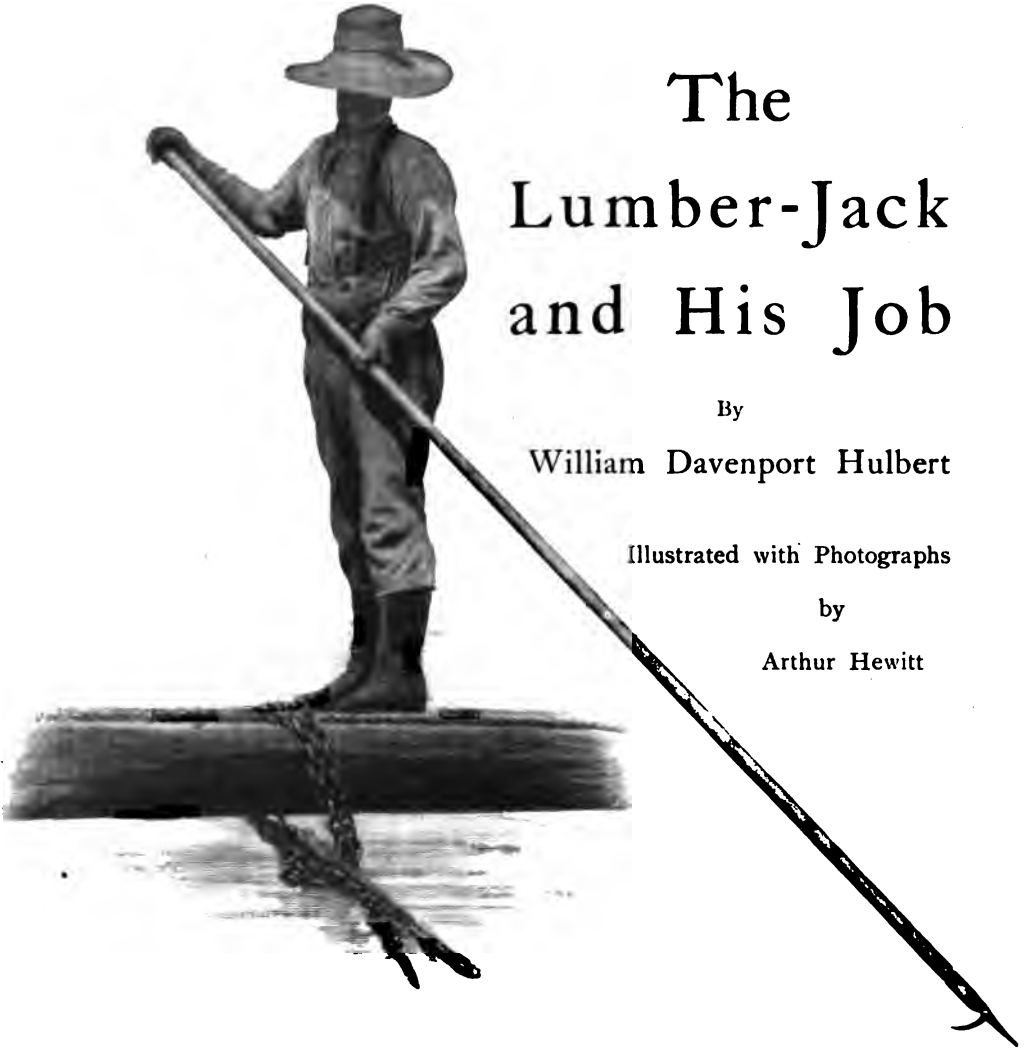
By

William Davenport Hulbert

Illustrated with Photographs

by

Arthur Hewitt



UP or down the river in a large flat-bottomed boat, or threading their way on foot through the unbroken woods, comes a small party of men, on a day in summer or early fall, to pitch their tents where the river-bank is high enough to be quite dry and where the ground is fairly level and the pines stand all about. They are the first skirmishers of the army of invasion that is to conquer the pinery, and just as the advance guard of an army of soldiers throws up intrenchments and opens communications with its base of supplies, so the lumber-jacks immediately proceed to put up their shanties and open a tote road.

Winding away through the woods to

the nearest railway station or other point in touch with the outside world, the tote road is apt to be very rough and narrow, barely passable for a team and a wagon, but it serves its purpose, and over it come more men and horses, lumber for the floors and roofs of the shanties and for the rude pieces of furniture that will be needed, tarred paper to make the roofs tight, a few glazed window-sashes, a huge range and a number of box stoves, dishes and kitchen utensils, a little stock of goods for the van, blankets by the dozen and score, and countless boxes and barrels and bags of provisions. The shanties are built of logs, and a moderately extensive operation requires at least five—the men's camp,

the cook camp, the office, the barn, and the blacksmith shop. In the men's camp, which is all in one large room, the bunks are ranged along the walls, often two or three tiers high, and are filled with balsam boughs or with hay or straw, and provided with coarse blankets. In the middle is a big box stove—or perhaps two, if the camp is a large one—and in one corner there is often a rough wooden sink, set out with tin basins and flanked by roller towels and a barrel of water, whereat the lumber-jack makes his toilet. The cook camp is furnished with the range and with long tables set with a great array of tin dishes, while in one end the cook and the cookee have their bunks, and in the other a storeroom for provisions is sometimes walled off. The push and the clerk, and sometimes the scaler, bunk in the office. Here the books and accounts are kept, and here, too, is the van, stocked with such goods and merchandise as will supply the lumber-jack's most immediate needs—Mackinaw jackets, trousers, heavy underwear, socks, hurons, shoe-pacs, caps and mittens, tobacco, pipes, and a little stationery. The blacksmith shop is simply a blacksmith shop, small and none too completely equipped, and the barn is much like other log barns—low-roofed, that the animal heat of the horses may go as far as possible toward keeping it warm.

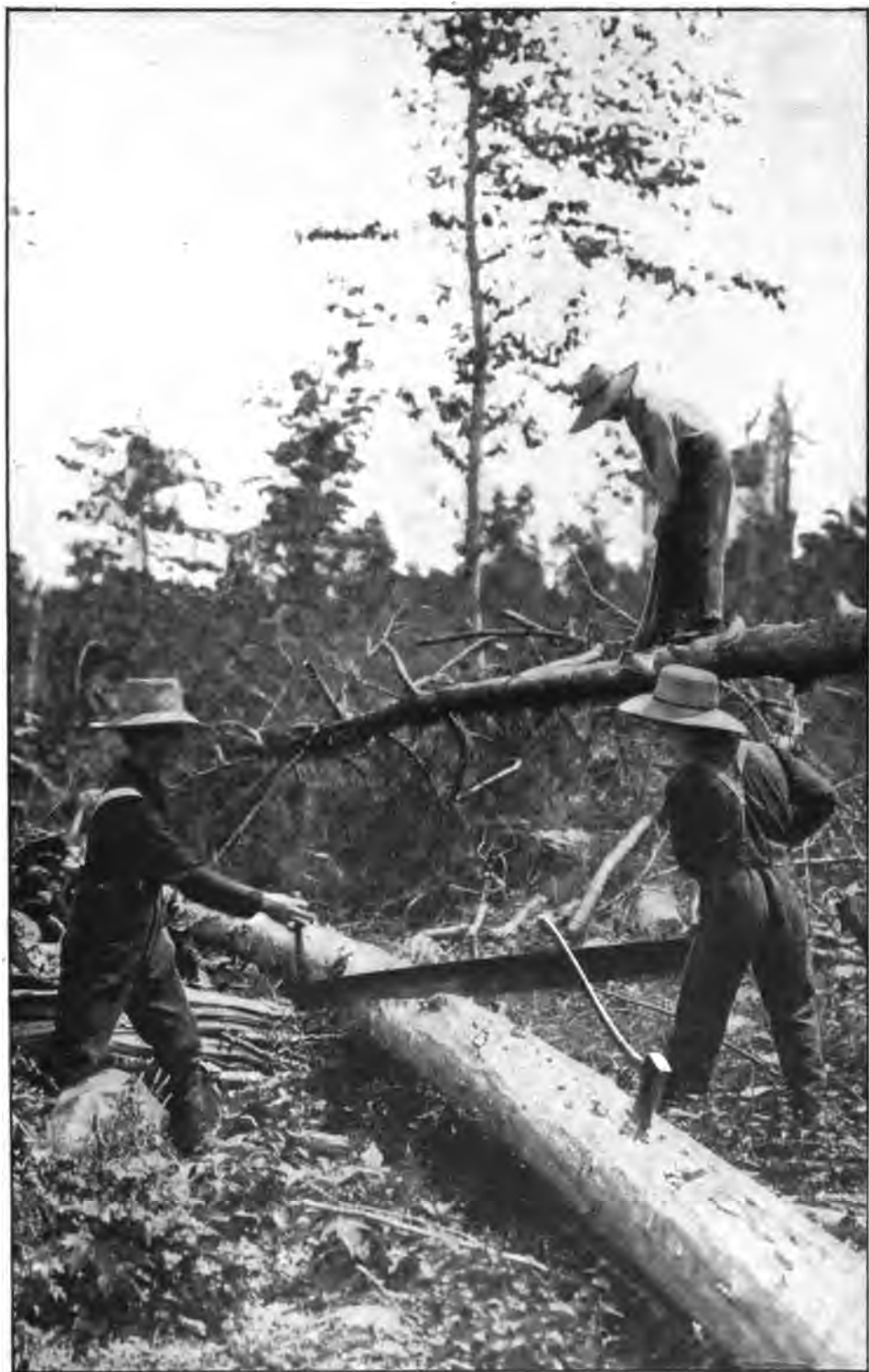
Intrenchments completed and communications established, one of the next things to be done is to lay out the lines of attack.

The principal one is the main log road, which, with its branches, leads down from the heart of the doomed timber, sometimes to a sawmill and sometimes to a railway siding, but more often to a banking-ground beside a river. Its route is carefully chosen and follows the most level ground available, some lumbermen going so far as to say that it is worth while to go half a mile around in order to avoid a rise of five or ten feet. It is broader and straighter than the tote road, and if the operation is a large one, a great deal of labor is often spent in making it as smooth and even as possible. Although it will not be

used until after the coming of the deep snows, it is often prepared weeks and even months beforehand.

Here and there along the log road small spaces are cleared of brush, and in each of them two skids—long, slender trunks of medium-sized trees—are laid side by side upon the ground, about five or six feet apart. Braces and stakes hold them firmly in position, and they lie at right angles to the road, with one end resting on its edge. These form the skidways, on which the logs are to be stacked, and from every skidway the dray roads run back into the woods to the trees that are to be felled. These roads, unlike the log road, are mere trails, cleared of underbrush sufficiently to permit the passage of a team of horses and a dray. And, by the way, a lumberman's dray is a wooden sled consisting of two heavy runners, sometimes shod with steel and sometimes not, connected by a bar in front and carrying a stout cross-beam. I suppose that Mr. Stewart Edward White would call it a travois, but in our camps we always said dray. Cutting dray roads is known in lumber-camp parlance as "swamping," and the men who do it are the "swampers," and are usually among the least skilled workmen in camp.

And now that everything is ready for the attack, let us see just what happens to the tree. First comes an axman, known as the fitter, who examines the pine and decides which way it shall fall and just where it shall lie. If necessary, he clears away the small trees and the brush and makes a place for it. Then with his ax he cuts a notch in this side of the tree—the side toward which it is to fall—and it is ready for the sawyers with their big, double-ended, cross-cut saw, six feet or more in length. A carpenter cutting a board in two with his hand-saw does all the work as he pushes his tool from him—drawing it back is only the recover—but the long Tuttle-tooth cross-cut operates in just the other way. Each man puts his strength into pulling the saw toward him, and lets the one at the other end pull it back, while the teeth are so shaped that they cut both ways with equal effect. Pulling the saw instead of



IN THE FOREST NEAR COBECONK, ONTARIO



A JAM IN A SLIDE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

pushing it causes it to run truer and straighter, and if it does not run straight it will bind before the cut is finished. The blade enters the tree on the side opposite the fitter's notch, and as soon as it is fairly out of sight in the wood the sawyers drive wedges into the kerf behind it to keep the weakened trunk from settling on it and holding it fast, and also to help the notch guide the tree in its fall. Occasionally they pour a little kerosene on the steel, that the pitch may not make it stick. Back and forth, back and forth, they swing, pulling the sharp, tearing teeth through the wood till the few remaining fibers crack and rend and the tree sways over and begins its downward course.

"Timber!!!" comes their warning cry, and any one within reach of the falling giant jumps for dear life. The branches moan as they sweep through the air, and the moan grows to a whistle and a shriek as the big green head gathers speed and falls faster and faster till it strikes the ground with a tremendous crash and a great litter of broken limbs and twigs. It has taken scores, perhaps hundreds, of years to lift the pine-tree into the air, but a few minutes' work of an ax and a saw is enough to bring it down.

Once on the ground, the trunk is measured off and sawn into logs, twelve, fourteen, or sixteen feet in length. If it is a very large and fine one, it is sometimes hewed square with a broadax, making

what the lumbermen call "board timber"—big, rough beams which are sent abroad to the European markets, mostly to Liverpool, and there cut up into lumber. In going through old cuttings in the pineries one often finds on the ground the chips and score-blocks from board timber hewed many years ago,

and now, probably, built into houses on the other side of the world. Comparatively little is made nowadays in the forests of the United States. The best of the pine has vanished, and that which remains goes mostly into logs.

Now comes the skidding. The swampers see that there is a dray road open to the fallen tree, and clear away the underbrush and the broken branches as far as may be necessary, and presently a team of horses appears. If the logs are small, and especially if the distance to the nearest skidway is short, they are often handled with the skidding-tongs which resemble a pair of large, heavy ice-tongs, and which grip the end of the log exactly as ice-tongs grip a cake of

ice. The team is hooked on, and the log is dragged away down the dray road to the skidway. If it is too large and heavy to be moved in this way, one end is lifted on to the cross-beam of the dray, while the other trails behind upon the ground; and if it is so big that the horses cannot start it even with the help of the dray, or if there happens to be a little rise in the road which proves too much for their strength, they are un-



CANADIAN RIVER DRIVERS

hitched and a pulley-block is hooked on with a chain rove through it, one end of which is made fast to a tree some distance ahead, while the horses take hold of the other. Arrived at the skidway, the log is dragged across the skids, and two men armed with cant-hooks roll it down to the front end—that is, the end next the road. When the skidway is full, or perhaps when it is half full, a second tier is started on top of the first, and by and by, as the pile grows higher and steeper, a team of horses is set at work, and, with the help of a long, light chain, rolls the logs up to their places.

All through the autumn and into the early winter the felling and swamping and skidding continue, helped or hindered by the weather. Heavy fall rains, flooding the swamps and making the ground soft and the footing bad, hold the job back and pile up expenses in a way to break the lumberman's heart, while a dry season, followed by sharp frosts in November to freeze the ground solid and a light fall of snow to "grease" the dray roads and make the runners slip easily, adds greatly to the profits.

But in any event, when the snow grows so deep that it is difficult for men and horses to leave the beaten roads,

then skidding and swamping and felling all come to an end, and another stage of the operation begins—the sleigh-haul. The log road is broken, the snow-plow is run over it, if necessary, and the sprinkler is set at work—a big wooden water-tank mounted on runners, with two small holes in the rear from which the water falls into the ruts, leaving long ribbons of ice for the log-sleighs to run upon. The profits on the rest of the winter's work must depend on the size of the loads that can be drawn, for the horses cannot be hurried—the work is too heavy. They can make only so many round trips a day between the skidways and the banking-ground, and if the job is to be hastened it must be done by making the sleighs run more easily and then increasing the loads. So every effort is put forth to get this ice railway in the best possible condition, and the "road-monkeys" or "road-hogs," as they are variously called in lumber-camp slang, are constantly at work keeping it in repair.

A tremendously strong and heavy sleigh pulls up in front of a skidway and the logs are rolled upon the great cross-beams—"bunks," the driver calls them—which are to support the load.



"LOADING" A CRIB OF LOGS AT FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO



BRINGING LOGS DOWN TO THE RIVER

As the pile grows the horses are made to assist in building it up, just as they did in "decking up" the skidway, while a cant-hook man, the "top-loader," stands ready to receive each log and guide it to its place. It is dangerous work—top-loading. In fact, the lumberjack is always in more or less danger, no matter what part of the job he is engaged upon. A tree may fall in an unexpected direction and crush him before he can escape, or the butt may leap sideways as it leaves the stump. An ax may glance and open an artery, from which he may bleed to death. A chain may break and let a log roll back upon him; and in

former years it was not unknown for a man working alone to be set upon by wild beasts, though this is a thing that seldom happens nowadays. The danger from falling branches is always present when one is under the trees, for dead limbs are liable to drop at any moment, without warning and sometimes without any apparent reason. But the top-loader is the man who runs the greatest risks, for he has little room in which to work and he is liable at any time to be caught and crushed between the logs, or to lose his footing, or to be knocked off the load and thrown to the ground, perhaps with a log on top of him. Many



THE MIDDAY MEAL ON THE CRIB

a man has lost his life while putting the "peaker" on the load. And another dangerous task is that of the men who "break down" the front of the skidway and "send up" to the top-loader; for now and then the logs become cemented together with ice and snow, and in loosening them the cant-hook men are liable to start an avalanche of timber which may crush them before they can get out of the way.

the road is growing soft and slushy, the last log arrives and the sleigh-haul is ended.

There remains only the drive. Now, the drive and its methods vary a good deal in different sections of the country. On most of the streams that empty into the Great Lakes it is a much simpler and easier matter than on streams like the Ottawa and Penobscot, mainly because the rivers of the Lake basin are all



WORKING ON A "SORTING-JACK"

Complete at last, with the peaker on and the whole mass securely bound together with chains, the small mountain of logs glides deliberately away down the log road, and after a journey of anywhere from one to a dozen miles it reaches the banking-ground, where the logs are piled up to wait for spring. During the weeks and months that follow they are joined by hundreds of other such small mountains, till finally, perhaps not until the thaws have set in and

much shorter than some of those farther east, and also because many of them are not navigable for steamers. In the Lake region the drive is often over in a few weeks, and sometimes even in a few days, while on the streams of Canada and New England it frequently takes two years for the logs to work down from the woods to the boom and the sorting-jack. On the longer drives, and especially where it is necessary to keep out of the way of steamers, the

logs are often made up into "cribs," on which the crews pitch their tents and live for month after month as they glide slowly down with the current. Rafts just like them may be seen on the Danube and other European rivers, handled with huge oars and steered with a long sweep. On the short streams, particularly those that are not navigated by other craft, there is nothing to do but roll the logs off the banking-ground into the river and let them float down as fast as they will, a crew of men following close behind with peaveys and pike-poles to keep them moving and release those that get "hung up" on the banks. A few large logs are fastened together to form a small raft on which tents are pitched, and sometimes there is a rough scow carrying a little cabin which serves as a kitchen. Here the men eat and sleep, and the "wannigan," as it is called, floats down stream just behind the logs and is always close to the scene of action.

To a strong, healthy man who is inured to exposure and does not mind getting his feet wet, river-driving is not necessarily a very hard or disagreeable occupation so long as the weather is not very boisterous nor the stream very tumultuous; but on cold, stormy days, such as often come to the north country in early spring, his lot is not an enviable one. As to the dangers attendant on his calling, they depend almost entirely on the behavior of the river. While the current is slow and tranquil the work is not very perilous, though it is often tedious and there is always a chance that in running across the floating logs he may tumble in and perhaps be caught under the timber and drowned like a rat in a trap. Strange to say, there are many river-drivers who cannot swim. But the risks multiply rapidly when the drive enters a rapid or nears a fall, and when the now racing logs begin to pile up on the rocks like tangled heaps of jackstraws. Often the driver has to wade out into the rushing stream, where the current threatens to sweep him away, and where a flying log may dash against him at any moment and knock him off his feet. Often he must clamber over the jam and pick and pry at the woven

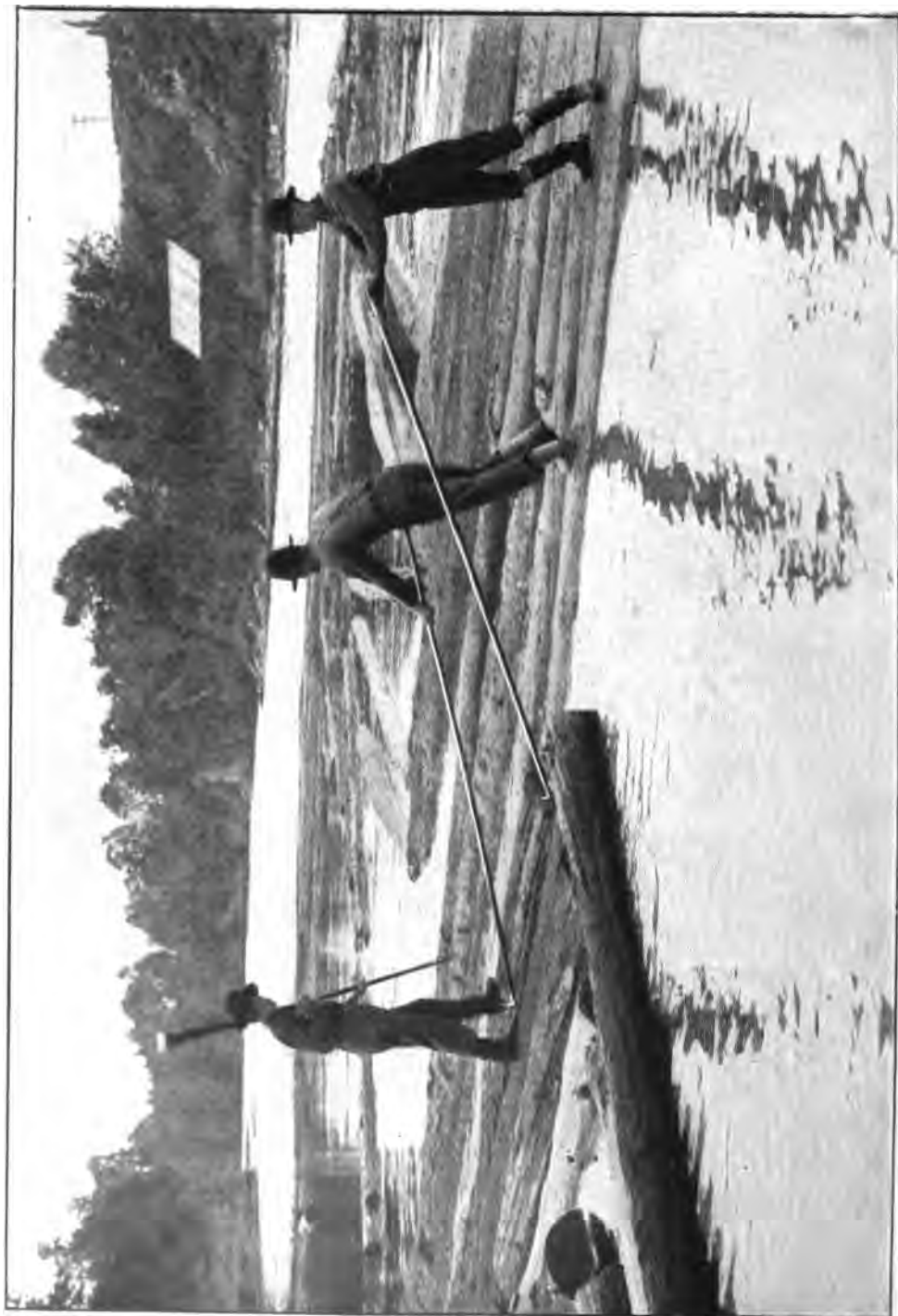
sticks with his peavey or his pike-pole, and take the chances that the pile may suddenly melt away under his feet and let him drop into the icy river, perhaps to be crushed to death between the grinding timbers. And sometimes he has to get down under the front of the jam and loosen the one log which, braced against a rock, is holding back all the rest, with the possibility that the entire mass may take a sudden start and be upon him before he can escape. At the best, the frequent wettings and the constant exposure to the weather must tell on a man sooner or later. There are no old men on the drive, and few middle-aged ones. The driver gets good wages, but he earns his money, and the driving crews are generally made up of the pick of the camps, the best, strongest, and hardest men in the woods.

A way of handling logs which might be called driving in miniature is the use of the slide. It sometimes happens that a stream which is too shallow to float a large log contains water enough if it could be concentrated into a narrower channel, or perhaps its bed is so rocky that the timber is continually running aground, or there may be some other reason why the river itself is not drivable. In that case a wooden trough is sometimes built, wide enough to accommodate the largest sticks, and into this the water is led, or so much of it as is needed. The logs come down one or two at a time instead of in cribs or in confused masses, but they follow each other in rapid succession, and the slide does a good deal of business in the course of a day. Once in a while there is a jam, just as there is in the rapids of a river. A log swings sidewise and gets stuck, and everything is stopped until it can be straightened out.

Perhaps the queerest product of the drive is the "alligator," a small and very heavily built vessel used in handling logs on some of the Canadian lakes and rivers—a sort of a cross between a boat and a grasshopper. It beats the record of even President Lincoln's famous gun-boats, which could go "wherever the ground was a little damp," for in case of necessity it can navigate a dry and dusty road or make its way through a swamp



A ROOM IS SET APART IN EVERY LUMBER-MILL FOR SHARPENING THE GREAT CIRCULAR SAWS



WORKING THE LOGS DOWN THE RIVER

It sometimes takes two years for the logs to reach their destination.

or over a windfall. On its forward deck it carries a powerful steam capstan or windlass, and when it wants to take a land voyage a wire cable is taken ashore and made fast to some secure and solid anchorage, the capstan is set at work, and the "alligator" hauls itself out of the water and wanders about, slowly but surely, at its own sweet will. When its operations in one lake are finished, it simply hitches itself across lots to another and begins there.

The lumber-jack is not always at work. When the sleigh-haul is finished or when the drive is done, and now and then between times, he stops and plays for a longer or shorter time, according to the sum of money that he has earned since his last spree. While out on the drive one day last spring I happened to overhear two men discussing the relative merits of two lumber towns as places in which to get rid of their hard-won wealth.

"N—— is the best town in the country to spend a stake in," one of them said. "They'll let you go out on the street and holler as much as you like. At S—— the police will run you in, and if one policeman can't handle you alone there's two of them ready to do it."

Going out on the street and "hollering," while it may be to a certain extent a disturbance of the peace, is very apt to be the most innocent part of the lumber-jack's celebration. Drinking, other vice, and sometimes fighting and murder, have been features of his spring diversions since lumbering began. It must be admitted, however, that times are changing a little in the lumber woods as well as everywhere else, and that the shanty-boy, like his cousin the cowboy, is not quite so picturesque a figure as he once was, and does not blow in his "stake" quite so violently. There are even some of his tribe who do not blow it in at all, but keep it for wiser uses. And in many other ways he has altered, in some respects for the better and in some for the worse. He is not only a little more law-abiding, but also, it is to be feared, a little less interesting and attractive. He may be less ready with a knife or a revolver, but he is also less ready with a song or a story.

Nevertheless, the lumber-jack still has

a great deal of individuality. He lives and works out-of-doors, among the trees, in the wind, under the sky; and he is simple and natural, generous, fearless, manly, and independent. There are no labor unions in the lumber camps, and while this is partly due to the fact that the lumber-jack is a good deal of a rover and will seldom stay in one place long enough to be organized, yet I believe it is also, in part, because of his love of managing his own affairs in his own way. He has his vices and his weaknesses, and they are bad ones, but seldom is he mean or petty or small, and to a considerable extent his failings are due to the conditions under which his life is spent. His evenings are occupied in lounging about the stove in a hot, close, foul atmosphere, smoking, swapping stories with his mates, playing cards, or idly listening to the music of the camp fiddler—seldom reading, for reading matter is scarce in the camps, and many of the men would not know how to appreciate it if they had it. After a day in the open air, followed by a very hearty supper, he is apt to feel dull and stupid, and before long he turns in between his blankets and sleeps till the chore-boy comes in to start the fire, and the cook's tin horn warns him that it is time to get up and begin another day. Sundays are much the same, except that they are longer and more tedious. He can go for a walk if he wishes, and sometimes he is located where there is good hunting and fishing; but few lumber-jacks own a gun or a rod, and what is the use of walking when there is nowhere to go? As the weeks wear on the monotony grows almost unendurable, and when at last the job is done and he starts for town with his time-check in his pocket, he is as happy and excited as a boy just out of school. Is it any wonder that he feels the need of a frolic, and that, knowing no other way of letting off steam, he turns to drink and vice, and sticks to them until his money is gone? There are no malevolent intentions in his misbehavior; he is merely trying to have a good time in the only way that seems open to him.

How many men there are in the camps who, under an apparently careless

and happy-go-lucky demeanor, are really broken-hearted over the failure and purposelessness of their lives, no one knows, or ever will know; but there are not a few who realize perfectly that the years are slipping rapidly away from them, and are bringing nothing but months of labor followed by a few days of debauchery. There are some, indeed, who have families to whom they take or send their earnings, but there are others who have families to whom they send nothing, and to whom they are ashamed to go home; while the majority of them have no one to think of but themselves. There are many who know that they are missing much. With some it is merely a vague feeling that there are those who are better off than they, like that of a lumber-jack I used to know, who once remarked to his mate, as they stood near the railway watching an express train go by, "Say, Jim, there's people in them cars that's away up in sassiety." But to others there often comes the keenest shame and sorrow and remorse as they realize more and more, with each passing year and each succeeding spree, that their own weakness is putting them beyond all hope of ever enjoying the best that life can give.

And once in a while one finds a man in camp who not only knows what human life—his own life—ought to be and is not, but who has some touch of appreciation of the beauties of nature, and looks up with reverence to One who is above both nature and humanity. And now and then such a man will let you have a glimpse into his heart. One

spring day I was seated on a broken bridge that crosses a certain northern Michigan river, watching the driving crew send the logs through a gap in the middle span. The foreman sat beside me—an old woodsman who had lived in the forest for years and I think had come to love it—and in the course of our talk he spoke of the marvelous colors which those same woods displayed in autumn, and especially of the soft bright yellow of the tamaracks—spoke in a way which showed how much he appreciated the beautiful sights of the world about him. It was good to hear, but there was something better coming. I had my camera and was trying to photograph the men at their work, but it was cloudy, the light was poor, and I knew that the short exposures required to catch the moving figures would probably give but weak negatives. I said as much to him, and he tried to console me by saying that probably few really perfect photographs were ever taken by any one, and then added, "There never was but one perfect man."

It was said as simply and naturally and sincerely as one might speak of the weather or the hard work and exposure of the drive, and I admit that it took me a little aback. I, too, believed in the One Perfect Man, but I was not looking for a confession of faith at that moment, and all I could say in reply was, "That's right."

And then for a few minutes we sat silent and watched the river drivers with their long pike-poles urging the logs one after another through the broken bridge.



AN "ALLIGATOR" HOLDING BACK A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF LOGS



FLOWERS OF THE AMERICAN LINDEN

Some American Trees

By J. Horace McFarland

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

IN preceding articles of this series I have treated of trees in a relationship of family, or according to some noted similarity. There are, however, some trees of my acquaintance of which the family connections are remote or unimportant, and there are some other trees of individual merit with the families of which I am not sufficiently well acquainted to speak familiarly as a whole. Yet some of these trees, looked at by themselves, are as beautiful, interesting, and altogether worthy as any of which I have written, and they are also among the familiar trees of America. Therefore I present them apart from the class treatment.

One day in very early spring—or was it very late in winter?—I walked along the old canal road, looking for some evidence in tree growth that spring was really at hand. Buds were swelling, and here and there a brave robin could be heard telling about it in song to his mate (I think that settled the season as earliest spring!); but beyond the bud evidences the trees seemed to be silent on the subject. Various herbs showed lusty beginnings, and the skunk-cabbage, of course, had pushed up its tropical

richness in defiance of any late frost, pointing the way to its peculiar red-purple flowers, long since fertilized and turning toward maturity.

The search seemed vain, until a glint of yellow just ahead, too deep to proceed from the spice-bush I was expecting to find, drew me to the very edge of the water, there to see hanging over and reflected in the stream a mass of golden catkins. Looking closely, and touching the little tree, I disengaged a cloud of pollen and a score of courageous bees, evidently much more pleased with the sweet birch than with the near-by skunk-cabbage flowers. Sweet birch it was; the stiff catkins, that had all winter held themselves in readiness, had just burst into bloom with the sun's first warmth, introducing a glint of bright color into the landscape, and starting the active double work of the bees, in fertilizing flowers while gathering honey, that was not to be intermitted for a sunshine hour all through the season.

A little later, along the great Susquehanna, I found in full bloom other trees of this same birch, beloved of boys—and of girls—for its aromatic bark. Certainly picturesque and bright, the little trees were a delight to the winter-

wearied eye, the mahogany twigs and the golden catkins, held at poise over the water, being full of spring suggestion.

All of the birches—I wish I knew them better!—are good to look at, and I think the bees, the woodpeckers, the humming-birds, and other wood folk must find some of them good otherwise. At Eagles Mere there was a yellow birch, in the bark of which scores of holes had been drilled by the woodpeckers or the bees, at regularly spaced intervals, to let the forest life drink at will of the sweet sap. I remember also that my attempt to photograph a score of bees, two large brown butterflies, and one humming-bird, all in attendance upon this birch feast, was a surprising failure.

The great North Woods show us wonderful birches. Paddling through one of the Spectacle ponds, along the Racquette River, one early spring day, I came upon a combination of white pine, red pine, and paper-birch that was simply dazzling in effect. This birch has bark, as every one knows, of a shining creamy white. Not only its color, but its tenacity, resistance to decay, and wonderful divisibility, make this bark one of the most remarkable of nature's fabrics. To the Indian and the trapper it has long been as indispensable as is the palm to the native of the tropics.

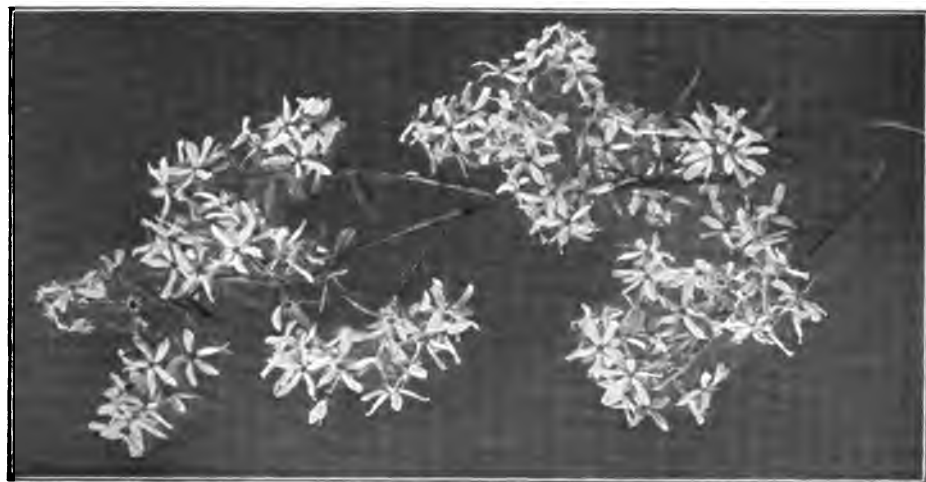
The spice-bush, of which I spoke above, is really a large shrub, and is especially notable for two things—the way it begins the spring, and the way it ends the fall. About my home, it is the first of wild woods trees to bloom, except perhaps the silver maple, which has a way of getting through with its flowers unnoticed before spring is thought of. One finds the delicate little bright yellow flowers of the spice-bush clustered thickly along the twigs long before the leaves are ready to brave the chill air. After the leaves have fallen in the autumn, these flowers stand out in a reincarnation of scarlet and spicy berries, which masquerade continually as holly-berries when cunningly introduced amid the foliage of the latter. Between spring and fall the spice-bush is apparently invisible.

How many of us, perfectly familiar

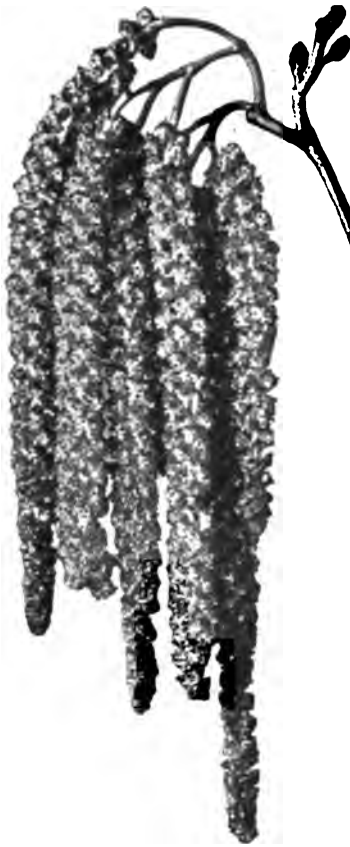
with "the holly-berry's glow" about Christmas time, have ever seen a whole tree of holly, set with berries? Yet the trees, sometimes fifty feet high, of American holly—and this is very different from the English holly in leaf—grow all along the Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Florida, and are especially plenty south of Maryland and Delaware. There is one superb specimen in Trenton, New Jersey's capital, which is of the typical form, and when crowded with scarlet berries it is an object of great beauty. One reason why many of us have not seen holly growing in the wild is that it seems to prefer the roughest and most inaccessible locations. Years ago I was told that I might see plenty of holly growing freely in the Pennsylvania county of my home. "But," my informant added, "you will need to wear heavy leather trousers to get to it!" The nurserymen are removing this difficulty by growing plants of all the hollies—American, Japanese, English, and Himalayan—so that they may easily be set in the home grounds, with their handsome evergreen foliage and their berries of red or black.

One spring, the season and my opportunities combined to provide a most pleasing feast of color in the tree quest. It was afforded by the juxtaposition at Conewago of the bloom-time of the deep pink red-bud, misnamed "Judas tree," and the large white dogwood—both set against the deep, almost black, green of the American cedar, or juniper. These two small trees, the red-bud and the dogwood, are of the class of admirable American natives that are notable rather for beauty and brightness of bloom than for tree form or size.

The common dogwood—*Cornus florida* of the botany—appears in bloom insidiously, one might say; for the flowers open very slowly, and they are green in color, and easily mistaken for leaves after they have attained considerable size. Gradually the green pales to purest white, and the four broad petals, with the peculiar little pucker or notch at the end of each, swell out from the clustered stamens to a total diameter of as much as four inches. With these flowers clustered thickly on the usually horizontally



THE PAPAW AND THE SHAD-BUSH



THE EARLY SPRING BLOOM OF THE SWEET BIRCH

held branches, the effect against the green or brown of near-by trees is startling. The dogwood's horizontal branching habit makes every scrap of its lovely white blooms effective to the beholder on the ground below, but far more striking if one may see it from above, as looking down a hillside.

Though the dogwood blooms before its leaves are put forth, the foliage sometimes catches up with the flowers; and this foliage is itself a pleasure, because of its fineness and its regular venation, or marking with ribs. In the fall, when the flowers of purest white have been succeeded by oblong berries of brightest scarlet, the foliage remains awhile to contrast with the brilliance of the fruit. The frosts soon drop the leaves, and then the berries stand out in all their attractiveness, offering food to every passing bird, and thus carrying out another of

nature's cunning provisions for the reproduction of the species. Seeds in the crops of birds travel free and far, and some fall on good ground!

Is it not sad to know that the brave, bold dogwood, holding out its spring flag of truce from arduous weather, and its autumn store of sustenance for our feathered friends, is in danger of extinction from the forest because its hardy, smooth, even-grained white wood has been found to be especially available in the "arts"?

The red-bud, as I have said, is mis-called Judas-tree, the tradition being that it was on a tree of this family, but not of the American branch, happily and obviously, that the faithless disciple

hanged himself after his final interview with the priests who had played upon his cupidity. Indeed, tradition is able to tell even now marvelous stories to travelers, and not long ago I was more amused than edified to hear an eloquent clergyman just returned from abroad tell how he had been shown the fruits of the Judas-tree, "in form like beautiful apples, fair to the eye, but within bitter and disappointing;" and he moralized just as vigorously on this fable as if it had been true, as he thought it. He didn't particularly relish the suggestion that the pulpit ought to be fairly certain of its facts, whether of theology or of science, in these days; but he succumbed to the submission of authority for the statement that the Eastern so-called Judas-tree, *Cercis siliquastrum*, bore a small pod, like a bean, and was not unpleasant, any more than the pod was attractive.

The earliest of the spring-flowering small trees that bloom white is the shadbush, or service-berry. Again the "common" names are trifling and inadequate;

The earliest of the spring-flowering small trees that bloom white is the shadbush, or service-berry. Again the "common" names are trifling and inadequate;

shad-bush because the flowers come when the shad are ascending the rivers along which the trees grow, and service-berry because the pleasant fruits are of service, perhaps! June-berry, another name, is better; but the genus owns the mellifluous name of *Amelanchier*, and the term *Canadensis* belongs to the species with the clouds of little white flowers shaped like a thin-petaled star. The shad-bush blooms with the trilliums—but I may not allow the all too large subject of the spring flowers to set me spinning on another hank!

Searching for early recollections of trees, I remember, when a boy of six or seven, finding some little green berries or fruits, each with its long stem, on the pavement under some great trees in the Capitol Park of my home town. I could eat these; and thus

they pleased the boy as much as the honey-sweet flowers that gave rise to them now please the man. The noble American linden, one of the really great trees of our forests, bears these delicate flowers, held in rich clusters from a single stem which is attached for part of its length to a curious long green bract. If these flowers came naked on the tree, as do those of the Norway maple, for instance, they would be easily seen and admired of men, but being

withheld until the splendid heart-shaped foliage is well out, the blooms miss the casual eye. But the bees see them; they know the linden for their own, and great stores of sweetest honey follow a year when abundant pasture of these flowers is available.

A kindly tree is this linden, or lime, or basswood, to give it all its common names.



DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS AND BERRIES

Kindly as well as stately, but never rugged as the oak, or of obvious pliant strength as the hickory. The old tree invites to shade under its limbs crowded with broad leaves; the young tree is lusty of growth and clean of bark, a model of rounded beauty and a fine variant from the overworked maples of our streets.

Again the tale of woe, for the great lindens of our forests are nearly all gone. Too useful for timber; too easy to fell; its soft, smooth, even wood too adaptable to many uses! Cut them all; strip the bark for "bast," or tying material; America is widening; the sawmills cannot be idle; such scientific and decent forestry as that which in Europe preserves splendid trees of approaching maturity is a dream for the future generations in America!

But other lindens, those of Europe especially, are loved of the landscape architect and the Germans. "Unter den Linden," Berlin's famous street, owes its name, fame, and shade to the handsome European species, the white-lined leaves of which turn up in the faintest breeze, to show silvery against the deep green of their upper surfaces. Very many of these fine lindens are being planted now in America by landscape architects, and there are some lindens on Long Island just as prim and trim as any in Berlin. Indeed, there is a sort of German "offiziere" waxed-mustache air of superiority about them!

There is an all-pervading Middle States tree that I might give a common name to as the "fence-post tree," because it is so often grown for that use



THE AMERICAN LINDEN



BLOOMS OF THE BLACK LOCUST

only, by reason of its enduring timber and its exceeding vigor under hard usage. Yet the common black locust is one of the most distinct and pleasing American trees of moderate height. Distinct it is in its framework in winter, mayhap with the twisted pods of last season's fruits hanging free; distinct again in its long-delayed, late-coming, acacia-like foliage; but fragrant, elegant, and beautiful, as well as distinct, when in June it sets forth its long, drooping racemes of whitest and sweetest flowers. These come only when warm weather is an assured fact, and the wise Pennsylvania Germans feel justified in awaiting the blooming of the locust before finally discarding their winter underclothing!

For years a family of my knowledge has held it necessary, for its proper conduct, to have in order certain floral drives. First the apple-blossom drive introduces the spring, and the lilac drive confirms the impression that really the season is advancing; but the locust drive is the sweetest of all, taking these nature-lovers along some shady lanes, beside the east bank of a great river, and in places where, the trees planted only for the fence utility of the hard

yellow wood, these fragrant flowers, hanging in grace and elegance far above the highway, have redeemed surroundings otherwise sordid and mean.

I want Americans to prize the American locust for its real beauty. The French know it, and show with pride their trifling imported specimens. We cannot exterminate the tree, and there will be plenty for posts, too; but let us realize its sweetness, distinction, and elegance, as well as the durability and solidity of its structure.

There are fashions in trees, if you please, and the nurserymen set them. Suddenly they discover the merits of some long-forgotten tree, and it jumps into prominence. Thus, only a few years ago, the pin-oak came into vogue, to the lasting benefit of some parks, avenues, and home grounds. Then followed the sycamore, but it had to be the European variety, for our own native "plane-tree," or "buttonball," is too plentiful and easy to sing much of a tree-seller's song about. This Oriental plane is a fine tree, however, and the avenue in Fairmount Park that one may see from trains passing over the Schuylkill River is admirable. The bark is mottled



AMERICAN HOLLY

in green, and this color is especially bright when the tree is wet with rain. As the species is free from the attacks of a nasty European "bug" or fungus, which is bothering the American plane, it is much safer to handle, commercially.

But our stately American sycamore is in a different class. One never thinks of it as a lawn tree, or as bordering a fashionable roadway; rather the expectation is to find it along a brook, in a meadow, or in some rather wild and unkempt spot. As one of the scientific books begins of it, "it is a tree of the first magnitude." I like that expression; for the sycamore gives an impression of magnitude and breadth; it spreads out serenely and comfortably.

My friend Professor Bailey says *Platanus occidentalis*, which is the truly right name of this tree, has no title to the term sycamore; it is properly, as his cyclopædia gives it, Buttonwood or Plane. Hunting about a little among tree books, I find the reason for this, and that it explains another name I have never understood. The sycamore of the Bible, referred to frequently in the Old Testament, traditionally mentioned as the tree under which Joseph rested with Mary and the young child on the way to Egypt, and into which Zaccheus climbed to see what was going on, was a sort of fig-tree—"Pharaoh's Fig," in fact. When the mystery-plays of the centuries gone by were produced in Europe, the tree most like to what these good people thought was the real sycamore furnished the branches used in the scene-setting—and it was either the Oriental plane or the sycamore-leaved maple that was chosen, as convenient. The name soon attached itself to the trees; and when homesick immigrants looked about the new world of America for some familiar tree, it was easy enough to see a great similarity in the leaves of the buttonwood, which thus soon became sycamore.

A tree is never without interest to those whose eyes have been opened to some of the wonders and perfections of nature. Nevertheless, there is a time in the year's round when each tree makes its special appeal. It may be in the winter, when every twig is outlined

sharply against the cold sky, and the snow reflects light into the innermost crevices of its structure, that the elm is most admirable. When the dogwood has on its white robe in May and June, it then sings its song of the year. The laden apple-tree has a pure glory of the blossoms, and another warmer, riper glory of the burden of fruit, but we think most kindly of its flowering time. Some trees maintain such a continuous show of interest and beauty that it is difficult to say on any day, "*Now* is this tulip or this oak at its very finest!" Again, the spring redness of the swamp maple is hardly less vivid than its mature coloring of the fall.

But as to the liquidambar, or sweet-gum, there can be no question. Interesting and elegant the year round, its autumn covering of polished, deep crimson, starry leaves is so startlingly beautiful and distinct as almost to take it out of comparison with any other tree. Others have nearly the richness of color, others again show nearly the elegance of leaf form, but no one tree rivals completely the sweet-gum at the time when the autumn chill has driven out all the paleness in its leaf spectrum, leaving only the warm crimson that seems for awhile to defy further attacks of frost. As to shape, the locality settles that; for, a very symmetrical small to maximum-sized tree in the North and on high dry places, in the South and in wet places North it becomes another "tree of the first magnitude," wide-spreading and heavy. A stellar comparison seems to fit, because of these wonderful leaves. They struck me at first, hunting photographs one day, as belonging to some sort of a maple; but what maple could have such perfection of star form? A maple, refined, perfected, and indeed polished, one might well think, for while other trees have shining leaves, they are dull in comparison with the deep-textured gloss of these of the sweet-gum.

Here, too, is a tree for many places; an adaptable, cosmopolitan sort of arboreal growth. At its full strength of hard, solid, time-defying wooded body on the edge of some almost inaccessible swamp of the South, where its spread-out roots and ridgy branches earn for it another common name as the "alligator-tree," it is in a park or along a private driveway at the North quite the acme of refined tree elegance, all the summer and fall. It takes on a rather narrow, pyramidal head, broadening as it ages, but never betraying kin with its fellow of the swamp, save perhaps when winter has bared its peculiar winged and "corky" branches.

With trees in general as objects of interest, I have always felt a special leaning toward tropical trees, probably because they are rare, and indeed not to be seen outside of the conservatory, in our Middle States. My first visit to Florida was made particularly enjoyable by reason of the palms and bananas there to be seen, and I have by no means lost the feeling of admiration for the latter especially. In Yucatan there were to be seen other and stranger growths and fruits, and the novelty of a great cocoanut grove is yet a memory



SPICE-RUSH

not eclipsed by the present-day Floridian productions of the same sort.

It was, therefore, with much astonishment that I came to know, a few years ago, a little tree bearing a fruit that had been familiar from my boyhood, but which I was then informed was the sole northern representative of a great family of tropical fruits, and which was fairly called the American banana. The papaw it was; a fruit all too luscious and sweet, when fully ripe in the fall, for most tastes, but appealing strongly to the omnivorous small boy. I suppose most of my readers know its banana-like green fruits, four or five inches long, green outside, but filled with soft and sweet aromatic yellow pulp, punctuated by several fat bean-like seeds.

But it is the very handsome and distinct little tree, with its decidedly odd flowers, that I would celebrate, rather than the fruits. This tree, rather common to shady places in eastern America as far north as New York, is worth much attention, and is worth planting for its spreading richness of foliage. The leaves are large, and seem to carry into the cold North a hint of warmth and of luxuriant growth not common by any means—I know of only one other hardy tree, the cucumber magnolia, with an approaching character. The arrangement, too, of these handsome papaw leaves on the branches makes the complete mass of regularly shaped greenery that is the special characteristic of this escape from the tropics.

The form of this papaw, or *Asimina triloba*—the botanical name is rather pleasing—is noticeable, and as characteristic as its leafage. See these side branches, leaving the slender central stem with a graceful up-curve, but almost at once swinging down, only to again curve upward at the ends. Are they not graceful? Such branches as these point nature's marvelous engineering, to appreciate which one needs only to try to imagine a structure of equal grace and efficiency made with any material of the arts. How awkward and clumsy steel or other metal would be!

Along these swinging curved branches, as we see them in the April winds, there appear hints of the leaf richness that is

to come—but something else as well. These darkest purple-red petals, almost black as they change from the green of their opening hue, make up the peculiar flowers of the papaw. There is gold in the heart of the flower, not hid from the bees, and there is much of interest for the seeker for spring knowledge as well; though I advise him not to smell the flowers. Almost the exact antithesis of the dogwood is the bloom of this tree; for, both starting green when first unfolded from the buds, the papaw's flowers advance through browns and yellows, dully mingled, to the deep vinous red of maturity. The dogwood's final banner of white is unfolded through its progress of greens, about the same time or a little later.

A pleasant and peculiar small tree is this papaw, not nearly so well known or so highly esteemed as it ought to be.

Another tree with edible fruits—but here there will be a dispute, perhaps!—is the persimmon. I mean the American persimmon, indissolubly associated in our own Southland with the darky and the 'pössum, but also well distributed over eastern North America as far north as Connecticut. The botanical name of the genus is *Diospyros*, liberally translated as "fruit of the gods," or "Jove's fruit." If his highness of Olympus was, by any chance, well acquainted with our 'simmon just before frost, he must have had a copper-lined mouth, to choose it as his peculiar fruit!

Making a moderate-sized tree of peculiar and pleasing form, its branches twisting regardless of symmetry, the persimmon in Pennsylvania likes the country roadsides, especially along loamy banks. Here it has unequaled opportunity for hanging out its attractively colored fruits. As one drives along in early fall, just before hard frost, these fine-looking little tomato-like globes of orange and red are advertised in the wind by the absence of the early-dropping foliage. They look luscious and tempting; indeed, they *are* tempting! Past experience—you need but one—had prepared me for this "bunco" fruit; but my friend would not believe me, one day in early October—he must taste for himself. Taste

he did, and generously, for the first bite is pleasing and does not alarm, wherefore he had time, before his insulted nerves of mouth and tongue gave full warning, to absorb two of the 'simmons. Whew! What a face he made when the puckering juice got to work, and convinced him that he had been sucking a disguised lump of alum! Choking and gasping, he called for the water we were far from; and *he* won't try an unfrosted persimmon again.

But the tree—that is a beauty all summer, with its shining leaves, oblong, pointed, and almost of the magnolia shape. It will grace any situation, and is particularly one of the trees worth planting along highways, to relieve the monotony of too many maples, ashes, horse-chestnuts, and the like, and to

offer to the passer-by a tempting fruit of which he will surely not partake too freely when it is most attractive. I read that toward the western limit of its range the persimmon, in Louisiana, eastern Kansas, and the Indian Territory, becomes a tree of the first magnitude, towering above a hundred feet. This would be well worth seeing!

There is another persimmon in the South, introduced from Japan, the fruits of which are freely sold on the fruit-stands of the North. This, the kaki of Japan, is a small but businesslike tree, which provides great quantities of the beautiful fruits, rich in coloring and sweet to the taste. These 'simmons do not need the touch of frost, nor do they ever attain the fine, wild, high flavor of the frostbitten Virginian fruits.

By Firelight

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

GRANNY SIMMERS, shading her face with her wrinkled hand, was flicking the ashes from the broad hearth with a turkey wing. The low sitting-room was flooded with the ruddy light of the crackling wood fire; the old brass dogs, polished by Martha's faithful hands, fairly glittered in the glow of the gushing flames that rollicked up the chimney.

The scarlet geraniums at the windows were drawn back and carefully covered with newspapers, for the night was bitter cold, and in Granny's cheery sitting-room the shades were never drawn.

Through the open door to the kitchen, above the clatter of the dishes, arose the sound of Martha's strong soprano as it droned out of key:

"She sat in the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the birds whistle and look at the moon."

Granny, satisfied at last with the tidiness of her hearth, seated herself in her low rocker and drew her knitting from her capacious pocket. It was at this moment that she heard the welcome sound of voices and the stamping of snowy feet upon the portico and then the thin tinkle of her bell.

"My me!" exclaimed Granny, dropping her knitting and hastily smoothing her white hair back under her velvet cap; "if I don't believe that's company, on sech a night as this! Marthy's that took up with 'Lost Kathleen' I don't believe she heard the bell, so I guess I won't call her, an' have the fun of lettin' 'em in myself."

Throwing her little breakfast shawl over her head and taking up the candle, she cautiously opened the door into the hall and tiptoed across the icy oilcloth to the front door. Here she was forced to set the candle upon the floor, as it took the strength of both hands to turn the big brass key.

"Why, if it 'tain't Granny herself!" wheezed Mrs. Keel from the depths of her nubia, as Granny opened the door and peeped curiously out at the mummy-like figures upon the portico. "We jest thought we'd surprise you by comin' to the front door."

"Law me, come in!" quavered Granny. "Come in, Sister Keel, and whoever else you be—everybody's so bundled up these days you can't tell 'em from a side of sole-leather. Come in, but don't make any noise, because Marthy ain't 'lowed

me to come to this door since I had that spell of phthisic in the fall, an' I don't know what I'd ketch if she hears me at it; for hired help Marthy is awful bossy, but, land! she takes as good care of me as little Mary would 've. Why, if it ain't Mis' Read an' Loie Marsh—law, child! I'll never in this world get used to callin' you Mis' Trask. Come right into the settin'-room; it's cold as a stepmother's breath in this hall."

So, like a fluttering little gray hen clucking maternally to her brood, she scurried them into the brightness and warmth of her good cheer.

"Sakes alive! but that fire does look fine!" exclaimed Mrs. Read, when she had emerged from her manifold wrappings. "We could see it glowin' clear up to Minnich's corner—snow's so deep we had to go up to the Lutheran church crossin'—an' says I, 'That light's jest like Granny,' didn't I, girls?"

"Now, Sister Read, don't you be sp'ilin' me," laughed Granny, bustling about to make her guests comfortable. "I don't never let down the shades for fear some poor soul might go by a-need-in' a little comfort. Firelight is jest like smiles, don't cost nothin' an' does a powerful lot of cheerin'."

"Your wood fire seems so good, Granny; I don't believe there is another one in Philamaclique," said Lois, as she stood bathing her hands in the mellow warmth, a pink "fascinator" glittering with crystal beads, that had been her husband's Christmas gift to her, framing her pretty face.

"Dear child!" and Granny paused in her flurry to pat the smooth cheek, "I jest love Gray Trask every time I see that happy face of yours. It makes me think of me and John in our honeymoon, only I was such a foolish bit of a young thing. Yes, dearie, my wood fire is good to see. Here, Mis' Keel, you take this rush-bottomed rocker, it's stronger, and Mis' Read, you take this split, and Loie's goin' to set on the old green settee by me. There, child, help me pull it up closer to the hearth. I s'pose most folks would think I was pretty extravagant burnin' wood in this stone-coal country, but John did love a wood fire—they old dogs was his mother's—an' I've got

plenty of wood on the farm sp'ilin' for the cuttin', an' the Kuhn boys is glad to haul it in. Someway I can always see John an' 'Rastus an' little Mary better by the light of the logs than I can by a stove or even by a grate."

"Lawdy me! do listen to Marthy," chuckled Mrs. Keel, as high above the conversation wafted the shrill woe of Martha's plaint:

"She milked the dun cow that ne'er was before,
And though she was wicked she was gentle for her.

Oh, my lost Kathleen!

My long lost Kathleen!

My Kathleen no mo-o-o-o-re!"

"My me, Marthy!" called Granny, as the last "no more" trailed away in a demisemiquaver. "I ain't heard nothin' but 'Lost Kathleen' for two weeks now; do give us something cheerfuler, for we've got company."

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Martha, appearing in the open door with dish-towel in hand to beam upon the guests. "I didn't dream I had an aujence, or I'd give 'em 'Billy Boy' or 'Barbara Allen' or somethin' with more tune; but I'm dreadful glad to see you, 'cause Granny's been pinin' for folks ever since the big snow set in."

"Hurry up with the dishes, Marthy," said her little mistress, bustling out of the green settee, "an' then take the flowin' blue chiny bowl to the cellar an' bring up some Golden Gates. You'll find the popcorn an' the popper in the back stairway, an' give me 'Rastus's little pewter porringer from the pantry shelf for the chestnuts." Here she made a sudden dive into the big closet that flanked the east side of the fireplace, and emerged with a blue and white gingham bag. "Every fall the Kuhn boys fill this bag from John's favorite tree," she explained, as she took the bright little bowl from Martha and heaped it with the glossy brown nuts, "an' some way I always feel as if he was near when I git it out, for John did so love nice homey times with his friends. An', now, Sister Keel, do tell us how the female prayer-meetin' went off last night. Marthy ain't let me put my nose out since this cold snap, an' I was afraid it was sech a bad night there wouldn't be anybody there."

"Well," wheezed Mrs. Keel, ponderously rocking back and forth, "I did lose my temper quite considerable last night, an' I've felt like crawlin' into a hole all day about it. That's one reason I wanted to come to-night, Granny; someway I always feel cleaner inside after I've been with you, an' I ain't the only one, either. You see, I don't believe since Miss Gray whipped Billy at school we've been in sech an upscuttle at home as we was last evenin'. Mellie was goin' to Susy Taylor's surprise party; Mart had his algebr'y to git; Emmie'd an awful cold in her nose an' was sniffin' around; Keel was cross as two sticks 'cause the mooly cow was off her feed an' he was havin' trouble with Stiffler about the coal bank; an' Billy was that full of devilment a body couldn't tell where he'd come down next."

"I couldn't go," broke in Mrs. Read, as she serenely turned the heel of the little blue stocking she was knitting without looking at it, "'cause Amy had coughed croupy, an' you all know what Dan is when there is anything the matter of his 'Snicklefritz'—"

"You ought to give her squills," interrupted Granny, softly; "that's excellent for an infant-baby."

"An' I couldn't leave Gray," laughed Lois, flushing. "Him an' Dan are goin' over their butter an' eggs books to-night, so that's the reason I got away."

"Well, as I was sayin'," wheezed Mrs. Keel, her knitting-needles flashing in and out of the coarse gray sock, "Joel was powerful put out as soon as he heard I was goin'. 'There'll be enough bell-wethers there without you,' he grumbled. 'You'll fall on the ice an' get hurt, an' it's a good three-quarters of a mile to Jackson's. Why didn't they have it over to Dover, or in Lockport, or mebb'y out to Old Town,' says he, gittin' sarcastic. Then Mart he had to chip in; he wanted me to stay to make Billy mind, 'cause his paw can't do a thing with him; but I kept right on with my knittin'. When I'd done up the supper work, and got Mellie off, an' made some onion syrup for Emmie, an' set Billy a-lookin' at the pictures in Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'—he jest dotes on 'em—an' got Mart out at the kitchen table with his algebr'y an'

Joel smokin' peaceful an' noddin' over the 'Advocate,' then I put on my brown woolen hood an' tied my nubia over that, an' covered it all with my big green veil; I knowed I'd be plenty warm with my little jesy coat an' my breakfast shawl an' my Bay State over 'em, so when I was all ready, I said ca'mly, 'I'm goin', an' I went.

"I was jest clear give out carr'in' all them duds, trampin' through the snow, the wind blowin' like mad an' my asthmy gittin' worse at every step, so I was puffin' like a porpoise when I come in sight of Jackson's house, an' the first thing I see was that there wasn't a glimmer of light 'cept back in the kitchen; thinks I, 'that's funny,' but, knowin' Mis' Jackson is queer as Dick's hatband, I didn't know but what she was goin' to have us out there. So I lumbered round in the dark in their dinky little path—Sol Jackson ain't the kind of a man to shovel an inch more snow than he has to—an' I was that out of breath I didn't have no more strength than a cat when I knocked at their door; Dora opened it, an' when she see me she jest squealed out:

"'Why, Mis' Keel, is that you! You poor thing, you've come to the female prayer-meetin', an' here maw thought it was such a bad night there wouldn't nobody come, so her an' paw has gone to the Baptist revival,' says she, 'an' I'm goin' to Susy's party, an' am lookin' any minute for Tom Ramsey to come to take me.'

"'Well,' says I, as I climbed down off them steps, 'you tell your maw that if I was a Methodist I'd *be* a Methodist, an' if I was a Baptist I'd *be* a Baptist;' then I clumped along home again; I was that mad I could 'a' cried. I must say Joel was as good as gold to me when I got there—made a roarin' fire an' het me up, an' made me take a big dose of Emmie's syrup, an' by the time I got to bed I'd come down enough off my high horse to feel pusley mean at gittin' in such a pucker. I wouldn't hurt Mis' Jackson's feelin's for a good deal, an' there ain't a nicer girl than Dora in Philamacleque."

"Don't you fret, don't you fret, Sister Keel," purred Granny, softly, as she

polished the apples until they shone like gold. "I'll speak to Sister Jackson. She ain't one to hold spite, an' you surely did have a hard time. There, Loie, I'm goin' to give you little Mary's plate, an' Mis' Keel 'Rastus's, an' Mis' Read John's, for that's the best way I can show you my love. Now, Marthy, you set down on the little hassock and put the popper right over that glowy spot. If I'd 'a' knowed you was comin' I'd 'a' beat up a sponge-cake; but never mind, we've got some prime pepper-cakes saved over from Christmas; an' now ain't we nice an' cozy?"

The low room was full of cheer; the Golden Gates shone resplendent in their blue bowl; the dancing, snapping grains burst into snow, as Martha, buxom and blooming, shook the popper over the ruddy coals. Lois, shading her face with the white shawl she was crocheting, knelt upon the hearth-rug and tended the chestnuts that were roasting among the coals.

"My mel!" sighed Granny, when later in the evening she had at last subsided into the green settee and taken up her knitting. "How us all settin' around the fire does make me think of the old days down in Fry's Valley, when I was a bride! Jest so the light used to make everything kind of glorified like. How many times I seen it play jest so over that old copper coffee-pot! See how it simmers an' shakes!"

"Ain't that something new, Granny?" asked Lois, going over to the shelf and taking down the quaint old pot. "What a squatty old thing it is, an' what queer little legs it's got, an' here are words on the side!"

"Law, child, that coffee-pot is older than anybody knows of. Marthy found it the other day on the top closet shelf in the red box where I put all my keepsakes, an' nothin' would do but she'd put it out on the shelf. 'Tain't so terrible pretty, only queer and different. Do you see that dent on the side? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if that came from one of the times I kicked it over."

"Sakes alive, Granny!" exclaimed Mrs. Keel; "I didn't 'spose you ever kicked anything in all your born days, let alone a coffee-pot!"

"Bring the pot over here to the fire, Loie, an' let 'em see it," said Granny, nestling back in her corner. "You see, it belonged to old Grandfather Simmers. He'd come to this country from Belgium when he was a young man. He'd been in the wars with Napoleon Bonyparte, an' he'd laid on the ground nights with the cannons boomin' over him till he was as deaf as a post."

"Why, I've heard my grandmother tell about old Henry Simmers lots of times," broke in Mrs. Keel. "Ain't he the one that rode so tall an' straight, jest like an arrow, on his black horse when he was an old, old man?"

"To be sure, to be sure, Sister Keel. He lived to be ninety-eight. an' to the day of his death he loved to have the boys lift him up on his horse, an' away he'd ride like a sojer, proud as a peacock—the Simmers didn't come out of the dust and ashes, I can tell you. Well, that copper coffee-pot belonged to his mother, an' he brung it along to this country, so when Father Simmers—him bein' the oldest son—got married, Grandfather give it to mother. Them words is in Belgium or some kind of a furrin tongue, an' John said it was a sayin' that belongs to the Simmers. I reckon 'sted of workin' mottoes in cross-stitch with red yarn on cardboard, like "God Bless Our Home" an' sech, the Belgiumers put 'em on their coffee-pots—furriners is so queer!"

"Wish we could make out what it says," said Lois, as she and Mrs. Read bent over the quaint inscription.

"Well, John said it meant something like this, 'That the harder it rains the sweeter you ought to sing;' an' it always makes me think of them little Caroliny wrens Marg'ret used to tell about that she seen that winter in York State; they jest caroled sweeter an' sweeter with the cold winter rain a-runnin' off their blessed little backs, till you couldn't help join in their 'Praise God from whom all blessin's flow!'"

"I guess, Granny," said Mrs. Keel, lovingly, "you've been a kind of Caroliny wren yourself. I never forgot how you joined in 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' at John's funeral."

"Well, dear sister, there was surely

never a time I needed to be nearer to Him than on that dark day. Mebby them old words on the coffee-pot did help some, 'cause many's the time John's said 'em to me when all the waves an' billows seemed sweepin' over us, jest same as they do over everybody some time in their lives, an' so we'd think of them words that had comforted so many Simmerses, an' we'd try to sing our song an' comfort each other in the wet an' rain. When Mother Simmers sent me the old coffee-pot—but there! I've got my cart before my horse—I didn't get that pot for many a day after I'd kicked it over.

"You see, when John an' me was first married we went to live in a log cabin that stood in Father Simmers' dooryard. There wasn't a frame house in the hull valley, nor no glass in anybody's windows 'cept father's—we had greased paper in ours. Law me! I used to think, as I walked outside in the twilight an' see them glass panes glow and glitter, there was nothin' in all the world so lovely. But if everything was poor an' plain, our homes was clean as scourin'-sand an' elbow grease could make 'em, with bright fires in winter an' posies an' vines everywhere in summer, an' good cheer an' lovin' hearts all year round, same as now.

"Father Simmers was the salt of the earth, that good an' kind an' sweet-spirited it was like sunshine to see him; but I must confess he wasn't very up an' comin', an' that tried Mother Simmers awful, as she was a dreadful hand at workin' an' gettin' on in the world. Us young folks didn't take no account of that, you may be sure, an' jest thought she was cantankerous an' fussy, an' set our eyes by 'daddy,' as we all called him.

"Once when their children was little he made a fiddle all by hisself—he was that ingenious—an' in the winter evenin' he'd set in the chimbley corner an' saw away, John said, singin' old tunes an' always endin' with a long drag on the bass, an' they'd all be happy as clams—that is, all but mother—she'd jaw an' jaw till the cows come home 'bout that poor fiddle. So one night, right in the middle of 'Old Dan Tucker,' while the

children was a-dancin' over the punch-eon floor, she fired up an' begun agin—then, without a word, daddy jest reached in an' laid the fiddle on the back-log. John told me many a time how the children hopped up and down an' cried when the strings snapped and poor old daddy sat watchin' with tears in his eyes.

"As I said, I heard all this, an' more too, an' lovin' daddy with all my heart made me about as unjest to mother as I could be, an' I don't think I cared much if I spited her or not—though I know now she'd 'a' worked her fingers to the bone for him or any of us.

"'Course with jest John an' me I didn't have much to do in our little cabin, so I'd run over in the mornin's an' help mother with her spinnin'. I used to stand near the hearth with the big wheel a-whirrin' an' think of John an' my little home an' be the happiest girl in the valley.

"Now, if there was anything daddy loved it was his good cup of coffee. Mother used to give it to him in the mornin'; but bein' closer than the bark on a hickory-tree, she'd set the old pot down on the hearth an' let it steep an' steep, an' then at noon she'd jest fill up the grounds. That made me an' John awful spunky at mother, an' so one mornin' when she wasn't lookin'—I can't think what put me up to it—while I was a-spinnin', I jest reached out my foot an' kicked over that pot before you could say Jack Robi'son!

"I stood there innocent as a lamb when she seen it an' was a-bewailin' her clean hearth an' blamin' the cat an' never thinkin' of me. I ain't got a bit of excuse 'cept I was that full of mischief I was always up to some caper. After that mother used to say that pot was bewitched, for the way it tumbled round was a caution. John an' me used to chuckle because dear old daddy was a-gittin' more good cups of coffee than he had in a coon's age.

"But all that time I didn't feel nice an' clean in my conscience about it. I prayed all 'round it, for I knowed very well the Lord didn't have no use for that kind of doin's. After 'Rastus an' little Mary come I don't believe a day went over my head that I didn't see in

my mind poor old mother down on her knees washin' up that hearth, an', oh! how I wished I'd asked her to make daddy a good cup an' not acted so like a sneak! Still, I didn't have grit enough to up an' tell mother, for someway she always scared me dreadful. So the years went on, and daddy had slipped off to heaven an' so had my two babies an' then dear John, an' still poor old mother lived on 'most bent double with age—bedridden now, but bright in her mind as a button. You mind her, Sister Keel? she lived with her daughter Sallie Garver, next farm to Mis' Tinkler, on Goshen Hill.

"One day, Sam Kuhn, he'd been up to Philamaclique, an' comin' past Sallie's brung home to me—would you ever think it—the old copper coffee-pot for a present! He said Mis' Garver hailed him as he was drivin' by an' said nothin' would do mother but that it should be sent down, as the next day was my birthday. Well, I jest took that old squatty pot in my arms, an' I went up in the west spare an' cried an' cried; seemed as if the shame of it would choke me. I'd tried to explain to the Lord that kickin' it over had jest been fun, an' Mr. Devil he'd told me mother'd forgot it long ago an' it was best to let sleepin' dogs lay; but next mornin' I told Sam to hitch up the buggy beast to the little green wicker, an' 'fore the dew was dried on the daisies I was drivin' into Garver's lane. I didn't want to go one bit, an' I don't think I was ever scareder in my life. 'Course Sallie an' the children was powerful glad to see me, but pretty soon says Sallie:

"'You better run up, Polly, an' see mother; she's jest been achin' for some company, an' I'll come up as soon as I git my bread in the oven.'

"It was the prettiest June day you ever seen; the window was wide open, an' I remember that Sallie's 'Baltimore Belle' was a-wavin' its blooms in at the window, an' them white roses was a-nod-din' an' a-bowin' to that white old woman in that white bed as if it had been her weddin'-day.

"Her old face lighted all up at the sight of me, and when she put out both weak hands an' said, 'Dear daughter, I'm so glad to see you,' seemed as if my heart would break; an' I didn't wait a minute, but jest went an' kneeled down by the bed and hid my face in the covers an' sobbed out every word of how I'd loved daddy an' kicked over the pot an' acted a lie to her, an' me a professin' Methodist!

"Not a word did she say for a long time. I couldn't hear a sound 'cept a robin that was singin' on a maple jest outside; then a weak old hand was laid on my bent head, an' her tremblin' old voice, so soft and tender I could hardly hear it, said:

"'Dear Polly, I'm so glad you done it.'

"When I looked—well, I don't expect till I get to heaven an' see John to ever see a sweeter look than was in them faded old eyes."

"Dear Granny!" said Lois, softly, smoothing the little wrinkled hand.

"Blessed little soul!" murmured Mrs. Read, brokenly.

"Mercy sakes! ain't that the Lutheran clock strikin' ten?" cried Mrs. Keel, in a choking voice, wiping her eyes on the coarse gray sock. "Bless us! what will our men folks say?"

"Land! I forgot to set the buck-wheats!" exclaimed Martha, wiping a tear on the back of her hand.

"My, Granny, we've had a lovely time!" said Lois, as they all stood upon the portico, for Granny had insisted upon seeing the last of her guests, so Martha had wrapped her in a blanket. "I'm goin' to bring Gray over soon. Good-night, Granny, an' Marthy, good-night."

"Good-night, good-night! Come again soon, all of you. Don't forget the squills, Mis' Read, if Amy is took in the night. Don't worry over Mis' Jackson, Sister Keel; I'll 'tend to it. Jest see the moon shinin' on the snow! It's jest a beautiful world, that's what it is!"

"Come in, Granny, come in 'fore you ketch your death," and Martha drew her in and shut the door.



April

By Sara Andrew Shafer

Photograph by L. M. McCormick

The swallows circle, the robin calls ;
The lark's song rises, faints and falls ;
The peach-boughs blush with rosiest bloom ;
Like ghosts, in the twilight, the pear-trees loom ;
The maples glow, and the daffodils
Wear the same hue that the west sky fills ;
The moon's young crescent, thin and bright,
Shines in the blue of the early night ;
And over all, through all, April bears
A hope that smiles at the Winter's fears.



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REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER
President of the Panama Canal Commission.



WILLIAM H. BURR
Professor of Civil Engineering in Columbia University.



GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS
Formerly Military Governor of Porto Rico



WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS
Chief Engineer of the New York Subway

The Makers of the Panama Canal

NOW that the treaty with Panama has become an actuality, President Roosevelt and all concerned in the digging of the great interoceanic waterway, which is perhaps to be the most stupendous engineering feat of the present century, are pressing forward with zeal and energy to make a quick beginning of the task. The very first step was, naturally, the appointment of a Panama Commission which should represent scientific and technical ability of the highest order, together with general executive efficiency. Four of the President's appointees are shown in the portraits on the opposite page. It has been unanimously admitted by the press of the country that these four members of the Commission are beyond question almost ideally fit appointees, and it is certain that, as a whole, the Commission includes precisely those qualities and capacities which are necessary to push the work rapidly and at the same time with safety and thoroughness. Rear-Admiral Walker, the head of the Commission, has, by his experience with the former Commission and through his extremely thorough and extensive study of the subject, become the first expert on this particular topic in the country. General Davis, a retired United States officer, has a reputation second to none as an engineer and administrator. Mr. Parsons is known not only in this country but abroad as a man who undertakes and carries through large enterprises involving the most recent and modern problems of construction; he is just completing the first part of the subway system of New York, and has recently had very flattering offers to undertake similar important work in Great Britain. Professor Burr holds the chair of engineering in Columbia University, and has had practical as well as theoretical experience. The other members of the Commission as originally named, and probably as it will be finally constituted, are Colonel F. F. Hecker, of Detroit, who was the director of transportation during our recent war with Spain; Mr. C. E. Grunzky, of San Francisco, who

has special ability both as a sanitarian and as a hydraulic engineer; Mr. B. M. Harrod, of New Orleans, who has been the engineer of the Mississippi River Commission.

Arrangements have already been made for the payment of the forty million dollars agreed upon to the New Panama Canal Company of France, and of ten million dollars to the Republic of Panama, as stipulated in the treaty. It is held by Attorney-General Knox that there is no difficulty relating to the title to be given by the Panama Canal Company, and that the suits now pending in the French courts will be ineffective and futile, while in any case the property to be turned over by the Panama Canal Company is almost entirely on the Isthmus itself, and now subject to the law of Panama rather than that of France. Legislation is now before Congress to provide for the government of the strip of land adjacent to the Canal, which passes by the treaty under the control of the United States. It is evident that the very first problem to be solved is that of sanitation, and our Government has already taken steps to deal with this difficult subject in a thorough way, before actual new work is begun. In this connection it is interesting to know that the United States marines who have lately been stationed on the Isthmus, with very few exceptions, have been in excellent health, and this is attributed largely to the intelligent care taken of them by their officers with regard to drinking-water and diet. The indication from this is that the many thousands of laborers to be employed on the Canal, if subjected to proper oversight and discipline in sanitary matters, can be kept in good health; and there is evidence showing that the large percentage of illness among laborers during the work done by the Panama Canal Company has been due to lack of just such care and discipline. All our medical authorities agree that in some way the pest of mosquitoes in the marshy regions near the coast must be diminished if malaria and fever are to be kept at a distance.

Easter Morning

By Edith L. Smith

O garden blossoms wet with dew,
Shed fragrance sweet;
The Flower of Mary blooms anew,—
Bend at His feet.
True Bud of Jesse's vine,
Earth-rooted, Bloom Divine,
Swing, flowers, each censer high,—
The God of Nature smiles at you
In passing by.

Darkness, born of an Eastern night,
Cast off your gloom.
Behold, here walks the King of Light
Come from the tomb!
Living—the Holy Dead—
Glories around His head
Which lend the dawn a grace.
Darkness, born of an Eastern night,
Lift up your face!

Humanity of weak despair,
With Mary come
Unto Hope's garden, mystic-fair
About Doubt's tomb.
Feeling but earthly woe,
Like her of long ago
Who sought her lifeless God,
May we have, also, faith to know
The Risen Lord.

The Little Still

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

"SO you claim that you have no sentiment, sir," said Judge Wells, laughing.

"I haven't any," asserted Mr. Ai, stolidly. "I've been a plain, hard-fisted man, when I wasn't a hard-fisted boy—nothing sentimental about me now or later."

"What is our little dinner to-night but a concession to sentiment?" persisted Judge Wells. "You come to me to say frankly, 'I want you to do something for me. I want you to invite so-and-so and so-and-so to a dinner, not at the club, but at your own home.' You wanted the mellowing and confidential

atmosphere of a home—of sentiment—for whatever purpose you had in mind; which purpose, in passing, you have not yet confided to me. You can't ignore sentiment. As a matter of fact, you see, you don't ignore it. I tell you, sir, sentiment is structural. It

'rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above'—"

He quoted the familiar lines with a charming feeling and appreciation, with exquisite emphasis and exact enunciation, an old-fashioned fire and moving deliberation that lifted the well-worn phrases above the commonplace.

"That's mighty pretty," said Mr. Ai, interestedly.

The Judge laughed aloud, his young, flashing laugh; his shrewd eyes watching his guest's innocently pleased countenance.

They were an odd contrast—the tall, slight, courtly old lawyer, with his keen, high-bred face, his grace and dignity, and the heavily built, powerfully framed politician, with his stolid, coarse face, his remarkable eyes—large, crafty, magnetic, perfectly controlled; but their understanding of each other, their mutual respect, was equally marked.

"I call the Governor sentimental," said Mr. Ai, abruptly. "I never saw the reformer that wasn't."

"This is not the first time to-night that you have drawn Governor Worden's name into our conversation, Mr. Ai," said Judge Wells, concisely. "What is it you are working up to?"

"Nothing. But sooner or later we have got to be talking about him—and talking business. Here's the Presidential nomination coming along. How's that going? Is Worden strong enough to carry the ticket? He'll draw the reform vote, of course, but he's got to be able to lead the regular party; hold it together. These young fellows due here to-night are, so they tell me, the key-men of the young blood of the party. It's pretty important to know just where they stand, what they think, what they want, *who* they want."

Judge Wells leaned back in his chair, his shrewd old face turned up to the ceiling, his eyes intent upon a quaint, gayly colored flask set on a high bracket upon his drawing-room wall.

"So," he said, dryly, and apparently addressing the flask. "This innocent little dinner to-night may become a small and early and informal Presidential caucus directed against the possible candidacy of my good friend George Worden. I am a stanch party man, as you well know, but if this is what you have arrived early to break to me—I'm not sure I like it. I'm not sure I'd stand it. As a rule, I am ready to assist in breaking any eggs for your various little omelets, but this time—"

Mr. Ai laughed his deep, good-hu-

mored laugh, that shook all of his huge person.

"You used not to trust me, your Honor," he said. "I thought you knew me better now. All I want to-night is to find out where these young men rank the Governor. I want to hear them talk. I want to find out what they want, not to make them want anything. That's all I'm after—to-night."

The Judge gazed keenly at his guest, then, in appearance at least, convinced, he rose from his chair.

"Suppose we go out into the dining-room and look at the table," he said. "I am as foolish as a woman over the last little touches."

As he spoke he was moving across the drawing-room to the bracket towards which he had been glancing. From it he lifted down the gay little flask, and, carrying it in his hand, he led the way from the room.

In the long, handsome dining-room at the back of the house a banquet board was spread, and upon its careful and beautiful decorations the attendants were still working. The master of the house looked critically down the table, then nodded approval to his waiting butler.

"Very good, James, very good indeed. This little bright flask over there now, in that dull corner. One rose in it. Yes. What is that, Mr. Ai? The little flask? Hand it me again, James. It's an old-fashioned little affair, a perfume-bottle. You see the decoration, roses, has been drawn on paper, tinted, cut out carefully, and then pasted on the outside of the flask. It was given me by a friend as a curiosity. By the way, he's an acquaintance of yours, isn't he? Mr. Courtney? 'Cart-tail—Courtney'?"

"'Cart-tail Courtney,' eh? No, I haven't met him yet. He's that fresh youngster who's been trapesing around in a cart taking away my character, isn't he? What was it he called me? Regular newspaper stuff! Wasn't a reform organ didn't grab at it."

"'The sordid hireling of an organization corrupt and senile,'" quoted the Judge, laughing.

"That's it," agreed Mr. Ai.

"I don't do it justice. You ought to

have heard it said. I did. Mr. Courtney was hanging out from his cart-tail, waving a pair of trousers over the heads of the crowd, and discoursing upon the scandalous price of that same article of raiment with other such necessities of life. He had just switched on to the municipal question at the moment when I arrived on the scene, and was polishing off your characteristics, as you have heard. He had his crowd with him, too, right or wrong. They were roaring with laughter. He's a magnetic speaker, and the most good-natured, impulsive, kind-hearted young fellow. All that tells for a stump speaker. The crowd feels it, somehow. And then he's so amazingly good-looking—a tall, handsome youngster. Those blue eyes of his! Altogether I think he's a rather formidable cart-load—on the other side."

"I hear he is," said Mr. Ai, indifferently. "Where did he get this little old bottle, anyhow?"

"I don't know. Have you seen it before?"

Mr. Ai was turning the little flask over and over in his large hands, looking at it with an odd smile on his puckered lips. He shook his head.

"Don't know that I've seen this one. I had one something like it once on a time. A young lady gave it to me about a thousand years ago, when I was a boy. She made little perfume-bottles just like this. She had a queer little still she worked with—for something to do. She filled up the bottles with the same perfumes as the flowers she pasted on the outsides. I lost mine somehow. It was pink; wild honeysuckle it was. Yours here is red roses. I wonder now where this did come from."

"Mr. Courtney told me where he bought it, I think. I forget—I can ask him if you like."

"No, no. It makes n' odds."

Mr. Ai set the bottle down on the table, but still stood looking at it.

"Queer," he said, ruminatingly, "how a boy n-e-ver does forget his *first*. I felt as bad when I lost that little pink honeysuckle-bottle! And it wasn't so long ago I lost it either. This little rose-bottle here—why it gave me quite a turn! She was a beauty, I tell you!

Great big blue eyes—you know that kind. Always wore two shawls, one white, one blue, one on top of the other, and always on crooked. 'Angels' wings,' the boys called them. Lord! I can see them now. She hadn't been well. Her folks sent her down to the country—to rest. I don't know when she rested. She kept us on the jump. While she was there she made herself pleasant. Name was Delia. Pretty name. No, sir, I'll never forget the day she took me down to the stream-side back of the farm-house she stayed at, to show me a be-u-tiful, blooming bluebell." He paused in pleasing reverie.

"Was the bluebell so blue?" ventured the Judge, sympathetically.

Mr. Ai looked up seriously.

"There wasn't any bluebell," he said solemnly, then shook with silent laughter.

"Oh! ah!" murmured the Judge. "I beg your pardon." Then he too laughed, but cautiously.

"Anything was grist to her mill," volunteered Mr. Ai further. "She was made that way. Yes, I left those parts sun-up the next day, and she was gone when I came back. I never saw her again. Guess she took a crooked stick in the end. That kind usually does."

The two gray-haired men of affairs stood looking at the little flask, laughing together.

"If you are interested, you might follow up this clue—No? Well, I dare say you are right. It has been a few years back. Remember her as when her wings were blue, eh? I think I hear our guests arriving, sir. Shall we go back to the drawing-room?"

Catharine Ireland was tired, so tired as to be discouraged, so tired that her soft, pretty gray eyes filled with tears of irritated shame as she suddenly realized that she had been looking up longingly at the softly cushioned carriages sweeping past her as she walked wearily home from her work.

"And not long ago," she said to herself reprovingly, "you were terrified at the thought that work might not be found. Now it is found and here you are again complaining!"

Then, dropping her listless step at

once, she moved on quickly, in her renewed strength of purpose even deciding to lengthen the day's work by a little shopping; for she well knew the saving it would mean if she thus forestalled her Aunt Delia's ambitious purchasing of these same necessities. They lived together, the young girl and her widowed aunt, in a kind of semi-boarding, semi-housekeeping way on the third floor of a cheap lodging-house; but, simple as that living was, its cost was the ceaseless question of Miss Ireland's days, and too often of her nights as well. On this afternoon the young girl's first and most difficult errand led her to a little corner grocery near their lodgings, kept by a shifty-eyed Hebrew proprietor who came smilingly forward to meet his customer on her entrance. To her surprise, he interrupted her first diffident words, which were to tell him that in a few days her salary would be paid her and then his last month's bill would be at once settled. There was, as he spoke, something significant and familiar in his manner, which she at once resented and shrank from more than from his previous rough, sharp dunning. It was all right, he told her, whisperingly, the little bill might wait; it was, in fact, practically settled. The home-made perfumes her aunt was making, he said, were selling well now. People seemed to fancy them. No, he didn't believe he did need any more of the little bottles just now; he would tell Mrs. Bryant when he did. He and she had talked it over. She had just been there, in fact, and taken home some sausages for supper, which he hoped might be liked.

Catharine glanced over at the shelf of familiar, gay-colored perfume flasks with the bright flowers on them—her aunt's handiwork—and it seemed to her that they had not diminished in quantity. She left the store with two new troubles on her mind. How had her Aunt Delia contrived to satisfy this ever-pressing creditor? And why, why would she persist in cooking sausages, when the strict rule of the house was that there should be no cooking in the lodgers' rooms! It was a rule discreetly disregarded by most of the inmates, who could by no means afford to visit restaurants

for three meals each day, and who cooked smuggingly over their open grates, whence the odors were wafted up the chimneys. But sausages! What draft could carry off on its wings the penetrating odor of frying sausages? Mrs. Bryant liked them, and what she liked, as her niece had long since discovered, she would at least try to have.

Miss Ireland was weary enough as she traveled on her way from store to store, her gray eyes troubled, her pretty, fair head drooping. She bought carefully, frugally, and only what could not possibly be done without, but her resumed courage was sinking at the rapid dwindling of the purse in her hand. Theirs seemed, indeed, a little household, but what a ravenous mouth it had eating against their slender combined incomes! Buried in her thoughts and calculations, her soft brow knit, she was walking home in the gathering dusk, and, passing again near the little corner grocery, failed to see or hear the proprietor of the store, who was leaning out from his door over his high-piled boxes, cautiously trying to attract her attention. He was calling to her repeatedly and sharply, so sharply at last that when his stealthy, irritated cry reached her ear she stood still, looking up in amazement at the man's twisted, impatient face. He beckoned to her, with an agitated, hurried glance up and down the street.

"Come in here," he whispered, shrilly. "Come in here—quick!"

But when, in her surprise, she mechanically drew nearer, he changed his orders.

"Don't stop! Go on. Go home quick! Tell your aunt to hide everything. They may be at your place now."

"How dare you speak so to me! What do you mean?" cried Miss Ireland, indignantly. "Don't touch me!"

The man drew back the hand he had almost laid on her arm, and peered into her flushed, offended face. His manner changed.

"Come in here," he said, more civilly. "I thought you knew. Come in here, and I'll tell you. Didn't you know your aunt's been making whisky with that

little still of hers? You know the perfumes don't sell. She's been bringing me the whisky, and I've sold it to cover her bill. I thought I'd never get it if I didn't. Your landlady's mad with your aunt about something, and she's right on the track of the whisky. She's called up the officers on the telephone, and she's told 'em they'd find the stuff made in her house, and sold here at my store. Her cook's my niece. She heard her, and she's just been here, on the run, to tell me. I've hid the whisky. You go hide the still and things. It's so, I tell you! What? Why should I lie to you? If you don't believe me, go home and ask your aunt—if you can get there before they catch her. She ought to have told you, anyhow. Yes, you'd better hurry. I guess you believe me now!"

Up the three flights of stairs, dimly lit, ill ventilated, that belonged to their lodgings, Miss Ireland ran, breathless and stumbling. The door of the first room opened close by the head of the stair, and at the last step, her breath or her courage failing, she halted, her hand pressed, poor child! on her noisy, frightened heart. If the worst had befallen, what could she do? And yet, not to hold herself responsible never occurred to her. Leaning against the wall, she held her breath to listen. There were voices in the room, one a strange voice—a man's. Mrs. Bryant's familiar plaintive tones were responding. Miss Ireland crept softly up the last step to the door, and laid her ear close to the panel. There, through a half-opened seam in the old wood, she could hear plainly all that went on in the room.

"Now you see, my dear lady," said a deep, laughing voice, "I can't possibly keep up that big apartment of mine by myself. I am expecting every day the health inspectors will raid me. I can't keep a house clean. My chum used to see to that, and I swear the place looked like a pig-sty the day after he deserted me. I thought there was nothing for it but giving up my apartment and boarding. I was taking advice and addresses from every one I met. That's how I stumbled in here—just at the right moment! I'll never forget it while I

live—Don't you give me all the sausage, Mrs. Bryant. I wish you could have seen your landlady when she smelled this sausage. First flight up she sniffed the air like a bloodhound. 'Co-o-king! Co-o-king again?' says she. And she put her nose to the ground, and when she struck the scent she bayed—on my life she did—a deep, bell-like note, and broke into a run. Isn't that the way the dog stories have it? Well, she did something mighty like it, anyhow, and why in the world I set off trotting after her I don't know. Wouldn't have missed it, I suppose. Didn't she slap your door open, though? Bang! No with your leave or by it. And there—you, Madam, cooking these incomparable sausages. Most dramatic thing I ever assisted at! Haw! haw! ho! 'You can have *these* rooms to-night, sir, if they suit you,' says Mrs. Landlady, and downstairs I slunk after her, and upstairs I sneaked as soon as I got quit of the old Gorgon. It had occurred to me before that if I could get just the right person—some kind soul who could be persuaded into the rear rooms of my apartment and put up with my living in the front rooms, and take care of me and the whole business—no, now I don't want you to accept my offer before you understand all you are contracting for. Just hear me out. George! what good tea this is! I need somebody in those rooms the worst way, and you haven't, you say, any present plan. Why shouldn't we take up together? Do you think you could move out of here now, Mrs. Bryant, if I help you pack? I'm a shark at packing, if I can't keep house. I'll tell you once more just what my offer is—"

Miss Ireland could stand it no longer. She opened the door and walked into the room. There, seated at the tea-table with Mrs. Bryant, was a blue-eyed, pleasant-faced, good-looking stranger, young and tall, and with a certain easy air of prosperity, eating bread and sausages and drinking tea as comfortably and confidentially as if used to no richer diet, and as if he were the tested friend of the family. He rose instantly as Miss Ireland entered, and stood waiting for his formal introduction.

"Oh, Catharine, what made you so late!" cried Mrs. Bryant, rising also.

As she stood, it was apparent that she wore about her shoulders two faded, shabby shawls, one white, the other blue, one flung carelessly over the other. But her faded face had been that of a beautiful woman, and some of the beauty still clung there, heightened by her excited blue eyes, her air of fluttered authority, of brief importance.

"Catharine, my dear!" Her manner had an odd and plainly unwonted dignity. "I want to present to you my friend, Mr. Courtney. There has been trouble with our landlady. She was very insolent. We are to move out at once, but it's all right. I have engaged the rear rooms of Mr. Courtney's apartment, furnished. We are going there to-night. This is my young niece, Mr. Courtney, Catharine Ireland. I hope you may be very good friends. Now, Catharine, please sit right down and eat your supper. We've finished. We have a quantity to do to move out so soon. Mr. Courtney offers to help, and I really don't see how I can help accepting. What is it, Catharine?"

"Aunt Delia, I—I must speak to you—at once."

But Mrs. Bryant swept her niece aside.

"My dear child, do eat your supper. Let me settle a few things, won't you? I am not quite an idiot. One would think I was the niece and you the aunt. I've accepted the offer, and all we have to do now is pack and go. Mr. Courtney, if you really mean that you will help—the hardest things to move will be my little laboratory fixings—here, in this closet. There's so much glass about them—this little still, you see, and all these glass pipes and funnels and flasks and things. They are sure to be broken! You *carry them* around? Oh, no! No, I couldn't let you do that, I really couldn't. Of course it would get a lot out of the way—ever so much off my mind. Catharine says I always talk of getting things off my mind as if it were a sore spot. Well, I've had troubles enough to make it sore—and my heart too—Heaven knows! Now, Mr. Courtney, you mustn't. I *can't* let you. Of course it would be the safest

way. The still is little enough, but—You will! Well, it is a great relief. The flasks in your pockets? Oh, dear no! Well, if you will, you will, I suppose. Yes, they do fit in nicely. You see I make home-made perfumes with my little still, and then I fill these flasks with them, and the grocer at the corner—You have bought some there? You don't say so? I do hope you liked it. Oh, but you do look so funny! If you walk fast, Mr. Courtney, maybe nobody will notice. And it is just around the square. You'll drop everything if you laugh like that! Don't let anybody bang into you, for mercy's sake! I'll throw this table-cover over the still. Now you don't look so dreadfully bad. And if you'll just stop at the express office at the corner and tell the man to call here for our trunks in about an hour—Catharine, you go downstairs with Mr. Courtney and open the front door for him. His arms are full."

The laden, laughing stranger looked down with difficulty from over the high-piled packages in his arms at Miss Ireland. She had not gone to the supper-table as bidden, but was still standing near the door, half leaning against it as if for support, and with the strangest, hunted, frightened look of doubt and of entreaty on her white face. She started forward as she saw herself observed, but, as if afraid to protest, mechanically, uncertainly, led the way down the stairs to the front door. At the door, with the same shrinking, unwilling motions, she half lifted the latch, but as she did so paused again, glancing up fearfully into the laughing face bending down towards her.

"You don't like any of this, do you?" said Courtney, kindly and frankly. "I don't blame you. What do you know about me? I am all right. I can give you any references, but how can you know that to-night? It is a crazy thing for your aunt to do. But it's all right, as it happens. On my honor, it's all right. I wish I knew how to convince you."

She looked up intently into his gay, laughing eyes, his open, handsome, earnest face, hers changing rapidly from doubt to doubt,

"I *am* all right," he repeated, persuasively.

The tears rushed into the soft, frightened eyes and fell on her blanched cheeks. The kindly voice, the manner of sincerity, seemed somehow more than she could endure.

"But you don't know us," she gasped. "Wait a little, just a little. Let me speak to my aunt—"

There were steps on the stair behind them, and Courtney spoke quickly, still half laughing but half annoyed.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "You move into my apartment to-night. You can't stay here, the Gorgon won't have it. She told me she wouldn't, and, what's more, she vowed she'd be even with your aunt. I really think you'd better move at once. To-morrow, if you don't think well of staying, if you don't like it, I'll move you out again. This is the easy thing to do, and, really, it is the only thing left to do—to-night. I guess it's the best plan. Now unlatch the door for me, won't you? I don't want the Gorgon and this houseful of people catching me. Here they come. Do let me out! That's right. Thank you. Don't you worry. Everything's all right."

He moved out hurriedly and clumsily with his burdens. The door was closed quickly behind him, he thought from the outside, and, turning to see who stood in the dim vestibule, he caught a glimpse of a uniformed figure which lurched against him, as if by accident. The glass in his pockets clashed together, the pipes rattled, and the cover fell from off the little still.

"Confound you," said Courtney, angrily. "Get out of my way, can't you!"

"I guess not," said the uniformed one. "That's the game, is it? You're just a minute too late, my man. We've got them, Mr. Rivers, with the goods on. Look at him, will you? The whole outfit."

A second figure, in plain clothes, stepped forward, as he did so throwing open his coat and displaying a badge.

"I guess we have got you—" he began, then fell back with an exclamation.

"Mr. Courtney! What the— There's something all wrong here, sir. Take your hands off him, officer. Where in

the eternal did you get this stuff, Mr. Courtney? There's been whisky made and sold from this house. The landlady put us on the track—called us up herself, not an hour ago. She's been suspecting it for some time. But what in the world— How have you got mixed up in it?"

There was silence for a moment, then Mr. Courtney spoke, at first with an emphasis as well omitted.

"You're crazy, Rivers," he ended. "There's been no whisky made here—not with this outfit. It's a lady that owns it. She has been making perfumes with it. I've bought some of them myself. You'll find them on sale at the corner store. The grocer there has been selling them for her."

"I am perfectly sure of the case, sir," said the detective, firmly. "The man that keeps the corner grocery has just confessed that he sold the whisky for the lady to cover a back bill. We soon showed him it was his best way out. Have you known her long, sir? I'm sorry if they are friends of yours, but—aren't you being used to cart the stuff off?"

Again the detective waited, respectful but unyielding.

"What do you want done, sir?" he asked. "Take that still, officer."

"I think we will go around to my rooms, if you please, Rivers," said Mr. Courtney, briefly. "You can tell me more as we go. I have just rented the rear rooms of my apartment to the owners of this still. They are to move in in about an hour. You can wait there for them and then make the arrest quietly—if you don't mind. I suppose you will take my word for all this. I want to see it through myself, and I want to find out exactly what's at the bottom of it, and just who is responsible for this convenient use of my services. If what you claim is true, it looks as if somebody had been a cool hand."

"I should say so!" said the detective, with a smothered laugh. "Wouldn't you rather have this done here, Mr. Courtney? You don't want it to happen on your premises—do you? You being, in a way, in politics—"

"Yes," said the young man, shortly. "I want it just as I said, I don't under-

stand this affair, and I mean to very exactly understand all of it. That's what I'm after now."

"In your ear, Mr. Ai, and on your honor, sir, were you ever at so dull a dinner?"

"We-ell, Judge—"

"I am answered, sir. Look down this table. All young men—young enough to be your sons and my grandsons, and every man of them absorbed in serious discussion with his next-seat neighbor. The fact is, we don't have young men nowadays. They are all too old for me."

"You ne-e-ver can tell how a thing like this will go off, your Honor. Better luck next time—that's all. And they may wake up yet. You never can tell."

"It's just a very dull dinner—*nothing more*," said the Judge, looking down the table, and there was a certain significant satisfaction in the tone of his last words.

"What's that?" he asked sharply, as his butler bent down to whisper near his ear. The man repeated his message doubtfully and apologetically, while his master listened with raised eyebrows. "Did you tell him I was at dinner with guests? Indeed! Well, that's exactly like him. Nothing in this world is so important as what Mr. Courtney is after. There is a young man I ought to have excepted from my statement, Mr. Ai. Mr. Courtney, at twenty-five or so, is as young as you or I. He'd have waked up this table. He has the laugh of the great god Pan. To tell the truth, I almost asked him here to-night. If it hadn't been for his cart-tail speeches—"

"'Cart-tail Courtney,' is it? Fetch him in here now if you want to. Makes n' odds to 'the sordid hireling of an organization corrupt and senile,'" he quoted the phrase haltingly. "That right?"

"That was his analysis," said the Judge as he rose, laughing. "If you will excuse me, I'll see what my young man wants. He's just the type that stays the coronation-chariot to petition the king. What's more, he's the kind that interests the king, while the next petitioner gets himself in trouble."

When, a few moments later, Judge Wells returned to the room, he was still

laughing, and as he entered the door he beckoned confidentially to Mr. Ai, who rose and joined him in the doorway, bending his great head to listen to his host's whispered story.

"Well, what do you think of that?" the Judge ended.

Mr. Ai drew back and looked at him.

"Moonshining!" he said. "Moonshining in his back parlor?" He burst into his great resounding laugh. "Well, that's the best I've heard yet. I guess that youngster's made his last cart-tail speech, eh? *The Reformer-Moonshiner*. How does that sound? What's that? Well, give me a dyed-in-the-wool reformer for beating the devil round the bush!"

He had lifted his heavy voice, and the guests about the table were looking up.

"Come in here," said the Judge. "I want to talk to you a little further about this." He led the way into the small anteroom that separated the drawing-room from the back of the house. They sat down together at the same side of one of the small tables scattered about the room, Mr. Ai talking the while with uninterrupted gusto.

"Yes, sir, that's a reformer to the marrow! Wants the Commissioner to find that the prisoners did make the stuff, did sell it, but without felonious intent—and nobody must be hauled up for it. I guess this is one of those times when it's better to know the Judge than the Law, eh? Wants the whole affair kept quiet. Well, I don't blame him! What? Don't want it to come to trial? Exactly. I understand, your Honor. I understand. He wants to protect the women. It's a nominal case, of course. Yes, I guess the Commissioner would see it as a joke—properly presented to him. I hardly think he'd look on them as dangerous moonshiners—but you never can tell. What's that? You don't know the Commissioner? You told Mr. Courtney—Who, me? The sordid hireling? No, sir. Not on his life, sir, I won't! Yes, I guess a word from me might fix it with the Commissioner, but why isn't this my chance to show how incorruptible I am?"

He brought his fist down on the table suddenly and softly.

"I tell you what I will do, Judge. I'll

strike a bargain with that young man. You tell him I'll meet him and the prisoners at the Commissioner's office the first thing in the morning. I guess I can manage to have the case called first, and in the regular way it can be dismissed, with a warning. But I want Mr. Courtney to fetch that little still right in there to that dinner-table, and tell this tale on himself—'fess up to those boys there. He's had his dig at most of us from his saucy cart-tail. We're all machine men here—corrupt and senile. He can't get something from me for nothing. That's business. We won't be too hard on him. I don't care how he tells his story. He can make up anything he chooses to protect the ladies, but we're going to nail this grind on him—out of his own mouth. Yes, sir. You tell him we're good company, and we've got some stuff in there on the sideboard that wasn't made in your back parlor—no, sir. I guess our dinner is saved, Judge! After that young reformer has run the gauntlet we'll have those lads in there waked up and thawed out. Mr. Courtney might take a line to Rivers from me. That will call him off for to-night."

He tore out a leaf from his note-book, scribbled a line on it, and handed the note to Judge Wells, who took it without enthusiasm.

"I warn you," he said, "that if Mr. Courtney agrees to do this he will do it as per agreement and well, but he is also entirely capable of coming in, with all the odds against him, and somehow turning the laugh on us."

"So he gets those men to laughing, I don't care who they laugh at," said Mr. Ai.

Judge Wells still sat with the note held in his fingers.

"Mr. Courtney's object in this matter is to arrange that the ladies shall not have to appear at all before the Commissioner. The girl is a working woman. It would injure her to have her name published as connected with a charge of this nature."

Mr. Ai's jaw set.

"Now see here, your Honor. The case must come up in the regular way; but, in the regular way, I tell you, I'll

see that it's dismissed. We can't be making sentimental exceptions. You know the law better than I do."

The Judge half lifted his satiric gray eyebrows, but seemed to think better of whatever reply he was about to make. He spoke simply and with gravity.

"It seems to me a rather unusual case. The whole story was a moving one as Mr. Courtney told it to me. He came here thinking I knew the Commissioner and might be willing to speak to him. He did not know of your being in the house until I offered to mention this to you. It seems that when the arrest was made in his apartment there was a rather dramatic and pathetic scene. The young girl stepped forward to claim the arrest. She insisted that it was she who made the whisky, she who had sold it, and she held firmly to her story. Mr. Courtney then made Rivers cross-examine her as to the working of the still. She broke down only when it became plain that she did not know one end of it from the other. The aunt, though hysterical and terror-stricken, had all through urged that the niece knew nothing about the whisky-making. When she in turn was examined, she proved at once that she knew very exactly all about the working of the still, what should go into it to make whisky, and very exactly what came out. Her plea is that she was ignorant of the law. The buyer, she insists, taught her how to make the stuff from potatoes and sugar in mash, and urged her to do so as being more profitable than the use to which she was putting her still. She had kept her enterprise a secret from her niece because, she says, she was brought up to believe that 'young ladies should not know everything,' and from others, solely because she feared that it might be commented upon—a lady, old or young, distilling and selling whisky."

"It's an interesting story, your Honor, but I don't seem to find it moving me. Law's law, and it doesn't allow for ignorance. I told you I wasn't sentimental."

"Of course," said the Judge, deliberately, "this is all a question of sentiment. It is what is moving Mr. Court-

ney in the case, nothing else; though he doesn't quite know that. He is sorry for the young girl."

"Somebody made that whisky, your Honor. And somebody sold it—didn't they?"

"The aunt. She pleads guilty. But Mr. Courtney says, without a doubt she did not know that she was a lawbreaker. She had a tiny, little, old-fashioned still, no bigger than a bit of bric-à-brac. As I told you, Mr. Courtney has it in there with him. He brought it to show me because it was such a pathetically inadequate, innocent-looking little affair. She had been distilling from it home-made perfumes and bottling them for sale. Mr. Courtney also had in his pockets some of her flasks of perfume. I selected one to show to you."

The Judge drew out from his pocket a little flask and set it by Mr. Ai's hand, on the table before him. It was a small glass bottle, covered with delicately tinted pink honeysuckle bloom, painted on paper, cut out, and pasted over the glass. Mr. Ai sat staring at it as at a rising ghost. Judge Wells went on quietly, his voice lowered.

"Mr. Courtney tells me that the aunt is the most inconsequent, the most helpless lady. He thinks she has once been beautiful and perhaps wealthy—a spoiled beauty. But undoubtedly she is now almost in want. She wears two shawls, he says, one white, the other a faded blue, all eight ends pointing different ways. He says there is no harm in her—there could be no harm in her, that he answers for it she will never offend again. Her niece calls her 'Aunt Delia.'"

Mr. Ai had lifted the little flask into his hand. He was turning it over and over, his heavy face altering to an un-

accustomed expression, shocked and strangely helpless.

"Delia"—he said, incredulously. "Delia—in want! Selling whisky!" He looked up at Judge Wells almost piteously. "No, no! I can't have this. No—nor nothing like it."

His own words seemed to rouse him, to recall to him his power. He drew himself together.

"Tell Mr. Courtney," he said briefly, "to go back there at once and tell them it's all right. Rivers can come to see me early in the morning, and before he sees the Commissioner. Understand—*before* he sees the Commissioner. I'll attend to it all then, and—some other things."

The Judge waited a moment as if for further instruction, but none following—

"And the little still?" he asked, evenly. "You don't now wish Mr. Courtney to bring it in there to wake up our dinner? You give this up as—as a—er—ah—little Presidential caucus?"

"Confound the caucus!" said Mr. Ai, testily.

"My precise sentiment from the first," agreed the Judge, suavely.

He sat looking at the huge, relaxed, uncouth figure of his silent guest, his gray eyebrows lifted over his young eyes with a kind of wonder in them, and a touch of delicate triumph.

"It 'rules the court, the camp, the grove,'" he murmured, with the same exquisite and moving emphasis of his earlier rendering.

But Mr. Ai did not hear him. He was still scowling down at the little flask with its charming decoration of wild pink honeysuckle, its faint, sweet perfume of flowers, of a distant past; his host rose unheeded from his side and softly left the room.

Sabatier's Religions of Authority¹

NO modern writer surpasses Auguste Sabatier in the art of divination—that is, in understanding and interpreting the religious thought currents of his own time. He is essentially an interpreter. This quality of divination makes him always a modern writer, whatever his theme; it enables him in his "Apostle Paul" to explain the thoughts of that ancient writer in the terms of modern experience; to perceive and, in his "Outline of a Philosophy of Religion," to state clearly the essentials of religion and of Christianity, in forms of thought adjusted to modern habits of thinking; and in his "Religions of Authority" to interpret the transitions of our own time from a religion of external and ecclesiastical authority to a religion of authority internal and spiritual. Interpreting the interpreter, we state here the significance of the *Zeitgeist* in our own way, though substantially following his line of thought.

The movement of the nineteenth century has been away from authority toward independence—that is, away from the control exercised by one will over another will, toward self-control. Its characteristic virtues and its characteristic vices have both grown out of this transition. For in the process it has sometimes thrown off the external authority before the conscience and the reason had been sufficiently developed to assume authority. Then the independence has resulted either in anarchy or in a mere change of masters. Politically, the people of Europe have thrown off the autocracy of the Bourbons on the Continent and the authority of the landed gentry in England. Representative institutions have taken the place of a feudal system. In France the transition was too sudden; Bourbonism gave place to anarchy, and anarchy in turn to imperialism; but both have finally issued in a Republic. In the United States the attempt to confer upon a race of slaves the right of governing, which is always

a futile right unless capability for self-government is bestowed by some process of education, issued in a condition little better than anarchy, and has led to the present reaction, but will lead, through processes of education more wisely conceived than those of the past, to the supremacy of conscience and reason in the as yet imperfectly developed classes of population in the late slave States. Industrially, the war against capitalism has substituted in some quarters a despotism of trades-unions for a despotism of employers; but, crude and barbaric as the despotism of trades-unions is, it marks an improvement, because it leads on to that liberty of labor which can exist only as the laborer is animated by an industrial ambition and controlled by an industrial conscience. In the family the emancipation of woman from the despotic authority of man, a relic of an outgrown barbarism, has been accompanied with similar excesses, hardly saved from being ludicrous in certain phases of the so-called "woman's rights" movement, and not at all saved from being demoralizing and disgraceful in certain phases of the free divorce movement, but leading eventually, despite these incidents, to a better realization of the dignity of womanhood and a truer because more spiritual unity of the family. In religious institutions the same revolt against authority has taken place; the same transition from a religion of external authority to one of authority internal and spiritual. As in politics, industry, and the home, this transition has not been without its injurious incidents. The revolt against ecclesiastical authority has led many to abandon the Church altogether; they have passed, by a natural reaction, from a denial of its ultimate authority to a denial of its usefulness. The revolt against dogmatic authority has led many to an attitude of absolute disbelief; they have passed by a similar reaction from a denial of the authority of the creeds to a denial that there is any truth in them. But we are not to judge the ultimate issue of the religious movement any more than of

¹ *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*. By Auguste Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

the political or industrial movement by these natural excesses and turbulencies. The process is one of human development, from a social stage in which the weaker, the more ignorant, the less cultured, are governed by the strong, into one in which they possess a culture, an intelligence, and a strength which make them able to govern themselves.

This, broadly stated, is the theme of M. Sabatier's volume. He deals, however, only with the religious development of the Christian peoples. This he does in three Books, the first treating "The Roman Catholic Dogma of Authority," the second "The Protestant Dogma of Authority," the third "The Religion of the Spirit." In these Books the theme is taken up historically. The Roman Catholic Dogma of Authority has grown from small beginnings until it has at last issued in the Vatican decree of the personal infallibility of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*. It could logically have no other issue. And yet, with this increased claim of authority has gone an effectual revolt against it. Only the shadow, scarcely that, of the temporal authority of the Pope remains. The decree of excommunication has lost its old-time terrors. It would be as impossible for Pope Pius X. to play the part of Hildebrand as for King Edward VI. to play the part of Henry VIII. Splendidly loyal as the Roman Catholic hierarchy is to the Bishop of Rome, splendidly logical as is the completion of its formal hierarchical system, the Bishop of Rome has not the *real* authority which he once possessed, and it is perfectly safe to say that he never can regain it. The Protestant Dogma of Authority has passed through a similar process, apparently increasing, really dissolving the external authority on which it has mistakenly relied. This external authority is that of an ancient Book. Protestantism at first disavowed external authority; then, in its war against the external authority of the hierarchy, it appealed, naturally enough, to the Book the authority of which the hierarchy recognized; then it put the Book in the place of the hierarchy, and attributed to it infallibility; and latterly it has gradually been forced from that untenable position, step by

step, without clearly seeing whither it was tending, or clearly apprehending what it could substitute for the authority which it no longer recognized as absolute.

What it must substitute is the Religion of the Spirit. For these external authorities, of the Hierarchy and of the Book, humanity must substitute the authority of the truth because man is able to see that it is truth, of the life because man is able to possess the life. For the intellectual submission which accepts the vision of another must be substituted the faith which perceives the vision for one's self; for the report by another's conscience that God has commanded, the recognition by one's own conscience of the divine command. To quote M. Sabatier: "In the last analysis, and to go down to the very root of the Christian religion, to be a Christian is not to acquire a notion of God, or even an abstract doctrine of his paternal love; it is to live over, within ourselves, the inner spiritual life of Christ, and by the union of our heart with his to *feel* in ourselves the presence of a Father and the reality of our filial relation to him, just as Christ felt in himself the Father's presence and his filial relation to him."

The readers of *The Outlook* hardly need to be told that *The Outlook* heartily sympathizes with the general principles and the vital spirit of this volume. Our only considerable criticism upon it is that it does not sufficiently recognize the real authority which does exist in both Church and Book. The Church has an authority—that of the concurrent spiritual consciousness of devout souls. The error of the Roman Catholic Church has been that of substituting tradition for spiritual life, in lieu of regarding tradition as an expression of spiritual life and a means for the development of spiritual life in others. The Bible has an authority—that of the spiritual consciousness of the great spiritual leaders of a people whose national genius was religious. The error of Protestantism has been that of substituting the Book for spiritual life, in lieu of regarding the Book as an expression of spiritual life and a means of developing spiritual life in others. The inevitable first effect of

the revolt against the hierarchical authority of the Church and the dogmatic authority of the Bible was a tendency to reject both Church and Bible; but we are already coming back, through the religion of the spirit, to recognize the real, the only, authority of either Church or Book—namely, their expression of

the spiritual consciousness and their power to evoke spiritual consciousness in devout souls.

We recommend Sabatier's "Religions of Authority" to all thoughtful men and women who desire to understand the meaning of the age in which they are living.

Our National Military Policy¹

IF the average citizen were asked to name that branch of the public service in which the most important changes had been made since the close of the Spanish-American War of 1898, probably the United States Army would be the last to occur to him. Yet, apart from our military establishment, no problems have required organic legislation within the indicated period save those involved in the acquisition of territories beyond our continental boundaries. It is, indeed, on our military institutions that we shall find the deepest impress of the legislation of the last six years, legislation not originally suggested by the Spanish-American War, but made additionally urgent by the experiences of that tragic struggle. The personnel of the United States army when it entered upon that war was almost faultless. Its officers and enlisted force, taken man for man, were equal to any military force in the world, not only as to physique, character, and intelligence, but in the broad efficiency that accrues from long experience with the enemy under varied conditions—many hundreds of its members, for instance, including both commissioned officers and private soldiers, having been veterans of the Civil War and of important Indian campaigns which followed. But something went wrong. In spite of its excellent quality, the army was hampered and delayed, and when it finally reached the front its efficiency was gravely impaired by the processes of an administrative system and an unharmonious organization of supply departments under which urgent duties, being everybody's business, were

nobody's business. When victory came, it was not because of our methods, but in spite of them.

Following closely upon the restoration of peace, there began an earnest agitation for reform in our military establishment. The first definite result of that movement appears in the Army Reorganization Act of February 2, 1901, which, besides effecting a compact and symmetrical organization of our military strength, established the principle of expansion whereby the President at his discretion may increase the enlisted strength of the army to a maximum of 100,000 without waiting for the sanction of Congress. After that came two equally important acts of Congress, the first approved February 14, 1903, creating the General Staff of the Army, and the second, approved January 21, 1903, entitled the National Militia Act. The law establishing the General Staff is designed to procure a higher degree of harmony, responsibility, and efficiency in the conduct of the various supply departments of the army, including those of information, subsistence, transportation, and medical service, and one of its primary objects is to insure a speedier and more direct execution of the orders of the real Commander-in-Chief of our military forces, the President of the United States. The National Militia Act draws clearly for the first time in our history the distinction between the volunteers and the militia, and makes ample provision for the development and instruction of a colossal military reserve which shall be available for purposes of public defense in time of peril.

It is an interesting fact that all these important reforms in the organic structure of our military establishment are as

¹ *The Military Policy of the United States.* By Brevet Major-General Emory Upton, United States Army. Published by the War Department, Washington, D. C.

an entirety the fulfillment of a prophecy written more than twenty-three years ago by a distinguished and chivalric officer of the United States Army, Brevet Major-General Emory Upton. After the Civil War, in which he bore a conspicuously gallant part, General Upton devoted himself to a comprehensive study of the various wars in which the United States had engaged, his purpose being partly to elucidate the lessons taught by those struggles and partly to suggest a system of military policy capable of the largest usefulness to the peace, honor, and material interests of the Republic. When he died in 1881, his work was left in manuscript, and it was but the other day that it was given to the world, not through the enterprise of a private publisher, but by the tardy grace of the Government which Upton so loyally served in peace and war. In this volume will be found not only a complete forecast, almost mathematically correct, of a military system adapted to the actual needs of our National life, but a comparative analysis of American military methods, military organizations, military legislation, and military results, creditable or otherwise, which has no parallel in our literature.

The costly and not always satisfactory results of our earlier wars General Upton ascribed in about equal degree to the ignorance of our legislators concerning military needs and to the dependence upon forces of militia organized, equipped, and officered by the States from which they were taken. "Up to the Mexican War," he wrote, "there was little that was glorious in our military history." That war, however, witnessed a radical change in the whole trend of our military policy. The militia system, tried and found wanting, had fallen into decay, and the campaign in Mexico, unmarred by a single defeat, was fought largely by troops organized and paid by the National Government. Of the total force employed in the War of 1812—a struggle which, General Upton said, would have been a discredit had it not been for the splendid work of the navy—of the total force employed ten per cent. were regulars, eighty-eight per cent. were militia, and two per cent.

were volunteers; whereas of those employed in the Mexican War thirty per cent. were regulars, twelve per cent. were militia, and fifty-eight per cent. were volunteers. The Mexican War was, in fact, the beginning of a new order of things in our military policy, not merely as to the status of troops raised for purposes of National defense, but in its bearing upon the subject of military education. Up to that time the training given to cadets at the United States Military Academy was regarded either indifferently or with open contempt by the rugged men who had achieved distinction as officers in the incongruous forces assembled for the various and sometimes indecisive struggles which had burdened the people with heavy sacrifice of both life and treasure. But when the war with Mexico ended in an honorable peace, General Scott, the popular hero of it all, gave generous testimony to the value of scientific military learning in these words: "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

General Upton deplored the fallacy of mistaking military resources for military strength, and seriously expressed the belief that 20,000 regular troops at Bull Run "would have routed the insurgents, settled the question of military resistance, and relieved us from the pain and suspense of four years of war." He advocated the policy of conscription, declaring that no nation could safely depend upon voluntary enlistments in time of peril, and pointed out that the Confederate Government, by pouring conscripts into the old regiments after each depletion, enjoyed a tremendous fighting advantage over the Federal Government until the latter adopted the same policy. Another thing that grieved General Upton and aroused his most earnest protest was the popular jealousy of a standing army—a jealousy which,

beginning in the time of Washington, taxed his patience sorely, and has endured in varying degree down to this day. To a passionate believer in the integrity and loyalty of the army like General Upton, this unreasoning jealousy of a permanent military establishment was a matter of keenest chagrin, and his resentment against it finds expression in some of the most striking passages of his great work. He was by instinct, training, and experience essentially a Nationalist, and, believing that the life of the State is inseparably bound up in the life of the Nation, he urged the development of a military policy under which military resources, when developed into military strength for purposes of National defense, should be officered, disciplined, paid, and controlled absolutely by the Federal Government. As the result of his exhaustive study of our own wars and of his careful inquiry into foreign military systems during an official tour of the world, he recommended a military policy embodying these cardinal features: The creation of a general staff of the army; the three-platoon formation for regiments of infantry and cavalry; the Regular Army, the National Volunteers, and the

Militia each to be organized on the expansive principle; interchangeability in staff and line duty; promotions to be made only after rigorous examinations, and thoroughgoing schools of instruction for officers in the active service.

General Sherman, the steadfast friend and admirer of Upton, after reading the manuscript of the latter's extraordinary work, wrote on the margin: "I doubt if you will convince the powers that be, but the facts stated, the references from authority, and the military conclusions are most valuable and should be printed and made accessible. The time may not be now, but will come, when these will be appreciated, and may bear fruit even in our day."

Upton himself did not expect that his views would be soon adopted, but he confidently predicted that they ultimately would be. He lived before his time, but not so far ahead after all, when we take into account that within the last three or four years nearly every one of his great structural preparations relating to our military institutions has been enacted into law. Certainly twenty-five years is not long to wait for the fulfillment of a prophecy so specific and far-reaching.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged under the Supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt.D. Illustrated. Vol. III. H—M. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8×11½ in. 394 pages. \$6, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Caleb Williams. By William Godwin. (The Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. 395 pages. \$1.25, net.

Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon, about 2250 B.C. (The). Autographed Text, Transliteration, Translation, Glossary, Index of Subjects, Lists of Proper Names, Signs, Numerals, Corrections and Erasures, with Map, Frontispiece, and Photograph of Text. By Robert Francis Harper, Ph.D., Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Chicago. Chicago University Press. 6×9¼ in. 200 pages.

Hammurabi was to Babylonia what Rameses the Great was to Egypt, and more, because he was to Babylonia at once a Napoleon and a Bismarck. The records say that he reigned from 2342 to 2288 B.C., and the first

glory of his fame is that he united Babylonia, Sumer, and Akkad into one empire, driving out the Elamites who had strongly established themselves in the territory. This empire—the Semitic Empire of Babylonia—lasted longer than that of Sargon, whom some have taken as a prototype of Moses. Hammurabi was a statesman as well as conqueror. He blessed his empire by building a great irrigating canal in an almost rainless region, by walling cities, erecting granaries and temples and palaces. There is little cause to doubt that Amraphel of Genesis xiv. 1, 9, is identical with Hammurabi, Emperor of Babylonia. This code of laws, it is almost certain, was not his original composition, but, like the Institutes of Justinian and the Code Napoleon of France, was a codification and harmony of the ancient laws of the kingdoms united by Hammurabi into the Empire of Babylonia. Those inter-

ested in the history of the death penalty and its relation to crime will be struck by the numerous capital crimes defined by this code. Unsustained charge of capital offense, false charge of sorcery, sacrilege, theft which cannot be made good, abduction of a child, harboring and assisting fugitive slaves, burglary, and brigandage are among the crimes punishable with death according to Hammurabi's code. Much space in these laws is given to property rights. Slaves are regarded as property. Care is taken to protect and carefully conserve the property rights of women and children. The antiquity of the custom of ducking as an ordeal for those accused of witchcraft is shown to be as great as the reign of Hammurabi. Probably it is far more ancient. The laws of marriage and divorce are minute. Physicians' fees were large, and are precisely stated, but "if a physician operate on a man with a bronze lancet for a severe wound and cause the man's death, or if with a bronze lancet he open an abscess [in the eye] and destroy the man's eye, they shall cut off his fingers." Society under Hammurabi was divided into three castes—the rich, or gentlemen, the freemen, and the slaves. Fees and penalties were regulated according to caste. The monument upon which these statutes are inscribed was discovered by M. de Morgan at the Acropolis of Susa. The obverse represents Hammurabi receiving these laws from the god Bel Marduk; the reverse contains twenty-eight columns. Five columns of the laws had been cut off. This legal code was evidently intended to secure impartial justice, according to the social conditions of the time. About the laws there is little or no ceremonialism, and no intricacy. They make manifest the candor and justice of this great monarch who reigned over a mixed people and diverse races more than four thousand years ago. Comparing them with subsequent legislation in Babylonia, we are impressed with their superiority in ethical value. Students of Assyrian owe a great debt to Professor Harper for this learned and carefully and completely edited text of this ancient and interesting code.

Friendship: The Good and Perfect Gift. By "Ruth Ogden" (Mrs. Charles W. Ide). Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ in. 61 pages.

From Adams Peak to Elephanta. By Edward Carpenter. (New Edition, Revised.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ in. 370 pages. \$2, net.

This volume of sketches in Ceylon and India, based on actual experience in both countries, makes its appearance in a second and slightly revised edition, at a time when authoritative books relating to the East are much sought for and greatly needed. Mr. Carpenter describes the country, the people, their religion, their social habits, their fundamental ideas, devotes several chapters to a description of occult religion as practiced in these two countries, and gives very interesting accounts of caste, communism, the relations of the Anglo-Indian and the native, and the

effect of Western science and commercialism on these old peoples.

God-Man (The): A Poem. By Rev. Henry Losch, M.D. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 177 pages. \$2, net.

Good as Gold: A Comedy in Four Short Acts. By K. McDowell Rice. Published by the Author, Worthington, Mass. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 44 pages. 25c.

This little comedy is intended for use in girls' schools and for amateur performances generally. It is very difficult to find plays that are at the same time entertaining, unobjectionable from every point of view, and capable of being acted by a small company of amateurs. This want the present amusing comedy seems to supply in an original and amusing way.

Hide in the Heart: Scripture that a Child of Ten Should Know. ~~Chosen and~~ Edited by George E. Horr, D.D. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 52 pages.

Historic Highways of America. Vol. VIII. *Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin.* By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 237 pages.

The ground covered in this new volume in the series called "Historic Highways of America," of which we have spoken already several times with appreciation, includes the routes taken by Clark in his campaigns against Kaskaskia and Vincennes in 1778 and 1779, and the routes of three campaigns against Indians in the Northwest, carried on respectively by Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne in the period between 1790 and 1794. Perhaps the volume contains less of dramatic and human interest than some of its predecessors, but it forms a valuable record of the exact methods and topographical difficulties of these early expeditions in the Northwest. In more than one instance, moreover, the tragedy and heroism of frontier fighting are depicted vividly.

History of the Moorish Empire in Europe. By S. P. Scott. In 3 vols. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 9$ in. \$10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

John Robinson: The Pilgrim Pastor. By Ozora S. Davis. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 366 pages. \$1.25, net.

Throughout history from the first century of the Christian era until now there have been two conflicting conceptions of the Christian Church. One has been the conception of a great body of men and women, without regard to personal character, who inherit Christian privileges and traditions and receive power from on high through channels supplied in the provision of the Gospel by God. The other has been the conception of a comparatively small circle of believers, saved from evil and supplied with a Christian character, the true remnant of Israel, witnesses of the Gospel to the world. The former conception may be called Catholic, whether it is Roman, Anglican, or American and Protestant. The other view may be called Puritan, whether it is to be found in Savonarola or Cromwell or Jona-

than Edwards. Each of these conceptions has its own measure of truth, but sometimes one needs to be emphasized, sometimes the other; sometimes the universality of the Church's embrace, sometimes the righteousness of the Church's demands. John Robinson arose at a time when there was need of the Puritan message. Like other Puritans, he had a controversy with the people; he was not so much a bearer of the Gospel as a prophet of righteousness. If we of to-day have a conception of religion that is ethical, we owe it largely to the Englishmen of the early seventeenth century, who wrought that conception into a conviction for which they were willing to suffer. Robinson belonged to that branch of the Puritans that, in protest against its evils, came out from the English Church. He joined the Separatist congregation at Scrooby and followed its fortunes. This biography is written in a judicial spirit by one who has at the same time the historic sense and a pride in belonging to that group of Christians who may claim John Robinson as one of their spiritual forebears.

Lavias Egyptus. By Thomas S. Spivey. Published by the Author, 370 East Eighth St., Cincinnati. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 196 pages. \$1.50.

Leaves from an Indian Jungle: Gathered During Thirteen Years of a Jungle Life in the Central Provinces, the Deccan, and Berar. By A. I. R. G. Illustrated. The Times Press, Bombay. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 247 pages.

Leo Tolstoy: A Biographical and Critical Study. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 190 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Letters from a Son to His Self-Made Father. By Charles Eustace Merriman. Illustrated. The Robinson, Luce Co., Boston. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 289 pages. As a rule, books of fiction founded upon other books of fiction are not altogether successful. The "Letters from a Self-Made Father to His Son" had the quality of rarely shrewd comment on business, life, and personal character, and were therefore more than merely amusing. The present book is at times amusing in a broadly comic way, but it very decidedly lacks precisely the quality which gave the other book its chief interest. We do not think that Harvard men will feel flattered by this particular specimen of a supposed undergraduate.

Master and the Chisel (The). By Alex. F. Irvine. Published by the People's Church, New Haven, Conn. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in. 103 pages.

Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900. Two vols., with Portraits and Maps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. Per set, \$5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Municipal Year Book of the United Kingdom for 1904. Edited by Robert Donald. Edward Lloyd, Limited, London, England. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 508 pages. 3s. 6d., net.

Musk-Ox, Bison, Sheep, and Goat. By Caspar Whitney, George Bird Grinnell, and Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 224 pages. \$2, net.

Still another of the capital volumes in the American Sportsman's Library. The con-

tributors are Mr. Caspar Whitney, the general editor of the series, Mr. George Bird Grinnell, and Mr. Owen Wister. All three are recognized agreeable writers as well as keen sportsmen and students of natural history, and each treats his special subject with special knowledge. There are many finely printed full-page illustrations from well-selected photographs.

New England Romances. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (The Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 713 pages. \$1.25, net.

Old Sins in New Clothes. By George Clarke Peck. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 317 pages.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1898 (The). Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introductions and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. XI, 1599-1898. The Arthur H. Clarke Co., Cleveland, Ohio. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ in. 319 pages.

Preacher's Story of His Work (A). By W. S. Rainsford. The Outlook Co., New York. 5×8 in. 245 pages. \$1.25, net.

Three incidents may serve to indicate the course of struggle, sometimes with inward questionings and powers of darkness, sometimes with a gripping and binding environment, that is told in this preacher's story. The first occurred when he was a curate in an English town. He had resolutely set aside a career in the army to which he had looked forward with delight, because he was determined not to be a man of pleasure. Now he had before him rare opportunities for advancement in the Church of England—opportunities that appealed, not to his self-indulgence, but to his consciousness of power. Then upon him came a searching doubt as to the efficacy of the ordinance of infant baptism which he was called upon as a clergyman to perform. There was not a man, not a book, that could satisfy his scruple. At this point comes the incident which reveals the character of this "poor, green, ignorant boy struggling with his first tremendous difficulty."

With despair in my heart I started off on a long walk, and at last, after much wandering, found myself in front of a low, dirty brick chapel in the south of London beyond the Thames. I saw that it was a Baptist chapel, and I bowed my head and said, "It is a long way that has led to this, but, so help me God, if I cannot see my way out, I will spend the rest of my life in a place like this!"

That ended his misery. But not his struggle; for he threw up his curacy and started as a mission preacher through America. Then came the second incident. At the end of a remarkable series of evangelistic meetings he had conducted in Toronto, which had stirred the city to the foundations of its social life, he began to doubt a doctrine on which he supposed all his preaching rested. From the heights of success he was cast into the chasm of failure. His audiences dwindled; his friends remonstrated. In his misery he turned to Phillips Brooks.

I went to Boston solely to see him. He was a dear friend of mine; but Phillips Brooks could not help an

individual at all. What he said was: "I cannot help you; you must fight it out yourself." . . . What saved me from defeat was just this, that through it all I could and did keep saying to myself, "I must act as my heart tells me; I won't speak until I have the light, by God's help I won't."

He did fight it out, and the light did come. The third incident marked his struggle with environment. It was after his coming to St. George's, New York City. A good and liberal man, who feared for certain possible results of new methods, one day said to him:

"Mr. Rainsford, I want to help you; you have a big fight to fight; now, if you will hand over the choir to me, I'll do anything you want for St. George's."

I did not say anything, and he added,

"What do you want most?"

"I want a parish building."

"How much will a parish building cost?"

"Nearly \$200,000."

"Well," he said, "if you will let me run the choir, I will give you my check for \$200,000."

"I cannot do it," I said.

"Then you are going wrong."

"I cannot help it; I can't do what you ask."

"Then I won't come to your church any more."

"I cannot help it," I said.

And he never did.

I should have been ruined if I had accepted his offer. I got my parish building within six months without any conditions.

The story of Dr. Rainsford's success is the story of determination, time upon time, to fail. "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall save it" is a hard saying except to one who, as in this story of an Irish lad who became a great preacher and parish maker, has lived it.

Standard Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk, LL.D. (Standard Reader Series.) Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6x8 in. 208 pages.

Teachers' Manual for Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk, LL.D. (Standard Reader Series.) Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3¼x5½ in. 307 pages.

Tales of Mystery. By Edgar Allan Poe. (The Unit Books.) Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 4¼x7 in. 498 pages. 51c.

This volume of the "Unit Books" contains twenty-one stories selected from Poe's works, printed in a compact volume which gives an impression of squareness, from good clear type, simply bound in green cloth and published at a very low price. In this series "The Marble Faun" and Lincoln's "Letters and Addresses" have already appeared. It is proposed to issue books of permanent position in literature, to include fiction, historical works, scientific works, records of travel, books of information, and the classics of ancient and modern times, to present in every case accurate text, carefully edited, legibly printed from new plates, substantially bound, the price regulated entirely by the length of the book, that is, the actual cost of production. The unit selected is twenty-five pages, and the price of each set of twenty-five pages is one cent; one hundred pages

cost at this rate four cents, and five hundred pages, the length of this reprint of Poe's tales, is issued at twenty cents, to which is added the expense of the cloth cover and binding.

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 6x9 in. 471 pages. \$2, net.

A review of this book, together with Mr. Leupp's "The Man Roosevelt," may be found in last week's issue of *The Outlook*.

To Windward. By Henry C. Rowland. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 399 pages. \$1.50.

This is not, in the main, a story of life at sea, as one might perhaps suppose from its title and the fact that the author has written very agreeable sea stories. Its hero is a doctor as well as a sailor, and the greater part of the action takes place on shore. Not the least readable part of the book is that dealing with the life in great hospitals and dispensaries, in which the author makes use of special knowledge in a vivid and dramatic fashion. The chief character of the book is a vigorous, hearty, and pretty hot-tempered young man who has made his way by sheer pluck and hard work through college and the medical school. Amos's adventures in the social world are told with spirit and often with humor. Although the ending of the book is a trifle theatrical and sensational, perhaps it is justified by the study of character and circumstance which precedes it; certainly this part of the tale is thrilling in an original way. Altogether the novel is decidedly above the average of the fiction of the season.

Trouble Woman (The). By Clara Morris. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½x6½ in. 58 pages. 40c., net.

Twelve Apostles (The). By George Milligan, B.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½x5 in. 104 pages. 30c.

Besides its chapter on the three "Unknown Apostles" this booklet makes the most that all sources of information give concerning the others. The "Points for Inquiry" subjoined to the several chapters add to its utility as a text-book for Bible-classes.

Wings and Stings. By Agnes McClelland Daulton. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 197 pages.

A nature book, in which, as the author says in her introduction, she has made every effort to give to dry scientific facts the breath of out-of-doors. In these little stories the bees, the blossoms, and most of all the birds, tell their own life histories in a cheerful and vivacious way which may very well appeal to the liking of children. The book is fully illustrated—chiefly with sketches made by the author. It will undoubtedly fulfill its author's hope to bring to little children a "vision of green fields, leafy forests, sunny meadows, and running brooks."

Spring in the South

By Henry van Dyke

Now in the oak the sap of life is welling,
Though to the bough the rusty foliage clings;
Now on the elm the misty buds are swelling;
See how the pine-wood grows alive with wings!
Blue jays fluttering, yodeling, and crying;
Meadow-larks sailing low above the withered grass;
Redbirds whistling clear, silent robins flying,—
Who has waked the birds up? What has come to pass?

Last year's cotton-plants, desolately bowing,
Stand in the fallows, ragged and forlorn.
Red are the hillsides of the early plowing,
Gray are the lowlands, waiting for the corn.
Earth seems asleep still; but 'tis only feigning;
Deep in her bosom thrills a sweet unrest.
Look where the jasmine lavishly is raining
Jove's golden shower into Danaë's breast.

Now on the plum the snowy bloom is drifted;
Now on the peach, the glory of the rose;
Over the hills a tender haze is sifted;
Full to the brim the yellow river flows.
Dark cypress boughs with vivid jewels glisten,
Greener than emeralds shining in the sun.
Who has wrought the magic? Listen, sweetheart, listen!
The mocking-bird is singing: Spring has begun.

Hark, in his song no tremor of misgiving!
All of his heart he pours into his lay,
"Love, love, love, and pure delight of living;
Winter is forgotten; live for love to-day!"
Fair in your face, I read the flowery presage,
Snowy on your brow, and rosy on your mouth.
Sweet in your voice, I hear the season's message:
"Love, love, love, and Spring in the South!"

Augusta, Georgia.

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The Presidential Canvass

As the canvass for the Presidency progresses the situation clears somewhat, although it is still, so far as the Democratic nomination is concerned, very uncertain. The nomination of Mr. Roosevelt by the Chicago Convention may be taken for granted, unless some political catastrophe happens between now and the date of the meeting. There is always a slack-water period in every Presidency, and Mr. Roosevelt has been passing through that period. In his case the opposition which develops, for various reasons, against every President has been much augmented and intensified by the difficult questions which he has had to decide and by the contrary opinions which his decisions have evoked; but as the time of the Convention approaches it becomes clear that the confidence of the country in his integrity, candor, and courage is unshaken; that the questions which he has decided have become matters of history, and that the wisdom of his decisions is being confirmed by events. The Democratic party, however, is still groping both for issues and for a leader. Mr. Hearst has secured a number of delegates, and the nature and vigor of his canvass are beginning to be understood. He has lost, however, the State of New York, which will probably go to St. Louis as a solid column in support of Judge Parker. Mr. Bryan is averse to Judge Parker, whom he has called on various occasions an "interrogation point," and Mr. Bryan will have great influence in the Convention. Judge Gray's name has been mentioned many times, and is a name which would carry great weight; but Judge Gray, unfortunately for this purpose, represents a very small State, and it is essential to the Democrats to carry

several of the doubtful States. Judge Gray has a very considerable popularity with the mining people across the coal belt, which runs through several of these States. His attitude as a member of the Coal Strike Commission has given the miners confidence in his sympathy and his sense of justice; but he has offended his own party by supporting the President on the Philippine question, and, above all, he comes from a State which is of slight importance in the campaign. Mr. Hearst's success appears to be largely of a mechanical order, and now that his candidacy has become serious, the moral elements in the Democratic party are arraying themselves against it. Judge Parker is criticised in Democratic circles chiefly because of his reticence. His personal integrity, dignity, and admirable record as Chief Judge of the highest court in the State have made him many friends; and at this writing he seems to be in the lead as a candidate. His friends interpret his refusal to talk as an expression of his sense of the dignity of his position. It is quite certain that, while he is willing to accept a nomination, he is not working for it in any way unworthy of his record or his station. The Outlook was in error in stating recently that Mr. Hearst was a graduate of Harvard University. Mr. Hearst entered Harvard with the class of 1886 and was registered as a student for three years, but did not graduate.



The Service Pension Again

In response to Senator Overman's resolution requesting the Secretary to furnish the Senate a copy of the order to enlarge the Pension Act, reported in these columns last week,

Secretary Hitchcock has submitted to the Senate a review of the administration of pension laws, in which he attempts to show that the executive order which has been the subject of so much criticism is within the executive power and in conformity with the existing laws and methods which have prevailed heretofore. He says :

Disability, partial or complete, to perform manual labor is the sole measure of the right to a pension under this act of June 27, 1890. The element of manual labor is fundamental. If, in the adjudication of a pension claim, it shall be determined that the applicant's pensionable disabilities render him wholly incapacitated for manual labor, his pension rating will be accordingly, even though the applicant may be then occupied, with distinguished usefulness, in some field of intellectual endeavor.

It is well understood that there is a natural decay of the physical powers, due solely to age, which impairs a man's capacity to earn a support by his own manual labor.

Not only does the act itself provide that "each and every infirmity shall be duly considered," but the decisions under it uniformly recognize the principle that disabilities due to senility alone are pensionable.

Secretary Hitchcock declares that although age in connection with other disabilities has always been considered, there has never been any uniform rule in rating the infirmities due to age, with the exception of two classes, and that pension administration has had, therefore, some uncertainty and inequality. The immense number of cases under every act would make it impossible to secure uniformity and expedition in decision without laying down convenient rules for the weighing of evidence and for presumptions which long experience justifies. The executive order lays down as a convenient rule that one who is otherwise entitled and who has reached the age of sixty-two years is partially disabled from earning a livelihood by his hands, that one who is sixty-five is more disabled from performing manual labor, that one who is sixty-eight is in a still greater degree incapable of earning support by manual labor, and that one who is seventy is completely disabled in this regard ; and the Secretary contends that such presumption is justified by general experience in active life. He estimates that the order will result in an increased

expenditure annually of about \$5,400,000. The Acting Commissioner of Pensions estimates that there are 182,000 survivors of the army who have not applied for pensions ; that it is impossible to state definitely how many of this number failed to serve the required ninety days and receive final honorable discharge ; that one-fourth would be a fair estimate, which would reduce the number to about 136,500 ; and that about 75,000 of these have reached the age of sixty-two and will apply. It is on this basis that the estimate of \$5,400,000 is made. These statements throw light on the action of the Department, but they do not, in the judgment of *The Outlook*, justify the extension of the operation of the pension laws by executive order.

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To Investigate
the Beef Trust

The House of Representatives has passed a resolution requesting the Department of Commerce and Labor to investigate the disparity between the prevailing prices of live beef cattle and the selling prices of dressed beef. This action of the House once more focuses attention on the whole question of the alleged control of prices by the packers' combine, against which an injunction was obtained by Attorney-General Knox in the United States Circuit Court in 1902. The attempt of the six great packing companies, composing what is popularly termed the Beef Trust, to raise the price of the meat supply met with a protest, at the time, which should have shown how abhorrent in the sight of the people is this particular manifestation of corporate greed. The injunction granted by Judge Grosscup sought to prevent (1) the raising or lowering of prices through agents by collusion ; (2) the elimination of competition in the buying of live cattle (by agreements among the packers not to bid against one another) ; and (3) the custom of quoting high prices to induce shipments, and then lowering the bid when the cattle had reached the yards. These obnoxious practices, it is alleged, have not ceased for any length of time since the injunction has been in force.

It is the purpose of the House resolution, which was introduced by Mr. Martin, of South Dakota, to secure a report by the Department of Commerce on the organization and methods of the combine, but the Department's first duty in the premises is to investigate the question of artificial price control. The statistics already supplied by the Department and cited by Mr. Martin tend to support the allegation that beef prices have for some time been maintained at an artificial level. Last August, for example, good to extra fresh beef ("Western sides") sold in Boston at \$8.37½ per 100 pounds. In the preceding April such beef, in the same market, had brought only \$6.50, although the packers in Chicago had actually paid a few cents more per 100 pounds for the live cattle in April than they paid in August. In April, with live cattle quoted at \$5.35 in Chicago, the dressed beef in Boston brought only \$1.15 more per 100 pounds, while in August, with live cattle quoted at \$5.17½, the same quality of beef brought \$3.20 more—a difference of 61.8 per cent. between the live cattle and the marketable meat. It will be hard to convince the public that such a rise, within four months, was due to any combination of natural causes. Since that extreme was reached the prices have gradually declined; at the present time they are practically the same as in the first six months of 1903. The question now is, If the price of dressed beef could be forced up last year from 6½ cents a pound to 8½ cents, with the stockmen's prices practically stationary, what is to save the consumer from a like experience this year? Leaving the retailers' profit entirely out of consideration, Secretary Wilson's contention that there is too great a difference between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays for meats seems to be fully justified. The rushing of young and underfed heaves to the Western stockyards has doubtless operated to keep prices down; but this investigation, started primarily at the behest of the Western cattle-grower, who believes that his interests have been betrayed by the packers, may bring to light facts of the gravest importance to millions of Amer-

ican wage-earners, to whom the rise of one or two cents a pound in the cost of a staple of consumption means infinitely more than a temporary depression in the Chicago market can possibly mean to a few thousand growers of Western cattle.



The Panama Canal A decision has been rendered in Paris in the case of the Republic of Colombia against the Panama Canal Company. The court refuses absolutely to entertain the claims of Colombia. This decision leaves the French Panama Canal Company in a position to give absolute title to the United States, so far as the Company's rights and property on the Isthmus are concerned. Our Government had not regarded this litigation in Paris as a serious obstacle to the assumption of those rights and property, and Attorney-General Knox has intimated very directly that even an adverse decision in the French courts would not interfere with the legality of the transaction contemplated; yet it is gratifying to have even shadowy opposition removed. The decision holds that by going before a French Court Colombia tacitly admits the fact that it has lost sovereignty over the territory to be traversed by the Canal; that this sovereignty now vests in the new Republic of Panama; and that the Republic of Panama has full authority and power of administration. A meeting of the Panama Canal Company will be held at once, and the sale to the United States ratified. Thereafter nothing but ordinary formalities will delay the payment by the United States to the Panama Canal Company of the price agreed upon. Meanwhile a new bill for the Government's control of the Panama Canal has been introduced into Congress. The changes made from the bill introduced some weeks ago are in the direction of providing practical means and methods for the exercise of actual government in the zone ceded to this country by Panama, and for the proper sanitation of that region. In this Senate bill many details not originally considered when the first bill was prepared are considered. The Canal Commissioners are now on their

way to make a tour of inspection through the territory to be traversed by the Canal, and with them go several experts who will take up thoroughly the important preliminary questions relating to improving the now lamentably bad sanitary condition of that zone. General Davis, of the Commission, will serve as the first Governor of the territory ceded to the United States; his experience in administrative work in Porto Rico makes him particularly fitted for that office.



A Senator Convicted

For the first time in the history of the country, a United States Senator, actually holding office, has been convicted on criminal charges by a jury. There have been some instances of the expulsion of Senators from the United States Senate because of the existence of charges of treachery, bribery, or improper conduct, but in no one of these cases had a conviction already been obtained before a court when the Senate was called upon to consider the charges. The offense of Joseph R. Burton, United States Senator from Kansas, as it was found to exist by the jury, was disgraceful in the highest degree, because through it a man elected to safeguard the interests of the people in their highest National assembly deliberately betrayed those interests by taking money from a notorious and fraudulent concern which was attempting to swindle the people. The charge, in brief, was that Senator Burton accepted large fees to protect the Rialto Grain and Securities Company of St. Louis from a pending ruling by the Post-Office Department debarring this concern from the use of the mails as fraudulent. Letters from Senator Burton were read accepting payment in monthly installments of five hundred dollars each, telling the company about the progress of the action against them in the Post-Office Department, and assuring them that he would "attend to matters here"—that is, use his influence as a Senator to prevent the issue of the fraud order. An appeal has been taken from the verdict of the United States District Court to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which has final

jurisdiction in the case. The conviction, it is said, is the first ever procured under the special act of Congress enacted in 1864. The question arises whether this conviction of Senator Burton automatically removes him from the United States Senate under the provision of the statute of 1864, that any person convicted thereunder shall be incapable of holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the Government, or whether action by the Senate is necessary. The view seems to prevail that the latter course will be taken, and thereupon the second question arises, whether it is proper for the Senate to have a hearing on the case before its Committee on Elections and Privileges, and, as a result, declare Senator Burton's seat vacant, or whether it is incumbent on the Senate to wait until the case is finally settled by the Court of Appeals. That Court might, of course, order a new trial, and if that were done, the action of the Senate might seem premature. At the same time, it is evident that the Senate has the right to form its own judgment after hearing testimony, and to expel Senator Burton, if it sees fit, without reference to the fact of conviction.



The Revolt Against the Machine in Kansas

Two significant revolts against State machines are in progress in the Middle West. In Kansas a Republican uprising has resulted in the defeat of Governor W. J. Bailey for renomination, and the selection in his place of Mr. E. W. Hoch, a country editor. This movement has gone on simultaneously with an analogous revolt among Missouri Democrats, having for its object the nomination for Governor of Mr. Joseph W. Folk, the vigorous prosecutor of the St. Louis boudlers. Curiously enough, in both States the canvass has been directed, not against the Governor personally, but against an evil party organization with which he has been allied. The dissatisfaction with Governor Bailey is based on the fact that he has allowed his advisers of the Republican organization to use the party machinery to further their own ambitions, politically and financially. The

last session of the Legislature was notorious for its extravagance and petty stealing. The legislative pay-roll was padded and useless officers were multiplied. It was one of the jokes of the session that each transom of the Representatives' hall was in charge of a salaried "ventilator." The revolt against the scandals fattered by the machine found a leader in W. R. Stubbs, a new member of the Legislature, a contractor by profession, who was unfamiliar with "practical" politics and was disturbed by what he saw at the State capital. A believer in "the Roosevelt brand of politics," when he found that the Governor could not be depended on to stop the corruption, he decided, as he said, "to have a look-in" himself. Mr. Hoch, for thirty years editor of the Marion "Record," a man widely known and respected, seemed to him the most available candidate with whom to fight the machine. But the organization was so strongly entrenched throughout the State that, in spite of the general discontent with the administration, opposition was regarded as futile, and Mr. Hoch declined to try for the nomination. Early in January Mr. Stubbs issued a call to Republicans who opposed the machine to send representatives to a conference to be held in Topeka on the 13th of that month. The machine leaders asked, "Who is Stubbs?" and waited for a failure. But, to the astonishment of the politicians, between five and six hundred men responded to the summons, and it was observed that not one of the delegates rode on a pass. This convention "drafted" Mr. Hoch as its candidate, and he accepted. The machine was not yet seriously alarmed. Its factional opponents, comprising the party's disaffected politicians, shared its dislike for the Stubbs-Hoch movement. There was not an accomplished party worker behind the new candidate, and he had no county organizations to look after the delegations. But the popular resentment against the administration proved so strong that it needed only an opportunity to express itself. An early convention could not save the Governor. The January county primaries went overwhelmingly against him. Within a fortnight after the Topeka mass-meeting

he had announced the withdrawal of his candidacy, and at the State Convention six weeks later Mr. Hoch was nominated without opposition. Since Kansas is normally a Republican State, the nomination is assumed to be equivalent to an election. The Hoch movement, once its success was assured, naturally received the support of all the professional politicians who had quarreled with the dominant faction—an undesirable element. But Kansas is looking forward to an independent and upright administration, free from the scandals that have attended the domination of the old machine. The State's experience shows what can be accomplished in the face of a perfectly organized machine by a spontaneous uprising of the people.



Politics and Corruption in Missouri

In Missouri the situation has been more complicated.

The men who have dominated the State Democratic organization have not been charged with corruption, but they have formed alliances with thieves and bribe-givers, and have allowed legislative boodling to proceed without interference. When the corruption in the last session of the Legislature—described by Mr. Steffens in the current issue of "McClure's Magazine"—became too notorious to be ignored, Governor Dockery refused to allow the State's Attorney-General to take part in the investigation until he was fairly badgered into granting the desired permission by a judge and Grand Jury. After the exposures following the resignation of Lieutenant-Governor Lee, a confessed bribe-taker, the Governor's first public reference to the scandals was in a speech in which he said that he feared that boodling had been going on at the capital; but he assured his audience that it had "not cost the people anything," for it had been directed "against the corporations and other business interests." Circuit Attorney Folk, of St. Louis, is authority for the statement that just prior to the election of 1902 Mr. Dockery asked him to consent to the continuance of the case of "Ed" Butler, the notorious St. Louis boss, on the ground that the party

needed Butler's services in the election, and if he were forced to trial he might make trouble. The Governor says he has no recollection of this, but the incident is characteristic of the machine's attitude. In view of the revelations of extensive bribery in the State Legislature as well as in the St. Louis Council, Mr. Folk, as leader in the attack on the boodlers, came to be considered the natural candidate for Governor on a platform declaring against political corruption. Since the Missouri Constitution prohibits a second successive term to the Governor, Mr. Dockery is not seeking re-election. There are, however, two active candidates besides Mr. Folk—Mayor Reed, of Kansas City, and Mr. Hawes, ex-Commissioner of the St. Louis police and a co-worker with Butler—both typical machine politicians who have united to fight the candidacy of the St. Louis Circuit Attorney. They are asserting that "boodle is no issue," that Mr. Folk has slandered his party in denouncing the machine for its acquiescence in the boodling, and that his refusal to support Butler's son for Congressman has made him "no Democrat." Amazing as it may appear to persons unfamiliar with the strength of party ties in a semi-Southern State, this last assertion, together with the fact that decent Republicans have commended Mr. Folk, are being seriously urged against his candidacy. In spite of the machine's denunciations, the St. Louis prosecutor has secured a strong hold on the rural districts. The Kansas City "Star," an independent newspaper which is making a canvass of the State, is persuaded that he would win easily in a fair State primary election. The chief element of doubt is believed to be the fact that the nomination is to be made by a delegate convention, which is to meet in July. The machinery for the selection of delegates is in the hands of the State organization. In St. Louis not long ago the police force—an adjunct to the State machine—was openly used to elect a Hawes delegation. So outrageous was the interference at the polls that the Methodist ministers of the city, by agreement, denounced it from the pulpit the next Sunday. In certain

country districts the primaries have been ordered unexpectedly, in order to catch the Folk supporters napping. In one or two others the county committee has attempted to select delegates by a mass convention in which the presiding officer has simply ignored the presence of the Folk men. The State is becoming aroused, however, and Mr. Folk has been making encouraging gains of late. The alarm of the machine is evident in the recent talk of deserting its candidates and bringing out some hitherto unmentioned man of high standing "to beat Folk."

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Child Labor in New Jersey The State of New Jersey has adopted a new child labor law. Whether it will create conditions that will be an advance upon those already in existence in the State is a question on which those who are opposed to the exploitation of children for commercial purposes differ. The new law prohibits children under fourteen years of age from working in factories or workshops. For evidence as to age, either a birth certificate, baptismal certificate, or passport is required. Children under sixteen years of age are prohibited from working more than fifty-five hours a week, or ten hours a day. The relation between compulsory education and the employment of children has also been better adjusted. The department having the enforcement of this law in charge has been reorganized. Its chief has been made responsible, and is given freedom in action. He can move his deputies to any part of the State. The appropriation for the department has been increased from ten to twenty-four thousand dollars. So far, the law seems to be a gain for the interests of the children, and as the bill was drawn by an official of a society for the protection of children, it seems as if it should be recorded among the advances in child labor legislation. But along with this advance there has evidently been also a step backward. Heretofore in New Jersey women of all ages, and minors under eighteen years of age, have been prohibited from working after six o'clock in the evening, except in canneries and glass factories. The

new law repeals that provision. As a consequence, the provision in the new law prohibiting the employment of children more than ten hours a day is difficult of enforcement, for a factory inspector who remonstrates at finding children at work in a factory late at night can be told that these children began work late in the day, and that their ten hours are not yet expired. The only means by which he can disprove this is by taking testimony, and fear of the blacklist makes it difficult if not impossible to obtain witnesses. Moreover, there is now no provision regarding the time-limit to working hours for women. It is true that the former law setting such a time-limit was considered by some unconstitutional, and attempts to have it declared constitutional by the courts have failed. But the existence of such a provision gave to labor organizations a lever with which they frequently brought pressure to bear upon employers for the amelioration of the conditions under which women worked in factories. Now this is gone. On the whole, however, we must believe that this law is an advance, for, in spite of its practical defects, it establishes a more definite system. Improvements can in the future be built into the system. Citizens of New Jersey who desire improvement in conditions of labor can concentrate their attention upon specific measures rather than on general reform. But whether this is an improvement or not, the circumstances under which it was enacted are typical of the struggle that is constantly going on between those elements in a democracy which are actuated by self-interest on the one hand, and those which are working for better social conditions on the other. As in almost every such struggle, so in this, commercial powers have been astute in getting some advantage for themselves while appearing to make concessions.



**The "Grab" Bills
in New York**

Several bills have been before the Legislature of New York which are intended to extend the privileges of various franchise-owning companies. So evidently are their provisions detrimen-

tal to public interests through the granting or extending of privileges without due compensation—in one or two cases privileges which the people could not afford to grant at any price—that these bills have been by common consent designated the "grab" bills. One permits a company to use, practically without limitation, the water of Niagara Falls; another limits the territory which New York City can utilize for water supply, and is supposed to have been drawn in the interests of the Ramapo Company, of odious memory; another gives special privileges to a gas company; and others grant special powers to certain street railway companies. Political influence has been strong in getting these bills before the proper legislative committees, and has made their course in the Legislature much easier than it ought to have been. At last public opinion was so thoroughly aroused that on Monday evening of last week a mass-meeting was held in Cooper Union, New York City, to protest against these bills. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and non-partisan in character. One of the most notable speeches of the evening was made by the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, formerly United States Minister to Spain. The conditions which this meeting was called to condemn are of National importance, not because of the specific results which might flow from them to the State of New York, but because they illustrate the prevailing relation of the people to corporations which they have created and have privileged. It was on this side of the subject that General Woodford laid emphasis. He acknowledged at the outset that he was a Republican and a corporation lawyer. Nevertheless he stated his fear that there was growing up in the community a controversy between the corporation and the citizen. The possible dangerous result from this controversy he thus specified:

The corporation is an absolute necessity to-day, as much so as the electric light, the railway, and the bank; but unless the men who have charge of corporate interests are very mindful of the great power they wield, and of the jealous disposition with which the people regard them, there is danger that the corporation may suffer, to the detriment

of the people; and, on the other hand, my fellow-citizens—and I want to say it very plainly—there is great danger that you may come to think unwisely and unjustly of corporations and corporate necessities, and may substitute passion for reason.

This criticism from such a source, like the criticism of trades-unions from a union official, to which we referred some weeks ago, indicates how the discussion of such subjects can and ought to be carried on, apart from reckless agitation. General Woodford also distinctly laid on his own party the responsibility for these bills. As a result of this mass-meeting, and other expressions of public sentiment, the "grab bills" are unlikely to become law. Even should they be reported out of the rules committee and passed, they are not likely, it is hoped, to receive the Governor's signature. This episode in the history of New York legislation is an addition to the many instances of the influence over legislation wielded by public discussion. If our legislative bodies are becoming less and less places for debate and more and more efficient machines for making laws, it is also true that popular discussion of public measures is having more and more weight with legislators.

Reform the Building Laws

The general presentment made in New York City by the Grand Jury with regard to the recent loss of life by the collapse of the Darlington building is of general interest because it goes to the root of the difficulty. While censure is bestowed upon the men in actual charge of the work, still greater censure is bestowed on the owner of the building, who did not employ proper assistants, and on the building inspector, who was, said the Grand Jury, not only grossly negligent, but entirely unfit for his position, and a man who should be immediately dismissed by the Department. The Building Department itself is frankly and severely censured for its failure to discover that this building had been erected as far as the eleventh story in accordance with plans which had been positively disapproved by the Department. The recommendations of the Grand Jury are specific, and, if adopted,

should make such calamities impossible. They ask for the prohibition by law of the erection of steel and iron buildings without the immediate supervision of the original architect or a competent expert licensed by the city of New York; demand that the inspectors of the Department be competent engineers; urge that not only shall violations be reported by an inspector, but that he shall report daily what steps are taken toward remedying the defects; and, finally, propose the passage of a law allowing the city superintendent of buildings summarily to stop work on any building in process of erection, when the building endangers public safety. It is quite evident from this presentment that nothing like adequate inspection of buildings is provided for under the present system, and that even where serious defects are discovered there is no legal power in the Building Department to stop the work. The action of the Grand Jury should lead to immediate and drastic legislation.



The War in the East

Now that the newspaper correspondents have been allowed to go forward from Tokyo toward the front, although under very close supervision, it is possible that we may have clearer accounts of what is actually taking place in the field of operation. The discrepancies between Russian, Japanese, and Chinese accounts of the main recent events in the war are so great as to be almost amusing. Thus the engagement in northern Korea on March 28 has been variously reported as a slight skirmish in which there were very few casualties on each side, and as a fight in which four hundred Russians were killed or wounded and many captured, with Japanese losses of only thirty—the latter undoubtedly exaggerated report, needless to say, does not come from Russian sources. What seems certain is that, after a more or less sharp engagement between advanced bodies of hostile forces at and near Chongyu, the Japanese have occupied that town, said to be the largest place between Pingyang and Wiju, and have since pushed on still further north to Sonchon, which is only forty miles south

of Wiju, where the Russians are in force. This has led to a belief that Russia does not intend to resist the Japanese advance seriously until it reaches the Yalu River. Equally discrepant are the reports about the attempt of the Japanese to block the harbor of Port Arthur, mentioned in these columns last week. Admiral Togo's formal report says that the entrance was blockaded except for one small channel, and it is surmised that the Japanese still persist in their intention of completing the work. Russian accounts naturally place stress on the unquestionably gallant conduct of the torpedo-boat destroyer, the *Silni*, and it seems probable that the intrepidity of the *Silni*'s commander alone saved the Russian fleet from being "bottled up." From Port Arthur comes a vivid description of the injury done to the Russian cruiser *Bayan*, "in the recent bombardment" (presumably that of March 22), which states that thirty-nine men on that ship were killed or wounded. The proclamation of martial law at Niuchuang places that port positively in the field of actual operations, as it has been evident from the first that it must be. Incidental to the full assumption by Russia of the possession of Niuchuang was the removal of British and American flags from some private residences; but, on the remonstrance of the diplomatic authorities, the Russian officials allowed these flags to be replaced. Before long it is probable that access of neutral trading vessels to the port will be made impossible by the measures taken for its protection, and the foreign war-ships now at the port will withdraw or be permanently blocked there. Military critics of the war have expressed surprise that the Japanese have not yet made a movement toward attacking Niuchuang, and despatches assert that the place has now been strongly garrisoned by Russia, and is protected by a hundred large guns.



**The British Mission
in Tibet**

If public interest were not fastened upon the Farthest East, the terrible slaughter of Tibetans at Guru last Thursday by the British force under Colonel Younghusband would have sent

a thrill of dismay and horror through the whole world. Nothing but stern necessity could justify the killing of four or five hundred men caught in a trap and mowed down by superior weapons in the hands of European invaders. It may be that that necessity existed, for full reports have not arrived, and the conditions which preceded the fighting are not clear. Tibet, as readers of *The Outlook* will remember, is a territory embracing nearly five hundred thousand square miles, with a population of about six and a half millions. Lhasa, the capital, is the residence of the Grand Lama, the head of the Buddhists throughout the world. He is the custodian of the Buddhistic sacred writings, and of certain alleged secrets. He is believed by pious Buddhists to remember his previous lives and to have died and reincarnated himself many times. Sober European historians have noted the significant fact that the Grand Lamas have a curious habit of dying very young, and that the country is governed by a power behind the throne, which, as in many other Oriental countries, educates rulers to be tools by enervating and debilitating them, and quietly removes them when they arrive at a point where they may declare their independence. The Tibetans, however, attach supreme importance to the impenetrability of their country as a protection to their secret writings, and Tibet has been heretofore, save for a few adventurous explorers, an unknown country. In the modern world, however, no countries can remain unknown, nor can any city permanently hold itself aloof from the tides of travel and from the eagerness of men to know and record what is going on in all parts of the earth. Tibet has the misfortune to be of great possible importance both to Russia and to England. The headwaters of the Yangtse are in Tibet, and the British claim that the region must be kept free from Russian control in order to protect the British sphere of influence in the Yangtse valley in China proper. They also claim that the Russians have been intriguing in Tibet and that many of the Buddhist priests who are in the hierarchy are pledged to Russian interests. The Russians, on the

other hand, insist that the British are preparing to establish a protectorate over Tibet.

The Slaughter at Guru

When the British Government some time ago invited Tibetan authorities to send representatives to India in order that certain frontier depredations and violations of treaties might be explained and arranged, the Tibetans, true to their ancient policy, refused to come; whereupon the British sent into Tibet what is commonly called a mission, with a large military escort, under the command of Colonel Younghusband, assuring the Tibetans at the same time that the seclusion of the capital would be respected, and that no expedition would make any attempt to reach Lhasa. The expedition had reached Guru, and Colonel Younghusband was, according to report, attempting to disarm a body of Tibetans on the opposite side of a wall which had been built across the highway to oppose the advance, when the Indian troops who formed part of the British expedition made a flank movement and inclosed fifteen hundred Tibetans in a circle, the intention being to capture them without any loss of blood. The Tibetans, however, did not fall in with this programme. There was an encounter on the outskirts of the crowd between the Tibetans and the Sikhs in the English ranks. If reports are to be trusted, a Tibetan fired and wounded a Sikh, whereupon all the Tibetans drew their swords and rushed upon the invaders. The English promptly opened fire on the mob. The Tibetans, unable to break the British ranks and unable to escape by the rear on account of the wall which they themselves had built, fell like sheep and fully half of them were killed before the affair ended. Among the dead were a leading Tibetan general and several leaders of the party who have most strenuously opposed foreign influence in Tibet. The news of the slaughter was received in England not only without elation, but in many quarters with a feeling of humiliation. The arbitrary invasion of a country which desires to keep itself free from foreign influence can be justified only on the ground of the

highest needs of civilization; and to mow down with modern weapons a brave people who, in defending their country, are caught in a trap, can find its justification only on the ground of supreme necessity. This affair can hardly give satisfaction in England, where the uneasy feeling that things are being done in many parts of the Empire on a basis of force, without justification in moral necessity, is growing.

The educational question in England has been almost pushed into the background lately by the intense feeling awakened by the proposition of the Government to introduce Chinese contract labor in the mining districts of South Africa. What used to be called in Mr. Gladstone's day the "Nonconformist conscience" has taken fire at the proposition to reintroduce what would be practically a form of slavery under British rule. A storm of protest has swept the country; and when the matter was voted upon in the House of Commons the Ministry was sustained by the small majority of fifty-one votes—a little more than one-third of the normal strength of the Ministry. The debate which preceded the vote was prolonged, passionate, and at times acrimonious. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, declared that nothing the Government has done since the close of the South African war had so sorely tried the English people as this sanction of the introduction of Chinese labor into South Africa; that if this policy were kept up, an element of weakness would be introduced, not only into the Transvaal, but all South Africa, and that there could not be conceived a greater departure from the principles by which Great Britain had hitherto made her way in the world than the importation of aliens as bondsmen of mining speculators; he declared that the provisions of the bill would make the Chinese laborers virtually slaves. The supporters of the Government were entirely on the defensive and spoke very guardedly of the situation. Mr. Balfour said that it was a question whether the Transvaal should be allowed to go

through a grave commercial crisis, or use Chinese labor.



**The Government
Position**

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton, asserted that the introduction of Chinese labor was only the means which the Ministry had adopted to bridge the transition period until the blacks have increased sufficiently to fill the demand for unskilled labor. Mr. Lyttelton had previously stated very succinctly the case of the Government in the matter of Chinese labor. He declared that he was convinced that in the long run the workmen of England would understand; that in the circumstances of South Africa white unskilled labor cannot be introduced; that the prospect of increased employment for white skilled labor there depends upon the sufficiency of unskilled native African and Asiatic labor; that the increased prosperity of the Transvaal will very materially affect for the better manufacturing employment for all classes of labor in England. The case for the mine-owners in the Transvaal may also be stated very briefly. They claim that the mining interest, which is the foremost interest of the Transvaal, is almost paralyzed for lack of labor; that the local supply of black labor is insufficient, and that the majority of the mines are not sufficiently remunerative to make the payment of the high wages demanded by the white miners possible; that it is undesirable, for racial reasons, that in that country white men should do the work which is commonly known as black men's work; that the people of the Transvaal of every class and interest are in favor of the importation of Chinese coolies, subject to proper regulation.



**The Liberal
Position**

The answer to these arguments, stated briefly, is: that the most profitable class of mines in South Africa could earn reasonable dividends with white labor, but that the lower grade of mines can be made to pay only with either Kaffir labor or imported cheap labor; that the country needs more labor if its progress is to be maintained, and that the progress

depends largely on the rapid development of mining interests, but that the situation does not involve the necessity of introducing coolies; that some sacrifice on the part of the mining interests of the Transvaal, the English stockholders, and the English taxpayers may be necessary, but that these sacrifices should be made in order to secure a pure white population of British and Dutch stock, and unless the English people are prepared to take Asiatics in partnership with them in South Africa; if they are willing to do that, India will supply all their needs, and there is no reason why China should be drawn in; that the black population of South Africa furnishes ample material for all the labor needed in that country, if only fair conditions of pay and treatment are insisted upon, and that the country can be made a white man's country—that is to say, its work can be done largely by white men under conditions of life which make it possible for white men to live and work there—if the English are prepared to take proper steps regarding tariff and railway rates and to supervise the immigration to the country. The position of the Ministry, in which it has been sustained by a small majority, appears to be that there is a crisis in the Transvaal, and that as a temporary measure imported labor is to be introduced under conditions which are alien to the English spirit and foreign to the spirit of the English Government.



**Consuls and
Missionaries**

A widely traveled gentleman, whose opinions, gathered around the world, find frequent utterance in print, has lately been telling the law students at Boston University what he thinks of American consuls and missionaries. As to consuls, he is reported as saying that many of them are unfit and incapable; and as to missionaries, that they "don't dare to say anything about the consuls, for they are more or less in the same boat," and "do more harm than good." The opinions of men of much higher distinction and better opportunities for sound judgment are worth recording on the missionary question. Chulalongkorn, King

of Siam, has said publicly: "American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my country and people than any other foreign influence." Marquis Ito, Prime Minister of Japan, has stated that "Japan's progress and development are largely due to the influence of missionaries, exerted in right directions when Japan was first studying the outer world." Sir Augustus Rivers-Thompson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, says: "In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined. They have been the salt of the country and the saviors of the empire." Sir Philip Currie, British Ambassador to Turkey, affirmed in 1896, the year of massacre: "The one bright spot in the darkness that has covered Asiatic Turkey has been the heroism and common sense of the American missionaries." Prince Malcom Khan, Persian Minister, said: "I have always considered the presence of your missionaries in Persia a providential blessing." Such testimonies are abundant from men of the highest standing, of our own as well as of other nations.



Suppressing Religious Orders in France

As was foreshadowed in these columns last week, the French Chamber of Deputies, by the decisive majority of 316 to 269, has passed the bill submitted by M. Combes for the suppression of all forms of teaching by the religious orders, thus completing the legislation begun during the Premiership of M. Waldeck-Rousseau three years ago, and undoubtedly going far beyond the intention of the originator of the policy. Under the first act unauthorized teaching orders which had been carrying on their work without legal sanction were suppressed. In some of the more pronounced Roman Catholic sections of the country, like Brittany, there have been serious local outbreaks. As a whole, however, the country seems to have been with the Government in its attitude. The minority opposed to the bill in the Chamber of Deputies was eminently respectable, but failed to make a sufficiently forceful opposition to im-

press the country. It has contented itself chiefly with obstruction. The present bill makes no distinction between authorized and unauthorized religious orders, forbids all teaching by the religious orders in France, and provides for the suppression within ten years of all orders now holding authorization to teach. Existing congregations are prohibited from recruiting new members. Severe penalties have been provided in case attempts are made to evade the provisions of the act. The Premier has carried his own party with him in this drastic policy. There have been several defections of well-known Republicans, and amendments have been passed which have modified to a certain degree the drastic character of the original measure; but, in its entirety, no legislation of recent years directed against any body of citizens has been more complete or more drastic in its provisions. It means the entire secularization of education in France; the State proposes to take the place of the teachers in all the religious orders. It makes national public teaching inevitable, and it makes any other kind of teaching illegal. No course is now open to the Roman Catholic Church in France except to conform to the provisions of this law; but the attitude of the Papacy is still to be defined, and there is very grave doubt as to the ultimate effect of a body of legislation which not only assumes the entire function of education, but excludes the historical and traditional religion of the country from any share in it.



The Progress of Electricity

It is quite within the bounds of possibility that some of those now living may see electricity substituted for steam on the great railroad systems. Already, as we have pointed out previously, railway trains of average weight and length have been run on small and experimental lines with decided success. These comparatively short lines have evolved in some cases also extraordinary speed; particularly is this the case with the line near Como, where a speed of over one hundred miles an hour has been obtained for distances of several miles at a time.

In this country, as is well known, there are in active operation several electric branch lines, and there is evidence that this application of electricity is to be enormously expanded within the next few years, while the trolley lines on their side are evidently working toward heavier traffic and greater power. A notable indication of the scientific trend in this direction was announced last week from England. The line from Liverpool to Southport, a distance of nearly twenty miles, formerly operated by steam, has been turned into an electric third-rail system, and service is now being rendered in most acceptable fashion. What can be done in the way of improvement by such a change is shown in the statement that on this branch road, where formerly thirty-six trains a day ran from Liverpool to Southport, now there are sixty-five, and the increase in trains for the first few miles out of Liverpool is even larger. Not only this, but there has been a gain of a third or more in speed, and an increase in the number of express trains. The Northeastern Railway of England also has adopted electricity for a considerable part of its great suburban traffic.



The Philippines for the Filipino

On another page we print an article by Mr. James A. Le Roy on "The Philippine Tariff." Mr. Le Roy, who, as secretary to Professor Worcester, of the Philippine Commission, became an authority on affairs in those islands, emphasizes at the outset the essential need of economic freedom. Government is not an end in itself, but a means. The end is life; and as life is more than meat to the individual, so life is more than any form of government to a people. It is highly important that discussions about schemes for the government of the Philippines should not obscure the really vital needs in comparison with which every governmental scheme is of only secondary importance.

With regard to the intellectual and moral life of the Filipino, the United States is already doing the sort of thing

that a Government, necessarily limited in function, can do. It has settled the friars' land question, and has made religion free in the islands; it has also established and promoted a public-school system. In other words, it has established conditions of intellectual and religious freedom. It has not, however, established conditions of economic freedom. One illustration of this is to be found in the present tariff, concerning which Mr. Le Roy writes. Another, to which Mr. Le Roy also refers, is to be found in the shipping law.

Under the present law, commerce, not only between the Philippine Islands and the United States, but also between the various ports of the Philippine archipelago itself, must, after July 1st of this year, be transported only in vessels of American registry. This means a double blow to the prosperity of the Philippine Islands. On the one hand, it hurts their foreign trade, for even if there should be enough American vessels to carry Philippine goods, the fact that a monopoly would be created makes inevitable a higher freight rate which the Filipinos must pay. On the other hand, it means a practical paralysis of the inter-island trade. At present that trade is carried on in vessels belonging to inhabitants of the Philippines or to foreigners, and under the command of seamen who are thoroughly acquainted with the uncharted waters of the archipelago. If these vessels are excluded, there will be none to take their place, and there are certainly no American seamen who have the special experience and qualification of these Filipino and Spanish sailors. If, therefore, nothing is done to prevent the extension of the coasting trade laws to the Philippines, a hardship will be laid upon the Filipinos without even the feeble excuse of adequate advantage to the United States.

In response, however, to urgent appeals from Secretary Taft, a bill (known as the Frye bill, with amendments) has passed the Senate and is now on the calendar of the House of Representatives, postponing until July 1, 1905, the application of the coastwise laws to the trade between the Philippines and the United States, and postponing indefinitely the

application of those laws to inter-island trade. As it stands, this bill is a great gain. The only question is, Does it go far enough? To the mind of any one who believes that our dealings with the Philippines should be actuated by other motives than merely those of self-interest, there should be no doubt as to the merits of this bill, except as to whether the postponement of the law concerning trade between the archipelago and the United States, as well as inter-island trade, ought not to be made indefinite. In other words, it is doubtful whether there is any advantage to be found in extending our coastwise laws to the Philippines at all, so long as the freedom of trade which exists within the territory of the United States is not extended at the same time. As Secretary Taft has said, "If you are going to apply the protection theory to us, you ought to give us the benefit of the protection theory." To restrain Philippine trade first by laying upon it the weight of a tariff, even though it is somewhat reduced, and then by limiting it to a monopoly of carriers, is to put a double burden upon the islands which we cannot lay on a foreign nation and would never be willing to lay on ourselves.

In our treatment of the Philippines the danger of oppression will come from the commercial rather than the political side. Even though we should grant that our relation to the Philippines has an analogy in Great Britain's relation to her American colonies before the War for Independence, we should find historic confirmation of this fact. The cry for political independence then came only after years during which Great Britain determined her commercial policy for her own supposed advantage at the expense of her colonies. As John Morley has said, "If the severe pressure of the mercantile policy, unflinchingly carried out, had not first filled the colonists with resentment and deprived them of their prosperity, the imperial claim to impose taxes would probably have been submitted to without much ado." It is commercial oppression which most quickly and surely arouses antagonism. And it is, also, commercial oppression which we Americans, when impelled by

self-interest, are most likely to promote. The man who, advocating the extension of the coasting trade laws before a committee of the House of Representatives, said, "We are not in this business for our health. We do not receive large salaries as presidents, or secretaries, or treasurers, and so on. We do this business for our living, not for love," represents those who, whether in the United States or the Philippines, bring to bear the sort of pressure that needs most to be resisted.



Is the President Extravagant?

Dr. Jowett, Master of Balliol, the eminent translator of Plato and one of the most gentle and delightful men ever produced by Oxford University, once, in a moment of natural resentment at some unjust criticism of some of his administrative acts, laid down this rule for a man of action: "Never retract. Never explain. Get it done, and let them howl."

There are times, however, when explanations or denials are necessary even for men of action, if not by way of justification of certain courses pursued or certain acts performed, at least by way of relieving the honest solicitude of friends who, on hearing definite accusations made and not knowing the facts themselves and receiving no denial from the person accused, are greatly disturbed and troubled. No man in this country so suffers from false and gossiping stories, and from his inability to make his honest and indignant denials public, as the man who fills the office of President. It is a common idea that Washington, owing to the supreme nobility of his character, to his supreme importance to his country, and to the supreme necessity for National safety of a united and patriotic people during the first Presidency, was spared the personal slanders and attacks which are all too common in political life. The contrary is, however, true. The current newspapers and political literature of Washington's time contain the basest and meanest personal attacks upon him; he was accused of

personal moral laxness, of extravagance, of snobbishness, of military ignorance, of political incapacity—in fact, of the whole round of moral and official defects which a base partisan antagonism is constantly seeking for and rejoices when it thinks it discovers them.

Similar attacks are made upon President Roosevelt. A typical one is contained in the following paragraph from the "Commercial Appeal," of Memphis, Tennessee:

We want to see a Democrat in the White House again for a number of reasons. He is needed there in the interest of economy. Mr. Roosevelt makes too many demands upon the people's purse to satisfy his vanity, to amuse his children, and to exalt M.E. There is a probably not a palace in Memphis that cost as much as \$50,000. The President wants \$100,000 to build a stable for his horses. His private naval review last summer cost the people over \$200,000. He appropriated for his own use and that of his family a \$500,000 naval yacht, had over \$50,000 worth of furnishings put in it, and has also had smaller vessels assigned to the task of nursing the Roosevelt kids at Oyster Bay. The White House has been enlarged at an expense of \$500,000, a \$2,500 tennis-court has been built for his children, and the living expenses have been about triple. We would like to see a Democrat in the White House in order that a period might be put to this carnival of graft and extravagance.

At first glance these charges seem so extravagant in statement and so unchivalrous and un-Southern in spirit as to deserve no attention. They are, however, being circulated through the country so widely by unscrupulous partisans that The Outlook proposes to state the facts—not for the sake of the reputation of Mr. Roosevelt, who is perfectly competent to take care of himself, but for the sake of those citizens who, without access to the facts, are justly disturbed when the President of the United States is openly accused of snobbish extravagance and no denial is made. The facts in the case are as follows:

No appropriation has been made for a new stable at the White House. Without the knowledge of the President, the superintendent of public buildings and grounds reported that, inasmuch as the present stable is on unhealthful ground, and the horses, which are Government property and not the personal property of the President, became sick in it, the

Government ought to build a new stable. Whoever is elected President next autumn, decency and good business management call for a new stable.

There was no private naval review last summer, and the review that did take place did not cost the people a penny beyond the usual expenditures for the proper maintenance of the navy. The review to which the Memphis "Appeal" refers took place in Long Island Sound, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, and was far less private than the ordinary reviews held off the coast. The review was made solely because the officers of the navy, a body of men of whom every American, whether Democrat or Republican, ought to be proud, felt it would be a good thing to have the President show a personal interest in the fleet.

There is no such thing as a Presidential yacht. Perhaps the "Appeal" refers to the Mayflower, which is ordinarily used by the Admiral and Secretary of the Navy in the prosecution of their necessary duties. Not a dollar has been spent upon furnishing this vessel for the use of the President or his family. The President has been aboard either the Mayflower or the Sylph not more than ten times during his term of office in the Presidential chair, and those occasions have been times when the President was exercising his natural and necessary duties as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy.

As to entertainments at the White House, the fact is that when the President receives guests at his table at dinner or luncheon, he pays the butcher, the baker, and the grocer out of his own pocket. It is true that there is a tennis-court on the White House grounds, but it cost less than four hundred dollars—which is a much smaller amount than was expended upon the greenhouses under previous administrations. We think there can be no serious objection on the part of any decent American to the President playing tennis with his children, and it is impossible for them to play tennis except on the White House grounds.

Finally, the enlargement and improvement of the White House was made, not

on the recommendation of President Roosevelt, but on the initiative and with the approval of Congress without regard to political party. The White House was unsafe and unsanitary, and Congress rightly thought that it was improper and undignified to leave it longer in the condition in which it was before the present renovation. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, and Congressman McRae, of Arkansas, both well-known and influential Democrats, were among the Senators and Congressmen who took the lead in having the changes made.

There is no question that the American people at large wish that their President, whatever may be his party, shall live in dignity and with appropriate surroundings. The White House is not a private residence. It is open to visits both of Americans and of distinguished officials and travelers from other countries. The Outlook ventures to say that the President and his family accept their temporary home in the White House as one of the burdens, not as one of the advantages, of the Presidential office. No American with any knowledge of the habits of dignified living can object to the reasonable expenditure of money which has made the White House more efficient as the executive office of the President and more appropriate and beautiful as the place in which public receptions and official dinners are given for the benefit, not of the President's family, but of the entire American people. As a matter of fact, President Roosevelt, although a Republican by name, is thoroughly democratic in his tastes and manner of life. The editor of the Memphis "Appeal" is quite within his reasonable and just rights if he desires to see a Democrat in the White House again; but he is justly open to the criticism of insincerity when he bases his demand for a change of administration on the ground of a National desire for personal economy in the President's expenditures. The days when Senators and Congressmen and Cabinet officers chewed wooden toothpicks in public and spat tobacco-juice with equal facility at every point of the compass have, happily, gone by. The American people no longer want

that kind of simplicity. They want public officials to do their work effectively, with despatch, and with reasonable expenditure of money, but they want them to live in conditions which make for comfort, health, and dignity.



Devout Remembering

Forgetting and remembering are results of the same mental operation. We remember when we fix our attention upon a past incident; we forget when we turn our attention away from it. In this, as in all our experiences, we are to overcome evil with good; we are to erase the pictures which dishearten, depress, and discourage us, by substituting for them the pictures which hearten, encourage, and inspire; we are to forget our sorrows by remembering God's comfort; we are to forget our sins by remembering God's forgiveness. Our mind is more subject to our will than we are apt to think. The memory is a gallery whose walls are covered with many pictures; we can choose what pictures we will look at. This is what Paul means when he bids us bring "every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." It is always easier to turn our eyes from one picture to another than to close our eyes altogether. The easiest way to forget what is best forgotten is to remember what is best worth remembering. The easiest way to forget our own follies and failures and sins is to remember God's goodnesses.

The involuntary consciousness of the divine Presence is the result of a voluntary attention to the effect of that Presence in our lives. If we wish that a sense of the Great Companion shall be always with us, we must fasten our attention upon those experiences which bear witness to his presence. This is the reason why the Bible lays such stress on special remembrances of God: Attend, it seems to say, to his manifestations of himself in special experiences; so you will learn to realize that he is in all experiences. "Remember that thou wast a bondman in Egypt, and the Lord redeemed thee." "Remember the days

of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." "I call to remembrance my song in the night. . . . I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." "Seek the Lord and his strength, seek his face evermore. Remember his marvelous works that he hath done." This last verse interprets the other; it is by remembering his marvelous works that we seek his strength and his face. Remembrance of his past graciousness is the way to win the consciousness of his continual presence.

In this is the value of securing certain times and places for the special cultivation of our conscious fellowship with God. It is true that all places are holy ground; that all times are sacred times; that God is in all our experiences. But it is also true that we shall not see him if we do not look for him, and that the mind is so subject to the law of association that we shall most easily see him in all places and at all times if we form a habit of looking for him in certain sacred places and at certain sacred times. It is doubtful if Ezekiel would have seen God in the desert if he had not first seen him in the Temple. Even Christ had his special hours set apart to devotion; no man is so saintly that he can well dispense with aids to the devotional life which Christ found valuable if not absolutely needful. This is the value of public worship. We go to church, not for the sermon, or the music, or the prayers; we go for the atmosphere. When I am with a hundred devout men and women, who have in some measure a consciousness of the divine presence, or even a consciousness of their need of it, their vision gives vision to me, their imagination enkindles my imagination, their heart-hunger awakens my heart-hunger. This is the devotional value of sacred art. My grandchild has been making me a visit; and every morning we have taken him to the photograph of his mother, and he has spoken to the photograph: "Mamma!" The picture has kept her in his remembrance. Doubtless there is a danger lest the soul shall substitute the image for the reality, the crucifix for the

Christ. Whether the danger outweighs the advantage, whether the Second Commandment is to be interpreted as forbidding all graven images, or only all worship of graven images, I do not here discuss: for the object of these pages is not discussion, but exposition and interpretation. But I may remind my Roman Catholic readers that their own Church forbids them to venerate the image and bids them use the image never as a substitute for the living Person but only to recall him; and I may remind my Protestant readers that it may be less acceptable to Christ to forget him altogether than to recall him to our thoughts by means of a statuette or a picture. That we may rise above the use of sacred symbols I do not doubt; but no one can doubt that we may fall below it. This is the value of those quiet hours which the night sometimes affords us. Insomnia has lost its dread since I learned the meaning of the Psalmist's declaration: "My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches." The sleepless hours are joyful hours if they can be spent in such remembrance. One does not lie tossing restlessly to and fro, wondering whether he shall ever fall asleep again, anxious lest he shall prove unfitted for the morrow's duties, trying to put himself to sleep by endless combinations of numbers or by repeating senseless rhymes; he lies restfully and reads in the book of his remembrance the record of his Father's love, or looks calmly at the morrow's duties or the morrow's perils because he looks at them as through his Father's eyes, or communes with his own heart and in its uninterpretable experiences hears the voice of his Father, or simply is still and knows that God is God; and he finally falls to sleep as a child in his Father's arms, and wakes in the morning more refreshed by his hour of sleeplessness than by all that the hours of sleep have brought to him.

The Great Companion is not dead. He is not talking, nor pursuing, nor in a journey, nor sleeping and must be awakened. It is we who are talking, and pursuing, and in a journey, and sleeping and must be awakened. If we

will stop our talking and listen, we may hear him; if we will stop our pursuing after we know not what, we shall find him at our side; if we will return from our journey into the far country, he will come forth to meet us; if we will rouse ourselves at the voice of conscience which every now and then pierces to our consciousness and disturbs our slumbers, we shall find ourselves in his presence. For still as of old is it true:

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me;
Even the night shall be light about me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

L. A.

Concerning Vivisection

We publish in this issue of *The Outlook* two dispassionate and thoroughly rational articles on vivisection. We do this that our readers may have both sides of the question clearly placed before them; Bishop Lawrence and Dr. Leffingwell are not far apart on the main points at issue. Both articles show the widespread feeling that vivisection must be very carefully guarded and regulated. The chief point of difference is with regard to regulation by public authority. Man's relation to the lower orders of creation is accurately expressed in the account by the ancient prophet who wrote the account of creation contained in the first chapter of Genesis:

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

The animal creation is made for man, and he has a right and a duty to use it in whatever way will best minister to his highest life. He has not a right to treat animals cruelly, because all cruelty is wrong, and because cruelty does not minister to man's highest life, but dishonors and degrades and deteriorates him. But with this definition, which is

a definition, not a qualification, the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth, are subservient to man, and to be used by him. He has, therefore, a right to hunt and to fish, to slay and to eat, to use the horse to carry burdens and the dog to watch his flocks, the bee to hive his honey, the hens to laid eggs for him, the birds of the air to sing to him; and by the same right he may use them in vivisection, if such use will minister to the health, the life, the welfare of the human race.

There are two and only two questions involved in the problem of vivisection. The first question is, Does it minister to the health, the life, the welfare of the human race? To this there can be but one answer, the affirmative one. Then it ought to be practiced under such conditions as will make its ministry to man the greatest, its pain to the animal the least. The second question is, What are these conditions? Vivisection before pupils in the grammar school and high school, vivisection merely to gratify an idle or morbid curiosity, vivisection which has no definite health-giving end in view, vivisection which is regardless of and indifferent to the suffering of the animal, is wrong, because it does not really minister to human well-being. The vivisection of science, the vivisection which is really seeking to learn the secrets of life and death, vivisection pursued with serious purpose in order to alleviate human suffering and to prolong human life, vivisection carried on under conditions that reduce as far as possible the suffering of the animal operated upon, deserves commendation, not criticism, and its practice under these conditions belongs in the rank of the great modern philanthropic achievements.

Whether vivisection should be subjected to governmental supervision is a question to be determined by the social conditions in the special locality. If in point of fact in any locality public sentiment cannot be trusted to prevent needless cruelty, then intervention is legitimate. If public sentiment can be so trusted, governmental intervention is needless, and needless governmental intervention is always pernicious.

The Vivisection Problem: Two Views¹

I.—Vivisection and a Humane Spirit

By William Lawrence

Bishop of Massachusetts

MANY people are puzzled to-day about the question of vivisection. Is it humane? Is it not cruel? Has any man the right deliberately to experiment on a hundred guinea-pigs in the hope of making some discovery? Granted that a discovery is made, is it worth the sacrifice of the lives of many dumb, helpless animals?

Perhaps it is a presumption on the part of any one who has not a scientific training to write upon the subject. I have thought, however, that some people might like an expression of opinion from a layman in science who has given some consideration to the question.

Some twenty-five years ago I was called to a family in my parish in which a terrible scourge held sway. Diphtheria had struck the home: one child lay dead, another with heartrending gasps was struggling for breath, another was in the early stages of the sickness; their lives were doomed. As one watched the mother's agony and the children's cruel sufferings, his thought was, "O for some relief from this dreadful scourge!" If, by the taste of a tender pigeon or chicken, life could be sustained, how quickly would we serve it! If twenty miles away there were a physician who could stay the disease, the father would ride his horse even unto death to fetch him. Other children near by were dying of the same scourge. What were the lives of a hundred pigeons or a hundred horses, if only the scores of children who were doomed to die of diphtheria in that city during that winter could be saved?

Twenty-five years have passed, and to-day, when diphtheria enters a home, lives are comparatively safe. Thousands, literally thousands, of children are playing in our homes, thousands of men and women are doing their part towards

building up our Nation, who, except for the beneficent discovery of anti-toxin, would, so far as any one of us can see, be dead to-day. Many animals have been sacrificed in the progress of the discovery, to be sure. Horses are to-day put to discomfort and some slight pain in the manufacture of the material. But the free distribution of anti-toxin among the poor of our great cities and its use in the hospitals are saving thousands of human lives. Mothers receive back their children to life again.

I start with this discovery, for in it are suggested a few points that we need to keep in mind.

In the first place, I assume that we all agree that man depends for his life upon the use and sacrifice of animals. Every chicken and turkey on our dinner-tables tells us that. The milk that we drink is gained at the cost of the anguish of the cow which is bereft of her calf. The slaughter that goes on in our abattoirs is horrible to contemplate, if we put our mind upon it and dwell on the details; yet every one of us lives daily upon the results of the slaughter.

On the other hand, this is true: this generation is probably more sensitive to the thought of pain and suffering in animals than any other in history. The blessing of anæsthetics has so released humanity from the awful terrors of suffering that we cannot endure even the thought of what our fathers passed through. Surgery has become so skillful and painless as to have lost much of its terror. Operations certainly fatal one year are comparatively safe the next year, and are almost without danger the year after; so marvelous has been the increase in the knowledge of the human body, and of the action of its organs and the intricacy of its parts. There never were so many people under the knife as there are to-day; there never have been so many lives saved by surgery and medi-

¹ The Outlook's editorial expression of opinion on this topic will be found on another page.

cine as now; and there never has been so little suffering among the sick and injured. At the same time that these conditions prevail it is also the fact that vivisection was probably never before so much practiced.

The people demand, therefore, and rightly demand, that there shall be no unnecessary suffering laid upon even the lower animals. They will not allow cruelty or willful injury in any form. The Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the stringent legislation against cruelty in this last generation are the efficient expressions of the feelings of modern society. No class of men, not even the leaders in science, are or should be exempt from these humane laws. Where there is cruelty, willful injury, or unnecessary loss of life, there the State enters, arrests, and imprisons or fines the guilty.

Here, then, we have the situation. For the life and welfare of men, animals must be sacrificed; we all accept this fact when we sit down to our Sunday roast beef. The cruel or unnecessary sacrifice of animals is universally condemned.

The question in connection with vivisection is, How far have we a right to sacrifice animal life and to inflict pain upon animals for the welfare and life of man?

No one of us would undertake to say how many guinea-pigs could be set against the life of one little child. One? Ten? A thousand? How many against the lives of a thousand children? Clearly, child life and man's life are of high value. The practical question for all of us who desire the welfare of man and the saving of children's lives is, Which shall be sacrificed—men and children, or animals? For experimentation must go on, if lives are to be saved. Shall the experiments be on children or on mice and rabbits?

Shall we allow our children, thousands on thousands of them, to decline in health and become subject to all sorts of diseases through breathing the vitiated air of school-rooms, or shall we follow with interest the careful experiments with animals breathing vitiated air, thus discovering methods of purifying the air,

and by the sacrifice, it may be of many, many mice and rabbits, protect and sustain the health of the children of our cities? Shall we allow our surgeons to experiment on the patients in our hospitals, killing man after man in the fruitless attempt to remove one kidney; or shall we encourage them to experiment again and again, and a thousand times again, if necessary, on all sorts of animals, that they may safely undertake the operation when the next sufferer at the hospital is brought to them?

All these things mean vivisection. So did the discovery of the circulation of the blood, on which all surgery and medicine rest; so also artificial respiration, skin-grafting, the alleviation of angina pectoris, and the cure of hydrophobia. To vivisection and experimentation on animals are due, at least in great part, our increasing knowledge of that terrible scourge, tuberculosis, and the means of preventing it. In the amputation of a limb, in these days almost bloodless and painless, nearly every step in the operation has been dependent upon the experience gained in experiments upon animals. The discovery and application of antiseptics have enormously reduced the death-rate in hospitals and sick-rooms, sufferings untold are avoided, and tens of thousands of valuable lives are saved. In his researches towards this discovery Sir Joseph Lister was dependent upon vivisection. In fact, one can hardly name a disease or form of suffering the partial relief of which has not had some relation to vivisection.

Could not these discoveries have been made without vivisection? Some would say "No," and they would have good reason for their answer. I would rather say, "I don't know," but I do know that they were not made without vivisection, and I am sure that without vivisection they would not be known *to-day*. And are not the hastening of the discoveries and thereby the saving of thousands of precious lives worth all that they have cost?

That some vivisection is probably necessary is, I think, the verdict of almost every one who thinks of the subject at all. Still, there are many ques-

tions and doubts lingering in the minds of the people. Perhaps I may put some of them in such form as they have come to me, with a few suggestions for consideration.

(1) "Is not vivisection attended with unnecessary cruelty?" it is asked. "We read of surgeons and students in Europe who do horrible things; we see illustrations that shock us." What may be done in Europe I do not know, though I have the impression that doctors and scientists there are, as a rule, humane men.

What is done in our own communities interests us more closely. Now, if there is any case where an animal is cruelly operated on, if it is put to unnecessary pain, it is time for those who have the evidence to call in the police. Our people will not tolerate cruelty.

It is well for us to remember that, with very rare exceptions, the subject of vivisection is completely under the influence of anæsthetics. If the animal moves, however, by reflex muscular action, it is very difficult for some persons not to imagine that it is in pain. We are often told by those who deplore the practice that the subject writhes and struggles.

A bit of personal experience has helped me on this point. Called to undergo as a young man a slight surgical operation, I was etherized. They were not so skillful in giving ether in those days as now. In the midst of the operation I struggled and fought as in the utmost agony. I awoke to find myself on the floor with a rug on top of me, on which the doctor sat to hold me down. The operation was successfully over. My parents were in the utmost distress at the pain I must have suffered—a distress quickly relieved when I told them that my only sensation was a funny dream of a fight, in which I came off second best—not a suggestion of pain.

We need to keep in mind that a hundred dogs may be studied under vivisection and then killed, and beyond the discomfort attending etherization feel no sensation equal to the prick of a pin. And if a student or investigator allow one dog to suffer unnecessarily, he is liable to arrest for cruelty.

There are, as I have just suggested, very exceptional instances where anæsthetics may interfere with the object of the experiment; even in those cases the slightest carelessness as to suffering or unnecessary continuance of pain is, under the law, criminal. Granted even that some pain and suffering are necessary, we must remember that these experiments are carried on with the sole purpose of so advancing science as to relieve men and women from far more suffering and agony than animals endure.

(2) Again, we are asked, "Why should medical students be allowed each one to experiment on animals? Why shouldn't they be shown in the hospitals how the work is done, and then sent forth to do it?"

Why should the motorman be compelled not only to understand the mechanism and see others handle the car, but also to handle it himself under direction before he is trusted with the lives of passengers? Because there is something in personal experience, in the touch, the sense of friction on grades and curves, which no lessons can give.

Medical science is concerned with life, and life must be studied at first hand. The body and its organs are marvelously intricate. Will a mother allow a young doctor to cut open her child's body, if he tells her that this is the first time he ever had a knife in his hand for action? She would let him know in no measured words that he could try his experiments on some one else first; and that is just what the medical student, under the careful direction of his teacher, does; he experiments, so far as is necessary and only so far, on animals, in order that he may not be compelled to experiment on children.

(3) A third question arises, "Why may not the State have an oversight of all these things, and employ agents to inspect and see that everything is done in a humane way?"

One is struck at first thought by the apparent good sense of the proposition. On second thought, one is prompted to ask why the State should take this responsibility and go to this large expense. And if it should, would the results justify the action?

The Harvard Medical School and, I

take it, every medical institution are glad to welcome any disinterested and intelligent persons and show them all their methods. Is it worth while to hire agents to force doors that are already open? Are there authenticated cases of cruelty so bad or numerous as to demand inspection?

Again, agents would be required so skilled and advanced in scientific knowledge as to understand the purpose of the operation, its intricacies, and its relation to other operations. Can the State pay for such men? Agents ignorant of the subject would be worse than useless.

In England vivisection has been sharply restricted; the inspection system prevails. The work of science has been so hampered that, to the minds of some, the leadership in surgery at least is passing over to America and other countries. Even Sir Joseph Lister, one of the great benefactors of his race, is said to have been compelled to leave England after the passage of the restrictive act of 1876, that he might carry on his investigations in behalf of the saving of human life.

The great safeguard against cruelty in vivisection is not legislation or inspection, but the high professional spirit of

doctors and investigators. Taking them as a body, is there any set of men to whom we will more confidently trust our health and lives and those of our children? We find them tender and humane in our homes and in the hospitals. We cannot believe that they become brutes in the laboratory, or that they will countenance brutality. We must believe that their ruling motive in life is humane, the good of humanity; and for the good of humanity the sacrifice of animal life is necessary.

We men and women, citizens, who are not doctors, have a vital interest in the subject. Public opinion is powerful.

We want to make the investigator realize that not a sparrow falls without the Father's care, and that he has no right to sacrifice even one humble animal more than is necessary for the good of man by the advancement of science. We want also to hold him so rigidly to his great and beneficent work that he will not hesitate to sacrifice one animal or a hundred if thereby science is so advanced that even one little child may not perish.

Whether men approve or disapprove of vivisection, all are, I believe, led to their opinions by a spirit of humanity. On that common ground we all stand.

II.—For Restriction and Limitation

By Albert Leffingwell, M.D.

Author of "The Vivisection Question;" Director of the American Humane Association, and of the Vivisection Reform Society

IT was about thirty-five years ago, in the city of New York, that I first saw a painful vivisection, performed by a distinguished physiologist for the purpose of impressing upon the memory of students certain physiological facts. Not long after, fortified by observation and personal experimentation, while engaged in teaching some of the elements of physiology to a class of young men, it occurred to me to avail myself of this method of instruction; and accordingly an invitation was extended to the class, or to any one who cared to be present, to come to my improvised "laboratory" at the close of the school session. To my gratification, every member of my class was present; and though a third

of a century has passed, I still remember vividly the enthusiasm which my few experiments seemed to excite. Of course, to use present-day phraseology, "no more pain was inflicted than was necessary for the success of the experiment." I could honestly affirm, too, that "anæsthetics were always used;" but nevertheless the accident of "incomplete anæsthesia" occasionally happened during my demonstrations—just as I had seen it occur during the experiments of most accomplished vivisectioners. Certainly I felt no compunctions; was I not helping forward, in some slight degree, the cause of Science?

It was a period of intellectual ferment, especially for young men. Brown-

Séguard, one of the most cruel vivisectors that ever breathed, visited this country, gave a science talk in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church—where we were all proud to shake his hand—and vivisected a lamb, without anæsthetics, before the students of a certain medical school, to illustrate his theories. The great names of Tyndall, Darwin, and Huxley were ever on our lips. The medical student of that day was accustomed to smile with significant contempt at any criticism of vivisection; painful or not, it concerned only the scientist. Possibly my vivisections continued for a year or two, during the winter terms.

But, one afternoon, the President of the Polytechnic Institute chanced to visit my laboratory after I had gone home. There he found some pigeons upon which I had performed, before my class, the celebrated experiment of Flourens on the brain. The next day there was remonstrance, with a request that vivisection immediately cease, and that use of the blackboard take its place. The protests of President Cochran deeply impressed me. Going abroad after graduation in medicine, I saw in Paris and elsewhere experiments so atrociously cruel, carried out with such complete indifference to the causation of agony for mere purposes of demonstrating what everybody knew, that the question of their utility and justification was constantly in mind. Admitting that the experiments helped a student to remember his lesson, was that sufficient to justify the agony they cost? I could not assert it. But everything was not painful. Would it not be possible, without impediment to scientific discovery, without injury to scientific teaching, to draw a line which should distinguish between what is permissible and what should be condemned? The extreme pro-vivisection advocates in this country demand that everything shall be permitted to an advanced student of physiology or a teacher of the science. The anti-vivisectionists, on the other hand, as a rule, insist that all use of the lower animals for scientific purposes be legally forbidden. Each view has the merit of simplicity. Yet there are objections to each. And so, twenty-five years ago, I

took the position, ever since maintained, that in this matter of vivisection there should be, not abolition of experimentation, but legal regulation.

Within the limits of a brief paper it is manifestly impossible to mention all the objections that exist regarding more radical views, or the arguments supporting a middle course. Some of these, however, may be briefly stated.

Let it be conceded, in the first place, that a law abolishing every form of experimentation upon animals, with heavy penalties for its infraction, would do very much to lessen the evils of vivisection, and particularly of painful vivisection. Of course it would not prevent the investigations of science, if any were deemed sufficiently important to warrant defiance of the law; it would simply place vivisection on a par with gambling, which, although a crime, is nevertheless practiced to a greater or less extent in every large city. That abolition would occasion any infinitely great injury to human interests, as is sometimes claimed, is most improbable. All the claims of utility are exaggerated when controversially necessary; I do not believe that the average length of human life would be diminished by an hour if never another painful experiment were made, or if all the drugs of Christendom—barring perhaps half a dozen—were dumped into the sea. The latter event is certainly remote, with human credulity as it is to-day; so, too, is the abolition of all animal experimentation. Carried into legal effect, such abolition would prevent all painless demonstrations of scientific facts against which the charge of cruelty could not be urged; it would prevent researches which might be exceedingly useful at times in the detection of crime or the causes of disease. Some day, in the distant future, I believe that the human race will take into consideration its whole duty toward our lower kindred. But to-day, in a world of butchery of animals for food, for sport, for clothing, for outer adornment, and for convenience, to expect that society will prohibit even the *painless* forms of scientific research and let all the rest exist, is to expect the impossible. Nevertheless, an agitation which keeps alive a great ethical ques-

tion cannot be in vain. The service which the abolitionist rendered to the cause of human freedom is the service which the anti-vivisectionist has rendered the cause of humaneness to the lower forms of life.

The position of the free-vivisection party is also simple. For the vivisector it claims absolute freedom from every form of legal regulation or supervision. If he wishes to perform a painless experiment, well and good; if he desires to perform the most excruciating of agonizing operations, merely to demonstrate some well-known fact—well and good also. "Hands off!" is the cry of the vivisector in America, as well as elsewhere. But there is a difficulty. When a leading professor in a great medical school tells the world that "a brief death by burning would be considered a happy release by a human being undergoing the experience of some of the animals who slowly die in a laboratory," and that "the time will come when the world will look back to modern vivisection in the name of science as it does now to burning at the stake in the name of religion," does one fancy that absolute freedom to perform such experiments will be conceded without inquiry or protest?

Assuming, then, the desirability of some reform, how may it be effected without resort to absolute prohibition, and without impediment to scientific progress? This is the problem of the hour. Sometimes we are told that vivisection is already most carefully restricted by the vivisectors themselves. Well, here is a fair test. Suppose a European physiologist of eminence, whose cruelty is world-renowned, to come to this country, and to be invited by the director in charge of some American laboratory to repeat an experiment involving the utmost degree of torture—*what would prevent?* Any conceivable experiment may now be performed, provided only that permission be accorded by the director in charge of the laboratory. We cannot depend to-day upon our superior humanity. Some of the worst vivisections recorded in history have been made in an American laboratory within the past ten years. "The

law should interfere," said Professor Henry J. Bigelow, M.D., of Harvard Medical School, a few years ago. "There can be no doubt that in this relation there exists a case of cruelty to animals far transcending in its refinement and in its horror anything that has been known in the history of nations." I do not take Dr. Bigelow to mean that every vivisector is cruel, or every laboratory a den of cruelty. He means only this: that where there is no legal restriction *everything is possible, because, somewhere, everything has been done.*

But how far can we go with State control of vivisection without detriment to scientific advancement? Limitations of space prevent anything but the briefest outline of what may be done in the direction of reform.

First. Every laboratory where vivisection may be legally carried on should be licensed and placed under the charge of some responsible director. This certainly can harm no one.

Second. The privilege of vivisection should be accorded only to persons holding a State license, granted only upon some specified examination of qualifications, intellectual and moral.

Third. The director in charge of each place licensed for vivisection should cause to be kept a register, wherein should be recorded (1) the number and species of animals received for experimentation; (2) the number of experiments made, and the species of animals upon which they were performed; (3) the object of each experiment, whether for research or for instruction of students; (4) whether the experiment was painless, and whether the animal was permitted to recover from the anæsthetic. An annual report, giving facts and figures desired, should be required from each laboratory, and published for information of the public.

This is by far the most important condition of any reform. It does nothing but this: it removes the veil of secrecy behind which vivisection is now conducted. What objection to such publicity can possibly be urged by men who have nothing to conceal?

Fourth. No painful vivisection should be permitted simply as a demonstration

of well-known facts; and, if at all, only for purposes of great utility and with every precaution against abuse.

Inasmuch as we are told that painful experiments are seldom, if ever, performed nowadays, why should there be any objection to this provision?

Finally comes the important question of laboratory inspection by a salaried officer of the State. To this the most strenuous objections have been urged. Some of these seem to me not unreasonable. If admission to all laboratories were freely accorded to certain classes, such as clergymen, physicians, and members of the State Legislature, I am inclined to think that paid inspection could be given up. Others, however,

regard something of the sort as of supreme importance. The late Dr. Bigelow, of Harvard Medical School, declared that "every laboratory ought to be open to some supervising legal authority competent to determine that it is conducted from roof to cellar on the humanest principles," in default of which it should be suppressed. Here, then, is opportunity for compromise. If we can once agree that it is desirable to prevent certain abuses of vivisection, there will be no long dispute as to the method.

Thus, briefly, I have attempted to outline the views of those who, despite considerable misunderstanding of their aims, are working simply for the legal regulation of vivisection in the United States.

The Philippine Tariff¹

By James A. Le Roy

SIX years ago now the public sentiment of the United States was interpreted by those who officially represented it as demanding a war against Spain, if war were necessary to free Cuba from what was very emphatically deemed to be "Spanish misrule." It was the war begun in such a spirit and with such purposes proclaimed to the world that led us to take over the Philippine Islands. From one and another cause we were, during the first three years of our occupancy of those islands, principally engaged in establishing our sovereignty. During the past three years we have been mainly engaged, as regards both our representatives on the ground and our Government in Washington, in organizing constructively the administration of the islands and in outlining more clearly our policy toward them. In so doing we are not only morally bound to respect the general principles of government which we attacked Spain for violating in Cuba, but we have, through our executive representatives, on many different occasions promised the Filipinos that we would follow such a course.

We have, in fact, forced them to acquiesce in our nomination of ourselves as trustees to perform this mission.

In more than one respect, particularly with regard to political organization, we have already gone far toward making our word good. But the life of a people is even more important than its form of government, and genuine economic freedom is something which should be placed above a scheme of political institutions, something in fact to the securing of which every political scheme should be subordinated. And in this vital respect we have done some things not exactly compatible with the high aims we announced in 1898.

When we were negotiating the Treaty of Paris, we practically announced to the world that we would maintain the principle of the "open door" in the Philippines. We did at once, under military government, abolish the discriminations that existed in the customs tariff of the islands in favor of the products of Spain, and we enforced this tariff and the one which succeeded it in the same manner against ourselves as against Spain and other nations. Beyond question, too, we have administered the custom-houses in the Philippine ports both more honestly and more efficiently than they

¹ An editorial expressive of opinion on some phases of the general subject here treated will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.

were ever before administered, and there has been a gradual but steady approach to greater competency and speed in this branch of the government. But in so far as the revised tariff which we substituted for the Spanish schedules in late 1900 is designed by its classifications to introduce a discrimination in favor of American goods, it is decidedly a question whether we have not in spirit violated the "open door" principle. There is less moral ground for criticism on this score in connection with the schedules where the classification is really and equitably drawn so as to discriminate in favor of the more honest goods, and American goods of this sort in consequence reap the advantage. But our procedure in regard to the tariff in general has inevitably weakened the force of our attempted lectures to Russia about a fair field and no favors in securing the trade of the Orient. If this be true of our Philippine tariff in general, how much more true is it of the provision made by Congress in March, 1902, whereby the export duty imposed on Manila hemp in the ports of the Philippines is rebated on all such shipments which arrive at some port of the United States after a direct voyage. The diplomatic representatives in Washington of Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland have, one after another, registered the protests of their Governments against this discrimination, and have invited our attention to the declaration of principles which we made at Paris in 1898.

All this has direct bearing upon our conduct toward the Filipinos themselves only in so far as we have by these laws limited their markets in our own behalf. They are, however, well used to laws discriminating in favor of the home country, and would, for the present at least, quite likely consider themselves benefited rather than aggrieved by measures designed to bind their commerce more closely to that of the United States. They wish, however, to see some measure of reciprocity about this; they cannot, nor can any American citizen who is not wary of some imaginary pocketbook interest, see why the great colossus of the American continent should help himself to good slices of

preference in their import and export trade, and jealously refuse them anything but an imaginary piece in return, lest forsooth this undeveloped archipelago of seven millions of people, still suffering from the ravages of war, and more recently scourged by disease and locusts, might, some time in the uncertain future, seriously conflict with his tobacco and sugar industries.

In a splendid fit of generosity, we lowered our tariffs against the Philippines to 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates. In other words, we gave the islands a chance at our markets in return for the payment of *three-fourths of high protective rates*, and rates conspicuously high upon the two products which, aside from hemp and coprax, they export to any extent, viz., sugar and tobacco. (Hemp was already free in our tariff, for our own benefit, and coprax is manufactured to no extent outside of France.) On the other hand, we took for ourselves preferences in the classifications of the Philippine tariff, which is, on the average, a *15 to 20 per cent. tariff* (as against the 60 to 70 per cent. average of the Dingley tariff); and, more than that, we exempted the Manila hemp coming direct to our markets from the export tax, which is a legitimate source of revenue to the Philippine Government (it being, like the tin of the Malay Peninsula, a product in which those islands so nearly have a monopoly that an export tax can be levied upon it, within reasonable limits, which comes out of the pockets of the foreign consumers, not of the producers). The result is that, in spite of the very great increase in the hemp production of the fiscal year of 1903 (it jumped from an average of less than \$14,000,000 in value for the three preceding years to a value of \$21,700,000), the Philippine Government secured revenue on but \$9,390,000 worth of this product, as \$12,315,000 worth of it came to the United States and secured the rebate. The practical result of our philanthropy was, therefore, that we deprived the Philippine treasury of about \$525,000 of revenue that it would otherwise have had on the increased hemp crop that improved conditions made it possible to produce (the

largest the islands ever had); while the offset which we were supposed to give them, in the form of a refund of the 75 per cent. of Dingley duties we collect on Philippine imports into the United States, amounted to a paltry \$110,000. Our cordage and twine manufacturers have had the advantage of the preferential arrangement, which has practically freed them from dependence upon the London market for their hemp, and our farmers are supposed incidentally to have reaped their share of this advantage in a reduced price of binder-twine. In return, we have not given back to the Philippine treasury more than about one-fifth of the revenue of which we have deprived it, nor have we been willing to lower the duties against other Philippine products sufficiently so that the islands in general would be compensated for this loss by new and wider markets.

Of the Philippine exports of the fiscal year 1903, hemp exports amounted to 66 per cent. of the total of \$33,120,000. Coprax, or the dried cocoanut, came next, with \$4,475,000, practically all of it going to France, as stated. Sugar amounted to 12 per cent., or \$3,955,000; tobacco, to \$1,880,000, or 5 per cent.; and all other exports to a little more than \$1,000,000. The tobacco exportations were about equally divided between leaf and manufactured tobacco, and the United States took of all this amount slightly more than \$43,000 of leaf tobacco, and less than \$4,000 of manufactured tobacco. To be sure, last year's tobacco exportations from the Philippines were from 10 to 30 per cent. less than in former years, but the crop will have to make some tremendous strides before it can threaten seriously our home industry of tobacco-growing. We bought nearly \$10,000,000 worth of Cuban tobacco in 1903, and some \$4,350,000 worth of Sumatra leaf. Even supposing that the entire Philippine crop should be brought to the United States by free entrance or very low duties—a supposition which is untenable considering the moderate French and Spanish demand for it, and the fact that it has yet to make for itself a market here—it would appear that there is no imminent risk of ruination

for either our tobacco-growers or our cigar-makers. And the Federal party has cabled from the islands that the Philippine tobacco can make no headway in our markets unless it be admitted absolutely free in manufactured form and at as low a rate as 25 per cent. of the Dingley duties in the leaf.

Senator Dietrich, of the beet-sugar State of Nebraska, was the chief spokesman during the last session of Congress of the opposition to the reduction of the duties on Philippine sugar and tobacco even to 50 per cent. of the Dingley rates. The entire Philippine sugar exportation last year, which has been stated as worth less than \$4,000,000, amounted to some 120,000 tons, all of it raw or brown sugar. The bulk of this went to Japan and Asia, the United States taking less than 38,000 tons, valued at \$1,335,000. Comparisons have been introduced to show that this trade was increasing dangerously, and it was seven to ten times as great as in either 1901 or 1902; but, as a matter of fact, the Philippine trade in sugar with the United States has not regained normal figures. It formerly ranged far above these figures, both before and after the change of tariff in 1895, averaging about 55,000 tons from 1892 to 1896 inclusive, and rising in 1894 to over 60,000 tons, with a value of \$3,650,000, and in 1896 to over 70,000 tons, with a value of \$2,250,000. How genuine is the nature of the bugaboo held before the beet-sugar raisers of the United States is indicated by the fact that we imported in 1902 nearly 1,500,000 tons of sugar, being in need of something like 1,250,000 tons of raw or low-grade cane sugar to meet our expanding national consumption. Opponents of a reduction of the tariff have stated that the Philippines could very speedily dump 400,000 tons upon us annually. Their greatest exportation prior to 1898 amounted to 261,000 tons, and the chief demand for Philippine sugar, under conditions at present existing and that must exist at least for a long time, is from Asia.

But this is not the whole story. The American coastwise and navigation laws were, by the tariff act of 1902, suspended with reference to the Philippine Islands

only until July 1, 1904. It is now proposed that they shall go into effect on that date, as they have in the Territories of Porto Rico and Hawaii, contiguous to our shores. This would mean that no goods could be carried back and forth between the ports of the United States and the Philippine Islands, or between the ports of the Philippine Islands themselves, except in vessels having American registry. This in the face of the fact that 97 per cent. of the Philippine exportations to the United States and 90 per cent. of the United States exportations to the Philippines are carried in foreign bottoms, and the percentage of foreign-built vessels engaged in the inter-island trade is even higher. Inasmuch as all the vessels of American registry engaged in the Philippine trade are on the Pacific coast, and the cordage and twine manufacturers have their plants in the eastern and east central part of the country and import their hemp in vessels sailing to New York via the Suez Canal, they are of course up in arms. They can be trusted to look after their own interests; and, in one way or another, the American farmer, interested in the price of twine, will have his interests attended to. The question is, How does this sort of policy square with our promises to the Filipinos and the world? Is it nothing at all that we take steps still further to restrict their already slender opportunities in our markets and to introduce an era of arbitrary stagnation in their inter-island trade, because of the excessive rates that the few vessels having a monopoly in it will be able to charge? Ships with American registry are not in the Philippine Islands, nor even in our own ports, in sufficient numbers to supplant those that would be thus arbitrarily thrown out of the Philippine carrying trade. The owners of such vessels as there are would, of course, be benefited, and richly, and it is supposable that the shipbuilding trade would be somewhat stimulated by such a step, for a few years at least; but, solely in the interest of a few, are the people of the whole United States going to give a

deliberate slap in the face to the Philippine Islanders, now once more beginning to recover confidence in their own resources?

Let us see how we are improving upon Spain. Before the sixteenth century was ended and her first conquests in the islands were thirty-five years old, she had restricted trade with the islands, and through the islands with China, to government vessels, restricted the size and value of the cargoes, imposed discriminative duties on the articles of this trade in her home ports and between the islands and Mexico, and limited the Philippine trade at last to a single port in Mexico. Again in the seventeenth century she well-nigh throttled the growing commerce of Peru, Mexico, and the Philippines by her rigid projects for giving the silk-manufacturers of her home cities the cream of the market. Decrees, projects, and protests there are innumerable during all the early period of her colonial history. But the other nations of Europe were then in that business, as our own colonial history recalls. Spain, however, never shook herself really free of the old illiberal colonial régime. She abolished the voyages of the government galleons in 1815, but meanwhile a private company had received a monopoly of the trade of the Philippines with the outside world and even between the islands. It did not practically make good its opportunities, but it stood in the way of the development of the resources of the archipelago almost until the building of the Suez Canal. Then there came upon the scene a modern steamship company, which, though it had not a monopoly of the Philippine trade, was well subsidized by the government. The progress of the archipelago from 1860 to 1898 was made, in a large degree, in spite of Spain's paternalistic schemes, and was due mainly to the growing colony of foreign business houses in her few cities.

Are we prepared to repeat Spanish history and Spanish methods? Our present economic policy toward the Philippine Islands is cast in the same molds.

The Women of America'

Eighth Paper—The American Woman of Letters

By Elizabeth McCracken

IN reading the various lengthy volumes, and the even more widely various brief essays, written by Americans and by foreigners with regard to the development and characteristics of American literature, it is interesting to note that, however irreconcilably their opinions concerning certain aspects of the subject may differ, upon two points, at least, they are apt to be invariably in entire agreement. These two points, it need scarcely be said, are: that into the making of the literature of America has entered much that is neither of America nor for America; and that in the use of their favorite literary form, the short story, not only American men of letters, but American women of letters too, have acquired a peculiar and particular excellence.

The influence exerted by the Old World upon the literature and art of our New World has long been a topic of comment—comment as diverse as it is tentative. What is the nature of this mysterious influence? does it affect the method or the spirit of the American worker? Is it an influence touching mere craftsmanship? or does it penetrate and affect, not the manner of making a picture, but the picture itself? In Mr. Howells's delightful story, "The Coast of Bohemia," there is a description of an impressionistic painting of a distinctly and completely American subject which may not inaptly apply to many of the literary results achieved in America by Americans. "It's like it," says the girl in the story, of the scene depicted in the painting; "that's the way I've always seen it; and it's beautiful. But somehow—it looks as if it were somewhere else."

If men of letters in America have—as even their most friendly critics must admit—so made their verbal pictures of American life as to cause that life to look, sometimes, "as if it were some-

where else," American women of letters have occasionally gone somewhat further in the same direction. Even the American studies of Mr. Henry James do not equal those of Mrs. Wharton in the continental quality of their treatment. On the other hand, not even that most broadly American of all Mr. Howells's novels, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," is recognized by Americans of all conditions of life as being so deeply national in spirit as Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's stories of the coast of the single, and markedly provincial, State of Maine.

In journeying about the United States, I was more than once amazed to find, not that Miss Jewett's books were more widely read than those of any other woman of letters in America, but that they were read with a certain fullness of appreciation by persons to whom their peculiarly local background was utterly unfamiliar; by Westerners, to whom the East was at most but a tradition; by Southerners, to whom the actual New England, and, much more, the New England of the books of New Englanders, has been by no means easy of comprehension. How shall we explain this, except by saying that the New England of Miss Jewett's stories is in America, not "somewhere else"? And, however we may chance to differ in that we are Northerners or Southerners, Westerners or Easterners, we are all alike in that we are Americans, possessing more mutual grounds of understanding and sympathy than we always quite realize. If other writers of America are at times prone to forget this, Miss Jewett never is; her exquisite pictures have for us all a sweet and subtle familiarity, whether we see them from the West or from the South, or with native New England eyes.

From many discussions regarding the literary work of American women which I heard last year in various parts of the United States, it was proven to me many times over that circumstances of

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American life as remotely removed as possible from any similarity to New England conditions and habits of thought were still no real hindrances to a feeling of actual kinship with the people and the environment of Miss Jewett's stories. Memories of those discussions linger in my thoughts only less vividly than a series of experiences which I had in connection with that loveliest to me of all Miss Jewett's pictures, "The Country of the Pointed Firs."

In the train, on my way from Denver to Portland, Oregon, I met a woman who, as she shortly told me, lived on a ranch in Montana. As I soon discovered, she had a remarkably intimate knowledge, not only of Montana, but of the neighboring States of Wyoming and Idaho. Her journey lasted only one day of the several days of my journey, but during that time she told me more concerning the far Northwest than I could otherwise have learned in as many years. "You know it well!" I exclaimed.

"I ought to," she replied; "I was born out here; I've always lived out here. I've never had the opportunity of knowing anything else."

"Have you never been East," I asked her, "nor in the South?"

"No," she answered, with a smile; "I've only been West—in the three States I've been telling you about. What is the East like?" she inquired, with sudden interest. "Nothing like this, I suppose?"

She turned and gazed out of the car window as she spoke. It was late in the afternoon of a March day, on a plain in Wyoming. Excepting for the low sage-brush and the buildings of a far-off ranch, the plain was empty. It met the sky at the horizon, as the sky and the ocean meet off the shores of New England.

"Nothing like this, I suppose?" repeated my companion; and I tried to tell her how unlike it was.

One of my friends had advised me, while traveling over the Northwest, to read "The Virginian," and, mindful of the pleasant counsel, I had taken it with me on that journey from Colorado to

Oregon. My new acquaintance had read the book, and we had discussed it at some length during the morning of her day's journey. She had, in fact, opened conversation with me with some question concerning it. As I paused, after my attempt to answer her queries regarding the East, she said, indicating "The Virginian," and reverting to her own opinion respecting the verity of its delineation of Western frontier life, "Is there any book that describes the East as well as this one describes the West?"

"There is indeed," I replied; "and I will send it to you, if I may; if ever you go to Maine, you will see how well it describes it."

She gave me her address; and, so soon as I was able to procure it, I sent her a copy of "The Country of the Pointed Firs." After a considerable lapse of time, she wrote in acknowledgment of the book. Her entire letter was interesting and suggestive, but one or two sentences in its last paragraph were of especial significance. "You said that if I ever went to Maine I'd see how truly the book tells about it," she wrote, "but I can see it without going there. I can see it all; Mrs. Todd's house, and the pasture on her mother's island where the pennyroyal grew, and the sea, and the boats, and the island where poor Joanna lived. I can see the people, too; I feel like I knew how they felt about things." After a few more references to various characters in the book, she concluded with this unconscious and beautiful tribute to Miss Jewett's rare achievement: "I had no idea people in Maine were so much like people out West, at heart."

Her letter reached me just as I was about to go from a somewhat large city in the far South to an isolated Southern town of small size. A suddenly awakened desire to read "The Country of the Pointed Firs" in the new light given me by the letter from the ranch in Montana led me to replace the book in my small library without the delay usually attendant upon similar replenishings.

Very nearly the first question put to me by my hostess in the small town was an inquiry which I had already learned

to expect from those persons in the South whom I had formerly known: "What is New England *really* like?"

The question was a formidable one; and my difficulties in trying to answer it had not been slight. "Tell me what New England is really like," my hostess said again one day, as we searched for early violets beneath the trees in the avenue leading to the quaint old house of her grandfather.

I was about to begin as usual by pleading my inability to make anything but a hopelessly inadequate reply, when I remembered the book which I brought in my traveling bag. "Have you read 'The Country of the Pointed Firs'?" I asked.

"No," returned my hostess, regretfully; "you know we see so few new books here; that is new, isn't it? What is it, a New England story? I've read dozens of them; but I can't tell from them what New England *really* is like."

When we returned to the house, I offered her the book, which she received with courteous interest, but without any evidence of particular enthusiasm. Obviously, stories of New England had never hitherto appealed to her very greatly, notwithstanding the number of them that she had perused. She read "The Country of the Pointed Firs" one evening while I was absent, engaged in my investigation. When I returned, I found her sitting with the closed book in her hand, her brightened eyes gazing unseeingly into the cheerful open fire. "Oh, you have been reading it!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she said; "and I know *now* what New England is like and what kind of people New Englanders are!"

"You haven't been there," I ventured; but my friend interposed.

"Reading that book is very much the same as being there," she affirmed; and I agreed with her. She had recognized the truth of the spirit of the book with the same unassailable certainty with which even those of us who are not French and have never been in France recognized the verity of George Sand's "La Petite Fadette."

She had read many other books dealing with New England and the people

of New England; she had, indeed, read one or two other of Miss Jewett's books; but "The Country of the Pointed Firs" gave her a delight and satisfaction charming to see. Its pages were turned by her very frequently during the course of my visit. As I went about the house the day before my departure gathering together my scattered possessions, I observed the small volume lying on the library table near the windows which opened upon the old avenue of Southern trees leading up to the old Southern house in which is lived still the gracious and graceful life of the Old South. "I am glad you care for 'The Country of the Pointed Firs,'" I said to my friend. "May I leave it for a farewell gift?"

"Oh, I've been longing to ask you if you *would*!" my hostess exclaimed, impulsively. "It has brought New England nearer to me than anything I ever have read." She reflected for a moment; and then she added, meditatively: "It is so intensely local, and yet some way it doesn't exclude one—I suppose because it takes even a Southerner's perfect understanding for granted."

More than a month afterward I was telling one of my friends in the East something of the happy welcome with which "The Country of the Pointed Firs" had been received in two such different sections of the United States. In the days of my brief visit with her our conversation returned often to a further discussion of the significance of both incidents; and when she bade me good-by at the train she gave me another copy of the book. "Being the third copy," she said with a smile, "perhaps you may be able to keep it!"

But I kept it for even a shorter time than I had kept either of the other two copies. The train was crowded. As I sat reading again the account of the Bowden Reunion I was dimly conscious that my immediate neighbor, a woman of middle age, was no less deeply interested than I in the pages before me. Presently I said to her: "Would you like to look at my book? I have already read it a number of times."

"It has a kind of interesting look to it," she confessed as she turned to the first chapter.

Our journey was nearing its end before my companion had reached in its due order the Bowden Reunion. Reluctantly she closed the book. "I'd like to read it all," she said, with involuntary wistfulness. "It sounds so natural to me—like I was talking with old friends. I'm a State of Maine woman myself."

Needless to say, I urged upon her the acceptance of the so recently acquired volume; and when she demurred, I sought to dissolve her polite objections by saying to her that, being a State of Maine woman, it really belonged to her rather than to me. As she had not at once accepted the book, neither did she immediately accept this reasoning. She considered for a moment, and then she said, holding the book in both her hands and turning kindly eyes upon me, "I guess it belongs where it's given, anyway."

Does not the potency of Miss Jewett's work rest in this very fact—the fact that anywhere in America it may be given, that anywhere in America it may be received; that to every one in America, in other words, it belongs?

A tendency towards the employment of the short story form as a medium of literary expression has almost from the beginning of the history of American literature been characteristic, not only of American men of letters, but even more decidedly of women of letters in America. The exigencies of American life have given rise to the American magazine, which, while it may or may not be a "book of all time," is always a "book of the hour"—that dubiously leisure hour of the too frequently overcrowded American day. The magazine has demanded the short story; the complete, if brief, expression. The uncertainty attaching itself to the leisure hour of the next week, the next month, is impatient of the uncomprehending pre-supposition of surety suggested by the complaisant words, *To be Continued*. To most American readers a novel in the form of a magazine serial is tantalizing. "I never read a serial story," a woman said to me recently, in the most sober fashion imaginable, "until it is published in book form!" Most of us, however, have never been convinced that a mere

question of expediency has been more than superficially instrumental in impelling in America the creation of such short stories as those written by Mrs. Deland and Miss Alice Brown and Mrs. Stuart. The distinctive quality of the work of the American woman of letters is the vividness and force of its characterization; a quality so essentially dramatic that its presence in a story which contains no vestige of that other dramatic requirement, plot, will sometimes be sufficient reason for converting that story into an acting play—as in the case of Mrs. Rice's widely popular account of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Not in the recording of the processes of character-development, not in the setting forth of the myriads of influences and counter-influences which have made or marred an individual, but rather in a presentation, so lifelike at times as to be startling, of the individual himself or herself, has the woman of letters in America most signally excelled. She has not called upon us to follow her through the intricacies of a series of mental and spiritual phases; she has introduced to us a person, and commended that person to our affection, our sympathy, our reverence, or, at worst, our pity. To effect such meetings between the reader and the scarcely less real individual of the writer's imagination three long volumes are scarcely needed. Sometimes, as in real life, it happens that a few brief words suffice, that a mere glance into a new face fixes it unfadingly in the memory. Such a person is the mother of Mrs. Stuart's "Sonny;" and the girl-wife Letty in Miss Brown's Tiverton tale, "The Stolen Festival;" and Evelina in Miss Wilkins's story, "Evelina's Garden;" above all, such is Rachel King, in Mrs. Deland's town of Old Chester.

My own impression as to the especially vivid actuality of Rachel King I might in time have regarded as partly personal had it not chanced to be corroborated by one of my friends, a woman living in a city tenement, whose response to literary beauty and truth I had invariably found to be singularly trustworthy. One evening several years ago, hearing that she was ill, I went to see her,

taking with me for companionship in the trolley-car the current number of "Harper's Magazine," which number contained "The Child's Mother," that one of the "Old Chester Tales" in which the reader is permitted to meet Rachel's eyes for the first time—"mild and brooding gray eyes—the eyes of a woman who was essentially, and always, and deeply, a mother."

My friend, herself a good mother, asked me, as was usual when she was ill and I called, to read to her; and because the story in the magazine seemed to me more likely to appeal to her than either of the two books I happened also to have with me, I read it. The description of the childless woman's eyes led the mother of the tenements to exclaim, "It was too bad she didn't have no children, being a woman like that!"

The meaning of the daughter's brooding care for her mother my friend did not perhaps quite grasp; but the no less subtle expression of the unsatisfied maternal longing of the woman who was "essentially and always and deeply a mother" found her keenly and utterly appreciative:

"If there was sickness in a neighbor's family, Rachel King took possession in a tranquil, sensible way; when there was death, her large, gentle hands were ready with those sacred touches that are so often left to hirelings; when there was sorrow, her soft breast was a most comforting pillow."

The woman of the tenements interrupted me at this point in the story. "She needed a child to do for!" she said.

But when the little Anna of the story was given to Rachel, my friend was still not content, though she requested me to read again these tender and intimate words:

"The baby slept, warm and quiet, on Rachel's bed; she bent over it to feel its soft breath on her cheek; then she gathered its feet into her hand to be sure that they were warm, and lifted the arm which was thrown up over its head and put it under the cover. It seemed as though she could not take her eyes away from the child, even that she might undress and lie down beside it,

And when she did, it was not to sleep; a dozen times she raised herself on her elbow to look down at the little figure beside her and listen for its breathing, and lift its small relaxed hand to her lips."

When the end of the last sentence was reached for the second time, the woman of the tenements, the mother of four children, said softly: "*She* should 'er had a child of her own!"

So often have I seen my friend since the evening I read this story to her, so many other stories have we read together since then, and regarding so many other things have we conferred, that the remembrance of her instant acceptance of Rachel King as an actual person for whom her comprehending affection was ready, returned to me only a few days ago. I met her in a street-car; and chancing to have with me a photograph of another friend, wonderful in its Madonna-like suggestiveness, I showed it to the mother of the tenements, feeling sure that its rare beauty would appeal to her.

She gazed at it in silence for a long time; and then she said, gently, "She looks like Rachel King would 'er looked, if she'd had a child of her own!"

"You still remember Rachel!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes," said the woman; "and even if I didn't I could read about her. I've still got the magazine that tells about her—you know you gave it to me, 'cause I liked Rachel. I like her yet."

And the story that tells about Rachel is a short story, not two-fifths of which is concerned with Rachel at all!

No doubt this almost instantaneous portraiture has its disadvantages. If a picture is drawn with a few swift strokes, the necessity for making those lines firm may tend to make them hard; and a type, rather than an individual, may be the artistic result. American women of letters have produced many "types of character"—Southern types, Western types, and, perhaps most profusely, New England types; types in which the outlines are uniformly accentuated, and the modifying gradations of light and shade are omitted. American life, even when it is most complex, lends itself to this

method of representation ; it is the life of a youthful nation, a nation still so young that its face is unshadowed, and without the deep furrows and seams of an older world's face. Excepting in their more extreme examples, the simple and definite pictures of it made by women of letters in America are not without a happy appropriateness. Whatever these portraits may have missed of true likeness, they are unmistakably successful in that they have caught that look of youth, eager, sturdy, and warm, which the face of the American Nation yet wears.

American women have written but little verse ; and that which they have written has more often than not suggested with especial emphasis a foreign influence. Occasionally, nevertheless, it chances that out of many songs not of us may come one which we can claim as our own. In Miss Josephine Preston Peabody's book of verse, "The Singing Leaves," for example, one finds numerous intimations and echoes of the world across the seas. The small pages of the little volume are still large enough to recall to one's mind Robert Louis Stevenson, and Swinburne, and Mrs. Browning, and the Rossettis. One hears a multitude of alien refrains ; and then, suddenly, unexpectedly, one hears this song indigenous to our own land :

OPEN HOUSE

My home is not so great ;
But open heart I keep.
The sorrows come to me,
That they may sleep.

The little bread I have
I share, and gladly pray
To-morrow may give more,
To give away.

Yes, in the dark sometimes
The childish fear will haunt:
How long, how long, before
I die of want?

But all the bread I have,
I share, and ever say,
To-morrow shall bring more
To give away.

Is not this indeed a song of our own people ; so beautifully, so utterly true a voicing of one of the most deeply rooted of our national feelings that we listen to it with a certain glowing warmth of appreciation ? It is, to be sure, an essen-

tially dramatic song ; it appeals with that curiously personal appeal, only one half of which is of the song, the other half being of the singer ; real, or, as in this instance, fancied.

So dramatic, in fact, is the literary manner and method and impulse of the American woman of letters, that her so frequent choice of the short or long story, in preference to the drama, as a means of expression, is a matter for surprise and conjecture. The reason for the seeming preference may be the great difficulty connected with the mastering of the technical skill required for play-writing ; it may be—as has been explained—a disinclination to cope with the perplexities attendant upon stage-representation—which the playwright must needs eventually consider ; or—perhaps more probably—it may be that a prospective spectator induces a constraint not imposed by the vision of a "gentle reader."

Occasionally, however, an American woman overcomes all these obstacles and writes an American play, a play which does not look "as if it were somewhere else ;" a play, too, which is notable chiefly, not for plot-construction, not for minute character-analysis, but for vivid character-portrayal. One of the most finished dramas yet written by an American woman is, curiously, a drama with but a single act—the play by Mrs. Sutherland entitled "Po' White Trash."

"The place"—to quote the directions to players—"is Georgia. The period is the present. The scene is the exterior of Suke Dury's cabin, on the edge of Oloochee Swamp." Suke Dury is "of the class known as 'po' white trash ;" and Drent Dury, a half-grown boy, the principal person in the play, is her nephew. His mother had been of the station of Suke, but his father was of the dominant class.

Thus much do the other persons of the play tell one of the boy, who "moves listlessly and is pale," but sings with a voice like "a mocking-bird's ;" who shrank from the iron while it was heating to brand a calf, but fearlessly pressed it against the snake-bite in his own flesh ; who one moment "picks upon his banjo again, with a listless,

tired sigh," and the next instant "suddenly starts erect," and, flinging himself before Carol Payne—a woman of the play—receives in her stead the strike of the snake in her path. The drama is subtitled "A study of a little-known phase of American life;" but it is less a study of that phase than it is that phase itself. It does not speculate with respect to the possibilities and probabilities of the consequences to Drent Dury of his inheritance on the one side of the unquenchable vitality and over-keen feeling of his father's race, and on the other of the acquiescent languor and dullness of sensibility of his mother's class; it brings forward the boy, and he lives and speaks for himself; and we see him and hear him as we should hear and see him in actual life, on the edge of Oloochee Swamp.

A finer, more subtly faithful bit of characterization than that effected in Drent's explanation to the doctor of his empty game-bag, it would not be easy to find:

"An' then, Doctor, I saw that coon's eyes—I saw that coon's eyes. Doctor, I—I never saw a coon's eyes befo'. I reckon—I reckon—that wouldn't be so much hurtin' done in this world ef jes' befo' yo' hurted yo' saw the thing's eyes! An' I looked at him—an' he looked at me—an' his eyes said, 'Be yo' goin' to kill me? Be yo' goin' to kill me?' That worn't no trees—no sky—no nothin'—jes' only that coon's eyes. 'It's on'y cowards kill what can't fight,' they says. 'It's on'y devils kill fo' fun,' they says. Everythin' thet hed ever been 'fraid—an' I've been 'fraid!—looked out o' that coon's eyes. Everythin' thet hed ever got beat—an' I've got beat!—looked out of that coon's eyes. Everythin' that ever been hurt—and, God-a-mighty! I've been hurt!—looked out of that coon's eyes. 'Be yo' goin' to kill me?' they sez. 'Be yo' goin' to kill me?' An' I flinged my gun's far's she'd flew, an' I sez, 'No, yo' mean, scared, hunted critter, yo'!'"

I recently read that one fragment of

the play to a Southern woman who had devoted a number of years to the assisting and befriending of as many persons in Georgia of the "class known as 'po' white trash'" as she could possibly reach. "It is true to the life, isn't it?" I asked.

"It *is* the life," she said, with the convincing emphasis of one who knew whereof she spoke.

The propensity to value the literary or artistic result of an American the more highly if it be an embodiment of some aspect of American life, true not merely to the semblance, but also to the spirit, of its prototype, is occasionally condemned as an exhibition of a provincial bias which should without delay be straightened. "Art," we occasionally hear, "should not be narrow." But in that it has been, intangibly but surely, of the nation whose people produced it, has not great art always been narrow? The Madonnas of Raphael are first of all Italian; the plays of Shakespeare are predominantly English; and the sculpture of the Greeks became feeble in proportion as it permitted itself to be shaped by extraneous influences.

As a preparation for writing stories of America, are we wise in applying ourselves so assiduously to a long course in the decadent school of present-day English fiction? That we may make dramas dealing with American life, are we justified in looking so confidently to the plays of Maeterlinck and Ibsen for assistance? Are the pre-Raphaelites safe teachers, when we seek to instruct ourselves in order that we may compose American songs?

It may be that this instinctive turning toward the elders of the nations for help is but another attribute of our own youth. There can be little question, however, that only in so far as America has looked to itself has it produced abiding literature; and that only to the degree to which she has chosen to make her work narrow, in the sense of making it of her nation, has the woman of letters in America wrought that which shall endure.

Japanese Art¹

MR. OKAKURA is a foremost authority on Oriental archæology and art. He is at the head of the Yanaka Hall of Fine Arts (Yanaka is a suburb of Tokyo), where, besides painting and sculpture, lacquer and metal work, bronze-casting, and porcelain-making are carried on. He is no pseudo-European, as some traveled Japanese seem sometimes. On the contrary, he would renationalize his country's art. To this end he brings to bear his careful researches among the antiquities of India and China.

More than most critics, Mr. Okakura insists that the Mongolian mind has been not only Buddhaized but Indianized. Hence he dwells at length on India, and brings us face to face with the probability that India once led the whole of Asia, not only in religion, but also in art. Regarding the alleged influence of Greece on Indian sculpture, our critic (as representing the great alternative art-lineage of the world, *i.e.*, the Chinese) points out that the actual affinities of Indian art *are* largely Chinese. It is deeply interesting to know that his reason for this is his belief in the existence of a common early Asiatic art which has left its marks not only in China, India, Egypt, and Phœnicia, but also in Greece, Etruria, and even in Ireland.

If there were once a common Asiatic art, it must have been, we think, the outgrowth of a single period of peace which comprises at once the thought of India, the ethics of China, and the chivalry of Arabia. Out of this period of peace a common life and a common art could grow, bearing in different regions different characteristics, but perhaps never anywhere capable of a distinct dividing line. In philosophy and politics the Himalayas may seemingly divide the individuality of India from the communism of China, but really, in the common aspiration of all true Asiatics toward the ultimate and the universal, these are united.

If the transference of ideals from India to China has been of great moment to the life of art of the Flowery Kingdom, the transference of the union of Indian and Chinese forces upon the Japanese is more significant. The Indo-Tartaric blood of the Japanese, according to the author, mirrors the whole of Asiatic consciousness.

It is true, we believe, as Mr. Okakura also maintains, that the reasons why Japan has become the real repository of the best Asiatic thought and culture have been because of (1) the insular isolation which has protected ancestral ideas and instincts, (2) the proud self-reliance of an unconquered race, and (3) the unique advantage of an unbroken sovereignty. Hence, though Japan has been raised to the rank of a modern power, she is still true to the Asiatic soul.

From all these reasons it is in Japan alone, Mr. Okakura claims, that the historic wealth of Asiatic culture may be consecutively studied through its treasured specimens. Whether Indian religion and thought, or whether Chinese ethics and learning, converge upon Japan, they certainly find a free and living expression in Japanese art. Mr. Okakura's book is to be read, therefore, as a preface to such a trustworthy account of Japanese painting and sculpture as is M. Louis Gonse's "*L'Art Japonais*," for instance. It must be remembered, as it has not been, that in order to understand Japanese art we must call to mind the various phases of Indian and Chinese philosophies; the different ideals which the Asiatic mind has from time to time revealed. Of course M. Gonse, or any other historian of Japanese art, cannot enter into any detailed account, to be properly comprehended by the reader, if he does not picture the historic environment of thought as well as action, together with the interrelated social phenomena into which Japanese art is set, and thus teach the lesson that Japanese art realizes unity in complexity.

If the first reason for the writing of this book has been a desire to make the world see clearly what the author sees

¹*The Ideals of the East, with Special Reference to the Art of Japan.* By Kakasû Okakura. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

so clearly—the oneness of Asia—the second has been to make it see and comprehend Japanese art as it should be seen and comprehended. For the characteristic elements of that art are not as we often think. True Japanese art represents the life of the ideal. We may not recognize in a few drawings of cherry or plum blossoms the deepest meaning of Japanese art, but we may recognize it in the mighty conception of the Dragon; we may not see it in the

birds and beasts, but in the representations of death; we may not grasp it in any trifling realism, however beautiful, but in the interpretation of Buddhahood's desire to save others and not itself.

Thus we have in the present volume a work of unique value—first, in reforming Asia out of a congeries of geographical fragments into a united, living organism, each part depending upon the others; secondly, in the defense of Japanese art as idealistic, not realistic.

Russia in Transition'

TWO recent publications describing Russia challenge particular attention. The first book is written by an American Senator; the second by a French woman. The first records the impressions of a summer holiday; the second those of a longer sojourn. The first deals mostly with the Government's militant policy, commercial and strategic; the second deals mostly with the people, their faiths and struggles.

Both books are timely. We need to be informed concerning the views, aims, and methods of the Czar, Witte, Khilkov, Lamsdorf, Plehve, Pobyedonostsev, Alexiev, Lessar, Cassini, Pavlov, Pokotilov, and all the others, whether at home or abroad, who make up that enginery which we know as the Russian Government. But we need at least as much to be informed concerning the Russian folk, its ignorance, obedience, patience, stolidity, lethargy, drunkenness, sensuality, generosity, fatalism, oppression, toil, lack of initiative.

Senator Beveridge's book does not belong to the class which includes the works of Leroy, Beaulieu, Wright, Kennan, Gerrare, or Wallace. It is perhaps more to be placed with the recent capital description of Russia by Mr. Shoemaker. Its style, though often verbose, is easy, flowing, conversational, the kind in which statistics may be quoted without producing an effect of heaviness. "Th. Bentzon's" (Madame Blanc-Bent-

zon) book is a reminder of Miss Hapgood's "Russian Rambles." In matter and manner the many essays and criticisms by "Th. Bentzon" have taught us what to expect when her remarkable powers of observation are applied to Russia, even if to but a few features of life in that country. "Promenades en Russie" invites immediate translation.

Both books might be valuable volumes of reference but for the inexcusable lack of indexes. This should be made good in the second editions, together with the correction in "The Russian Advance" of a number of proof-reader's mistakes and the omission of some of the author's forecasts, especially the following:

Since the volume went to the printer, the Russo-Japanese crisis has become acute. . . . The author does not think hostilities probable at the present time.

Both writers compare dreamy and mystic Russia with positive America. For such a comparison the French critic, by her repeated sojourns in America and her acute opinions¹ of our tendencies, shows a ripeness of observation not excelled by the American author. Physically, says "Th. Bentzon," the steppe and the prairie are sisters. Socially, there are resemblances and contrasts. Both nations have the nomadic instinct. Even in trade there is a greater union than one might think; Nijni-Novgorod and New York are really intimately related. To offset these come first the social contrasts offered by the nobility and the State hierarchy. Secondly,

¹ *The Russian Advance*. By Albert J. Beveridge. Harper & Brothers, New York.
Promenades en Russie. Par Th. Bentzon. Hachette et Cie., Paris.

¹ See "Questions Américaines," "Nouvelle France et Nouvelle Angleterre," "Femmes d'Amérique," "Nouveaux Romanciers Américaines," etc.

the prairie has not the advantage of the color and poetry, nor the disadvantage of the pathos and depression, of the customs of a primitive people. Patriarchal life, or life in common, as practiced in the Russian "mir," or village, has certain advantages: (1) economy of expenditure, and (2) that physical and moral virility which the vigorous family roots, planted in the country, give to the artisans from the rural villages who must earn their winter livelihood in the towns. But, with the sure scent of an almost unerring explorer for the elemental, "Th. Bentzon" recognizes none the less the faults of the communal system, under which, as Mr. Beveridge says,

The land belonging to the peasants is held by them in common. This land is allotted among the peasants, not by the Government, but by the peasants themselves. . . . The heads of families in the villages assemble at a call from the elder [of the village]. The elder is elected by a viva voce vote.

The disadvantages of this system are, first, eventual misunderstandings among the different members of the same family; and, secondly, the chief's frequently outrageous oppression. Says Madame Blanc-Bentzon:

It happens that this patriarch, left the absolute master of an army of daughters-in-law without husbands [the artisans, gone to the industrial towns], puts one of them in a position often exploited in Russian romances. . . . There is always the absence of firm principles, of that which Anglo-Saxons call backbone; always the alluring fatalism of a people childlike in many ways. All this has causes—the promiscuity of the long winters, fear, the habit of despotism. The old remembrances of polygamy weigh unconsciously on their hardly awakened souls; their Christianity remains pagan.

Eleven and a half hours may be required by law for a day's work in Russia. This applies to both sexes. For a child under fifteen, eight hours constitutes a full day's labor. Wages are low. In the textile factories, for example, a common workingman receives only eighteen rubles (\$9) a month. Women and girls employed at the machines get less than this. In Mr. Beveridge's opinion, however, the Russians are really overpaid in comparison with superior American labor. Madame Blanc-Bentzon calls attention to a certain parallel

between the ex-serfs in Russia and the ex-slaves in America. She herself has been foremost in impressing educated Russians with this parallel by the publication of her "Autobiographie d'un Nègre," a translation of part of Dr. Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery." In 1861, says Senator Beveridge, the ex-serf received his personal property as his very own, also the dwelling in which he lived and the ground on which it stood. Lastly, to the ex-serfs was allotted, under provisions for its payment, land which now amounts to upwards of four hundred million acres. As a class, the Russian nobility were all but ruined. Yet, as a class, despite the hard lessons of forty years, that nobility seem not yet to appreciate the evils of absentee landlordism. Madame Blanc-Bentzon exclaims:

What a number of lands are left in the hands of a manager while the master divides his leisure between St. Petersburg and foreign countries, without a care as to his pressing responsibilities! Conclusion: the luxury of one class makes misery for the other.

The creation in 1864 of the *zemstvo* or district legislative assembly was greeted by all liberals not only as an inspiring event in itself, but as the best step towards the constitutional government desired by them. Now, however, so great has been the retrenchment of popular self-government that even a pro-Russian like Mr. Beveridge confesses, "The *zemstvo* might as well not exist." According to "Th. Bentzon," the *zemstvo* does not dare to do anything without the permission of the Governor of the province, who, in turn, must refer the matter to the Minister of the Interior. (Thus a reactionary, like Plehve, the present incumbent, has all the strings of detail in his hand. Result, reactions and atrocities at Kiev, Kharkov, Kishinev.) During the past fourteen years the autonomy of communal and district administration has been specially challenged by the introduction of the *zemsky natchalnik*, a kind of district chief of police instituted by the Government. This official continually meddles in the affairs of the peasants.

Mr. Beveridge appears not to have heard of so many restrictions of liberty

as has the author of "Promenades en Russie." She instances two glaring examples, among others. In Alexander III.'s reign the Government prohibited for six months the publication of a certain newspaper, because this paper had been the first to announce a famine—which really and terribly existed. Secondly, the Russian universities, which hitherto had enjoyed the right of electing their rectors, saw professorial authority diminish to a subsidiary position under the police. Rather than endure this, several hundred students, mostly from Kiev, left for friendlier Germany.

Turning from domestic to border and foreign politics, many of Senator Beveridge's judgments in this far more potent "Russian advance" will appeal to his readers; other judgments—mistaken judgments in the opinion of most readers—by their crass cocksureness will rather awaken incredulity and amusement. For instance:

If war must be, it should be thorough, that it may be brief and not fruitless. Skobelev at Goektepe refused to accept the surrender of the heroic Tepens, . . . and slaughtered more than twenty thousand men, women, and children in twenty days. . . . It is hard to see that it is much worse to destroy twenty thousand in twenty days and secure peace for all time than it is to kill that number during twenty years, and in the process increase the irritation.

But why assume such a hypothesis? History furnishes many an example of permanent border or provincial pacification by more civilized means.

Neither will readers agree in Mr. Beveridge's "explaining away" of that second awful Asiatic slaughter, when, for an attack of a few hundred Chinese across the Amur River on Blagovestchensk some years ago, four thousand Chinese were massacred.

Nor will all students of Asiatic politics agree with the explanation of the supposed connection of the building of the Manchurian railway by Russia with the Boxer Rebellion in China.

The following excerpts indicate Mr. Beveridge's limitations:

The stories told about the mismanagement and neglect of the Russian war-ships are believed to be erroneous, and this belief comes from personal observation.

Japan is hampered by a semi-democratic

form of government, which the most enlightened Japanese, and every student of Japanese development, now admits to be a disappointment.

The Slav . . . has become the most finished diplomat in the history of negotiation, and the first in foreign affairs among the statesmen of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

A century hence will see Finland as much Russian as though it were originally Muscovite.

Senator Beveridge does well to bring out the fact that the Russian Church is not only a religious but a patriotic institution. Some Russians reject the Church on its religious side and yet adhere to the Church as representing the nation even better than the Government does. It is by far the most powerful influence in unifying the Russian people. It is at once a State and a popular institution. This accepted, however, our author apparently swallows the Russian Church whole; he thus records his impression of the priests with simplicity, not to say *naïveté*:

The Russian priest . . . acts the part of an apostle of peace—and he looks the part. Clad in a long robe of black, his blond hair combed straight back from his forehead and falling in picturesque masses of yellow curls on his somber-clad shoulders, his abundant golden beard covering half his breast, his mild blue eyes full of languid benevolence, the Russian priest . . . is a circumstance as soothing as it is picturesque. He appears to be attending only to the orthodox flock of his Church. . . . To the unconverted, to the followers of other religions, he is all consideration and courtesy and sweet agreeableness. Above all, he does not debate, contend, argue. And yet the Russian Church, with methods such as these, succeeds in gathering communities, provinces, tribes, and peoples within her fold. It is done by the combined influence of those thousand incidentals which, united, are so irresistible in human thought and feeling. The beautiful service of the Russian Church; the semi-adoration of even the most highly educated and refined Russian worshippers; the unobtrusive kindness of the Russian priest towards the unbeliever, combined with a certain stately attitude of superiority—these and innumerable other circumstances create an atmosphere of gentle and reposeful and alluring Russian orthodoxy.

Writing on the same subject, the more discriminating French observer says:

Whenever I go to hear mass in one of the churches . . . I am moved most profoundly by the ardent faith which undoubtedly shows itself a little too patently in prostrations and

signs of the cross. No one who has seen one of these [Russian peasants] pray, however, can doubt that such a faith has its roots in the soul. The men are in number at least equal to the women. All are standing, and close together like a flock of sheep, uniformly clothed in the humble *sviatka*. . . . One fancies that the majority have not a change of clothes, yet when the offertory is collected no one refuses his copeck. . . . The priest . . . a hieratical figure out of a Byzantine fresco . . . though fine-looking, is not cleaner under his chasuble than the last of the peasants. One suspects . . . that his hands . . . have not even been washed to celebrate the Holy Communion! He officiates with precipitation. . . . I do not like the Greek service, its excessive formalism, the abuse of genuflections, the absurd amount of incense burned. . . . Above all, I do not like that door closed every moment between priest and people, as if the latter were excluded from the celebration of the mysteries.

Both writers saw Tolstoy. Both were impressed by the personality of the man, by a mentality which, in Mr. Beveridge's apt words, "does not compromise or argue, but announces." Both took special note of Tolstoy's religion. The Protestant writes:

Of the Saviour he spoke reverently but not worshipfully. "Christ," said he, "the last great superstition." Did he not think him divine? "Divine? Certainly not, except as all great teachers are divine. . . . But Jesus of Nazareth is the greatest teacher mankind has yet produced."

The Roman Catholic reports that Tolstoy's creed was: (1) faith in God and (2) the fulfilling of the precept, "Do unto others that which they should do unto you." Said he:

It is folly to burden the spirit, especially of children, with dogmas. How can a little child ever reason justly if its natural ideas have been disturbed by talk of One God in Three Persons?

Madame Blanc-Bentzon protests that Tolstoy is an ardent Christian through very love of the Gospels; he is of course a Unitarian. Had Christ never existed save in the Gospels, says she, He would suffice to Tolstoy as guide through life. But, questions our Roman Catholic writer, with an intelligence arising from dealing with conditions alike in some Roman as in Greek Catholic countries, would only *this* guide suffice to the millions of poor peasants naively absorbed in their devotion to images? She doubts it, and so will many a Protestant. Nay,

she might have added, would only *this* guide suffice to millions of unsuperstitious and educated Christians?

Russia of the past is thus described by "Th. Bentzon:—"

Exaggeration in the scientific idealism of the intellectuals; deplorable obscurantism with the conservatives; dominating these contradictions a government which represents the cruelties and inconsequences of fear, which makes a step forward and two backward. . . . The people . . . accept with eyes shut all that malevolent agitators distribute in the Czar's name. The absolute absence of measure—that for the stranger is the most striking feature of the Russian impulse which constantly shoots ahead of the real end to be reached.

It is no wonder that to this observer Russia seems like Beauty asleep in the forest. The sleep has been disturbed by dreams and then by horrible nightmares. From them Russia has only half awaked to real life. Will she entirely awake? Why not? For, as the French writer justly adds:

Happily, there exist between the *chimeriques* and the reactionaries the patient, strong Liberals. Their work lies in the favoring of elementary instruction; in the reorganization of rural credit on a solid basis; in the stimulation of the spirit of initiative instead of the production of apathy by pretended benefactions; in teaching the peasants to rely upon themselves and to perfect themselves in the occupations which will contribute to their independence.

Excepting perhaps the very few who have fairly complete and up-to-date knowledge, all those interested in Russia should read Mr. Beveridge's book. It is the latest work on Russia. It bristles with information and suggestion. Its author traveled very widely, saw acutely if now and then with pro-Russian prejudice, wrote industriously and entertainingly. "The Russian Advance" is readable indeed, and is more valuable than "Promenades en Russie" in so far as it is much more encyclopædic. The author of the latter work did not travel so widely; if not a tourist in many places, she was a sojourner in few; she saw more acutely and intimately, for she lived with the Russians and thus dipped beneath the social surface. If her book is not so notable as Mr. Beveridge's to the tourist, merchant, promoter, it is far more notable to the investigator of social conditions.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Admirable Tinker: Child of the World (The). By Edgar Jepson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 300 pages. \$1.50.

An amusing and quite impossible boy, son of an English baronet, does all sorts of remarkable things, and contrives to make everybody who deserves it happy. He crosses the Channel in an air-ship, restores a kidnapped child to her parents, adopts another as his sister, and finally arranges a suitable marriage for his father. Could any boy do more?

Around the World with a King. By William N. Armstrong. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5x7 1/4 in. 290 pages. \$1.60, net.

A whimsical account of one of the oddest world-girdling tours on record. The chief dramatis personæ were the late Kalakaua I., King of the Hawaiian Islands; the author, who accompanied him as Minister of State and Royal Commissioner of Immigration; Colonel C. H. Judd, the Royal Chamberlain; and the King's valet, one Robert, a German of noble birth, who was far fonder of intoxicants than of work. Between the eccentricities of Kalakaua and the inebriety of Robert the King's advisers were kept in perpetual hot water, and although Mr. Armstrong can write of the tour in a light-hearted and vivacious manner, it is evident that all was not *coulour de rose* while it was in progress. More than once Kalakaua tried to combine risky business speculations with pleasure, and more than once did he embarrass his mentors by breaches of court etiquette and diplomatic usage. That he enjoyed himself thoroughly, however, from the moment he was saluted in San Francisco as the "Colossus of the West" to the day when he once more set foot on the shores of his island kingdom, is patent in every page.

Bachelor in Arcady (A). By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 326 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe writes in leisurely fashion of the delights of country life among peas and cabbages, varied by visits from a neighboring squire and his sweet young daughter. The latter soon takes her proper place as heroine. A pretty and obvious romance is included with the gentle philosophy of a happy man. The style is not literary because of allusions to books dragged in by main force, but is graceful and of a wholesome spirit.

Charles Dudley Warner. By Mrs. James T. Fields. (Contemporary Men of Letters Series.) McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4 1/4 x 7 in. 209 pages.

This portraiture of Mr. Warner's personality is drawn by one who knew him long and well and who has attempted, not to give a

connected biography or intimate report of the growth of the man's art, but with a free hand to draw in outline his vigorous and attractive personality and to report the general results rather than the details of a fruitful and stimulating career. Mrs. Fields has succeeded in recalling if not in reproducing the charm of Mr. Warner's manner, his delightful humor, the elementary quality of boyishness which made him so attractive a companion, and which also made him one of the most effective teachers of his generation.

Christ. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., LL.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7 1/4 in. 232 pages. \$1.25, net.

It is not another life of Christ that is here published, but another essay in what theologians call Christology; that is, it is an effort to re-estimate the person and work of Jesus. The title of the book, as it will be familiarly referred to, describes it exactly; it is McConnell's "Christ," in other words, a representation of Christ as Dr. McConnell thinks of him. This means also what Dr. McConnell thinks of the Christian man, the Christian Church, and the Christian God. He has declared his purpose by saying that he "would, if possible, take the reasonable man by the hand and lead him into the Presence." There is no doubt that the conception which Dr. McConnell would express is vital, not artificial; genuine, not perfunctory. He is determined to hew out his thought to the line of fact in history, in present conditions, and in personal experience. As a result, he has produced a book which will arouse the interest and respect of every man who values transparent sincerity and unhesitating candor. The book, however, has the defects of its qualities. It invites criticism. It frequently leans to exaggeration. The style, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes trivially, simple, is not of the kind that ingeniously hides disturbing thoughts. When, for instance, Dr. McConnell says that Jesus "was put out of the way by practically unanimous consent on the ground that he was too disagreeable to be allowed to live," one feels that the fault is not in the style, but in the thought that requires such an expression. Then, too, Dr. McConnell writes in such a way as to risk alienating rather than winning those whom he believes to be in need of persuasion. The agnostic will not be won by having his conception called "wan and pallid," "feeble and evasive;" nor will the believer in a vicarious sacrifice be won by having his conception called "the savage notion, coeval with the dragons weltering in the prime, of expiation, placation, propitiation." If, however, the reader will

restrain his natural desire to take up the gage frequently flung at him, he will find the book full of moral stimulus.

Christian Doctrine of Prayer (The). By the Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 120 pages. \$1.00, net. Bishop Hall, defining prayer in general as the lifting up of the heart to God, exhibits the New Testament teaching concerning it from the standpoint of the orthodox Trinitarianism, and of the churchly conception of the Eucharist as the great illustration of Christian prayer. He also argues for the inclusion of faithful departed souls in intercessory prayer, and regards Christian Science as "a reproach to our failure to realize New Testament standards."

Christian Socialism in England. By Arthur V. Woodworth, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 208 pages. \$1.

The Christian Social Union, a strong organization in the Anglican Church, in which both High Churchmen and Broad Churchmen are united in the common interest of applying Christ's principles to the social and economic difficulties of our time, is a development from the movement in which Maurice and Kingsley were leaders half a century ago. Dr. Woodworth presents here the story of this development as the result of independent study of the original sources. Not only to members of the American branch of the Union, but to many in other churches who believe in its principle of a religious human brotherhood as a solvent of many social problems, this volume will be both stimulating and serviceable.

Daughter of the States (A). By Max Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 309 pages. \$1.50.

This daughter of the States is the one who usually appeals to the English novel-reader. Having escaped a mercenary marriage and a shipwreck, she reaches harbor surrounded by the ship's company—made up of gamblers, clergymen, fugitive criminals, and harmless chaperons. A rather foolish story with a well-concealed plot.

Easter Story (The). By Hannah Warner. Harper & Bros., New York. 5x6½ in. 20 pages. 50c.

Evolution of Modern Liberty (The). By George L. Scherger, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 284 pages. \$1.10, net.

The political theories embodied in the American Bills of Rights and in the French Declaration of the Rights of Man have had a long historical development. To exhibit this is the design of the present work. Beginning in the Greek philosophy, and receiving affluents from the free spirit of the German tribes, from the teaching of Jesus, and from Roman jurisprudence, the stream of democratic ideas descends to Puritan England. The similarity of Milton's views to those of the founders of our Republic is striking. To embody, as in the Bills of Rights drawn up in colonial Virginia and Massachusetts, in political programmes these principles of so ancient lineage was the dis-

tinctive contribution of America. Much has been claimed, without reason, for the influence in this direction of Rousseau, who recognized no individual rights sacred from interference by the State or the *volonté générale*. Professor Scherger presents a full, instructive, and clearly drawn outline of his great subject. While it is true, as he says, that the theory of natural rights, as popularly understood, has been exploded, it remains also true that there is, as Dr. Francis Lieber taught, one absolutely indefeasible human right—the right to become and to be, in the full sense of the word, a man.

Famous Legends Adapted for Children. By Emeline G. Crommelin. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 181 pages.

Geology. By Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury. (The American Science Series.) In 2 vols. Vol. I., *Geologic Processes and Their Results*. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5¼x8½ in. 654 pages.

The first part of an obviously important and thoroughly scientific treatment of geology. Extended comment must be reserved.

Gods and Fighting Men: The Story of the Tuatha de Danaan and of the Fianna of Ireland. Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼x8 in. 476 pages. \$2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Gounod. By Henry Tolhurst. (Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6½ in. 55 pages.

Many students have found the small handbooks on art published by George Bell & Sons, of London, most useful. The life of Gounod by Henry Tolhurst is a recent addition to the series. The personality of the ardent French composer is happily indicated, and a critical survey of his works, with a list and a biography, add value to the excellent monograph.

Greater Russia: The Continental Empire of the Old World. By Wirt Gerrare. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x9 in. 238 pages. \$3, net.

A new edition, doubtless called out by the present war, of one of the best books extant on Russia, Siberia, and Manchuria, based on the recent travel trips of a careful observer.

Heart of Lynn. By Mary Stewart Cutting. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 264 pages. \$1.25.

Lynn was the brave, unselfish, hopeful daughter in a family struggling with reduced circumstances. Her efforts to become a wage-earner brought her into some amusing situations. Her "merry heart," however, carried her the full "mile," and we leave her dreaming of a happy future quite within her grasp.

History of American Music (The). By Louis C. Elson. Illustrated. (The History of American Art Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 7¼x10 in. 378 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

House of Quiet (The): An Autobiography. Edited by J. T. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6x8½ in. 243 pages. \$2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

How to Know Oriental Rugs. By Mary Beach Langton. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ in. 244 pages. \$2, net. (Postage, 15c.)

A handbook less extensive and expensive than others well known, but with ample information well classified and presented. A dozen beautifully printed colored plates, and others in black and white, show really typical rugs, while a useful map of the Oriental rug countries adds to the book's practical value.

I: In Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 363 pages. \$1.50.

There is a good deal of the *ad captandum* element about the title and sub-title of this book and the fact that it is heralded as the "personal pronoun" novel. One is driven to doubt that this is a revelation of actual character, because one feels that it is psychologically improbable that a woman who had gone through these heart-experiences and soul-tragedies would have written them down even anonymously. In the narrative of the fight of an unappreciated wife against the subtle flattery and purposed seduction of a brilliant and intellectual man of the world there is a good deal that is unpleasant, and now and then a passage that is sensuously suggestive.

In Memoriam. By Alfred Tennyson. With a Commentary by L. Morel, LL.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in. 205 pages. \$1, net.

A new and conventionally made edition of Tennyson's poem, with a preface that gives briefly an account of the circumstances under which the poem was written, and with notes taken from Miss Chapman's "Companion to 'In Memoriam'" and from other sources, with suggestions and notes furnished by the editor.

In the Red Hills: A Story of the Carolina Country. By Elliott Grayton McCants. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 340 pages. \$1.50.

Another "after the war" story which has evidently true local color and some acceptable character depiction, but whose author too frequently indulges in "fine writing."

Ireland in the New Century. By Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, K.C.V.O., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 300 pages. \$1.75, net.

A work at once interesting, instructive, and scholarly, the fruit of years of close observation and study of the problems involved in the vexatious "Irish question." Mr. Plunkett writes with an air of profound conviction, and in a manner that will go far to infect with his views all but the most pronounced of "Home Rulers." The "Irish question," as he sees it, is not so much one of politics as one of economics and sociology. Admitting that Ireland has been grievously misunderstood by England, he insists that Ireland has equally misunderstood herself. The kernel of his argument lies in the statement that "the chief responsibility for the remolding of our national life rests now with ourselves. . . . In the last analysis the prob-

lem of Irish ineffectiveness at home is in the main a problem of character—and of Irish character." With this the purpose of his work becomes evident. He seeks, while revealing the shortcomings of the Irish as a people, to point out the means whereby may best be eradicated the faults that, in his opinion, so largely obtain. Already the machine, built to no small extent by his own exertions, has been set in motion. The story of the impetus given to Irish self-help by the formation of the Gaelic League, the birth of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and the comparatively recent establishment of the Governmental Department of Agriculture—of which Mr. Plunkett is an official—forms the major portion of this study, and, whatever one may think of the ultimate success of the movement so auspiciously begun, it is idle, in view of the facts ably presented here, to deny that substantial progress has been made. The keynote, from an economic standpoint, is "industrial co operation;" from a political, the "substitution of a positive Irish policy for a negative anti-English policy;" from a social, the strengthening of the national character. Mr. Plunkett is merciless when wielding the scalpel of analysis, but widely charitable when it is a question of synthesis. The "doers of evil" of to-day will be among the most potent factors in the work of regeneration to-morrow. He is splendidly optimistic in his delineation of the new Ireland—the happy, prosperous rural Ireland—that is to be built, not by land bills or other beneficent measures, but by the united efforts of a people from whom have been eradicated the weaknesses involved in "a striking absence of self-reliance and moral courage; an entire lack of serious thought on public questions; a listlessness and apathy in regard to economic improvement which amount to a form of fatalism; and, in backward districts, a survival of superstition which saps all strength of will and purpose." His is an indictment that will provoke much angry discussion, but a discussion that can only have the healthy result sought by the writer—the focusing of thought upon the definite work of a reconstruction of Irish life.

Isopel Berners. By George Borrow. The Text Edited by Thomas Seccombe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in. 363 pages. \$1, net.

The editor of this volume, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, has taken from "Lavengro" the delightful, unconventional, and unique romance of Isopel Berners, who comes suddenly into the story and as suddenly vanishes from it; a creature the like of whom is not to be found anywhere else in the literature of the world. In delineating her character and recording his intercourse with her Borrow is at his best. In this little volume is to be found the very heart of this highly individual and fascinating writer.

Italy (Central): Handbook for Travelers. By Karl Baedeker. With Maps and Plans. (Fourteenth Revised Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ in. 470 pages. \$2.25.

Issues of Life (The). By Mrs. John Van Vorst. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 343 pages. \$1.50.

The so-called "race suicide" that was to the fore in "The Woman who Toils" is again very much in evidence in Mrs. Van Vorst's new novel of American life. It finds expression in the vagaries of a coterie composed of members of the smart set and women with a "mission," who take life so seriously that they have no time to attend to such trifling details as household management and the upbringing of children. Under their influence comes a winsome, light-hearted young wife, who is speedily infected with the "new woman" microbe, and loses both her good looks and happiness. Ultimately she returns to her former simple mode of life, won by her husband's love and shocked by a succession of tragedies in which the leading rôles are played by her fellow "club-women." As a novel Mrs. Van Vorst's work will not stand over-close scrutiny. It has been too obviously written for a purpose, is episodic to a degree, and lacks coherence. Nor can it be accepted as a portrait of the manner of life led by the typical American city woman of to-day. The women caricatured exist, it is true, but they are assuredly only a small portion of any community. As a preachment in defense of the home, however, the book is eloquent, and we fancy that Mrs. Van Vorst is not far from the truth when she lays the blame for the state of affairs depicted by her on the shoulders of the husbands of her hapless creations. On the other hand, it is certain that her sweeping generalizations about American men are inapplicable taken by and far. The age of chivalry has not altogether been swallowed up by an age of fortune-making.

John Addington Symonds: A Biography Compiled from His Papers and Correspondence. By Horatio F. Brown. (Second Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x8 in. 495 pages. \$2. net.

A new edition of the thoughts and observations of a man of rare scholarship, personal charm, and literary achievement. As what may be called a psychological biography, largely autobiographical, the book has a permanent place in English literature.

John Constable, R.A. By Lord Windsor. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼x7½ in. 231 pages. \$1.25, net.

A beautifully illustrated, brief, and popular life of the great English landscape-painter by Lord Windsor in the series of the Makers of British Art. Born in 1776, the son of a miller, the ability of the artist did not find expression until he was in mature manhood. His progress, however, was steady, and his work appreciated. His life was uneventful, but showed its tenor in his peaceful landscapes. The oft-quoted remark in regard to his pictures is here ascribed to Fuseli: "He is always picturesque, of a fine color, and delights always in the right places; but he makes me call for my great-coat and umbrella." Constable's close study of nature

and his fidelity in portraying it led him to expose the fallacies of a critic who had been preaching Ideal Art, "which in landscape," he said, "is sheer nonsense." He discarded the classic traditions of nature and painted her as he saw her beside the English rivers and across the breezy downs. The marshaling of critics by the biographer is interesting, his own verdict being that Constable was a great artist, whose influence upon modern landscape art has been greater than that of any other painter of the nineteenth century.

Life of Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Sometime Dean of Canterbury. By his Son, Reginald Farrar. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼x8½ in. 400 pages. \$2, net. (Postage, 20c.)

This will rank among the important biographies of our time. Dean Farrar took a prominent part in reviving the primitive conception of Christianity as a way of life rather than as a system of doctrines. Dr. Andrew D. White has said that his noble protest against the theological vilifiers of Darwinism deserves perpetual remembrance. So does his courageous friendliness toward Colenso, when deserted even by his laudress in the storm of clerical odium raised by his work on the Pentateuch. Dean Farrar's tireless pen has probably wielded a wider influence than that of any other churchman of his time. He wrote for the people rather than the learned few, and his biography is the fitting epilogue to his works. It is a noble picture of a sincere, stainless, strenuous life that filial reverence has here presented—that of a rich-hearted man, beloved both as a teacher of boys and as a teacher of men; a rich-minded man, affluent in the treasures of learning and the gifts of imagination.

Making of English (The). By Henry Bradley, M.A., Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼x6¾ in. 245 pages. \$1, net.

In this little volume Dr. Bradley gives a popular and readable account of the growth of the English language during the last thousand years. Leaving the more minute history to formal treatises on English, he gives a lucid explanation of the causes that have been at work in the formation of the language as it exists to-day, with much valuable criticism on the effect of the various changes in perfecting the language as an instrument for the expression of thought. The author finds that our language is not in all respects the ideal medium that some scholars maintain it to be. "In writing modern English special care and ingenuity are often required to avoid falling into ambiguities," he says. "Much of our poetry is obscure on a first reading, not because the diction is affected or allusive, but because the structure of the language has compelled the poet to choose between the claims of lucidity and those of emphasis or grace." Nevertheless, "modern English, viewed with reference to its grammar, has certain merits in which it is scarcely rivaled by any other tongue. In modern English the grammar does not, as it does with purely inflectional languages, obtrude itself on the attention

where it is not wanted." Dr. Bradley discusses the debt of English to foreign languages, the various processes of word-formation, the changes of meaning that have occurred in multitudes of words, and cognate branches of his subject, with keenness, insight, and wealth of entertaining illustration. This is a good book to put into the hands of those who think that language study is necessarily "dry."

My Air-Ships. By A. Santos-Dumont. The Century Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 356 pages. \$1.40, net. (Postage, 16c.)

If the problem of air-navigation is not solved, it must at least be admitted that M. Santos-Dumont has moved a long step forward in that direction. His motor-balloons are dirigible within limits, and though the advocates of the opposed system of invention—that which eliminates the balloon altogether and depends on the aeroplane—may have the best of logic in their theory, they have not yet circumnavigated a given territory and returned to the starting-point, as the author of this book has done more than once. But M. Santos-Dumont has the good sense not to claim too much; under favorable circumstances, when the wind is not too strong, a skilled aeronaut and mechanic who is willing to take his life in his hands may do some wonderful feats. That is about the position to-day; what it may be, who can say? This volume is eminently vivacious, has a pleasing personal and story-telling touch, and is admirably illustrated. It tells of experiments, accidents, adventures, and triumphs, all in a modest but spirited narrative.

New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. Illustrated. In 2 vols. John Lane, New York. 5½x9 in. \$6, net. Reserved for later notice.

Northern Germany: Handbook for Travelers. By Karl Baedeker. With Maps and Plans. (Fourteenth Revised Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼x6½ in. 396 pages. \$2.40, net.

Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff (The). Vols. VII., VIII., and IX. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½x8½ in.

Opening of the Mississippi (The): A Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior. By Frederic Austin Ogg. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x8 in. 670 pages. \$2, net.

Professor Ogg has given us a rather florid but intrinsically scholarly history not alone of the "discovery, exploration, and contested rights of navigation of the Mississippi River," but of the greater part of the Middle West during the period that ended with the repulse of Pakenham's army in the battle of New Orleans. To a rare degree he brings out the romance with which the Mississippi was invested during the years of Spanish and French exploration, yet his predilection for the picturesque does not affect his conclusions, which are eminently conservative. This conservatism is marked throughout the work. The travels and achievements of De Soto, Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, and their fellows are related with a wealth of detail based upon the best authorities, and

the author is equally judicious in his selection of authorities when narrating the events that led up to and the consummation of the Louisiana Purchase. With such extensive territory to cover there is necessarily little attempt to sift the evidence concerning moot questions, but it is clear that Professor Ogg has embraced no opinion hastily. It is clear, too, that he is treating a subject not only familiar but of the greatest interest to him. Not the least valuable portion of his work is a discussion of the future of the Mississippi Valley. His appraisal of its importance is just, and his presentation of the necessity of the valley's retaining its agricultural character is convincing.

Order No. 11. By Caroline Abbot Stanley. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 420 pages. \$1.50.

A simple, well-written story of the border country between Kansas and Missouri before and during the war. An old Virginia family settle in Missouri, bringing their slaves with them. The introduction of a Yankee school-mistress into the household serves to bring differing opinions to light. The young folks are charming, and their romances are true to life. The evident familiarity of the author with her material and situations, and her perfectly sympathetic spirit, give value to the picture. We of the North can learn from such tales of the suffering and the sincerity of the South in the Civil War.

Peril of the Sword (The). By Col. A. F. P. Harcourt. The H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 364 pages.

A mechanical combination of the facts in the Indian Mutiny, with several unconvincing imaginary characters. The atmosphere is not that of India; it is as English as is the spelling of the few Hindostani phrases used.

Price of Youth (The). By Margery Williams. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x7¼ in. 312 pages. \$1.50.

A close study of life and character in a desolate New Jersey region. The story has humor, too, of a pleasing kind, and is in more ways than one superior to the average of recent fiction.

Rainbow Chasers (The). By John H. Whitson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 392 pages.

Here we have American Western life portrayed—from blistering summer to blizzard-swept winter. The pot of gold sought by the land speculators still remains at the end of the rainbow. There is much cowboy talk and there are some clever characterizations in the group of people, and we are assured by the author that facts underlie all the embroidery of his fiction.

Rosary (A). By John Davidson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½x7½ in. 211 pages. \$1.50, net.

For several years Mr. John Davidson has been writing poetry and essays for the English public, and in this, a recent volume, he has gathered a number of brief reflections and comments upon life, men, and opinions, put into language intended to arrest

attention. The spirit is somewhat cynical, not especially broad-minded or impressive to a thinker. A conversation upon the portraits in the National Portrait Gallery is good. Some of the aphorisms are superficially clever. "And who are the dinner-forks?" "Average men, I suppose." "And the pitchforks?" "The critics." "And the tridents?" "My friends and I." This is a good paragraph: "Contemporary poetry is always minor poetry. Not until it has been loaded with the thought and emotion of generations of readers can poetry be said to be of age. It is the centuries that give poetry its majority."

Ruskin Relics. By W. G. Collingwood. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 7x10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. 232 pages. \$2.50, net. (Postage, 25c.) Mr. Ruskin's friend and biographer has gathered into this handsomely printed volume a great number of personal incidents, bits of talk, illustrations of Ruskin's tastes and foibles—all sorts of odds and ends which seemed to have no place in the more formal Life. In this way Ruskin is brought very close to the reader in his living and working. The author thus explains his intent: Relics of heroes even the ancient Romans treasured. Relics of saints our forefathers would fight for and die for. Relics of those who in modern times have made our lives better and brighter we need not be ashamed of preserving. And among relics I count all the little incidents, the by-play of life, the anecdotes which betray character, so long as they are truly and lovingly told." There are many pictures.

Shame of the Cities (The). By Lincoln Steffens. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 306 pages. \$1.20, net. Reserved for later notice.

Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5x8 in. 350 pages. \$1.50.

When one gets into the heart of this romance of Elizabethan days, there is to be found a singular and stirring situation—Sir Mortimer, tortured by Spaniards in their stronghold in the new American world, becomes delirious, but even thus cannot be led into betraying his comrades' secret and safety; another, however, turns traitor, and the crafty and revengeful Spanish leader causes Sir Mortimer to believe that he himself in his semi-ravings has done the shameful thing. Sir Mortimer accepts the burden of dishonor and confesses his supposed fault to his comrades. This novel complication is cleverly handled, and the final happy issue is brought about with dramatic skill. Unfortunately, however, Miss Johnston's romance is almost fatally handicapped by the high-flown and monotonously heroic rhetoric of the characters during the first third or more of the volume. Surely, English adventurers on the Spanish Main of the type of Hawkins and Raleigh did not always converse in blank verse. One may turn with relief to the romance which was the prototype of the class to which "Sir Mortimer" belongs, and

find that a vast deal more pleasure can be had from perhaps a tenth re-reading of "Westward Ho" than from the first reading of any of its imitators.

Still-Hunter (The). By Theodore S. Van Dyke. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x8 in. 390 pages. \$1.75, net.

A new edition, with many illustrations, of an admirable book on the art of hunting deer without dogs. Mr. Van Dyke is a veteran hunter, and his experience in this kind of sport has been long and varied. He describes the habits of the deer under all sorts of conditions, and gives chapters of excellent practical instruction covering everything that a still-hunter should know. The book is interesting, not only on account of the information which it imparts, but also because of the author's entertaining style.

Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée (The). By Margaret Sherwood. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 240 pages.

A charming excursion into fairyland by the author of that equally delightful report of a similar excursion, "Daphne." This modern pastoral recounts in Arcadian fashion the flight of a king and queen from the formality, ceremonialism, and hardness of court life, and their escape into the freedom of the woods and the open road, and their final emancipation as housekeepers, householders, and lovers in a little cottage on the seashore; with many charming bits of description by the way and several hair-breadth escapes; the whole enveloped in an atmosphere of romance and fragrant out-of-door life. The book is a piece of pure fancy very charmingly reported, without any other affectation than that which belongs to the revival of the simplicity of the earlier narrative, and with much wholesome teaching without a suggestion of didactic spirit or quality.

"Sure!" New "Chimmie Fadden" Stories. By Edward W. Townsend. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4x7 in. 188 pages. 75 cts.

That artist in New York "tough talk," kind-hearted "Chimmie," again amuses us with his worldly philosophy and his shrewd remarks on the fads and foibles of his master, "Whiskers," his beloved mistress, "Miss Fanny," and their social friends and enemies. One at a time, these chapters are amusing; read consecutively, one wearies of their dialect.

Viking's Skull (The). By John R. Carling. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 349 pages. \$1.50.

A romance containing all the proper traditional ingredients, with some more novel. A secret burial-vault containing untold treasures brings disaster upon the villains and happiness to the virtuous. Love, adventure, and an intricate and dramatic plot reaching back to a Viking of the ninth century should satisfy the most inveterate novel-reader.

Works of Lord Byron: Vol. VII. Poetry. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x8 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. 458 pages. \$2.

Works of William Makepeace Thackeray (The). Vols. X. and XI. *History of Henry Esmond, Esq. Illustrated.* (Kensington Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×9 in.

Yeoman (The). By Charles Kennett Burrow. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 305 pages. \$1.50.

The wholesome, breezy downs of Dorsetshire are the setting for a group of interesting folk who say what they think and are sufficiently alive to develop naturally. The

yeoman, a hard-headed, narrow-minded farmer, is warped by jealousy of his prosperous cousin, and therein lies the tragic element of the tale. The younger generation come to a better understanding, and, after some schooling in sorrow, emerge upon a peaceful level of living.

Young America in the Hands of his Friends: A Political Drama. By Arthur W. Sanborn. James H. West Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 82 pages. 75c.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Vicious Indian Reservations

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I wish to thank Mr. George Kennan for his article in *The Outlook* of February 27, entitled "Indian Lands and Fair Play," and also to express my gratitude to the editors for bringing the matter considered to the attention of the President. From close personal relation with this unfortunate people, however—at first in a mission and afterwards as a Government field matron, where I made a study of the Indian character and his surroundings for nearly seven years—I am convinced that the greatest of all wrongs from which he suffers is the reservation wrong.

That wicked people in the South ill-treat the negro is of course true, and they would do the same in the North, I have no doubt, if the circumstances were the same, for human nature is, essentially, the same everywhere; but the negro has this advantage—his wrongs are known, and he has the benefit of our civilization. Much as the burning of a few of them is to be deplored, what is it to be compared to the slow and steady decay of a race with a heritage of diseased and suffering bodies, ignorant minds, and bewildered consciences, and without hope?

The schools can never give the Indian a knowledge of the world as it exists. White children get their knowledge of the world from contact with it, not from the schools alone. The educated Indian, if he goes back to the reservation, is in worse condition in a few years than he would be without an education. He goes from plenty to abject poverty. Instead of the encouragement that he receives from teachers in the non-reservation schools, he goes to discouragements of no end. Could not some incorruptible friends of the race be found who could be trusted to buy, with the Indians' own money, homes in the older communities for these children of the Nation? With perhaps twenty in a town, with responsibility for their welfare impressed upon the moral sense of the people, it seems to me that this Indian problem might soon be solved.

I wish also to say that the breaking up of

the reservation and the distribution of dishonest Government employees and other white people among people of better principles would be of great benefit to the country, and would, perhaps, enable them to see themselves as they really are. S. E. M.

Appreciation Appreciated

To the Editors of The Outlook:

May I not ask the privilege of thanking through your columns the many men and women who, from all over the land, write to tell me of the pleasure the Roosevelt articles have given them? I would gladly answer their letters individually, but that became long since a physical impossibility. So, will you let me say to them how glad I am that I have spoken out of their hearts as well as of my own? I had thought to ask room for this merely. But here comes a letter from Columbus, Ohio, that is so typical in its simple earnestness of them all that I cannot forbear setting it down here:

"I am a plain, uneducated workingwoman," the writer says, "and far from being a hero-worshiper, but I have watched Theodore Roosevelt's career with admiration and enthusiasm. After reading *The Outlook* articles I thought of my mother, long since gone home. Left a widow with five children, she kept a home for us, and by thrift, good management, and strict economy raised us to be self-respecting, honorable men and women. When we children would question why certain things should be done, the answer in her firm, quiet voice would be, 'Because it is right,' and the matter was settled. No argument was possible after hearing her say that.

"Such a mother's training has made it possible to some extent to appreciate Roosevelt, the man. Now that these articles are in book form I shall keep a copy to be read by every boy in whom I am interested."

With such followers grasping the true meaning of such a leader our country is safe. Let, then, the heathen rage.

JACOB A. RIIS.

The Status of Hawaii

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of January 16, in noticing the recent decision of the Supreme Court regarding the right of a Porto Rican woman to land in the United States, you say that

this decision applies probably also to Filipinos and Hawaiians.

The status of Hawaiians as full-fledged citizens of the United States cannot now be questioned. Hawaii became part of the United States, not as a result of conquest, but by joint action by the two bodies of Congress after a treaty of annexation had been proffered by the then Republic of Hawaii and the necessary votes in the Senate to pass the treaty seemed doubtful. The Organic Act of the Territory in paragraph 1 of Section 4 reads: "That all persons who were citizens of the Republic of Hawaii on August twelfth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, are hereby declared to be citizens of the United States and citizens of the Territory of Hawaii." My purpose in calling your attention to the above facts is not so much to correct the error as to protest at the expression by the press of the idea that Hawaii stands in the same category with Porto Rico, Alaska, and the Philippines—an idea based possibly upon a feeling that all non-contiguous territory should be treated alike—an idea not justified by Hawaii's history and civilization, or the Acts of Congress.

ALBERT F. JUDD.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

Deaf Children in the Schools

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Next summer deaf children will be admitted to Philadelphia Vacation Schools under the Board of Education, to be taught with hearing children in the regular classes. Last year this was tried as an experiment, eight schools holding a total of fifteen deaf. The teachers became much interested in these less fortunate children, finding they gave no trouble, were tractable, grateful, and usually apt in manual work. All these deaf children understood lip-reading and had some ability to speak. Most of them had been taught in the Mount Airy Institute for the Deaf. This is closed in summer. There are then many deaf children in the city needing what vacation schools can give—to be taken off the streets, occupied usefully, and also trained to mingle with normal people in ordinary life—an important consideration for those who must support themselves. One deaf girl entered a vacation school in a spirit of rivalry. She and another, having finished together their training in Miss Garrett's Home for the Deaf, had since been attending public schools trying to outstrip each other. She took the Vacation School as her opportunity. Both plan to be there next summer.

A pathetic child was brought to a Vacation School who had lost an arm because sent out to earn money when too young. He was an unhappy little fellow, who told the principal in a shamefaced aside that he could not make things like others, as he was only "half a boy." Tactfully she roused his interest, teaching him that "the loss of his arm was

only a misfortune." He learned to fasten his work to a bench, and made a hammock-needle, a letter-box, etc. He was taught how hammocks were made. This he could not do himself, but he taught about three dozen boys, one of whom made him a hammock. He left school taking these and "better things that he did not possess when he came—self-respect, self-reliance, a better opinion of himself and the world in general, and the courage to try all things that hereafter come in his way." Deaf boys were among those whom he taught. One of the significant things shown in the exhibition was a hammock labeled, "Made by a deaf boy who was taught by a one-armed boy." This school held seven deaf boys, each being so placed that he was surrounded by normal children. It was found that a deaf boy preferred to ask information of a hearing child, rather than of one who, being deaf, might have missed the meaning like himself. Signs were never used other than a light touch to attract attention.

"I am glad to do anything in my power to advance this beautiful work among the deaf," says the supervisor of these schools. "I was happy to notice not only the progress made by these children but the delight of the teachers in the work. Never did one hesitate when asked to admit a deaf child into her class."

A Brook Farm Survivor

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In a recent article on the late Parke Godwin you refer to him as "the last of the old Brook Farm group of idealistic communists." This is incorrect, as there is at least one surviving member of the Brook Farm group—Mrs. Osborne Macdaniel, sister of the late Charles A. Dana. Mrs. Macdaniel spent more than four years at Brook Farm, and was actively associated in the management of that unique experiment, occupying the relative position in the domestic economy of the community that her brother filled in the general conduct of the association's affairs. She was in thorough sympathy with the high ideals of the founders of Brook Farm, and her friendship with George Ripley and other associates continued long after the community had been abandoned.

Mrs. Macdaniel not only held fast to the humanitarian ideals which the Brook Farm community tried to realize, but in after years has taken an active part in various social reform movements. She has been especially interested in the work of the Society for Ethical Culture, of which she was one of the first members, and in the movement for a wiser and juster system of land ownership advocated by Henry George. Her sympathy with every effort for social regeneration is as marked to-day as it was sixty years ago, and her enthusiasm for a just order of society has known no abatement.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

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Chicago's Municipal Ownership Law

The city of Chicago at last has the full legal power to acquire, own, and operate street railways. A law to this effect was enacted by the Illinois Legislature a year ago, but the act by its terms was made to apply to such cities as might adopt it by popular vote, and to no others. At the election in Chicago on April 5 the question of the adoption of this law was submitted to a referendum, and was carried by a vote of 152,434 for to 30,104 against. Chicago, therefore, now has the full power to go into the street railway business whenever its people desire to inaugurate that policy and can find the means for its execution. The Mueller law, as it is called, makes provision for two different methods of financing municipal ownership projects. It authorizes the issuing of bonds against the credit of the city for the purpose of acquiring or constructing street railways, but no such bonds may be issued unless the proposition be first submitted to a referendum and approved by two-thirds of those voting thereon. As Chicago is near the constitutional limit of its bonded indebtedness, this method of paying for municipal street railways cannot be utilized now. The other financial feature of the Mueller law is one authorizing the issue of "street railway certificates" which shall be a lien only on the property acquired and the earnings thereof, and not a charge which the city may be called upon to pay in any other way. It is the theory that such obligations would not constitute a debt of the city, strictly speaking, and hence could be issued in disregard of the constitutional limitation on indebtedness. It is to this "certificate" plan of raising funds that the advocates of early muni-

cipalization pin their hopes. Certificates of this kind may be issued when the proposition therefor has been submitted to a referendum and approved by a majority of those voting thereon. The Mueller law draws a distinction between municipal ownership merely and ownership and operation. No city can undertake to operate street railways unless the proposition to operate shall first have been submitted to the directors as a separate proposition and approved by them. The Mueller law, in other words, while conferring upon cities adopting it full powers of ownership and operation, is in its detailed provisions a conservative and carefully safeguarded measure.



Voting on Municipal Ownership Questions

What use is to be made of the Mueller law, now that it is in effect? That is a question that is seriously agitating Chicago at the present time. A large number of those who were influential in securing the passage of the act look upon it as a measure paving the way for ultimate municipal ownership, perhaps at the end of a twenty-year franchise renewal grant to the present companies. Another element, which is both active and numerous, declares that Chicago does not want to wait twenty years for municipal ownership, and insists upon early action in that direction. This element was instrumental in having placed upon the ballot in 1902, under the so-called public-policy law, the question of municipal ownership of street railways, upon which the vote was 142,826 for and 27,998 against. The meaning and force of this vote being called in question, the advocates of municipalization got up the necessary petition to have two proposi-

tions again submitted to the voters last week, stated as follows: 1. Shall the City Council, upon the adoption of the Mueller law, proceed without delay to acquire ownership of the street railways under the powers conferred by that law? 2. Shall the City Council, instead of granting any franchises, proceed at once, under the city's police powers and other existing laws, to license the street railway companies until municipal ownership can be secured, and compel them to give satisfactory service? The vote on the first proposition was 120,744 for and 50,893 against; on the second proposition, 120,080 for and 48,056 against. These majorities for the propositions were cast in the face of the advice of nearly every newspaper to vote No; and that notwithstanding the fact that the voters largely followed the advice of the newspapers in the selection of candidates for aldermen. The vote on these propositions is merely an expression of public opinion. It has no legal or binding effect upon public officials responsible for the city's policy upon these matters. However, the practical influence of the public expressions of opinion must be great. It is noticeable that while every one of the thirty-five wards in Chicago gave majorities in favor of these propositions, no ward elected to the Council in opposition to men of conservative views the candidates who were the special champions of these propositions. This fact would seem to indicate that the people of Chicago are in favor of advanced policies in relation to public utilities, but that they prefer to leave the execution of those policies to men of conservative rather than of radical temperament. Of course municipal ownership cannot be brought about at once in Chicago, if by at once we mean this year or next, the practical difficulties in the way being so great. It might, perhaps, be brought about in five years. Evidently the people of Chicago want municipal ownership as soon as it can be brought about, not because they are certain that it is the best solution of the transportation problem, but because they are convinced that anything would be better than the service now performed by badly managed private companies.

Some Lessons of the Election

There are some general conclusions to be drawn from this Chicago election which are at least exceedingly interesting if not deeply significant. The Municipal Voters' League—a non-partisan organization whose purpose is to see that the nominees of either or all parties are honest and incorruptible and to inform the voter in this respect—has again demonstrated its popular need and popular influence. In one ward especially, an Independent alderman was elected over a strongly entrenched machine candidate with a certain amount of Federal prestige behind him. Divided on political lines the new Council stands: Republicans, 36; Democrats, 31; Independents, 2; Socialist, 1. Tabulated according to honesty and efficiency by the Municipal Voters' League, the list stands as follows: For the public service, 56; for private plunder, 13; unidentified, 1. The success of the Municipal Voters' League in Chicago clearly indicates that there is a live demand among the people for honest politics. In the same election, by a very large majority the question whether the Chicago Board of Education should be elected by the people or not was decided in the affirmative, indicating a hearty belief in popular government as opposed to a government by an appointive or selective system. And, finally, practically every daily newspaper in Chicago—the "Tribune," the "Record-Herald," the "Daily News," the "Evening Post," the "Journal," the "Chronicle," and the "Inter-Ocean"—urged a negative vote on the three public-policy questions, each of which was carried by a very large affirmative vote. From this, as from the municipal election in New York last autumn, the inference may fairly be drawn that public opinion is not formed by the newspapers to as large an extent as is often supposed. This we consider to be a healthy condition of the public mind. Newspapers should give the facts, and interpret the facts, freely, consistently, and vigorously stating the opinion of the editors. But unless we have a public sufficiently thoughtful and sufficiently intelligent to draw its own conclusions from the information given to it by the press, we

cannot have substantial and permanent democratic institutions.



Home Rule for Cities

A recent despatch from Haverhill, Massachusetts, asserted that the people of Lynn were compelled to go to the Massachusetts Legislature to secure permission to change their inauguration exercises from evening to morning. This seems almost ludicrous, and yet it illustrates in a striking manner the dependence and subservience of American cities to State Legislatures. A few years ago the Mayor of Boston had to get permission from the State Legislature to change the paper in which municipal advertising was to appear. In Pennsylvania, in 1901, all the mayors of second-class cities were ousted, and the Governor of the State given power to appoint their successors for a period of two years. Greater New York had to go to Albany for permission to build a speedway. Instances of the same kind could be mentioned almost without number. Our cities have almost lost the power to govern themselves. They have come to depend on some power outside of themselves to save them, and they have not been saved. They have become the puppets of State politicians. In the West, however, a beginning in the right direction has been made. Minnesota has a constitutional amendment by means of which each city can start the movement for a new charter and control the process from beginning to end. Consequently, nearly every city except Minneapolis has adopted a new charter of its own devising, and that city is to pass upon a new charter very shortly. In California a city can prepare a charter and pass upon it, although the Legislature can veto its action. In Colorado the "Rush Amendment" clothes Denver with full power to determine all questions of local policy, and the people of that city are now trying to work out their own salvation, to a certain extent, in fear and trembling, but it is their own effort. The Ohio decision of 1902 and the new uniform municipal code constitute a step forward, although Ohio has not utilized its opportunities, and has just taken

a most unfortunate step backward in abolishing spring municipal elections. There is a proposal on foot in Illinois to pass a constitutional amendment which will give to Chicago a chance to govern itself. All these instances, as well as the proposals of Governor Odell in the direction of certain home-rule measures, are significant indications of the drift of events and public opinion. Moreover, the declaration of leading gubernatorial candidates in Michigan in favor of municipal home rule points in the same direction. There seems to be a gradual awakening to the fact that good municipal government cannot be imposed from without, but must be the expression of the desire of the people of the city.



The Inter-State Commerce Act Sustained

The Inter-State
Commerce Commission, under the

Act creating it, is not only permitted but required to investigate charges that certain kinds of pooling combinations by railroad companies prohibited by the Act are in existence. When such charges were formally made by Mr. W. R. Hearst, as a consequence of the coal strike and famine in the winter of 1902-1903, the Commission called before it representatives of the great coal-carrying railway companies, and questioned them as to the contracts existing between the railway companies as carriers and the mining companies, with the intention of drawing out the fact, if it were a fact, that the two parties were really one in everything but name. The representatives of the companies refused to submit to the Commission the contracts governing freight rates between the railways and the miners, on the ground that to ask this was undue interference with private business. The matter was taken to the United States Circuit Court, which declined to enforce the demand of the Commission, and thence to the United States Supreme Court. Last week a decision was rendered by the Supreme Court, in which the ground taken by the Inter-State Commerce Commission was fully sustained. Justice Day handed down the decision of the Court. It was based on the well-known legal principle that

where power to do a thing is lawfully intrusted to a body, thereby are conferred also the lesser powers (such as calling for evidence) necessary to carry out this authority. It is evident that if the Commission had a right to ascertain whether or not a pooling arrangement existed, it had, as a corollary, the right to demand the answers to questions which would make known the actual situation. The point made in behalf of the railway companies that the complainant had sustained no damage was dismissed peremptorily with the declaration that the Commission was bound by the terms of its constitution to investigate all complaints made by any citizens. Justice Day pointed out that acquaintance with the relations between the carrier roads and shippers and their mutual contracts was essential to knowledge by the Commission of the manner in which inter-State traffic is conducted, and knowledge of the facts upon which it is claimed that the law is violated. Furthermore, Justice Day considered the testimony competent as bearing on the way in which transportation rates are fixed in view of determining the reasonableness of rates, a matter into which the Commission has the right to inquire. It is probable that, as a result of this decision, the presidents of the great coal roads will again be summoned before the Inter-State Commerce Commission to answer the questions to which they refused to reply a year ago. If the illegal pooling combination is proven to exist, the Commission would in its regular course place the matter in the hands of the Attorney-General of the United States, whose duty it would be to bring suit in the United States courts for the execution of the penalty of five hundred dollars for each offense. This, it has been pointed out, would not be a severe or deterring penalty, in view of the amount involved; but it is possible that an injunction might be obtained against the continued maintenance of such an arrangement. To citizens generally the decision is of serious importance, because it shows that the Supreme Court will uphold the Inter-State Commission in carrying out the purpose for which it was created.

The "Lily White" Movement in Alabama

It will be remembered that about a year ago there was a factional movement in the Republican party of Alabama, the purpose of which was to exclude negroes from any participation in the counsels of the party, and make the Republican party in that State a "Lily White" party. It was even mistakenly reported that this "Lily White" movement had received the tacit approval of President Roosevelt. Naturally, this movement led to confusion and bitterness not only among the blacks, but among white voters and politicians in the State. A correspondent in Alabama now informs us that out of the chaos has emerged a most satisfactory condition of things. In nearly all the recent district conventions, black and white delegates have been chosen to represent the party in the National Convention to be held at Chicago, and in each instance white men and black men have worked harmoniously in the same Convention. The white men have represented a higher grade than those usually found in the Southern Republican Conventions, and they have not felt that their meeting together in convention with black men involved, in the remotest way, "social equality," or that it was necessary for them to go from the Convention to one another's homes. A typical Convention of this kind was that held in the Fifth District at Tuskegee, Alabama. A black man elected as a delegate approached a leader of his people in the State, and remarked that it was the most remarkable Convention he had ever attended; that black men and white men sat together without being suspicious of one another, and that he was elected a delegate without the expenditure of even five cents, although he had been going to National Conventions for twenty years and always had expended between two and three hundred dollars for what had been suggested to him as necessary and legitimate expenses. The negroes who have taken this quiet but active part in Alabama politics are, generally speaking, men of character and substance, who have secured the approval of Democratic registrars under the State laws. The spring conventions in Alabama seem to

bear out, on the one hand, the belief of President Roosevelt that the whites are not always averse to political relations with the blacks, and, on the other hand, Booker Washington's contention that the negro who in any community establishes a reputation for honesty, uprightness of character, and thrift, and at the same time accumulates a reasonable amount of property, may take the part that belongs to any respectable citizen in local and in National politics. The correspondent who gives us this information about recent political developments in Alabama lays especial stress upon that fact which Booker Washington himself very graphically illustrated in his Atlanta speech, that political and industrial equality and affiliation are entirely different things from social equality and affiliation.



**Repudiated State
Bonds: An Important
Decision**

Repudiation, in the peculiar sense which the word bears in American history, has long seemed as dead an issue as abolition and reconstruction. It is almost a generation since the repudiating States defeated the last effort of an individual bondholder to collect his money through the courts, and wiped their indebtedness off their books by the simple process of refusing to pay. The indignant investors have long ago exhausted the vocabulary of angry reproach, and laid away the bonds, with their big sheets of uncut coupons, to rest in dusty pigeonholes. But repudiation stalks as a very robust ghost through the case of the State of South Dakota vs. the State of North Carolina; and the decision, handed down during March by a divided Supreme Court, affects vitally the standing of some seven hundred millions in bonds and coupons which have long been regarded as little more than historical curiosities. The ability of the Southern States to repudiate their debts and defy their creditors rests on that provision of the United States Constitution which forbids an individual citizen to sue a State; and this late decision, which may ultimately compel the repudiating States to pay back the money they borrowed, rests on another provision of the same docu-

ment—that any State may sue a sister State in the Supreme Court. The recent history of the whole matter begins with the passage by the South Dakota Legislature in the session of 1901 of a peculiar and unusual statute, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by its title: "An Act to Require the Acceptance and Collection of Grants, Devises, Bequests, Donations, and Assignments to the State of South Dakota." It is unusual for a State to be made the beneficiary of a philanthropist, and this statute was clearly anticipatory of the letter which, a few months later, was addressed to the State of South Dakota by Simon Schafer, a broker in Wall Street, New York. The letter stated that the writer was the owner of a number of North Carolina bonds, that he had waited thirty years for North Carolina to pay, that he was unable to sue the debtor State himself, but that South Dakota could sue; and that he had, therefore, decided to donate ten of these bonds to South Dakota. The letter then hinted that if South Dakota succeeded in collecting, the donors would be disposed to make further gifts of the same kind. South Dakota sued, North Carolina defended, and the issue was heard last October. That the case was a difficult one is indicated by the six months taken for advisement, and by the fact that four of the nine Justices dissented. Justice Brewer, who wrote the opinion, was not blind to the motive behind the donation. "Apparently," he says, "the donor made the gift under a not unreasonable expectation that South Dakota would bring an action to enforce these bonds and that such action might enure to his benefit as the owner of other like bonds." But he went on to say that "the motive with which a gift is made, whether good or bad, does not affect its validity or the question of jurisdiction." He held that South Dakota was, bona fide, the owner of the bonds; that therefore the Supreme Court had jurisdiction of the suit as one between two States; and, finally, it was decreed that "the State of North Carolina pay to the State of South Dakota the said amount (twenty-seven thousand four hundred dollars), with costs of suit,

on or before the first Monday of January, 1905."

**The Effect and
Scope of the Decision**

This decision, then, is a precedent for the legal principle that if a State becomes the bona-fide owner of the bonds of another State, suit can be brought in the Supreme Court and judgment can be recovered. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the repudiated bonds are of many kinds, of many issues, and of varying conditions. Speaking very strictly and very legally, the present decision is an absolutely binding precedent only for those bonds the terms of which are identical with the terms of these North Carolina bonds. One condition of these was, for example, that they were secured each by a mortgage on ten shares of stock of the railroad to build which the bonds were issued, these mortgaged shares being in the treasury of North Carolina. This feature offsets the difficulty so often encountered in making a State or municipal corporation pay its debts—the fact that a creditor cannot, in order to enforce judgment, sell what may be termed the public property of the State or municipality; he cannot, for example, have the Sheriff sell the State House, nor the court house. He must find what there is of private property, so to speak, that can be taken away from the State without depriving it of the means of carrying on its public business. To what extent this feature of this particular case figured in causing the Court to give judgment is problematic. It is further to be borne in mind that South Dakota got these bonds by gift. What would have happened had she got them by purchase is the question likely to occur to the individual holder of repudiated bonds, inspired with the hope of selling them to some speculatively-minded State. The Court, in the present suit, gives no hint that the decision in that case would have been different. In spite of all legal "ifs," the present decision is a radical departure in constitutional interpretation, and by far the most conspicuous success yet won by the individual holders of repudiated bonds in their campaign to make the debtor States pay,

That the hundreds of owners will take what advantage they can of this far-reaching step cannot be doubted in the light of similar efforts made in the past. In 1884 a committee of bondholders acquired sufficient influence with the New Hampshire Legislature to secure the passage of an act making that State the agent for the bondholders, and requiring the Attorney-General to sue on the repudiated bonds. That suit failed because of the relation of agency between New Hampshire and the bondholders—New Hampshire was not the bona-fide owner of the bonds. The present case provides the step which was lacking in the former one. Let the State become the bona-fide owner of the bonds, and judgment can be had. Whenever the holders of repudiated bonds can persuade some speculatively-minded State Government to buy them, it may confidently be expected that the whole question of repudiation will again come to the front.

**The President on
National Self-Restraint**

The first annual dinner of the Periodical Publishers' Association of America, given at the New Willard Hotel in Washington of last week, was made the occasion of a significant speech by President Roosevelt. Instead of contenting himself with a brief official expression of welcome to the members of the Association and their guests, the President spoke at some length and with great emphasis on the cultivation of a spirit of self-restraint, not only on the part of individuals, but on the part of the American people. He urged that the very fact that we are so confident of the power of the country and of its future ought to put Americans on guard against undue levity and the spirit of boastfulness. "Individual courtesy," he said, "is a good thing, and international courtesy is quite as good a thing. If there is any one quality which should be deprecated in the public man and in the public writer alike, it is the use of language which tends to produce irritation among nations with whom we should be on friendly terms. Nations are now brought much nearer together than they formerly

were. Steam, electricity, the spread of the press in all countries—these factors have brought the people closer together. You can rest assured that no man and no nation ever thinks the better of us because we adopt toward him or it feelings which we should resent if they were adopted toward us." And the President declared that we have a large field at home in which to war against evil, and that when we have succeeded in making the Nation, the State, and the municipality each as it ought to be, we can begin to talk about reforming the rest of mankind. Meanwhile it is our duty to begin the work at home. These words were naturally interpreted as a significant warning against any partisanship of expression in the present war. This does not mean that American admiration or sympathy for the Japanese is to be repressed, but that irritating expressions concerning Russia are to be carefully avoided. There is no animosity against the Russian people in America; Americans are for the Japanese rather than against the Russians. The warning may be taken to heart in all matters of international expression. The country is far more mature and therefore ~~far more~~ restrained than it was even ten years ago; but the spirit of boasting and the tendency to speak evil of other nations have not entirely died out.



A Notable Dinner The dinner at which these words were spoken was notable not only on account of the great number of distinguished men present, but also as an indication of the dignity and importance of the work of the periodical press in this country. The scope of the circulation and therefore of the influence of the American magazine was brought out in many ways and from many points of view, and its steady advance as a factor in national and international affairs was emphasized by several speakers. The magazines of the country supply their readers with a great mass of purely entertaining matter, but they also supply them with the best accessible discussions of the questions of the day at home and abroad. Even the magazines which have no editorial

departments, and which make, therefore, no direct editorial utterance, by reason of the vigor and frankness with which they deal with social and industrial conditions exert great influence on current discussion and aid materially in shaping contemporary life in America. Among the speakers at the dinner were the President of the United States, M. Jusserand, Baron von Sternburg, the German Ambassador, Senator Beveridge, ex-Governor Black, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, President John H. Finley, and Mr. Robert E. Speer.



Frances Power Cobbe In the death of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, which was announced last week, the women of Great Britain lose one of their most interesting and distinguished representatives. For Miss Cobbe's influence and wide reputation—so wide as almost to deserve the term contemporary fame—were based entirely upon her own high character, fine intellect, and notable achievements in literature and philanthropy, entirely unaided by either wealth or aristocratic connections. She was born in 1822 and was brought up in a family atmosphere of extreme and rigid orthodoxy. Her rational and truth-loving temperament led to a reaction against this type of doctrinal religion, and for a time she was separated from her family and was looked upon by them as a skeptic and radical on account of her religious views and writings—views and writings which to-day, however, would be generally considered to be pervaded with the finest kind of religious and Christian spirit. She was a wide traveler, and for many years did a large amount of journalistic work, besides publishing several essays and books of an ethical and theological character. She was a leader in the philanthropic work of women, and especially championed the movements in favor of woman's suffrage and against vivisection. Her personality was quite as interesting as her work, and of all her writings it is likely that her autobiography, entitled "The Life of Frances Power Cobbe," is the only one that will long survive her. That work deserves to take

a very respectable rank among the well-known biographies in the English language—not so much for its style as for the frank, ingenuous, and kindly account which it gives of a woman's feelings, achievements, and life.



Municipal Telephones in Great Britain

A few British towns and cities have secured, after much agitation, what no American town has yet attempted to attain—a complete municipal telephone service. It will be remembered that under the provisions of the Telegraphs Act of 1899 municipalities were empowered, when duly licensed for the purpose by the Postmaster-General, to conduct telephone exchanges. In all cases the municipalities that have taken out such licenses are in direct competition with the National Telephone Company (the "Bell," of Great Britain), although the law provides that when the number of subscribers to the municipal exchange equals half the number subscribing to the National Company there may be an interchange of calls without extra charge to either set of subscribers. By the provisions of some of its franchises the National Company is compelled, if it reduces its tariffs in certain towns, to make like reductions in other towns of the same size. Such agreements have operated in some instances to keep up the rates and to induce the competition of municipal exchanges. In towns like Portsmouth, Swansea, and Brighton, on the other hand, where such agreements do not operate, the Company has reduced its charges on the establishment of a municipal service, and at Tunbridge Wells the annual tariff was cut from \$40 to \$20, the result being that the municipal enterprise could not meet this competition and was finally taken over by the Company. Mr. Robert Donald's "Municipal Year-Book for the United Kingdom" gives statistics of all the municipal exchanges down to the close of 1903. At that date Portsmouth had 1,486 instruments working, with a rate for unlimited service of about \$29 and toll rates of \$17.50 per annum and one cent a call, and \$12.50 per annum and

two cents a call, respectively. As only three-fourths of the first financial year had elapsed, the accounts had not been published. At Swansea an exchange was inaugurated in November last, with an unlimited rate of \$25 per annum and a toll rate of \$15 per annum and two cents a call. Guernsey has a popular tariff of \$7.50 per annum and two cents a call. As there are 1,215 instruments connected with the Guernsey exchange, this is certainly a moderate rate. The exchange is in its sixth year under public authority. The latest financial statement—for 1902—showed a net profit, after providing for interest, sinking fund, and depreciation, of about \$785. But the most conspicuous example of municipal telephony in all Great Britain is the city of Glasgow, where a population of 781,000, on an area of 143 square miles, has an unlimited service for the remarkably low tariff of \$26 a year. There are 10,632 instruments in the municipal exchange, which is now in its third year of working and is larger than the Glasgow exchange of the National Company, which has been established twenty-four years. More than half of the persons and firms subscribing for instruments had never been telephone subscribers before.



An Irritating Action

The willingness to irritate Roman Catholic opinion shown during the long debate on the various laws against associations which have passed the French Assembly was conspicuous in the selection of Good Friday for the removal of all pictures of Christ, crucifixes, and religious emblems from the court-houses and public buildings in France. The act under which these removals were made was passed last December. It is easy to understand the reasons why symbols of this kind should not find a place under such a Government as that of the French Republic; they would be out of place in the court-houses in this country. But it is difficult to understand why such action should have been enforced on Good Friday—the one day in the year which tact, discretion, and regard for religious feelings would have avoided. From the Palais de Justice

in Paris a number of well-known pictures were removed, including works attributed to Van Eyck, Memling, and Hugo van der Goes. Modern painters were represented by Bonnat and by Henner. Many of the crucifixes and emblems had associations which made them dear to Roman Catholics throughout France; and it would have been impossible to have devised anything which would have harried the feelings or intensified the antagonism of Roman Catholics to recent legislation, and in many cases undoubtedly to the Republic, more than the selection of Good Friday for such a purpose. It has been suggested that the removal was made on that day for the express purpose of goading the Roman Catholics into some action so radical as to justify the repudiation of the Concordat, which a great many Radicals would like to have annulled, and the annulment of which would constitute the logical end of the legislation set in motion by M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The fact that no storm of indignation has swept the country and that the people have made no protest against this action shows an immense change in the religious feeling of the country.

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Our Italian Immigrants

Every lover of art, literature, science, and religion in America ought to be interested in the subject of Italian immigration. To Italy we owe the preservation of classic art and classic literature, the development of the Christian Church, and the revival of learning on the eve of the Renaissance. In the hurry and rush of modern life and in the evolution of science along material and utilitarian lines, the modern world is too apt to forget the incalculable debt which it owes to Italy and the Italian spirit—a debt which it can never repay but can only gratefully acknowledge. One way in which Americans may appropriately express their gratitude for the contributions of Italy to the comfort as well as to the beauty of life is by hospitably receiving and extending a helping hand to the Italian immigrants who come in such large numbers to our shores. The Outlook, has within the last few months printed three or four papers showing the

nature and importance of this immigration, and Mr. Gino Speranza, in this issue of The Outlook, asks the attention of our readers to one of its phases. The Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants was organized in this city about two years ago, chiefly through the efforts of one patient and devoted American woman who, knowing the Italian people, believed that the qualities of character which they bring with them into this country are of value to our National life, and that they should be welcomed for this reason and not treated with the roughness and contempt which, we are ashamed to say, has been too often characteristic of their treatment in America. A good many Americans have an idea that the Italians coming to this country are the riffraff and disreputables whom their own people and government are glad to get rid of. Nothing can be further from the truth. Signor Adolfo Rossi, Inspector of the Royal Emigration Department of Italy, has just made a visit to this country, and points out the very thorough and comprehensive work which the Italian Emigration Department does in regulating and controlling emigration from Italy. The Department is, in a word, to quote Signor Rossi's definition, "an institution seeking to prevent forced or artificial emigration, and to protect emigrants from those who exploit them." On this side of the water the American Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants is not merely doing a humane and philanthropic work among the individual immigrants themselves, but is also performing a service for the whole country. It is helping the Governments of both Italy and the United States to so regulate immigration that Italians who come to this country to make it their permanent home shall not only get the right idea of its people, its principles, and its institutions, but shall be able to contribute to our own National life those fine qualities of character which have made the history of Italy one of the most wonderful records of a people's achievement that the civilized world has known. The President of the Italian Protective Society is Mr. Eliot Norton, a son of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, who has exerted

so effective an influence on the artistic and literary life of this country. The Treasurer is Mr. William B. Howland, the publisher of *The Outlook*, to whom contributions may be sent at the office of *The Outlook*. The demands upon the purses of philanthropic people are very great in these days, and constantly growing and widening as the philanthropic spirit and impulse of the Nation grows and widens, and yet *The Outlook* is very glad to commend the work of the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants not only to the good wishes of our readers, but to their pocketbooks.



The Trial of Professor Bowne

The charges of heresy against Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, which were recounted in the issues of *The Outlook* for the 12th and 19th of December, 1903, were laid before the committee of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Church in Brooklyn last week, and, after being fully considered in the light of extensive testimony, were dismissed. As the trial was held behind closed doors, it is evident that the committee desired to avoid the misunderstandings which the publicity of heresy trials usually engenders. This conduct of the case is a capital illustration of the way such matters ought to be managed. There have been too many illustrations of an opposite kind. The charges substantially amounted to an assertion that the Methodist Church must stand or fall by an interpretation of religion which denies a revelation that comes through the thought and feeling of holy men; which rejects any understanding of the life and work of Christ according to ethical rather than by governmental analogies; which will have nothing to do in saving men from sinning rather than from a future hell; which objects to a personal religion that is not also a systematized theology, and which pronounces anathema any one who attempts to test religious experience by any other than emotional standards. As we have already said, in this case it was, therefore, not Professor Bowne but the Methodist Church that was on trial, and it is now the Methodist Church

that has been formally acquitted. The fact, however, that a great Church has to go through proceedings like these in order to make it clear that it does not object to its ministers attempting to state religious truths in forms that appeal to the understanding of rational men weakens the hold of the Christian Church upon the minds and lives of many thinking people. "But, sir," Murray once said to Dr. Johnson, "truth will always bear examination." "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, "but it is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, sir, how should you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime, once a week?" The Methodist Church did not need this acquittal, but, forced as it was to accept an acquittal, it has turned it, under wise and enlightened leadership, into a triumph.



The New Commissioner of Education in New York

Readers of *The Outlook* have followed the course of events by which the organization of the State Educational Department in New York has been unified. This unification has now been completed by the election of new members to the reorganized Board of Regents, and by the selection of Dr. Andrew S. Draper, President of the University of Illinois, as Commissioner of Education. Dr. Draper brings to his office not only expert knowledge of educational administration, but also, through his former experience in the educational department of New York, an acquaintance with the specific conditions in the State. He has announced his plan for the system which, together with the Regents, he is to administer. According to this plan there are to be three divisions of the Department of Education, with an assistant commissioner over each, comprising the higher, secondary, and elementary institutions of the State respectively. This plan has been approved by the Regents. Dr. Draper's address to the Regents is a statesmanlike utterance. In it he enunciates three principles by which he purposes to be governed. The first concerns the division of responsibilities between the Commissioner and

the Regents. It is tersely stated in his own words: "Bodies legislate; individuals execute." He recognizes that the distinction between the legislative function of the Board of Regents and the executive function of the Commissioner is not clearly stated in the statute which has created the present Department. He therefore proposes that by mutual concessions the Commissioner and the Regents should make their distinctive functions clear. On the one hand, he asks them not to exercise the power for which they might find legal warrant, in making appointments for instance. On the other hand, he promises to consult the Regents, even though the law does not require him to do so, concerning all questions of educational policy. The second principle is that of local self-government. He intends to "encourage local officers and all teachers to take a strong grip upon their own self-reliance and individuality," by restraining the department from over-inspection, over-examination, and over-direction. The third principle is that the schools of the State should be freed from partisan and sectarian control. Inasmuch as it was the danger from such control that was feared most by those who opposed certain features of the present unification, the following statement of Dr. Draper's is of high significance:

So far as politics is concerned, the legislative leaders of one of the great political parties have recently charged the other with subordinating the educational system to the interests of the party. This has been indignantly denied. Both sides have taken position against it. Every true man must take the same attitude. Public sentiment has advanced and will sustain us in maintaining that any levies upon the educational service, any use of the machinery, or any exercise of the influence of the school system to promote partisan or sectarian ends, shall be held a supreme educational offense.

Adherence to these principles by the Commissioner and the Board of Regents will insure a unification that will be more than merely formal; for it will secure the harmonious co-operation of officials and teachers, and will prevent the use of the schools for selfish ends.

Antarctic Exploration

While the quest of the North Pole has had a fascination not so often attached to exploration in the Antarctic regions, the opportunity for discovery is in fact far more extensive in the South than in the North. Our Antarctic maps are still vague, the "farthest South" is $82^{\circ} 17'$ as compared with the $86^{\circ} 33'$ in the North, and there are vast regions which may be continents and may be ice-fields. Last week the British steamship *Discovery* came into port at New Zealand after a voyage of three years, less three months, with only ten tons of coal left in her bunkers. Her commander, Captain Scott, reports the high degree of latitude above named, and also records having experienced a temperature of a hundred degrees below zero. Interesting geographical observations were made, such as the discovery that the summit of Victoria Land is a vast plain nine thousand feet above the sea-level, while in South Victoria Land was found a superb valley of glaciers with remains of plant life. The *Discovery* entered the ice-pack in December, 1901, and in the following March was frozen tight in near Mounts Erebus and Terror, discovered by Ross in his famous voyage. A sledge party consisting of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Shackleton thence made a sledge journey toward the Pole, and at $82^{\circ} 17'$ were forced to return. All the dogs died, and the three men had to drag the sledge back; they barely escaped with their lives after intense suffering from exposure. The Royal Geographical Society sent out a steamship, the *Morning*, and the British Government sent with it the *Terra Nova*, as a relief expedition to find Captain Scott; the relief vessels found the *Discovery* in the ice last February, and by the aid of dynamite a channel was broken out for her and she was brought into open water. The scientific data and specimens gathered are described as of value. It seems certain that the great ice barrier discovered by Ross is permanently unbroken, and that in the part of the Antarctic Ocean explored by Ross and Scott there is no passage possible for vessels.

The War in the East

Over two months have now passed since Japan made her first fierce onslaught upon Russia, but no later event in all that time has equaled those of the first twenty-four hours of the war in importance. It becomes increasingly evident that the command of the sea Japan obtained by her attacks on Port Arthur and at Chemulpho and by the separation of the Russian naval forces has been of paramount value. The withdrawal of Russia from Korea was made complete last week, and now no Russian forces are to be found to the south and east of the Yalu River, while the Japanese army is established at Wiju. It is even thought probable by many strategists that Russia will withdraw some distance back into Manchuria rather than contest the passage of the Yalu by the Japanese, aided as the latter would probably be by their gunboats in the river. The opinion is growing that Russia will delay a decisive clash of forces for some time to come. At Port Arthur no further attacks occurred last week, but on Monday of this week it was reported that Admiral Togo's squadron, with twenty merchant ships, had been seen apparently moving toward Port Arthur. That the Japanese advance in Korea was not without hardships is seen in the following private letter from a sub-lieutenant at the front, sent to *The Outlook* by a friend in Tokyo:

It is not so cold as I expected. Three thick woolen shirts and an overcoat keep me quite comfortable. Not so at night, when we are obliged to sleep in a shed or under a tent. Only an inch or so of snow covers the ground where we sleep, but at the foot of the mountains we must trudge on slowly over four inches of untrodden snow. Our spirits are buoyant, and, after hearing of the great victory on the sea, we wish to hurry on to fight on our part, but the flesh is weak, and we can only move from ten to fifteen miles a day. Food is scarce; one day we rejoice over a meat dinner, the next we are allotted rice and two pickled plums, and another day a pickled radish. A piece of frozen wine is handed round to each one, and those who are fond of wine crack jokes and make merry over imaginary delicacies, but I, for one, cannot drink, but dream of Fugetsu's shop and the sweets of Tokyo. Will you please send me some waffles with jam on them, and some sugared beans? I make good use of the piece of wine, for I exchange it for the much-prized cigarette. We carry cooked rice in a little

lunch-basket, and when hot water can be had we put the basket and all into it. Water is frozen too, and before we can drink it we must warm the bottle inside our coats.



Diplomacy Instead of War

With the details of the settlement of matters in dispute between England and France, American readers are not specially interested; the fact, however, that such an adjustment of differences has been made, and the account which has been running between the two nations for years adjusted on an amicable basis, is of great importance. It is true, war is raging in the Far East, and the world has not yet reached the point where the brutalities and waste of war have become things of the half-barbaric past; nevertheless, a generation which has followed the discussions of the Geneva Tribunal, the establishment of the Hague Tribunal, and the adjustment of differences between France and England, with a provision for the arbitration of future differences, has seen a long step taken toward a universal practice of settling international differences outside the courts, to use a legal phrase. England and France have been at odds over one question or another almost from the days of the Norman Conquest. For decades together they have been in active antagonism. For one century both nations were almost continuously in arms. The antagonism of the two countries had become a tradition with both peoples, resulting in lasting misconceptions and enduring prejudices. The two countries have been among the first in all the higher work of civilization; English influence has been pronounced on the thought and literature of France, and French influence has again and again invaded England; only thirty miles of water divides the two countries, and yet for centuries, when they have not been actively fighting each other, they have been brooding over real or fancied wrongs; and now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the long score is settled, and sponged from the blackboard.

This result has been due, first, to the dissemination of a truer knowledge of the character of each country among the people of the other country, to a clearer

understanding of English aims in France and of French aims in England, to that more inclusive sympathy which is one of the happiest results of the freer communication of modern times; and, in the second place, to the tact and diplomatic skill of the King of England, who has shown himself to be a born diplomatist and has asserted the authority of the crown in the most effective and constitutional way in his endeavor to remove misconceptions of English policy, to lessen prejudices, and to put England into fraternal relations with the great countries of the world. The King's tact in private life and in all social matters has been recognized for many years; since his accession to the throne he has carried this tact into international relations, and has done more to put England *en rapport* with countries that are jealous or suspicious of her than any of the professional diplomats. In the settlement of the questions at issue with France the King led the way; but the work has been done in detail with conspicuous skill by Lord Lansdowne and by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcasse, one of the wisest and most far-seeing public servants that France has had in her employ for many years.

Under the terms of this settlement, which involves many mutual concessions, France relinquishes her fishing rights on the coast of Newfoundland, which have been the source of much bitterness of feeling and of continuous discussion for many years. In exchange for the surrender of the French claim to exclusive fishing rights on what is known as the "French shore" of Newfoundland, Great Britain offers an indemnity to those Frenchmen who suffer pecuniary loss by the arrangement, the amount to be determined by a joint Naval Commission, and, if the members of this Commission are unable to agree, by the Hague Arbitration Tribunal. The French are to keep possession of the islands of St. Pierre and of Miquelon, and to reserve the right to fish in Newfoundland waters, and the people of Newfoundland are to have the privilege of selling bait to the French fishermen. In this way, by paying for the few lobster

canneries which are still in operation on the French shore, Great Britain removes a constant source of irritation in Newfoundland.

On the other hand, France gains materially in West Africa and in western Sudan by a readjustment of boundary lines which will give the French access to the navigable part of the Gambia, by the acquirement of a group of small islands which will be valuable as coal-ing stations, and by a rectification of the line between the French and British spheres of influence which will give the French a practicable route over the Niger River to Lake Tchad. Full reports of the details of the settlements of matters in debate between the two countries in Siam have not yet come to hand. The British withdraw the protests which they have made from time to time against the action of the French in Madagascar; while the French agree to end their long campaign of criticism of English occupation in Egypt and leave the English a free hand to carry on and expand the work which they have been doing in the valley of the Nile. France is also to have a free hand in Morocco. Apparently the treaty gives her a free hand in all North Africa, with the reservation that no fortifications shall be erected on the Morocco coast which shall in any way restrict the freedom of the Straits of Gibraltar.

There is good ground for believing that Edward VII. is endeavoring to bring about a similar understanding between the British and Russian Governments; the family relationship of the royal houses furnishing a very convenient basis for informal approach between the two countries. If the King is successful in this endeavor, he will remove one of the greatest dangers which now menace the peace of Europe; if the two countries can arrive at an understanding in regard to Russian and British interests in Asia, not only will the localization of the present war be assured, but the possibility of future wars will be greatly reduced. There has hardly been a time for the last fifty years when some cloud of menacing possibilities has not been on the Eastern horizon because Russian and British interests were supposed to

be in collision at some point. With the desire of Russia, born of her necessities, to secure access to an ocean which is not frozen half the year, Americans heartily sympathize; the gratification of that desire is a matter of prime necessity for the development of the immense resources of the Russian Empire. If the stipulation in the Treaty of Paris which forbids Russia to send war-ships from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean were annulled and the passage neutralized, the desire of the Russian heart would be met, and the retention of Port Arthur and of Vladivostok might become to the Russians a matter of secondary importance. It is greatly to be hoped for the peace of the world that the King will succeed in bringing about as thorough and cordial an understanding between Great Britain and Russia as he has brought about between Great Britain and France. If he does not, he may at least succeed in securing, what would be also extremely valuable, a clearer definition of Russian aims and purposes.



The Diagnosis and Cure of Municipal Corruption

The shameless corruption of American politics has been for many years a favorite theme of theoretical reformers in this country and of European travelers and commentators. Some of this criticism springs from an ineradicable prejudice against popular government, and has been written in a rather satisfied, "I told you so" spirit. But much of it has been sincere and founded on fact. Probably no franker or more detailed exposure of political and financial corruption in American municipal government has ever been made than is contained in a just-published volume entitled "The Shame of the Cities," by Lincoln Steffens, bearing the imprint of McClure, Phillips & Co. The eight chapters constituting this book have appeared during the last two years in "McClure's Magazine," and describe, with names, dates, and figures printed in perfect openness, political corruption in St. Louis, Minneapolis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York City. Mr. Steffens's

book, although thoroughly readable, is not pleasant reading. It would be hopeless reading but for one reason, and that reason is found in the very existence of the book itself. If political and personal vice and corruption ever grow to be such natural and commonplace products of American life that plain and simple accounts of bribers and corruptionists are not startling and not depressing, the Nation will then, indeed, be almost beyond hope. But it should be recalled that the narratives composing the present volume were published in a popular magazine having a circulation of scores of thousands of copies a month, and that the astute editor of this magazine did not believe when he printed these articles that his readers could find them commonplace. We do not propose here to do more than recommend a perusal of Mr. Steffens's volume to the more thoughtful of our readers, especially to those who are interested in doing their share toward maintaining high standards of social and political life in the communities in which they live. In reading the book, bear one thing in mind: such corruption as there is in American municipal government is not due, as Mr. Steffens points out in his admirable introduction, to the fact that municipal politics is debasing in and of itself. There is no more inherent reason why a politician should be corrupt than why a bricklayer or a physician or a printer should be corrupt. As a matter of fact, it may be questioned whether there is any more personal corruption in our Legislatures than in our great railway corporations, for instance; whether more bribe getting and taking is involved in getting a personal bill through a State Assembly than is involved in selling a large bill of railway supplies to some of our huge railway systems. The whole secret of political corruption in this country is found in the low standards of business morality that prevail in hundreds of small and large communities. A corporation president who would not cheat his clients or his customers will cheat his fellow-citizens by bribing a Legislature to let him off from paying legitimate taxes. A story which Mr. Steffens tells is typical of the relations

existing not infrequently between so-called honorable business men and so-called corrupt politicians. How to draw the line between the honor and the corruption of the individuals involved it would be hard to tell:

A business man told me that a railroad which had a branch near his factory suggested that he go to the Municipal Legislature and get permission to have a switch run into his yard. He liked the idea, but when he found it would cost him eight or ten thousand dollars he gave it up. Then the railroad became slow about handling his freight. He understood, and, being a fighter, he ferried the goods across the river to another road. That brought him the switch; and when he asked about it the railroad man said:

"Oh, we got it done. You see, we pay a regular salary to some of those fellows, and they did it for us for nothing."

"Then why in the deuce did you send me to them?" asked the manufacturer.

"Well, you see," was the answer, "we like to keep in with them, and when we can throw them a little outside business we do."

In other words, a great railway corporation, not content with paying bribe salaries to these boodle aldermen, was ready further to oblige them, to help coerce a manufacturer and a customer to go also and be blackmailed by the boodlers.

Mr. Steffens has, in our opinion, correctly diagnosed the characteristic disease from which all our great municipalities are suffering. This disease is the itch to make a little more money by illegitimate means than can be made by legitimate industry. We shall go on having "grafters" and "boodlers" in politics as long as we do our corporation and merchandising business on a plane and with standards which we would scorn to maintain in our personal dealings with our neighbors and friends. There is no operation of legislative surgery, no doctrinal or philosophical specific, that will cure this disease of the body politic. It is a matter for the application of the simple rules of moral hygiene—such as St. Peter formulates in the early paragraphs of the second of his two famous letters. But daily allopathic doses of good old-fashioned common honesty, taken before and after every business transaction, will be found to be very efficacious in those cases in which the sincere sufferer wishes to protect himself against the infecting corruption of "political rascals."

The Higher Criticism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you kindly state what the higher criticism and its advocates stand for? Not long ago the writer heard a lecture on the "Imperial Book." The speaker (who is a man of some note) seemed to have a grudge against the higher critics. He said, Although many of the latter are fine, honest men, they are greater enemies of the Church and Bible than the avowed infidel. * *

Strictly speaking, criticism is divided into two categories, the lower criticism and the higher criticism. The lower criticism considers the grammar, syntax, text, etc., of the Biblical books; the higher criticism, the date, authorship, and general significance. Popularly, but improperly, the term higher criticism is applied to that view of the date, authorship, and general significance of the Biblical books which is taken by an increasing number of Biblical scholars, both in this country and in England. In general, this view assumes that the laws and literature of the Hebrew people grew up as the laws and literature of other peoples have grown up; in studying the questions of date, authorship, and general significance it applies the same literary and historical canons, as in studying the language it applies the same grammatical canons, that are employed in the study of other literatures. In other words, it assumes that God is present in all nations and in all life, and that the general method of his activity is the same in all.

The modern critics reach somewhat different conclusions respecting the date and authorship of the books of the Bible, as independent thinkers may be expected to do. In general, however, we think they may be said to agree in the following among other conclusions:

The Bible is not a book, but a collection of books. It includes almost every kind of literature known to the ancient world: law, history, biography, poetry, drama, ethical precepts, religious philosophy. Each book is to be interpreted according to the canons of that type of literature. If, for example, we found in any other literature the story of a prophet swallowed by a great fish, and after three

days' entombment escaping, we should assume it to be fiction. So if we found the story of a garden with a talking serpent and two trees, the fruit of one of which conferred knowledge and the fruit of the other immortality, we should assume it to be an allegory. The modern critic makes the same assumption concerning such stories when he finds them in the Hebrew literature. So if we found an elaborate code of laws, whether civil or ecclesiastical, we should assume that these laws had probably grown up during a long period of years, that the order of development had been, first, customs, then statutes or edicts, last of all, codification. The modern critic assumes, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that the civil code embodied in Deuteronomy and the ecclesiastical code embodied in Leviticus grew up in a similar manner.

Applying these general principles, the modern critic regards the Book of Genesis as a collection of prehistoric traditions rewritten by an unknown ancient prophet for the purpose of illustrating certain great religious truths; the Books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy as codes of laws, having their beginning in the time of Moses, but their development in six or seven centuries of Jewish history; the historical books, Judges to Nehemiah, as a composition edited by unknown authors out of pre-existing materials; Ruth and Esther as historical romances; Job as a great epic poem, one of the greatest in all literature; the Psalms as a collection of over eight centuries of religious lyrics; Proverbs and Ecclesiastes as collections of ethical apothegms, an expression of the experience of life by devout interpreters of life; the Song of Songs as a drama of woman's purity and fidelity under strong temptation; the prophets as preachers of righteousness and preachers of redemption. Turning to the New Testament, modern criticism has established, beyond reasonable doubt, the fact that three of the Gospels were written within half a century and the fourth within a century after the death of Christ, in considerable measure from pre-existing oral traditions, and that most, if not all, of the Epistles

attributed to Paul are the product of his pen.

"The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive." Modern criticism is taking away the reliance of those who rely upon the letter, and this is probably what gives rise to the utterance of the lecturer quoted above, that the higher criticism is inimical to the Bible. He does not see that it is substituting a clearer, better, and more intelligent understanding of the spirit. Single texts can no longer be taken out of their connection and relied upon as a basis for dogmatic theology, as the strong emotional expression of the Psalmist, In sin did my mother conceive me, as a demonstration of the doctrine of natural depravity. Evangelists can no longer insist that we cannot believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ unless we believe that the story of Jonah and the big fish is historical. Sabbatarians can no longer insist on applying the Sabbatical provisions of a purely Jewish law to the day which the Christian Church has gratefully set apart to celebrate the birth of Christianity in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But a new, broader, and deeper spiritual meaning is given by modern criticism to the entire collection of Biblical books. Intellectual difficulties presented by such incongruities as that between the Genesis story of creation and modern geology, moral difficulties presented by such incongruities as that between the destruction of the Canaanites and the Sermon on the Mount, disappear. Books that had fallen into disuse—such as Job, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs—are reopened and given a new meaning. Books that had become a burden to faith when read as history, such as the story of Jonah, become a delight to faith when read as a satire on race prejudice and ecclesiastical narrowness. And the whole Bible, from being a collection of texts imposed on men from without as a substitute for life, like the maxims of Confucius, becomes a collection of resplendent literature inspiring life from within, and conducting the reader to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, of David, of Isaiah, and of Paul, to find in him the same grace and power and redeeming love that they found in him.

The Spectator

The Spectator is glad that he happened to visit Salem in the winter. The summer visitor to Salem takes away only a vague idea of witchcraft as one of the picturesque assets of the place, supplying the motive of souvenir spoons with a witch on the handle, silver broomstick pencils, and other ingenious mementos of travel. In summer all is pleasant and flourishing, as becomes the holiday season, and the open car carries the light-hearted excursionist past the Witch House and Gallows Hill with all their grim suggestions softened into the unreality of a half-forgotten dream. But in the winter things are different. When the snow lies thick and the ground is frozen hard and the wind is bitter, a historic sense of what Salem may have been like in the winter of 1692 begins to assert itself. The Spectator, facing the snowdrifts under the gray sky, shivered as he considered the villagers of two hundred years ago, with the wilderness and the Indians behind them, the meager crops and hard living, the long, dark winter days, and the terror of witchcraft upon their somber Puritan souls.



The Spectator was lucky enough to be entertained in the old jail, now transformed into a handsome private house, but originally built from the timbers of the "Witch Jail" of those fear-ridden days. If the walls and floors could speak, what stories they could tell—and yet, it seemed to the Spectator, his host did not need their testimonies after all, for his antiquarian skill and enthusiasm had searched out all the facts necessary to make the days of witchcraft live again in vivid reality. The most fascinating of libraries (modestly called a "workshop"), lined with portraits of Mather, Sewall, Stoughton, and other witch-hunting worthies, and filled with early colonial books and documents, became doubly interesting when the visitor realized that its very beams and rafters, and the ground beneath it, had been part, so to speak, of Salem's Reign of Terror, and could say with Æneas—"All of which miseries I saw, and a part

of which I was." The host brought out an old leather-bound octavo, Joseph Glanville's book on witchcraft, printed in England in 1682, and pointed out an account of witches in Sweden and their practices, forming its last chapter. It was not an imposing volume, and yet, as the Spectator took it, he held in his hand, probably, the main cause of the nineteen executions on Gallows Hill.



The Spectator is not sure that he approves of much of the reading of young people nowadays. But even "Rattling Dick, the Terror of the Prairie" is harmless and elevating literature as compared with Joseph Glanville—who was made a Fellow of the Royal Society for his book, too, by his deluded countrymen. Girls to-day may read trashy novels; but Mercy Lewis and Ann Putnam and the rest of Salem's "afflicted children" were truly most afflicted in being born before there were any novels to read. A full course of Laura Jean Libbey, the Spectator feels, would have saved Salem from the misdirected imaginations of these girls. And if Cotton Mather had not read and envied Glanville's book, and yearned also to be an F.R.S., his persecuting zeal would never have shown itself. The story from Sweden was reproduced in so many details in Salem that it is impossible to believe that one did not spring from the other. The girls began, half in jest, playing tricks, making strange gestures, uttering loud cries, and went on until they and every one else believed in the delusion. To-day, perhaps, they would be called auto-hypnotized, or acting under suggestion. But Salem, unhappily, was two centuries too early for that explanation.



Besides, it was not for nothing that Salem village (a mile away from Salem proper, and the spot where the trouble started) had a street called Battle Street, from the continual quarrels raging along it. The Puritans were good haters, after Dr. Johnson's own heart. The Spectator recognized that as he examined the copies of the old records and depositions. There were grudges enough to hang almost anybody in town, apparently.

days' entombment escaping, we should assume it to be fiction. So if — the story of a garden —

pent and two which conferre of the other sume it to be critic make cerning sur in the Hel an elabo or eccle these ing a of dr ther fic in t

They got through they did hang the weight, and stood and cried at the
the Rev. George Bur- her old age to a young girl who, also
pitiful sight repeated the story often in
 living to advanced years, told it again
 to an antiquarian now living in Salem.
 The surviving crooked pins which the
 afflicted children" declared were stuck
 into them by the witches also seemed
 to make the thing very real and vivid,
 as the Spectator leaned over their glass
 case in the court-house, where they lie
 beside the death-warrant of Bridget
 Bishop (the only such witch's death-
 warrant in the world, he was informed).
 But the unhistorical idea that witches
 were ever burned in America vanishes
 at the very name of Gallows Hill. Bos-
 ton hung two witches and Salem nineteen;
 but none were burned. Neither were
 any children hung, though one mite of
 four—Dorothy Good—was solemnly tried
 as a witch before the learned judges,
 who came mostly from Boston.

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The terror began in February and the hangings in May. What Gallows Hill looks like in May the summer visitor can best judge, perhaps; but the Spectator found it grim enough in the snow. There, against its wind-swept sky-line, the "eight firebrands of hell" hung three days after Giles Corey suffered. To its foot, by night, in boats, came the children and friends of the victims, to carry away the bodies cast into a shallow trench among the rocks. Many were afraid to come even on this pious errand, lest they too be marked as witches. As the Spectator stood there with the small boys of Salem coasting uproariously past him, in the daylight of the twentieth century, the whole story seemed suddenly an impossible nightmare. Yet when, going back, he passed the site of the old Town Hall, and was told that the oldest inhabitant before the Civil War distinctly remembered the Indian scalps that used to be nailed to its walls, the grimness of the struggle with the wilderness rose before his mind once more, and he saw the Puritan fighting Satan as relentlessly as he fought the Indians, and doing it all for the glory of God; and Gallows Hill became as real as Plymouth Rock.

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The exact place of Corey's execution is in doubt, too; but that it was within a stone's-throw of the old jail is certain. It brought the witchcraft days very near when the Spectator was told that a child of ten years, who saw Giles Corey under

The Causes of the Russo-Japanese War

By Frank Brinkley

Captain Brinkley, the author of this article, which seems to us an admirable exposition of the international complications of the Far Eastern question and of the causes that led to the war, has lived over thirty years in Japan and speaks the language perfectly well. He is the editor of the "Japan Mail," is a correspondent from Japan of the London "Times," is the author of an English-Japanese dictionary and of "Art in Japan," a work of value and authority in its field, and is recognized in every way as a scholar and specialist in all matters relating to the East.—THE EDITORS.

IT had been in the minds of a great many people for a great many years that a war between Russia and Japan must come sooner or later, yet a clear statement of the reasons for such a conviction was not easy to obtain from its exponents. They had, in truth, no very definite reasons over and above the broad facts that, Russian aggression being insatiable, Japan could not hope to remain permanently beyond its sphere, and that she would be quite certain to resist to the death any attempt to bring her within it. On the other hand, to superficial observers, it seemed easily conceivable that a little forbearance on either side might remove all points of serious collision. Japan had lived many centuries of a tolerably prosperous and moderately happy existence in almost total segregation from the neighboring continent. Russia had never betrayed any disposition to extend her territorial aggressions beyond the Asiatic continent. With the solitary exception of the island of Saghalien, she had not made any insular addition to her vast empire. Need there, then, be any clash of interests? Was it not possible that each empire might leave the other severely alone, the one confining itself within the limits of its islands, the other not trespassing beyond the bounds of its continents? The answer to that question involves some reference to geography and history.

Japan along its western shore, Korea along its eastern, and Russia along the eastern coast of its Maritime Provinces, are washed by the Sea of Japan. The communications between this sea and the Pacific Ocean are practically two only. One is on the northeast, namely, Tsugaru Strait; the other is on the south, namely, the channel between the

extremity of the Korean peninsula and the Japanese Island of the Nine Provinces. Tsugaru Strait is entirely under Japan's control. It is between her main island and her island of Yezo, and in case of need she can close it with mines. It is actually so closed at present. The channel between the southern extremity of Korea and Japan has a width of one hundred and two miles, and would therefore be a fine open seaway were it free from islands. But almost midway in this channel lies the twin island of Tsushima, and the space of fifty-six miles that separates it from Japan is narrowed by another island, Iki. Tsushima and Iki belong to the Japanese Empire. The former has some exceptionally good harbors, constituting a naval base from which the channel on either side could easily be sealed.

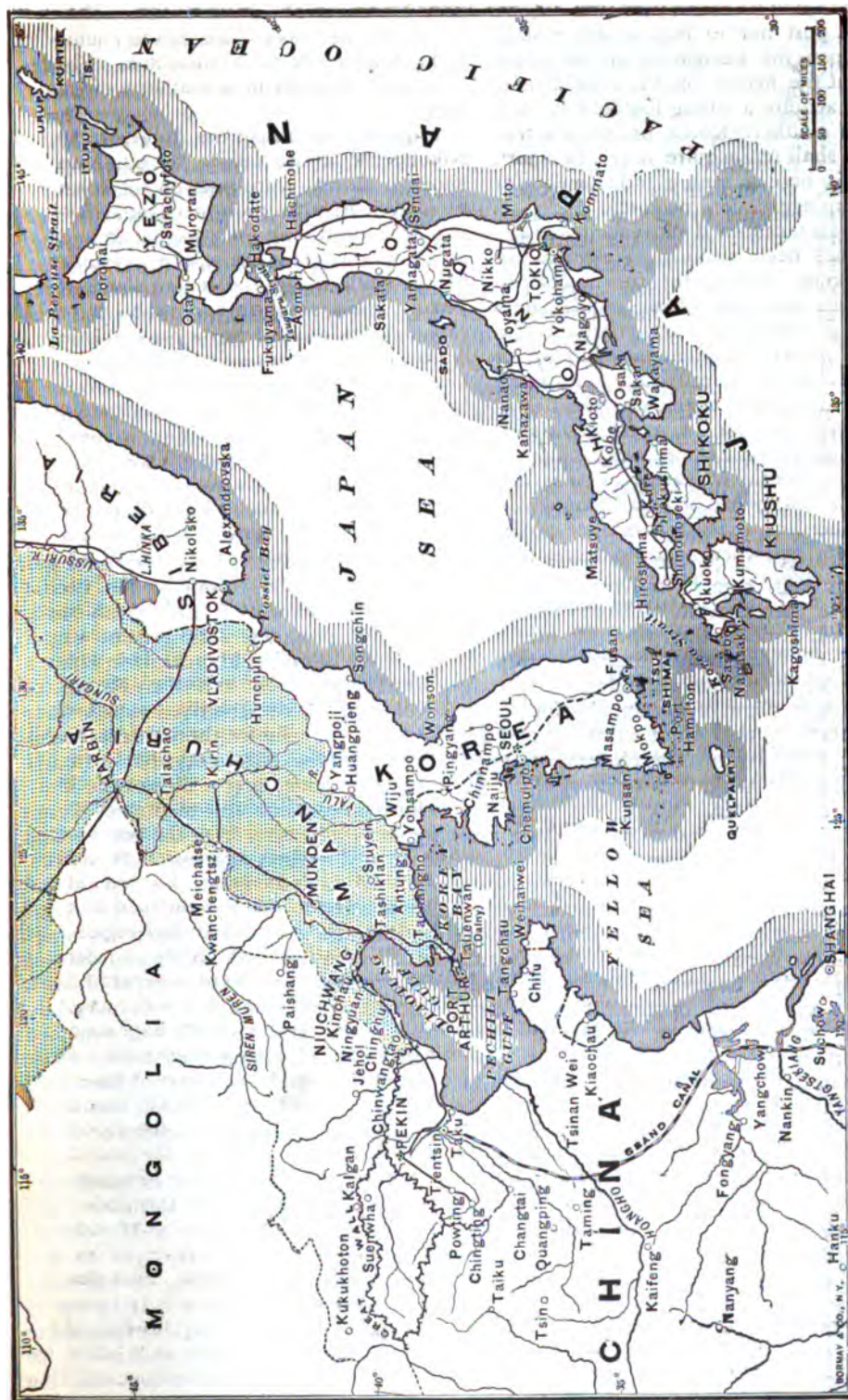
It appears, then, that the avenues from the Pacific Ocean to the Sea of Japan are controlled by the Japanese Empire. In other words, access to the Pacific from Korea's eastern coast and access to the Pacific from Russia's Maritime Provinces depend upon Japan's good will. So far as Korea is concerned, this question matters little. It is her fate to depend upon the good will of Japan in affairs of much greater importance. But with Russia the case is different. Vladivostok, which until recent times was her principal port in the Far East, lies at the southern extremity of the Maritime Provinces—that is to say, on the north-western shore of the Japan Sea. It is therefore necessary for Russia that freedom of passage by the Tsushima Channel should be secured; and to secure it one of two things is essential—namely, either that she herself should possess a fortified port on the Korean side, or that

Japan should be bound neither to acquire such a port nor to impose any restriction upon the navigation of the strait. To put the matter briefly, Russia must either acquire a strong foothold for herself in southern Korea, or contrive that Japan shall not acquire one. In short, there is here a strong inducement for Russian aggression in Korea.

Russia's eastward movement through Asia has been strikingly illustrative of her strong craving for free access to southern seas and of the impediments she has experienced in gratifying the wish. An irresistible impulse has driven her oceanward. Checked again and again in her attempts to reach the Mediterranean, she set out on a five-thousand-miles march of conquest right across the vast Asiatic continent towards the Pacific. Eastward of Lake Baikal she found her line of least resistance along the Amur, and when, owing to the restless perseverance of Muraviev, she reached the mouth of that great river, the acquisition of Nikolaiefsk for a naval basis was her immediate reward. But Nikolaiefsk could not possibly satisfy her. Situated in an inhospitable region far away from all the main routes of the world's commerce, it offered itself only as a stepping-stone to further acquisitions. To push southward from this new port became an immediate object to the pioneers of Russia's Far Eastern fortunes. There lay an obstacle in the way, however: the long strip of sea-coast from the mouth of the Amur to the Korean frontier—an area then called the Ussuri Region because the Ussuri forms its western boundary—belonged to China, and she, having conceded much to Russia in the matter of the Amur, showed no disposition to make further concessions in the matter of the Ussuri. In the presence of menaces, however, she agreed that the region should be regarded as common property pending a convenient opportunity for clear delimitation. That opportunity came very soon, so far as Russia was concerned. Seizing the moment when China had been beaten to her knees by England and France, the great aggressor secured final cession of the Ussuri region, which now became the "Mari-

time Provinces of Siberia." Then Russia shifted her naval basis on the Pacific from Nikolaiefsk to Vladivostok. She gained ten degrees in a southerly direction.

From the mouth of the Amur, where Nikolaiefsk is situated, to the southern shore of Korea, there rests on the coast of eastern Asia an arch of islands having at its northern point Saghalien and at its southern Tsushima, the keystone of the arch being the main island of Japan. This arch embraces the Sea of Japan and is washed on its convex side by the Pacific Ocean. Immediately following the transfer of Russia's naval base from Nikolaiefsk to Vladivostok, an attempt was made to obtain possession of the southern point of the arch, namely, Tsushima. A Russian man-of-war proceeded thither and quietly began to establish a settlement which would soon have constituted a title of ownership had not Great Britain interfered. The imperial instinct of the Russians in this matter was unerring. They saw that Vladivostok, acquired at the cost of so much toil, would be comparatively useless unless from the sea on whose shore it was situated an avenue to the Pacific could be opened, and they therefore tried to obtain command of the Tsushima Channel. Immediately after reaching the mouth of the Amur the same instinct had led them to begin the colonization of Saghalien. The axis of this long, narrow island is inclined at a very acute angle to the Ussuri region, which its northern extremity almost touches, while its southern is separated from Yezo by the Strait of La Perouse. There is no doubt that from Saghalien the Russians, had they encountered no serious resistance, would have crossed to Yezo and thence to the main island of Japan. But in Saghalien they found Japanese subjects. In fact, the island was a part of the Japanese Empire. Resorting, however, to the Ussuri fiction of joint occupation, they succeeded ultimately in transferring the whole of Saghalien to Russia's dominion. That was in 1875. Further encroachments upon Japanese territory could not be lightly essayed, and the Russians held their hands. They had been trebly checked:



checked in trying to push southward along the coast of the mainland; checked in trying to secure an avenue from Vladivostok to the Pacific; and checked in their search for an ice-free port, which definition Vladivostok did not fulfill. Enterprise in the direction of Korea seemed to be the only hope of saving from abortion the maritime results of the great trans-Asian march.

Was Korea within safe range of such enterprises? Everything seemed to answer in the affirmative. Korea had all the qualifications desired by an aggressor. Her people were unprogressive, her resources undeveloped, her self-defensive capacities insignificant, her government corrupt. But she was a tributary of China, and China had begun to show some tenacity in protecting the integrity of her buffer States. Besides, Japan was understood to have pretensions with regard to Korea. On the whole, therefore, the problem of carrying to full fruition the work of Muraviev and his lieutenants demanded strength greater than Russia could exercise without some line of communications supplementing the Amur waterway and the long ocean route. Therefore she planned and set about the construction of a railway across Asia.

It is not intended to suggest that territorial aggression was the direct motive of this grand enterprise. Governments seldom propose to themselves such aims. They merely prepare to utilize opportunities, should any haply be found. Preparation, however, if in its course it does not create opportunities, seldom fails, when complete, to inspire their creation. Russia's agents need only the means to advance; the impulse is always with them.

The Amur being the boundary of Russia's East Asian territory, this railway had to be carried along its northern bank, where many engineering and economical obstacles presented themselves. Besides, the river, from an early stage in its course, makes a huge semicircular sweep northward, and a railway following its bank to Vladivostok must make the same detour. If, on the contrary, the road could be carried over the diameter of the semicircle, it would be a

straight and therefore very much shorter line, technically easier and economically better. The diameter, however, passes through Chinese territory—her "Three Eastern Provinces," in a word, Manchuria—and an excuse for soliciting or extorting China's permission was not in sight. Russia therefore proceeded to build either end of the road, deferring the construction of the Amur section for the moment. She had not waited long when, in 1894, war broke out between China and Japan, and the latter, completely victorious, demanded as the price of peace the southern littoral of Manchuria from the Korean boundary to the Liaotung Peninsula at the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili. This was a crisis in Russia's career. She saw her whole programme of East Asian expansion menaced with failure; saw that her maritime extension could never get nearer than Vladivostok to the Pacific were this claim of Japan's established. For the proposed arrangement would place the littoral of Manchuria in Japan's direct occupation and the littoral of Korea in her constructive control, since not only had she fought to rescue Korea from Chinese suzerainty, but also her object in demanding a slice of the Manchurian coast-line was to protect Korea against aggression from the north—that is to say, against aggression from Russia. Muraviev's enterprise had carried Russia first to the mouth of the Amur and thence southward along the coast to Vladivostok and to Possiet Bay at the northeastern extremity of Korea. But it had not given her free access to the Pacific, and now she was menaced with never obtaining that access, since the whole remaining coast of East Asia as far as the Gulf of Pechili was about to pass into Japan's possession or under her domination.

Then Russia took an extraordinary step. She persuaded Germany and France to force Japan out of Manchuria. What argument she employed to win the co-operation of these two Powers she and they alone know. It is not to be supposed that she frankly exposed her own aggressive designs and asked for assistance to prosecute them. Neither is it to be supposed that France and

Germany were so curiously deficient in perspicacity as to overlook her designs. At all events, these three great Powers served on Japan a notice to quit, and Japan, exhausted by her struggle with China, had no choice but to obey.

The notice was accompanied by an *exposé* of reasons. Its signatories said that Japan's tenure of the Manchurian littoral would menace the security of the Chinese capital, would render the independence of Korea illusory, and would constitute an obstacle to the peace of the Orient.

By way of saving the situation in some slight degree, Japan sought from China a guarantee that no portion of Manchuria should thereafter be leased or ceded to a foreign State. But France warned Japan that to press such a demand would offend Russia, and Russia declared that, for her part, she had no intention of trespassing in Manchuria. Japan, had she been in a position to insist on the guarantee, would also have been in a position to disobey the mandate of the three Powers. Unable to do either the one or the other, she quietly stepped out of Manchuria and proceeded to double her army and treble her navy.

As a reward for the assistance nominally rendered to China, Russia obtained permission in Peking to divert her Trans-Asian Railway from the huge bend of the Amur to the straight line through Manchuria. Neither Germany nor France received any immediate recompense. Three years later, by way of indemnity for the murder of two missionaries by a mob, Germany seized, and afterwards compelled China to lease to her, a portion of the province of Shantung. Immediately, on the principle that two wrongs make a right, Russia demanded and obtained a lease of the Liaotung peninsula, from which she had driven Japan in 1895. This act she followed by extorting from China, necessarily complaisant, permission to construct a branch of the Trans-Asian Railway through Manchuria from north to south, that is to say, through Harbin and Mukden to Port Arthur.

Russia's maritime aspirations had now assumed a radically altered phase. Instead of pushing southward from Vlad-

vostok and Possiet Bay along the coast of Korea, she had suddenly leaped the Korean peninsula and found access to the Pacific in Liaotung. Nothing was wanting to establish her as practical mistress of Manchuria except a plausible excuse for garrisoning the place. Such an excuse was furnished by the Boxer *émulte* in 1900. Its conclusion saw her in military occupation of the whole region, and she might easily have made her occupation permanent by prolonging it until peace and order should have been fully restored. But here she fell into an error of judgment. Imagining that the Chinese could be persuaded or intimidated to any course whatever, she proposed a convention virtually recognizing her title to Manchuria.

Japan watched all these things with profound anxiety. If there were any reality in the dangers which Russia, Germany, and France had declared to be incidental to Japanese occupation of part of Manchuria, the same dangers must be doubly incidental to Russian occupation of the whole of Manchuria; the independence of Korea would become illusory; the security of the Chinese capital would be threatened; an obstacle would be created to the permanent peace of the East.

The independence of Korea is an object of supreme solicitude to Japan. Historically she holds towards the little State a relation closely resembling that of suzerain, and though of her ancient conquests nothing remains except a settlement at Fusan on the southern coast, her national sentiment would be deeply wounded by any foreign aggression in the peninsula. It was to establish Korean independence that she fought with China in 1894, and her annexation of the Manchurian littoral adjacent to Korea's northern frontier after the war was designed to secure that independence, not to menace it as the Triple Alliance pretended to think. But if Russia came into possession of all Manchuria, her subsequent absorption of Korea would be almost inevitable. For the considerations set forth above as to Vladivostok's maritime avenues would then acquire absolute cogency. Manchuria is larger than France and the United Kingdom

lumped together. The addition of such an immense area to Russia's East Asiatic dominions, together with its littoral on the Gulf of Pechili and the Yellow Sea, would necessitate a corresponding expansion of her naval forces in the Far East. With the one exception of Port Arthur, however, the Manchurian coast does not offer any convenient naval base. It is in the splendid harbors of southern Korea that such a base, several such bases, can alone be found. Even though she were limited to Port Arthur and Vladivostok, the obligation to secure their maritime intercommunication by way of the Tsushima Channel would become doubly imperative for Russia. By only one method could that end be effectively attained—by establishing a strong place of arms on the Korean shore of the channel. But in the event of the territorial and consequent naval expansion here considered, Port Arthur and Vladivostok would at once cease to be adequate naval bases; they would have to be supplemented by Korean harbors. Moreover, there would be an even stronger, an immensely stronger, motive impelling Russia towards Korea. Neither the Ussuri region nor the Manchurian littoral possesses so much as one port qualified to satisfy her perennial longing for free access to the ocean in a temperate zone. Korea, which divides the Manchurian littoral from the Ussuri coast, alone possesses such ports. Without Korea, then, all Russia's East-Asian expansion, though it added huge blocks of territory to her dominions, would be commercially incomplete and strategically defective.

If it be asked why, apart from history and national sentiment, Japan should object to a Russian Korea, the answer is, first, because there would thus be planted almost within cannon-range of her shores a Power of enormous strength and insatiable ambition; secondly, because whatever voice in Manchuria's destiny Russia derives from her railway, the same voice in Korea's destiny is possessed by Japan as the sole owner of railways in the peninsula; thirdly, that whereas Russia has an altogether insignificant share in the foreign commerce of Korea and scarcely ten bona-fide set-

tlers, Japan does the greater part of the oversea trade and has tens of thousands of settlers; fourthly, that did Russia's dominions stretch uninterruptedly from the Sea of Okhotsk to the Gulf of Pechili, her ultimate absorption of North China would be as certain as sunrise; and, fifthly, that such domination and such absorption would involve the practical closure of all that immense region to Japanese commerce and industry, as well as to the commerce and industry of every Western nation except the Russian. This last proposition does not rest solely on the fact that to oppose artificial barriers to free competition is Russia's sole hope of utilizing to her own benefit any trade opportunities brought within her reach. It rests also on the fact that Russia has objected to foreign settlements at the marts recently opened by treaty with China to American and Japanese subjects. Without settlements trade at those marts would be impossible; and thus Russia has constructively announced that there shall be no trade but Russian, if she can prevent it.

Against such dangers Japan would have been justified in adopting any measure of self-protection. She had foreseen them in outline for six years, and had been strengthening herself to avert them. But she wanted peace. She wanted to develop her material resources and to accumulate some measure of the wealth without which she must remain insignificant among the nations. Two pacific devices offered, and she adopted them both. Russia, instead of trusting time to consolidate her tenure of Manchuria, had made the mistake of pragmatically importuning China for a conventional title. If, then, Peking could be strengthened to resist this demand, some arrangement of a distinctly terminable nature might be made. The United States, Great Britain, and Japan, joining hands for that purpose, did succeed in so far stiffening China's usually limp vertebrae that her show of resolution finally induced Russia to sign a treaty pledging herself to withdraw her troops from Manchuria in three installments, each step of evacuation to be accomplished by a fixed date. That was one of the pacific devices. The

other suggested itself in connection with the new commercial treaties which China had promised to negotiate in the sequel of the Boxer troubles. In these documents clauses were inserted providing for the opening of three places in Manchuria to foreign trade. It seemed a reasonable hope that, having secured commercial access to Manchuria by covenant with its sovereign, China, the Powers would not allow Russia arbitrarily to restrict their privileges. And it seemed a reasonable hope that Russia, having solemnly promised to evacuate Manchuria at fixed dates, would fulfill her engagement.

The latter hope was signally disappointed. When the time came for evacuation, Russia behaved as though no promise had ever been given. She proposed wholly new conditions, which would have strengthened her grasp of Manchuria instead of loosening it.

This incident stupefied Japan. She herself had had some bitter experience of the Occident's tendency to put a unilateral construction on treaties textually bilateral. But the spectacle of a great Western Power deliberately and unblushingly violating its solemn engagements was new to her.

China being powerless to offer any practical protest, and Japan's interests ranking next in order of importance, the Tokyo Government approached Russia. They did not ask for anything that could hurt her pride or injure her position. Appreciating fully the economical status she had acquired in Manchuria by large outlays of capital, they offered to recognize that status provided that Russia would extend similar recognition to Japan's status in Korea, would promise, in common with Japan, to respect the sovereignty and the territorial integrity of China and Korea, and would be a party to a mutual engagement that all nations should have equal industrial and commercial opportunities in Manchuria and the Korean peninsula. In a word, they invited Russia to subscribe to the policy enunciated by the United States and by Great Britain, the policy of the open door and of the integrity of the Chinese and Korean Empires.

Thus commenced a negotiation which lasted five and a half months. Japan from the outset reduced her demands to a minimum. Russia never made the smallest appreciable concession. She refused to listen to Japan for one moment about Manchuria. Eight years previously Japan had been in military possession of Manchuria, and Russia, with the assistance of Germany and France, had expelled her for reasons which concerned Japan incomparably more than they concerned any of the three Powers—the security of the Chinese capital, the independence of Korea, the peace of the East. Now Russia had the splendid assurance to declare by implication that none of these things concerned Japan at all. The utmost she would admit was Japan's partial right to be heard about Korea. And at the same time she herself commenced in northern Korea a series of aggressions, partly, perhaps, to show her potentialities, partly by way of counter-irritant. That was not all. Simultaneously with deferring her answers to Japan's proposals and protracting the negotiations to an extent that was actually contumelious, she hastened to send eastward a big fleet of war-ships and a new army of soldiers. It was impossible for the dullest politician to mistake her purpose. She intended to yield nothing, but to prepare such a parade of force that her obduracy would command submission.

The only alternatives for Japan were war or total and permanent effacement in Asia. She chose war, and in fighting it she is fighting the battle of Anglo-Saxondom as well as of herself, the battle of free and equal opportunities for all without undue encroachment upon the sovereign rights or territorial integrity of China or Korea, against a military dictatorship, against a programme of ruthless territorial aggrandizement, and against a policy of selfish restrictions.

It seems that the Russian Goliath never thought to be confronted in the lists by this Japanese David. St. Petersburg imagined that the terror of its armaments would command submission. But the Japanese are not compact of ordinary Oriental stuff.

Solving the Immigration Problem¹

By Gino Carlo Speranza

IT is an undeniable and inspiring fact that, no matter how grave may be any problem attracting public attention, there will always be a group of men actively engaged in the endeavor to solve it. It matters not whether the problem affects us directly or indirectly, so long as it involves a principle, there will always be found men and women who, while countless others are discussing it, fearing it, prophesying about it, will bravely face it and work for its right solution.

We hear a great deal nowadays of the "problem of immigration;" orators and statesmen, newspapers and magazines, never lose the opportunity of talking of the "foreign peril," of the danger from an influx of immigrants who do not readily assimilate with the elements and institutions of the Republic. Indeed, many of our sins we conveniently saddle on the stranger, finding in him the responsibility for some of the evils of our own making. And so a thoughtless majority fails to see that such procedure can result only in race prejudice, and prevent rather than foster that very assimilation which we all desire.

On the other hand, how seldom do we hear of the work of those men and women who, while their companions discuss, are toiling to solve, this problem of the incoming stranger. It is true that, now and again, we get picturesque descriptions of what the agents of the various immigrant societies do at our ports of entry, or of the scenes, pitiful or humorous, witnessed before the Courts of Special Inquiry at our immigration stations. Our knowledge of the field of labor of immigration societies, however, stops there. We know, in a vague way, that the Irish and the Scandinavians and the Jews maintain missionaries or agents who welcome the immigrant of their respective nationality, and

perhaps find him work. But there is much more than this that such societies do, as a brief history of one of them and of its work will show. I choose the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants for other reasons than that my knowledge of its work is more extensive than that of no less beneficent ones. In the first place, it has the distinction of being the one immigrant society founded, not by "foreign Americans," such as the German, the Austro-Hungarian, or the Scandinavian, not by any religious sect or division, such as the Leo Haus, the Methodist Mission, or the Jewish Society, but by native Americans banded together by a love for Italy, without ulterior motive, either political or religious, except the desire to help the sons of a country to which humanity still owes a great debt. This is not only an honorable distinction, but an encouraging sign of a practical solution of the immigration problem. My choice was determined, moreover, by the fact that Italian immigration is decidedly on the increase, and any body of men actively engaged in solving the peculiar questions which the Italian immigrant presents deserve special attention.

The Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants was founded about two years ago by some fifteen people, most of whom were that type of men and women whom many would have classified as "dreamers"—settlement workers, reformers, philanthropists! They, however, had the wisdom to formulate a constitution setting forth such practical objects as these:

The objects of this Society shall be:

I. To afford advice, information, aid, and protection of all kinds to Italian immigrants.

II. By assisting, wherever possible, such immigrants as are unfamiliar with the language and customs of the country to a practical knowledge thereof.

III. By learning the character of the labor for which each individual immigrant is best fitted, and endeavoring to procure for said immigrant employment at his particular trade or calling, or at some remunerative

¹ Comment on this article and the general subject it treats will be found on our editorial pages.—THE EDITORS.

occupation, that he may not, through want of work, become a charge to the State or an enemy of society.

IV. By investigating and remedying, if possible, all abuses to which Italian immigrants are exposed, and all wrongs inflicted upon them.

V. By familiarizing immigrants with their rights and duties under the State and Federal Constitutions, and securing for them the entire enjoyment of all their constitutional rights.

All these seem simple enough on reading; indeed, it might be said that, being for the immigrant's benefit, the immigrant will be only too glad to meet the Society's efforts. But this reasoning overlooks the forces which operate against the exercise of such good intentions and purposes. First of all, you must overcome the immigrant's suspicions, and this is not a simple matter. The examination he undergoes by the Federal officials is a valuable and necessary thing, but put yourself in his place and you will see that if you had to answer the questions put to him, either you would refuse to answer them as impertinent, or else assault the official for making them; at all events, you would not think you were being welcomed to the new land. Then, having passed this necessary examination, his first experience in the land of the free is likely to be his acquaintance with the boarding-house "runner," who will *force* him to go with him, or the crook who will exchange his foreign money into Confederate notes or take it without even such souvenirs of the transaction, or the "friend" who will take him to the banker and padrone who want to sell his labor, or the district boss who will "Americanize" him for the sake of his vote. Perhaps if he is fortunate in escaping these, he will experience the pleasure of what it means not to understand the policeman's "gaw on!"

It is obvious, though too often forgotten, that the first impression the foreigner gets of a new country will tend to color all his future opinions of and experiences in that country. It is natural, therefore, that immigrants' societies should concentrate their efforts in minimizing the bad impression that the alien is apt to get on his arrival. This is especially important as regards the

Italian, who is proverbially sensitive and inexperienced. Yet the work the representatives of the various immigrants' societies have to do at the landing station is, in a sense, very simple. It may be summed up in the words "lending a helping hand." In the rush and excitement of handling some four thousand immigrants in a day by the Federal authorities, a little kindness, a word of advice, a reassuring promise in the tongue of the immigrant, will go far not only in helping the alien but also in aiding the authorities in expediting the trying work of examination. In the case of Italians, the absence of a correct address to which they may be sent is a common source of trouble. This is due either to the use of phonetic spelling of American names or the absence of the house number. Thus "Chrippocricks" may be the immigrant's address for Cripple Creek or it may be simply Elizabeth Street. In that case the Agent of the Society goes to that section of Elizabeth Street where the fellow-townsmen of the new arrival reside, and there generally finds the immigrant's friends or relatives. The Agent's work is not, however, always so simple. There are immigrants who, through failure properly to present their case, are ordered deported, or others against whom a strict application of the Federal laws would work an injustice. The Agents take up such cases before the Immigration Boards and endeavor to overcome the obstacles, which often are due to misunderstanding. The moment the immigrant is "passed" by the authorities, he ceases to be in charge of Uncle Sam, and it is then that the immigration societies have to exercise special vigilance to save their charges from those various persons who are ready to pounce upon them at the landing. The Italian Society has established at Ellis Island a corps of uniformed watchers who take in charge all those immigrants who desire to place themselves in the care of the Society. These watchers put tags of identification on the immigrants, and bring them over from Ellis Island to the Battery Landing in New York, where other uniformed guards take them in charge and conduct them to the Society's office at 17 Pearl Street. It is at the

Battery Landing that, before the corps of watchers had been organized and the efficiency of the police increased there, open fights used to take place between the Agents who had charge of the immigrants and the "runners" and crooks who tried to get them away. To give an idea of the aggressiveness of the powers that prey there, I might cite an instance where, of thirty-six immigrants in charge of the Society's Agents, only seventeen were left after an encounter with the runners. On another occasion the police reserves had to be called out. Nor is the drawing of weapons and the slashing with knives entirely done away with even now.

From the office of the Society the various immigrants are sent to their destination in the care of guides whose possible dishonesty is checked by a system of cards and receipts and whose charges for services are fixed by the Society. By this method the usual rate charged immigrants for transportation to destination has been cut down from an average of \$4.50 a head charged by the runners to about 34 cents each.

An immigrant society could hardly render efficient service without what is known as an information bureau. Only men of the utmost patience and of pretty wide knowledge can be employed in such a bureau. To it the foreign-born goes for almost anything he does not know. Ostensibly it exists to supply information to friends and relatives of expected or detained immigrants. Actually it is a dispenser of all sorts of information. Foreigners come to it for legal advice, for financial aid, for instruction regarding how to act or what to do in the new land, even for matrimonial advice. In the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants the man in charge of the information bureau also performs the important function of transmitting or distributing money from friends of detained immigrants. Last year it handled over ten thousand dollars in sums not exceeding fifty dollars.

An employment bureau is a necessary adjunct of every immigrant society. In the Jewish society young immigrants are sent out to try their luck as peddlers, being intrusted with a small stock. This

is a most practical method for people of that race. The Austro-Hungarian and Irish societies try to supply the servant demand.

The employment bureau of the society for Italians has a peculiarly difficult problem. It has made it a fundamental rule to place applicants only in out-of-town work; it will do nothing for men who want to labor in the city. In this it again contributes to the solution of the problem of immigration. For it cannot be denied that the problem of immigration with us is essentially one of distribution. The demand for laborers is great outside of the cities, but the gregarious Italian prefers to increase our menacing urban congestion instead of going to the country. The Society, in its endeavors to relieve such congestion, is forced to find work for large gangs of men as an inducement for them to leave the city. An even greater difficulty lies in the fact that a successful labor bureau for Italians in competent American hands means the breaking up of the much-talked-of padrone system. The padrones recognize this, and are actively using their great influence against the Italian labor bureau.

It will be apparent, after this summary, that the underlying aim of the work of immigrant societies, and more especially of the society for Italians, is to make their wards feel that their advent into a strange land does not mean their coming among those who wish them ill. By practical work the societies engender a feeling in the newcomer that the Republic holds friends ready to help him.

But with the sensitive Italian the work of friendly aid cannot stop here. He is probably the most complex character that comes to our shores, and the least understood by us. In a way he is the most helpless, not because he lacks strength or intelligence, but because he is often ignorant, childlike in his confidence once won, and highly impressionable to small matters. Moreover, he is helpless in the sense that, unlike the Germans and the Irish, he possesses no political influence whatsoever, and his race in America has not yet won the prestige which would come from having among us many Italians or Italo-Ameri-

cans either of affluence or distinction. It is in supplying this very prestige that the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants, as a body of Americans of distinction, is really performing its greatest good. And it is this peculiar function which differentiates it from other similar societies; it is in this regard that we must look upon it as the most practical example of a way out of the immigration difficulty. What has it done to live up to this responsibility?

I will not enlarge on how it won the confidence of the immigration authorities; suffice it that it has never been accused of encouraging immigration. Neither will I enlarge on the fact, of which we may well be proud, of a body of Americans winning such complete confidence from a foreign government as this Society has won from the Government of Italy.

I shall describe, rather, two instances in which remarkable results were achieved by Yankee promptness and sheer force of influence begotten by the spectacle of determined Americans insisting on fair play for the stranger within the gates.

For a long time the Government of Italy had sought, through diplomatic channels, to put an end to what was practically white slavery of Italians in the phosphate mines of South Carolina. But the protestations of a foreign power are seldom effective with public opinion, because they savor either of intermeddling or of interestedness. In this case they availed nothing. The Society took up the complaints, carefully ascertained their truth, and promptly gave a National publicity to the facts. It made no threats; it simply told the story. The Society could well rely on the support of public sentiment if the public felt convinced that the bill of complaint issued from a reliable chancery. As a result, the phosphate mines were obliged to shut down, and a repetition of the abuse has so far been prevented.

A more difficult task presented itself in the complaints of Italians in West Virginia. There the circumstances were such that no fair opinion could be formed regarding the alleged abuses without an investigation on the spot. So the Society sent one of its officers, with an assist-

ant, to study the conditions of the labor camps in that State from which complaints had come.

Many were the difficulties and hardships encountered in obtaining evidence against those who had abused the complainants. But there was an inspiring element in the work begotten of the thought that a small but determined band of American philanthropists, hundreds of miles away, had sent their representative to these desolate camps to maintain the principle that, even if men are not born equal, even though strangers in blood, they are born free. And here freedom was denied. There were shocking instances of men forced to work under armed surveillance, their baggage searched lest they might use arms to assert their inalienable rights as free men. Laborers were tied and bound, boys and men brutally treated, cursed, beaten, and kicked. I need not dwell here on the specific instances of cruelty and abuse, nor on the causes of such lawless conditions, most of which I have elsewhere set forth. Besides, they make unpleasant reading, showing the supineness and indifference of the constituted authorities in enforcing the laws. I would rather dwell on some of the lighter scenes, for the dark picture had its bright side. It was something very novel to notice the surprise among officials and contractors at the idea that an American society should be taking so much trouble for a few "dago" shovelers. The moral effect of this fact alone was worth all the money and labor contributed by the Society. The Italian laborers themselves could not quite understand the situation. They naturally looked upon us with suspicion; their experience of Americans having been gathered from their contact with careless or brutal foremen and bosses, they could hardly have faith in disinterested Americanism. When finally their suspicions were allayed, they persisted in looking upon us as persons invested with official powers, government officers who should have worn badges or gold braid. They could not conceive of private citizens arraying themselves against those whom they feared, and who to them represented power and its abuse. I have no doubt

we made a ridiculous figure in those wild places, carrying the habiliments of civilization; and yet, if we had roughed it as to dress, if we had omitted collars and cuffs and gloves, and had worn comfortable knockabout hats, we would have failed to win the confidence of the men. Small as it may seem, the observance of such minor matters was of the very greatest help.

Going among these Italian laborers as representatives of an American society was an object-lesson to us of the power of friendliness as an assimilative force with these foreigners. As soon as they knew our purpose their native courtesy came to the front, and it mattered nothing that the giving of testimony meant a possibility of harm to them; they became zealous and intelligent assistants. In a rough country they chose their best fellows as night escorts to us; they even mounted guard over our shanty. They traced up witnesses, and sifted their own testimony to give us only the most reliable. Their humble meals and their poor shanties were offered to us with simple, unaffected, yet dignified hospitality.

Within a month of the beginning of the investigation the Society was apprising the country, through the National press, of the bad conditions in West Virginia. Its only great weapon was publicity. West Virginia herself was made aware of her shame. Its Chief Executive, its Labor Commissioner, and its press urged action, even though admitting the difficulty of reform through the inefficiency of the local authorities. But this was not enough; contractors who are so unbusinesslike, if not brutal, as to maltreat their men, are not the kind to be influenced by public opinion. Against them the Society was forced to harsh measures, even though these, of necessity, affected the good and bad contractors alike. It published the facts in the Italian press throughout the country; it fearlessly gave the names and addresses both of the Italian padrones who were sending laborers to West Virginia under false promises and of the American contractors who had abused their men. This had the expected effect of preventing Italian labor-

ers from going to West Virginia—a heavy blow to those contractors who had time contracts on their hands (and they are many), and who needed men greatly. Contractors there are now offering special inducements, but Italians will not go.

There is what seems to me an important lesson to be learned as regards the function of immigrant societies, if we wish to make them instruments for the assimilation of those countless people who are flocking to us. They should, first of all, lose their distinctive foreign character, and take on their directive boards enough native Americans to bring these in touch with the characteristics of the incoming foreigners. In the second place, they should enlarge their work from that of immediate assistance to the landing immigrant to the wider field of protection as practiced by the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants—a protection rendered not as of Germans to Germans, or Jews to Jews, or Swedes to Swedes, but as men to men, as friends to fellows.

There is probably no greater enemy to the ready assimilation of these foreigners than the ballot-box. This may seem to be contrary to the accepted opinion, but do the facts *justify* the prevailing opinion? You have the German vote and the Irish vote, and the way of winning the support of either is to put up men representing those nations. The politicians favor such a system because the "foreign" vote can thus be handled better. But it is obvious that such a system tends to perpetuate race distinctions and to prevent assimilation.

We ourselves are mostly to blame; the foreign-born stump speaker is justified in urging his hearers to unite "as Italians" and vote for "an Italian," in order to uphold their rights and obtain favors. There seems no recognition possible except through the threat of the ballot-box of a united foreign vote.

The way out seems to me to lie in approaching the immigration problem from the point of friendliness rather than of defense. That is, in doing things that will tend to make the foreigner feel that he is among friends. Assimilation is a mutual process; it depends for success not only on what the foreign body will do to be

absorbed into the greater body, but upon what the greater body will do to attract it. Ours may be the best government on earth, our social life the best type of a democracy, our State the most promising field for opportunities for fortune and success. But we take it too much for granted that these are such obvious facts that they must appeal directly and clearly to the foreigners who come to us. As a matter of fact, however, they do not, because, unfortunately, the foreigner too often sees the worst element of Americanism and comes in contact with only the seamy side of our National life. It is no pleasure to be looked upon as a "problem," still less as a "menace," yet this is what we often make the immigrant feel. Take the Italian, who is probably the most sensitive to impressions among those who come to us. His children make good students in our public schools, for they are bright boys; but many more would attend if they did not have to face the stigma placed upon them by their classmates, who look down upon them as "dagoes." The press would help us in the work of Americanizing them, but why should Italians read American newspapers which chronicle only their crimes as distinctively Italian products and never take an interest in the good work they are quietly doing? And so Italians support a cheap Italian press, which helps only in keeping them apart from their American brothers. There should be no "German Hospital," no "Italian Savings Bank," no "French

Benevolent Society;" in short, no such marked lines of race distinction as we have. Nor will there be if we appreciate that if we really want to solve the immigration problem, if we are really anxious to strengthen the Republic and assure its honorable future by assimilating the foreign-born element in it, we must strive to know the characteristics of these people and their possibilities for good, in the light of their history at home. Then, knowing them, we can approach them and win their confidence and friendship. That this can be done is shown in an eminently practical degree by what the Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants has done in less than two years, by Americans who knew little, if anything, of immigration work, with little money at their command and still less moral support to aid them. But it was work in the right direction, and it counted; it was, above all, *personal service*.

Let us have less talk and discussion, and more active and organized effort; fewer editorials on the "educational test" in the immigration law, and more educational institutions for our immigrants of the type of the Children's Aid Society School in Leonard Street, New York; less oratory on the dangers of the foreign peril, and more active friendliness for those who, directly or indirectly, have contributed to our material greatness as a Nation, and who, rightly helped, will contribute to our intellectual pre-eminence as a people.

The Sea Gull

By Frederick E. Snow

Tireless o'er ocean's billow thou dost roam,
 Thy white wings gleaming in the sun like snow,
 As sails of ships which ceaseless come and go,
 Or like the white-capped waves with crest of foam;
 On every sea, on every shore at home,
 Skimming the air on stately wing and slow,
 Or dashing to the waters down below,—
 Like sight of home to wanderers thou dost come.
 How like a symbol of our life thou art!
 Like thee our spirits fly on restless wing
 And ever fail of an abiding place;
 No clime can give contentment to the heart,
 Nor earthly joy, nor any human thing:
 We only rest when we have run our race!

The Young Man and the Church

By Edward Bok

NINE years ago I wrote a magazine article under the same title that this article bears. I contended then that the chief reason why the average young man did not attend church rested rather with the average minister than with the average young man himself. The claim was then made that ministers did not, in their sermons, give the young man "something worth coming for." The article evoked much discussion. There were several hundred commentary articles—chiefly of an editorial nature—from religious papers; a number of them reports of sermons. In all of them I was wrong. My premises were all wrong; my investigations of three years were incomplete; I did not know whereof I spoke. As we used to say in baseball, I was "batted all over the lot." I was even told that young men did go to church—thousands of them. It was a curious fact, however, that in some of the very churches in which this was preached there was, in several instances, barely a handful of young men.

I remember one Sunday attending services at a church whose pastor, it was announced, was to discuss my article. "All lies; all falsehood," he said. "A slander on our young men. They do go to church. Look around you." And I did. So did others in the congregation. "You count, and I will, too," said I to a friend who was with me. He counted thirty-one; I counted thirty young men. There were eight hundred and fifty people in the church!

"It would be infinitely better," said another preacher whom I heard, "if the author of that article could be seen in church himself some Sunday, instead of driving out every Lord's day as he does." Then a strange halting in his sermon came to him as he chanced to follow the eyes of some of the members of his congregation who were all looking in the direction of one particular pew in that church! As one member said to me after that service: "At that point in his

sermon, Dr. — reminded me of the man who, when he swallowed a dollar, didn't know whether he was a dollar in or a dollar out."

Nine years have now passed, and what is the condition of the church so far as the attendance of young men is concerned? The percentage of attending young men is eight per cent. less than it was then, and then it was only thirty per cent. Hence, only about twenty-two out of every one hundred young men, taken at random in the cities of the country, attend church on Sunday. In the country it would seem that a larger percentage attend; but I am speaking now of young men who live in some sixty-odd cities, large and small. And I am using the statistics gathered by churches and religious associations; so this time, at least, my figures cannot be gainsaid by the clergy.

What is the trouble? one naturally asks. What keeps this seventy-eight per cent. of young men away from the church? I have been asking this question of a number of clergymen. Five years ago they said "the bicycle." During the past three years they have told me "Golf! Sunday golf is the curse of our young men." A few have said "the Sunday newspaper;" but I notice this cause is not as often quoted to me as it was ten years ago. Still, there are more Sunday newspapers, and they are larger, too, in size, requiring even more time to read on Sundays. The bicycle, too, has disappeared somewhat from the minister's category of "Sunday curses to the young man." That may be, as one confident clergyman said to me: "We hit Sunday bicycling so hard from our pulpits that we simply shamed our young men from the practice. See how the bicycle trade is nearly dead. The church did it, because the Sabbath was violated!"

"But do these young men who used to bicycle on Sundays now come to church?" I asked.

"No," he said, "because the devil invented Sunday golf."

"Then you will direct your pulpit batteries at Sunday golf, I take it?" I said.

"Surely," he said. "It is the duty of every minister of God to attack this latest device of the devil to ruin our young men."

The next Sunday happened to be a rainy Sunday, and the minister knew that several men would be present who, if the day had been pleasant, would have been on the golf-links. So he fired a "broadside," as he called it afterwards, against Sunday golf. It offended four of the principal "supports" of the church, who, although they never played golf on Sunday, contended that the pulpit was not exactly the proper place for the denunciation of a sport, and muttered something about their going to church to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The minister defended his position; resented the right of his "supports" to dissent from his choice of topics for the pulpit; with the result that all four "trustees" left the church. A dozen "Sunday golfing" young men who always were regular attendants during the winter months, when the links were closed, likewise called for their "letters."

"No; I do not deny his right to an opinion on the subject," said one of the young men to me, "and I would have considered it perfectly proper for him to have spoken to me personally on the subject. But I feel that the pulpit is not exactly the place for the discussion of such subjects. I go to church to be taken out of myself; away from things secular; to be lifted a bit higher; to have my mind refreshed; not to hear a sermon about golf, whether it be for or against!"

And I found, on individual inquiry, that each of the other young men felt substantially the same. They had gone to church to hear the Gospel and had gotten golf! "Too much like asking for bread and getting stone," said one.

Not long after that the question of a renewal of the lease of a neighboring golf-links came up. Two women owned the land, and declared that no renewal of the club's lease would be considered save with the prohibition of Sunday golfing. "Their sons," they argued,

"had forsaken the church for the links." The club officers protested, and as no agreement could be reached, the women suggested that a decision be left to the rector of the neighborhood Episcopal church. Both parties were to abide by the rector's decision. The club officers agreed, and the rector was called in. He listened to both sides, and then was asked his decision.

"Sunday golf, by all means," he said.

The women gasped. "But, doctor," said one, "Carter and Reynolds always attended church, and now I cannot get either of them away from the links on Sunday."

"Well, my good sister," said the rector, "I should say that that was up to me. There must be something the matter with my preaching or with the church. The way to stop Sunday golf is to make Sunday preaching more effective. Men go where they fancy they get the greatest benefit."

The lease was renewed, and Sunday golf prevails on that links. *But*—go to that particular Episcopal church any inclement Sunday, or any Sunday in midwinter, or, for that matter, on many a Sunday when golfing is good on the links, which is right next door to the church, too, and you will see more young men present than at the services of any of the three other churches in that community. And each of these three other ministers have all fired a "broadside" at Sunday golf from their pulpits, as did one of their number cited above.

Strange, is it not, how a different result comes from a different point of view!

I had the curiosity to look into the attendance of young men at church in some eight communities in different parts of the country, where there were either no golf-links at all or Sunday golfing was prohibited. If golf kept young men from church, then surely, with no golf possible, these young men must be at church.

In these eight communities there were, all told, thirty-one churches, and the Young Men's Christian Associations nearest to these communities obtained for me the figures that in these commu-

nities there were sixteen hundred and forty young men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five in the neighborhood of these churches. Then I had secured for me the attendance, for four consecutive Sundays, of the number of young men, between the ages given, at each of these churches, with the result that the highest attendance at all the thirty-one churches combined, on any one Sunday, was four hundred and twenty-seven. Now, there was no Sunday golf possible in these communities, and yet twelve hundred and thirteen out of sixteen hundred and forty young men did not go to church! What was the reason here?

I asked all the clergymen. "Indifference to holy things," said several. "The deterioration of the modern young man," said others, and these two opinions represented nineteen out of thirty-one clergymen.

Then I asked the young men. I took nineteen of them.

"Not enough to go for," was substantially the verdict of eleven out of the nineteen.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked in each case.

"Why, one doesn't get enough out of the sermons that are preached to make the effort worth while to go to hear them," said one young man.

"You don't get anything to carry away with you," said another.

"Why, Doctor — (mentioning the name of one of the ministers) isn't practical. It is all theory, theory, words, words. He doesn't seem to go out into the world among men. Too much old Palestine and cloister study. Doesn't know men; only books. I thought it was myself, for a time. But father says the same, although it came hard for him to confess it. Now he doesn't go any more."

I asked the father of three strapping, fine, manly fellows. "Yes," he said, "I know. Their mother and I have talked it over many a time. But, candidly, I do not blame them. I am a regular communicant at my own church, and sometimes I go to the other two churches round about here. But it is dismal preaching, at its best. No vital-

ity; no—well, I don't know, no fine big note of hope in it. I can't blame my boys, really, I can't. Sometimes, well—sometimes I can't help feeling myself that the effort is hardly worth the while, as you say G—— S—— said."

I could not help thinking how far removed in their respective attitudes were the pew from the pulpit and the pulpit from the pew. The pot called the kettle black! But how could the gulf be spanned? Would preaching with "vitality" in it, would the preacher who gave a young man "something to carry away" with him, attract young men? If such preaching was going on, were the young men there? That was, evidently, my next channel of investigation. I looked around for such preachers. They were few! "But did you know of them?" some one may ask. But, I felt, how could I help knowing of them if they were there? Mr. Beecher's church had always been crowded with young men. Phillips Brooks was to thousands of young men a model of what a man and a preacher should be. The late Maltbie Babcock's congregations never lacked for young men. Dwight L. Moody never suffered for young men in his audiences, or in his home, for that matter. Dr. Gunsaulus reached young men. There were always young men in Dr. Rainsford's audiences—hundreds of them. George C. Lorimer's audiences never suffered for lack of young men. So it would seem as if they were willing to come if the right sermons were preached—that is, if a man spoke to men.

I finally selected seven ministers who each in their own five cities of residences fulfilled the young man's ideal of being a minister who either knew the every-day world of men and the needs of the men in that world, or who struck the big note of vitality in their sermons.

I had statistics made up for me. The five cities were well apart; the seven churches of different denominations. How many young men were there in the immediate neighborhood of these seven churches? I asked the different Young Men's Christian Associations to find out for me. Six thousand one hundred and ten was the count given me. Then I

had the statistics of the number of young men in these services for four consecutive Sundays collated. The average result of one Sunday's attendance was four thousand six hundred and fourteen—all between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. Then, young men will go to church—even in the face of Sunday golf; for, within three miles at the farthest, from any of these seven churches there were not less than nine golf-links, and, with one exception, all permitting Sunday golf!

Then I said to the ministers of these churches: "What keeps these fifteen hundred young men away from the church?"

"Perhaps our preaching," said one, with a smile. But the others said, "They're too tired on Sundays from their week-day work."

I went to some of the young men.

"Too tired when Sunday comes," was the most general reason given, and for once the pew and the pulpit were in accord.

"That is our problem here in the cities," said one of the ministers. "How to get young men to ease up in the week so that they won't reach Sunday morning tired out—too tired to get up, and only thankful for an hour or two of extra sleep and an easy breakfast as against the hurried snatch of a breakfast each week-day."

Forty men said to me in substance: "Sunday is the only day I have to get acquainted with my family. My children look forward to it, and I do, and when Sunday morning comes I like to walk out into the country with them, and in the winter in the park."

"I can't believe that a man who does that," remarked another young man of a family, who said practically the same thing, "is going to be eternally damned, and I don't like to go to church and be told that I will be."

"And he's right, dead right," said a clergyman when I repeated this man's statement. "No minister has a right or a basis for condemning such a man to hell or any other place."

"You don't believe, then," I asked, "that such a man is wrong in doing as he does?"

"No, God bless him! no," he said, with emphasis. "Let him take his children into the country or into the park. Let him go and play golf if he has no children, and needs the exercise. In either case he is doing himself good. When a man is locked up six days in a week, from eight until six, I don't blame him for wanting to be in the open all of Sunday—and if his conscience is clear, he is all right."

"Do you know what is the legitimate problem of the Church with regard to that man?" asked this big man of God, as he looked me straight in the eye.

"Tell me," I said.

"It is for the Church to strive for such social conditions that such a man need not work like a slave so that he reaches Sunday all tired out. No, it isn't Utopian; it is possible. The curse of the modern man is not Sunday golf or anything of that nature. It is money-madness; the inability to see, amid the hot pace of to-day, that there is something higher, bigger, better to live and strive for in the world than money-getting; to show him that he is happier with little than with much; to show him the thing that is worth while; to strip the externals from the kernel; to raise his manhood. That is religion—the real religion; that is the religion that the Church should stand for; not whether a man is right or wrong if he plays golf or whether he goes to church.

"Most of these men," he continued, "are right, and I say it as a clergyman who has heard many others. The message that is delivered Sunday after Sunday from the average pulpit is vapid and meaningless to the man of affairs of to-day. Your man of the present requires a different preaching than did his father. He wants you to say something, and to say it without flourishes and in as short a time as possible. He has no time or patience with theories. He wants to know what is what—a living message full of the breath of vital life.

"When ministers preach that kind of sermon," concluded this man, "you or any one else won't be asking why fifteen hundred young men don't come to church. The churches will be asking how to seat the young men. As it is, my wonder is

not that these fifteen hundred young men do not go to church, but that the four thousand and odd you tell me about *do go!*"

And as we parted this minister said: "I have studied this question of the young man and the church for many years now, and I have come to the conclusion, whether we ministers choose to like it or not, that the fault lies as much with what we preach, if not a little more, as with the willingness of the young man to

come and hear us. The young man 'll come fast enough if you give him something to come for."

"Something to come for," I thought as I left this clergyman. These were the same words exactly that so many young men used to me.

Can it be, then, that so great a problem lies in so simple a solution:

"The young man 'll come fast enough if you give him something to come for." I wonder?

Civil Service in American Cities

By Charles Dwight Willard

AS often as a city adds two hundred to its population, it puts another man on the municipal pay-roll at \$750 a year. Whether he will wear a star, drive a cart, or operate a typewriter cannot be foretold with accuracy, but he may be depended upon to appear at the treasurer's office with his warrant about the first of the month. The public, which pays his salary and is dependent on his ministrations for its comfort or protection, is directly interested in his honesty and efficiency. It also has an indirect interest—of which it is but dimly conscious, perhaps—in the means by which he secures his appointment; for if his selection helps to strengthen some bad political machine, the public may suffer a loss in the transaction that does not show on the surface.

About three-fourths of the income of an average American city goes into its pay-roll. About one-eighth is used for the purchase of supplies. It is interesting to contrast the methods employed to safeguard the latter small expenditure with the utter lack of method that prevails in most American cities with regard to the former enormous one. If a thousand dollars' worth of cement is desired by the park department, the superintendent makes out a requisition, which is first viséed by his board, and is then sent up to the finance committee of the council. Bids are advertised for, which, in due time and with proper ceremony, are opened by the city clerk. Samples

are submitted and given a test by the city chemist. The material when delivered is checked in by the storekeeper and receipted for by the park superintendent. Later on the warrant for payment passes through the hands of five or six people, and is plastered with signatures and seals until it looks like a royal commission in the Horse Marines. Incidentally, two or three newspapers exploit the transaction as a job, and the cement dealer is called before the grand jury.

About the same time a deputyship in the tax collector's office falls vacant. It pays a thousand dollars a year, plus some little graft if the occupant chooses to be dishonest. The chief of the department owes his place to Billy Gorman of the Eighth, and, in duty bound, reports the vacancy to him. "I'll send you a feller," says Billy. "For Heaven's sake," whines the official, "give me a man that is some good. The last one you sent—" The "feller" presents himself and is put behind the counter. The tax collector's office is already hopelessly in arrears with its work. At the end of the year \$75,000 of the tax money is written off as uncollectible.

Through lack of system in the selection of its employees, a city loses in four distinct ways—the first two of which are obvious and frequently commented upon; the latter two not so readily noted.

First, it loses part or all of the salaries paid to the inefficient. The Civil Service Commission of the United States,

in an exhaustive report on this topic, estimates this form of loss at about ten per cent. of the salary roll. In other words, a city of 150,000 population probably sacrifices about \$50,000 a year, or enough to maintain a good library.

Secondly, it loses through the blunders and neglect of the incompetent an amount that defies computation. For a test on this point, let any successful merchant ask himself how long his business would survive if he allowed Mr. William Gorman of the Eighth to appoint his traveling men, or even his stenographers. That our cities withstand the shock at all is due to the fact that there are in every department a few pack-horses who do practically all the work, and, furthermore, that Mr. Gorman, with all his shortcomings, is bright enough to know just how much the public will stand.

Thirdly, the pay-roll itself, if no system is employed with regard to taking men on and putting them off, is likely to be "stuffed" with dummies or with political workers who are needed at election time.

The last and perhaps the greatest loss of all is the indirect one referred to in the opening paragraph—the power given to political managers through this un-American, aristocratic scheme of "patronage." Why should one man, or it may be half a dozen men, in a community enjoy this tremendous bread-and-butter influence over a number of people who otherwise might be faithful and self-respecting workers? There would be need of apology for such an arrangement even if the person exercising the power could be depended upon to stand always for the best interest of the city; but, as a matter of fact, he and his machine, and the corporations with which he affiliates, constitute the most malign influence in the municipality.

That all this is wrong it needs no argument to prove, but the extent of the wrong must be repeatedly pointed out before people are roused to effect a remedy.

The ideal system of appointments is one where the superior officer selects his subordinates without interference from outside, on the basis of experience and ability for the service required. If he gives due consideration to the first-

named quality, he will continue in their positions all the efficient men left by his predecessor. The unrestricted power to appoint of course carries with it a similar power of removal.

This is the theory on which the present political system is based. That it is not an impossible condition is shown by the existence of exactly this arrangement in most of the municipalities of England and Scotland. No distinct law lies back of it compelling the superior to select his assistants for merit only, but so potent is public sentiment in those cities in favor of this idea that no one ventures to make any serious departure from it. There are some American municipalities where this plan is said to prevail throughout the entire government. It is now recognized almost everywhere as applying to the schools, and in perhaps three cities out of five it is made to apply to the police and fire departments.

As long as the great National game of party politics continues to be played with such zest and animation in our cities, the best available remedy for the spoils evil is the competitive merit method of appointment—or, as it is popularly known, the civil service system. It prevails at the present time in all the principal cities of New York under a general State law, in Chicago and Milwaukee, and in the two California cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles. Tacoma recently adopted the system, but, after two years of unhappy experience, voted it out by a referendum. A new charter containing this and other reform features has just been presented to the voters of Denver, only to be defeated by a large majority.

Some variation of detail exists in the application of the system in these cities, but the general plan is nearly uniform. It covers in each instance over ninety-five per cent. of the non-elective employees of the city, except in San Francisco, where a city and county government co-exist as one organization, and where, under a decision of the Supreme Court, the civil service plan is held to apply only to the offices that are strictly municipal in their function. Such exemptions as occur in other cities are

those of chief deputies, or of confidential clerks under bond to their superiors, or of laborers whose fitness could not easily be determined by any process of examination. Civil Service Commissioners are appointed by the Mayor—three or five in number—representing two or more political parties, and usually under the restriction that they are “known to be devoted to the principles of the competitive merit system.” In some cases these are salaried and in others they must serve without pay, but they are always allowed a paid secretary and examining force. They classify the service, keep records of all employees, and the auditor or comptroller is authorized to pay salaries only on their signed guarantee of the correctness of the roll. This one feature alone is likely to save to the city all the cost of the system. Examinations are held at stated times for applicants to the various positions, and, as vacancies occur, those who pass are sent up for appointment, usually in the direct order of their merit. There is a reasonable period of probation, during which, if the appointee proves unsatisfactory to the principal, he is sent back to the commission, without prejudice, to be tried again in some other department. If he passes the period of probation successfully, he is entitled to a permanent place in the city's employ, to be removed only for cause established by a trial before the Civil Service Commission. Emergency appointments may be made by the head of the department, with the consent of the Commission, to cover any short period when no applicants are available.

Chicago and the cities of New York State have had about ten years' experience with this system, Milwaukee seven years, San Francisco three, and Los Angeles one. In each of these places will be found plenty of people to assert that the plan is an “utter failure,” and others who will denounce it with great fierceness as a “fraud” and “humbug.” This is partly due to the influence of politics, which civil service reform disturbs in most exasperating fashion; partly to human nature, which expects too much and then exaggerates its own disappointments; and partly to a fact that every

true friend of civil service reform should recognize, viz., that the system is not without certain minor drawbacks and disadvantages.

On the other hand, there will be found in each of these cities politicians of the best type who will tell you that a civil service system properly administered is a boon to them personally in the relief it gives from incessant claims and importunities, and is of great advantage to the municipality; and it is the almost unanimous verdict of disinterested business men that the new system has improved the class of employees secured by the city and given better results in economy and in the efficiency of the work done.

The drawbacks of the civil service reform method are those that arise inevitably out of the effort to apply any general system—necessarily more or less rigid—to so large and complicated a proposition as that of securing hundreds, or thousands, of helpers in a great variety of lines of work. The commissioners and their examining force, unfortunately, are not inspired, and they sometimes make mistakes. Excellent men fail to pass the examinations and those of mediocre ability manage to pull through. Heads of departments are occasionally cursed with men who are too good to throw out and not good enough to keep. And employees do grow old in time. Worse than all else, the commissioners themselves are now and then accused of “playing politics,” and in some cases this accusation has been true.

It is manifestly unfair to try any human institution by an imaginary ideal standard. The only honest test of the civil service reform system is by contrast with the political, or spoils, system which it is intended to replace. Is the average political boss able to make a better selection of men for these positions than an examining board? Is he likely to be as honest and disinterested in his search for efficiency as the Civil Service Commissioners, who are acting under a system organized for that specific purpose? Is the head of a department allowed to dispose of the boss's selections when they prove unsatisfactory? As a matter of fact, has the head the

courage to throw out his own political helpers when they become inefficient? As to the matter of age, is it not notorious that every city under the spoils system has a pension roll of old men whose relations or friends, enjoying political influence, farm them on the municipality?

The preponderance of reliable testimony in all of the cities now working under the civil service reform method is that it constitutes a great improvement, as to cost of service and as to efficiency, over the spoils system that it succeeded. Whether political conditions have been bettered cannot be demonstrated in every case, but can be clearly shown in Chi-

cago and Milwaukee and in some of the New York cities. It is a noteworthy fact that the people of San Francisco, who for thirty years refused to vote for the issuance of bonds, after three years of civil service reform were willing to start that city on a new era of internal improvement, and thereupon allowed \$18,000,000 to be borrowed for use in sewers, schools, street-paving, a hospital, a library, and the development of parks. It is possible that when our cities have all been put in order it will be discovered that the most effective implement used in the process was the competitive merit system of appointments.

Thackeray and Turgénieff¹

IT is an interesting coincidence that there should be coming from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of this city, new editions of two novelists whose work belongs in the front rank of the literature of fiction, and who, studied from the standpoint of nationality, furnish curiously contrasted types of national character. Turgénieff and Thackeray have no superiors as masters of the art of novel-writing; both were artists of individual insight, power of character-drawing, and quality of style. It may be said without exaggeration that the ability to appreciate Turgénieff and Thackeray furnishes a good test of a real love of literature and a real comprehension of it. The Kensington Edition of the "Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray," which is to be completed in thirty-two volumes, will be what advertisements sometimes call "monumental" in mass and dignity; but, what is more important, it will be also eminently readable, congenial to the hand and agreeable to the eye; for the volumes, although large, are light in weight, and the type is of a noble size. The publishers announce that the utmost care has been taken to secure correctness of diction and con-

venience of arrangement, but that equal care has been taken to keep editorial supervision and machinery in the background; the aim being, not to present what experts think about Thackeray, but what Thackeray said for himself. This is precisely what the reader of Thackeray wants. There has been altogether too much elaborate editing of books which stand in small need of that service. Several recent editions of Lamb have been models of editorial industry, curiosity, and patience; but they have imposed great burdens on the patience of readers and have so overlaid the caskets in which the relics are kept that it has been almost impossible to find the relics.

Thackeray stands in small need of annotation. A few explanations of references to contemporary events or persons, an elucidation now and then of allusions which may have become obscure by reason of the lapse of time, are all that the intelligent reader needs. The prefatory notes are of delightful brevity, and the stories that have appeared, "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," and "Pendennis," are sent forth with the slightest possible editorial apparatus. This will be agreeable to those readers who have resented even Mrs. Ritchie's delightful autobiographical introductions in the Autobiographical Edition as in a certain way a vio-

¹ *The Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.* (Kensington Edition.) 32 vols. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. 15 vols. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

lation of her father's wishes. Those charming prefaces are, however, biographies of the novels rather than biographies of the writer, and do not lack that kind of filial piety which is specially due to Thackeray, at once the most communicative and the most reticent of men. In this edition, however, even the hand of filial piety has been restrained, and Thackeray stands by himself. The volumes are to be published in the order in which they appeared in the revised edition of 1869. Thackeray's own illustrations are used, supplemented by those of Fred Walker, Du Maurier, and Doyle; the first volume using as a frontispiece a reproduction of Samuel Laurence's portrait of Thackeray. The charming "Brookfield Letters," which appeared a few years ago and are instinct with Thackeray's sense of form and humor, are to be added to this edition. The volumes, which are of octavo size, are printed by Mr. De Vinne, bound in quiet and dignified fashion, with no decoration except Thackeray's monogram.

There could hardly be a more striking contrast of method than that which is afforded by Thackeray and Turgénieff. Thackeray is the master of what may be called the art of full communication with the reader. His subjects are presented with the most minute touches of characterization and with almost continuous reflection and comment on the part of the writer. If this were not done with the most delicate and engaging art, it would be inartistic and wearisome; but only in a few cases does the lover of Thackeray feel his work too long. Turgénieff, on the other hand, is the master of condensation. None of his stories is long, and yet nothing seems to be omitted which is essential to convey to the reader the full and lucid impression in the writer's mind. These first-hand studies of the Russia of thirty years ago are, in their way, the most subtle and searching interpretations of the Slavic spirit and character accessible to the American reader. Turgénieff in exile in Paris never lost touch with Russia, and of all the men who have spoken for her, no one has known the Slavic temperament more intimately or recorded it with greater subtlety and

truthfulness. A full generation has passed since some of these stories were written, but they are as fresh and vivid as on the day when they were given to the world. The "Memoirs of a Sportsman" describe a state of society which has been radically modified, and in effecting that modification these memoirs played no inconspicuous part; but so vividly has the society which Turgénieff knew in his boyhood left its impress on these pages that one reads it as if it were the record of contemporary men and women. Even more profoundly than Tolstoy, Turgénieff seems to have gathered up into himself the historic consciousness of the Slavic race and to have personified and expressed it in a group of striking character-studies. This was what M. Renan meant when he said: "His conscience was not that of an individual to whom nature had been more or less generous; it was in some sort the conscience of a people. Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the depths of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race; generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance."

In a carefully studied introduction to this edition of "The Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff" Mr. Henry James confirms the judgment of M. Renan, declaring that "his genius for us is the Slav genius; his voice the voice of those vaguely imagined multitudes whom we think of more and more to-day as waiting their turn, in the arena of civilization, in the gray expanses of the North." This race plays a leading part on the stage of world-action, and will play a great part in the future. Its endowment of passion, sentiment, instinct, capacity for endurance and for suffering, its romantic temperament, its tendency to melancholy, have found expression in one of the most notable of modern compositions, Tschaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique;" and the appeal of that striking musical interpretation of the Slav genius and temperament has gone to the heart of the whole Western world.

However sympathy for Russia may have been alienated in the present crisis in the Far East, American appreciation and understanding of the genius of the Russian people must grow as that genius expresses itself. The new edition, therefore, of "The Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff" has both a timely and a permanent interest. The fifteen volumes have been newly translated from the original Russian by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, who furnishes a preface to

each volume. It cannot be said that the translation is perfect, but it has great excellence, for it is based on thorough knowledge of Russia, entire familiarity with Turgénieff, and sympathy with the man and the race. The edition bears the same imprint as that which appears on the Kensington Thackeray, and the books are bound in seal-brown satin, each volume containing a frontispiece printed in photogravure from drawings made especially for the edition.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Annals of Tacitus (The): Books I.—VI. An English Translation by George Gilbert Ramsay. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 439 pages. \$4, net.

Not only for the classical scholar but for the English reader this work possesses an unusual value. How to translate well not all classical scholars know so well but that they can better their knowledge by studying Professor Ramsay. The hitherto published translations of Tacitus into English have failed to justify to cultivated English readers unacquainted with the original his reputation as the greatest word-painter that the ancient world produced. "A literal translation of Tacitus into English that shall read as English" Professor Ramsay justly pronounces an impossibility, such are the peculiarities of his style and such the incompatibility of a close translation with an English literary form. Of the hundreds of translations of his works into European languages less than ten per cent. are in our tongue. It is, therefore, a serious task to which Professor Ramsay has devoted years of labor, and it would be difficult to improve upon such success as his in making our stubborn tongue reproduce the most perfect pictorial style of any among ancient writers. His rendering is in good literary English of the modern type, on the one hand neither loose nor inexact; on the other hand, free and idiomatic in its fidelity to the author's thought. For instance, take his characterization of the Emperor Tiberius in the closing sentence of Book VI.: "Postremo in scelera simul ac dedecora prorupit, postquam remoto pudore et metu suo tantum ingenio utebatur"—translated thus: "Until at last, freed from all fears, lost to all shame, he broke out in wickedness and wantonness alike, and showed himself in no character but his own." With other modern scholars, as Mr. Tarver, whose "Tiberius the Tyrant" was reviewed in this column May 31, 1902, Professor Ramsay regards this "cruel epigram" as having

no better foundation in fact than scandal-mongering town-talk, uncritically accepted by Tacitus half a century later. This translation, enriched as it is by judicious annotation, may be unhesitatingly pronounced far superior to any yet produced in our language for its preservation of the spirit of the original. The introductory essay on "Tacitus and His Translators" is an admirable piece of critical work, and distinctly valuable to all who would escape the reproach of the Italian proverb, *Traditori traduttori* ("translators are traitors").

Bartolozzi and His Pupils in England. By Selwyn Brinton, M.A. (The Langham Series of Art Monographs.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×6½ in. 96 pages. \$1, net.

The editor of the Langham Series of Art Monographs seeks to enter some of the less frequented art byways, and mentions a few of the volumes the public may expect. As a collector he chooses for his own study the engraver Bartolozzi, whose work was received cordially during the lifetime of the artist, then declined in favor, and has since revived. The Bartolozzi prints are a continual delight to the connoisseur, who will welcome the comments of an expert upon them and also find interest in the biographical sketches of the master and some of his pupils.

Broken Rosary (A). By Edward Peple. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. \$1.50.

Author and illustrator are in accord in this flimsy and irritating tale of a decadent society, stupid in its wickedness. A drunken duel, a *demi-mondaine*, a disloyal priest, and others of like character, disappear in a haze of regenerating penance, after the approved French system of morals. The period is labeled as that of Louis XV., but is quite unrecognizable.

Britain and America: The Lost Israelites. By the Rev. P. S. McKillop. Published by the Author, St. Albans, Vt. 6×9 in. 519 pages.

Beethoven. By J. S. Shedlock, B.A. (Bell's Miniature Series of Musicians.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x6 in. 60 pages.

Another of Bell's Miniature Series is devoted to Beethoven. His life, sketched by J. S. Shedlock, with illustrations, portraits, and facsimile scores, is brief but quite adequate. We are reminded that Goethe said of the master, "His talent astonished me, but his personality is utterly untamed." That he accomplished what he did, handicapped by deafness, an irascible temper, and unpractical habits, dying when he was only fifty-seven, demonstrates the force of true genius.

Chopin. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x7½ in. 248 pages. \$1.25.

Sanity, restraint, poise, rare enough in books about music generally, are especially rare in writings about musical composers. The romanticist particularly has suffered at the hands of the uncritical, and perhaps Chopin as much as any, on the one hand from the raptured amateur who "just dotes" on Chopin and plays his nocturnes and waltzes in what he supposes is *tempo rubato*, but really is a fine disregard of tempo, and, on the other hand, from the critic of the same mind with Pador, who speaks of Chopin as "this morbid, womanly, womanish, slip-slop, powerless, bleached, sweet caramel Pole." Mr. Hadden's life of Chopin has just these rare qualities of sanity, restraint, and poise that eliminate from its pages both adulation and contempt. More than that, the book is readable because it makes Chopin human. To a whole-souled, healthy-minded man there is something about the sentimental, melancholy Chopin of tradition that is repellent because it is unnatural. Sensitive Chopin was, and by no means always well even mentally; but he was human, and it is as a living, credible human being that he appears in Mr. Hadden's book. The first nine chapters present his personality in a narrative of the events of his life; the last four present his personality in a description of his appearance, an account of his method and spirit as teacher and performer, an estimate of him as a composer, and a brief comment on his compositions. The narrative and critical portions of the book are alike fluent and discriminating.

Churches of Christ: In the United States, Australasia, England, and Canada. By John T. Brown, M.A. Illustrated. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky. 6½x10½ in. 683 pages.

The religious denomination known as "Disciples of Christ," Congregational in polity, Baptist in practice, and standing for the restoration of primitive Christianity on the simple basis of Peter's confession (Matthew xvi. 16), and the Bible as the only rule of faith and practice, has lately outstripped other Protestant denominations in rapidity of growth. This handsome volume, to be followed by another, seems to be in timely anticipation of their centennial in 1909. It puts on record the doctrine of the Disciples, their historical development, accounts of many of their local churches, and sketches of their prominent men, especially the pio-

neers and leaders in evangelistic and educational work. The Disciples flourish especially in the Central States, having 1,700 churches in Missouri, 933 in Indiana, 900 in Kentucky, but only 25 as yet in New England and 51 in New York. The appended statistics show 14 colleges or universities, nearly 11,000 churches, over 1,200,000 communicants, and over \$1,000,000 raised last year for missions, education, and benevolence. The volume is profusely illustrated.

Christianized Rationalism and the Higher Criticism. By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4¼x6¼ in. 89 pages. 50c.

The author sums up his specific points of objection to Professor Harnack's conception of Christianity by saying, "To call it Christianity is not only unintelligent but dishonest." The assumption of the argument that leads to this conclusion is that one cannot be a Christian who declines to accept Christian doctrine as defined in the creeds.

Day of the Dog (The). By George Barr McCutcheon. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 137 pages. \$1.25.

This is an entertaining, irresponsible sort of a story, light as a feather, and comical rather than humorous. It is really of the caliber of a burlesque magazine story, but has been made into a book by the liberal use of decoration and illustration. The pictures in color by Mr. Harrison Fisher are well done.

Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations (English). By Helena Swan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 608 pages. \$2.50, net.

The compiler's idea has been, not to present "familiar quotations," but rather comparatively recent and little-known passages suitable for quotation. Hence most of the selections are from poems written later than 1850, although a few great poets are admitted in exception to this rule. The arrangement is alphabetically by subject, and obviously the effect has been to make the number of subjects exceedingly large. The book will be a boon to those who seek some apt poetical tag whereby to round out their own eloquence. The title should show in some way that prose excerpts are not included.

Dying Message of Paracelsus (The). By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Printed by Marsh, Aitken & Curtis Co., Chicago. Copies for sale at the Unity Publishing Co., Chicago. 5x8¼ in. 14 pages. 90c.

Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Edited with Notes by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. In 31 vols. Vol. I. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼x9¼ in. 328 pages. Per vol. \$4.

This is the first volume of a projected series of annotated reports from volumes of travel describing the conditions of life, social and economical, in the West during the early period of American settlement. Mr. Thwaites is the best possible editor who could have been chosen for such a task, and the value of the series to students of American history and for all libraries needs no demonstration. We shall hope to speak further of the work as it progresses.

Edward Lincoln Atkinson, 1865-1902. By Charles Lewis Slattery. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 195 pages. \$1, net.

This is a book to confute the notion that first-class men do not enter the Gospel ministry nowadays. It is an inspiring record of one who, as an ancient writer says, "being perfected in a few days, fulfilled many days"—a Harvard man graduated *magna cum laude*, endearing himself to all whom he served in successive pastorates at Springfield, Massachusetts, Boston, and New York; one who loved God, little children, and the poor, generous to a fault, enthusiastic, untiring, with the heart and mind of a man and the spirit of a child. His story, as told by his friend, to the day when death by a boating accident in 1902 cut him off in the flower of life, is one that cannot fail to attract men of his type to cherish his memory and emulate his career.

Essays and Letters. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4x6½ in. 372 pages. \$1.

This volume contains several essays not before printed, and nearly all the essays are freshly translated by Mr. Maude under Tolstoy's own direction. The subjects are varied and present Tolstoy's well-known views in his always forceful manner. Such titles as "Why Men Stupefy Themselves," "Non-Acting," "Religion and Morality," "A Letter on Non-Resistance," "A Letter to Russian Liberals," "What is Religion," "Modern Science," and "An Appeal to the Clergy" indicate in a measure the general character of the book. At a later date we may be able to examine with some closeness Tolstoy's views as here expressed. In the meanwhile it may be of interest to quote in full Tolstoy's own statement of his creed, made in reply to the edict of excommunication issued against him by the Holy Synod of Russia:

I certainly do not believe in what they say they believe in. But I believe in much they wish to persuade people that I disbelieve in.

I believe in this: I believe in God, whom I understand as Spirit, as Love, as the Source of all. I believe that he is in me and I in him. I believe that the will of God is most clearly and intelligibly expressed in the teaching of the man Jesus, whom to consider as God, and pray to, I esteem the greatest blasphemy. I believe that man's true welfare lies in fulfilling God's will, and his will is that men should love one another, and should consequently do to others as they wish others to do to them—of which it is said in the Gospels that in this is the law and the prophets. I believe, therefore, that the meaning of the life of every man is to be found only in increasing the love that is in him; that this increase of love leads man, even in this life, to ever greater and greater blessedness, and after death gives him the more blessedness the more love he has, and helps more than anything else towards the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth—that is, to the establishment of an order of life in which the discord, deception, and violence that now rule will be replaced by free accord, by truth, and by the brotherly love of one for another. I believe that to obtain progress in love there is only one means: prayer—not public prayer in churches, plainly forbidden by Jesus, but private prayer, like the sample given them by Jesus, consisting of the renewing and strengthening, in their consciousness, of the meaning of life, and of their dependence solely on the will of God.

God's Living Oracles. By Arthur T. Pier-son. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 257 pages. \$1, net.

While Dr. Pierson's aim commands the entire sympathy of all Christians, many will regret his method. In his estimate of the Bible truth and error blend in equal proportions, and both the truth and the error are fundamental. His argument proceeds on the utterly false assumptions that "the book claims to be a royal message to God's human subjects," and that acceptance of its plenary inspiration and infallibility is essential to intelligent faith in the supernatural. In many details Dr. Pierson's treatment of his subject has been thoroughly antiquated by modern learning. It is really surprising to find him repeating to-day what used to be urged sixty years ago by the apologists for negro slavery, that it was a fulfillment of Noah's imprecation on his unfilial son; the African negro being then represented as a descendant of Ham, and a congener of his early civilized race.

Golden Treasury (The): Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language. By Francis T. Palgrave. (Revised and Enlarged.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4x5½ in. 387 pages.

Horse-Leech's Daughter (The). By Margaret Doyle Jackson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x7½ in. 351 pages. \$1.50.

It is said that this story comes from a fresh hand; if so, it is undoubtedly promising, though not without grave faults. It is a study of an utterly passionless, metallically selfish woman who goes wrong, not through the warmth of her nature, but because she will have more money. It is a merciless study of a merciless character, and well done so far as graphic power is concerned. It is, however, melodramatic in some passages, and although it holds the interest, it does not convince the reader of its reality.

Hour-Glass and Other Plays (The). By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 113 pages. \$1.25, net.

The latest volume in the Irish Theater Series which Mr. Yeats is writing. He has done nothing more characteristic than this little book, which contains three plays. The first is the story of a skeptic who has been teaching everybody to disbelieve, who is finally confronted with an angel, and told, as in "Everyman," that he must meet his fate, but who is promised escape from the Inferno on condition that he can find some one who believes. He interrogates his pupils, his wife, his children, and his friends, and finds them all unbelievers because he has made them so, until he is hemmed in on every side by the effects of his own teaching, and at last finds a door of escape only in the wisdom of a fool who has believed in spite of him. The second play is one of the strongest pieces of symbolical work Mr. Yeats has done. He undoubtedly has taken the old woman in this play as the symbol of Ireland, and the drama which he has made about her, and which interprets her fate and her imperious command as well, must stir

Irish hearts to the bottom. The third play is a bit of Celtic humor of a very characteristic sort.

How Tyson Came Home. By William H. Rideing. John Lane, New York. 5x8 in. 303 pages. \$1.50.

Tyson, born in England, but having made his fortune in western America, longs for his old home, and, revisiting it, finds human nature much the same in both continents. The girl of the plains, daughter of the Senator, is not unlike her English sister, the daughter of a Bishop—both unconventional and sincere. Touched by love in England, Tyson returns to America to live happily in an atmosphere of sincerity and freedom.

In the Bishop's Carriage. By Miriam Michelson. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5x7½ in. 280 pages.

The author evidently was tempted to create a female Raffles, with the difference that Nance Alden is reformed through the combined influence of an Anglican bishop of simple mind and a more subtle theatrical manager, both of the gentlemen coming into the heroine's life under circumstances connected with her career as a clever thief. The manager she marries, the bishop gives her his blessing and wishes she had been his daughter. The tale is told in a rattling monologue, sufficiently slangy to be in character.

Landscaping Gardening. By Samuel Parsons, Jr. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6x9 in. 329 pages.

This is a new edition of a well-known handbook by one of our foremost experts in this branch of art. As is well known, Mr. Parsons has been Superintendent of Parks in New York and has had in other ways the fullest possible experience in his profession. The book is full of suggestions for the treatment of gardens, lawns, and the grounds of large and small country places. It is profusely illustrated. This volume has been widely recognized, and the demand for a new edition shows that intelligent study of these subjects is extending rapidly in this country.

Letters from Japan: A Record of Modern Life in the Island Empire. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6x9 in. 387 pages.

A new edition of one of the most delightfully written reports of Japan that has been given to the American public; a series of letters notable for fresh feeling and vivid description, conveying an intimate impression of Japanese life as seen by an accomplished woman. This edition is in one volume of convenient size.

Lighting of School-Rooms (The): A Manual for School Boards, Architects, Superintendents, and Teachers. By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph.D. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 94 pages.

Mastery of the Pacific (The). By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½x9 in. 440 pages. \$3.

When Mr. Colquhoun's book was first published, The Outlook spoke of its interest

and importance at some length. The publication of a new edition is certainly well timed now; for the book deals in a thorough way with problems and conditions to which the war in the East is now turning all minds. It will be remembered that not a small part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the expansion of the United States in the Far East; and it is of particular interest to get the views of an Englishman who has traveled and studied national and racial conditions so closely as has Mr. Colquhoun. The author repeatedly intimates and at least once plainly says that, in his judgment, the United States will be the dominating factor in "the mastery of the Pacific." The following passage is particularly suggestive in this connection:

Among the most significant features of the situation which mark the beginning of a new century is the advent of Russia, coming *overland*, on the Pacific littoral, where she has acquired an important seaboard with good harbors and a maritime population. On the other hand, we have the sudden appearance of the United States, coming *oversea*, and establishing herself in a large, populous, and important archipelago on the borders of Asia. Thus the greatest Autocracy and the greatest Democracy meet in the Far East, and the question of their future relations is one of the most interesting raised by our study of the situation. Will the United States, abandoning the policy by which her foreign relations have hitherto been guided, follow the example of Britain, or will she consider what may be termed her immediate material interests and give the support of her countenance to Russia by following out to a logical conclusion the Monroe Doctrine? That Russia desires to apply such a doctrine to all northern Asia is not to be doubted, and if the United States in her new sphere should take a similar view of her own interests, we may yet see the two Great Powers of the Future, the Great Autocracy and the Great Democracy, Slav and Teuton, dominating the Far and the Farthest East as two gigantic Trusts.

Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Thought of Our Time: An Appreciation and a Criticism. By William Harbutt Dawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½x8 in. 450 pages.

If there is to-day, as Mr. Dawson says, "a cult of Matthew Arnold," and a growing one, it is to be reckoned a sign auspicious for the times. The reign of industrialism, the predominance of commercialism, need as much as in the past generation the prophet of idealism. The tendency even in our universities to foster a narrowly specialized efficiency at the expense of broad and liberalizing culture needs just the corrective of Arnold's ideal—"the balance of life," the right proportioning of things. This is not the place, however, for a critique of Arnold. Mr. Dawson has done that justly, generously, and thoroughly. Arnold met with the stony greeting usually bestowed on prophets, but the world is moving up toward his conception of genuine civilization as consisting in the humanization of mankind. Mr. Dawson contends with reason that those who accuse him of indifference to social problems pass a superficial judgment incurably unjust. On the other hand, he regards his theological writings as the least serviceable part of his work, leading to question whether his definition of God

leaves us with religion at all, a remark suggesting that Mr. Dawson's idea of religion may be as imperfectly thought out as was Arnold's idea of God. Every book-shelf holding Arnold's works should hold this as their companion.

Merchant of Venice (The). By William Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. (First Folio Edition.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4x6½ in. 264 pages. 50c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Modern Socialism: As Set Forth by Socialists in their Speeches, Writings, and Programmes. Edited by R. C. K. Ensor. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 388 pages. \$1.50, net.

A systematized handbook of real value to the student of Socialism. Approaching his subject from the political point of view, Mr. Ensor seeks to make clear the teachings and programmes of the Socialist parties of England and the Continent. This he accomplishes by a method that insures at once clarity and compactness of presentation. The bulk of his volume is composed of addresses and articles by such authorities of yesterday and to-day as Marx, Engels, Lassalle, Liebknecht, Bebel, Jaurès, Millerand, Von Wollmar, Vanderveelde, Morris, Burns, Hardie, the Webbs, Anseele, and Kautsky; to this is added the Socialistic programme, with all its ramifications as formulated from time to time by the leading organizations of the Old World; while the whole is prefaced by a clear-cut and vigorous critical introduction, wherein is sketched the growth and evolution of modern Socialism, the distinctions between the different political parties who seek to attain the same end by varying means, and the present status of Socialism throughout the civilized world. Some of Mr. Ensor's statements on this last point will astonish others than those who have failed to keep in touch with the signs of the times. In the matter of practical results he is right in laying stress upon the present condition of New Zealand, and, to a less degree, Australia, whose experiences, as he points out, are reacting upon European theory. Nor is he far out of the way when he declares that "in France, Italy, and Denmark, Socialists have for some years inspired and dominated the Government." Even in autocratic Germany the spread of Socialistic ideas has been wonderfully rapid of late, the Social Democrats polling at the last general elections no less than 3,008,000 votes as compared to 493,288 votes in 1877. In Germany, however, the power of the Socialists as a political organization is, and will probably long be, cramped by the system of parliamentary representation. Coming to England, we find Mr. Ensor taking what appears to us a somewhat pessimistic view of the situation. He underestimates the value of the work accomplished by the trades-unionists (whom he finds, generally speaking, opposed to Socialism), and he ignores the efficacy of such organizations as fall under the generic head of "Christian

Socialism"—organizations which have for some time been doing yeoman work in inculcating the basic idea of equality of opportunity. Nor can we agree with such a sweeping generalization as: "It is hardly disputable that millions of electors in the greater British cities have reached a point of personal degradation—physical, mental, and moral—to which no Continental country furnishes a parallel on any comparable scale. Time is steadily multiplying these millions." If so, the world is assuredly moving backward, and this we cannot believe. Turning to the United States, it is not altogether surprising to find the author ascribe the tardy development of Socialistic views to "the extremely individualist tradition, descended with the Constitution from the founders of the Republic, and also to the corruption of politics." He notes, however, the change that has manifested itself in popular sentiment as a result, largely, of the "trust" evils, and is correspondingly optimistic as concerns the future. "The high education of the American people," he writes, "their liability to epidemics of thought, the extreme concentration of their industry and inequality of their wealth-production, all favor the possibility of Socialism coming to them in a flood." From this brief survey of the field he passes to a still briefer exposition of Socialistic theory, and then to a close examination of the differences and links between the Revolutionary and the Fabian or Reformist Socialists. We have not space to follow him here, and it must suffice to say that he ably demonstrates the futility of trying to draw a sharp line of demarcation between the two schools. The value of his work as a handbook is increased by a series of thumbnail biographies, introducing each speaker or writer, and an index.

New Testament and Psalms. (Revised American Standard Edition.) Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 3¼x4½ in. 686 pages.

Parsifal: Story and Analysis of Wagner's Great Opera. By H. R. Haweis. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½x6½ in. 69 pages. 40c., net.

A description of a performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, reprinted from the author's "Musical Memories." It is an attempt not only to tell the story of the drama but to reproduce the atmosphere in which it is given. It is characteristically emotional and uncritical, but its very tone of appreciation may open the door to an understanding of "Parsifal" on the part of some to whom a more critical tone would be an obstacle.

Philosophy of Education (The). By Herman Harrell Horne, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 295 pages. \$1.75, net.

This is a choice book, distinguished both by breadth and depth of view. Many guides are calling, "Lo here," or "Lo there," and diverse opinions prevail. With "a sympathetic and bottom-seeking mind," Professor Horne aims to unify and clarify educational thought. His work is well entitled; it is concerned with the unifying principles; not

what to think upon educational problems, but *how*, is its quest. At the same time he has regard to practice as well as theory; *e. g.*, in the eleven pages devoted to the problem of athletics. Education is here presented in a fivefold view—biological, physiological, sociological, psychological, philosophical. All education is self-education; the teacher can only instruct and direct; the pupil must educate himself, that is, adjust himself to his environment. A liberal education is more an attitude of mind than a knowledge of courses; it is not the study going into the mind, but the spirit going forth from the studying mind, that liberalizes. Education is a process of self-realization, and this developing of unrealized minds implies, as the source and spring of the whole movement, the one perfectly realized mind which we name God. The philosophical standpoint of this constructive line of thought is idealistic theism, of the type best represented by Professor Royce. On the problem of religion in the schools Professor Horne takes the middle ground most practicable in this period of transition from dogmatic to vital conceptions of religion—that religion cannot be taught there, but can only be developed.

Philip Massinger. Edited by Arthur Symons. (The Mermaid Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. In 2 vols. 4x7 in. \$2, net.

A "thin paper" edition of the old dramatist renders it possible to give the plays complete in two small volumes. The type is good, but the lack of exact registry allows the print to show through the paper more than it should. Mr. Symons's introductory essay is adequate.

Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods. (Jiu-Jitsu.) By H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5x7½ in. 152 pages. \$1.25, net.

This volume is a most useful and interesting addition to the books on physical culture. Jiu-Jitsu, the Japanese method for physical training, has been followed in Japan for more than two thousand years. Ultimately, it is a method of attack and defense, but, like fencing, in its initial steps it comprises exercises which call into play and develop every muscle in the body. The author of this book has studied the system under Japanese teachers, and gives here a combination of all in jiu-jitsu that is best adapted for the training of women. The text describes very clearly the different exercises, which are still further illustrated by photographs of women engaged in the exercises. Two contestants are needed, as the resistance of muscle to muscle is the underlying principle of the system. To the benefits of this physical training, which is taught throughout the Empire in hundreds of schools, are ascribed in large measure the strength and cheerfulness of the Japanese women.

Post-Exilic Prophets (The). By Rev. J. Wilson Harper, D.D. (Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4x5½ in. 190 pages. 30c.

Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi form the

subject of this volume, introduced by chapters on the Exile and its influence on Jewish life, the Return and rebuilding of the Temple. On the critical questions involved the writer inclines to conservative positions; *e. g.*, holding to the unity of the writings ascribed to Zechariah.

Practical Track and Field Athletics. By John Graham and Ellery H. Clark. Illustrated. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. 5½x8¾ in. 111 pages. \$1.50.

Quintus Oakes. By Charles Ross Jackson. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 318 pages. \$1.50.

A detective story, and, naturally, of the sensational order. It does not seem to us a good specimen of its class.

Reminiscences. By Thomas M. Clark, D.D., LL.D. (Second Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5x7¼ in. 226 pages.

The memory of the well-beloved Bishop of Rhode Island, who passed away seven months ago, covered three-fourths of the nineteenth century. The reminiscences of his active life constitute a record of remarkable progress and change in the church of which he was a noble ornament. A historical as well as a biographical and autobiographical value belongs to this volume. It is a far cry from now to the weekly prayer-meeting in 1843 at St. Andrew's, Philadelphia, and the "crisis" occasioned there by the introduction of responsive reading from the Psalter. Bishop Clark's characteristic qualities of sturdy good sense, genial humor, and kindly temper appear throughout these pages. As a man who inspired respect for the name of "Broad Churchman," his chapter on "The Change of Tone in the Church" carries authority, and may be read with profit by many in other churches. Many notable men who have passed away are fitly commemorated in this volume, and it holds the reader's interest from beginning to end.

Running the River. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 295 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Eggleston has learned the secret of writing an attractive story for boys and girls, and imparting pages of information at the same time. Three brothers, with their plucky little sister, carry on the business of a "supply-boat" on the Mississippi, and by courage and common sense win a place in the commercial world.

Russia at the Bar of the American People: A Memorial of Kishinev. Collected and Edited by Isidore Singer, Ph.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 296 pages. \$1.50, net. (Postage, 15c.)

Dr. Singer has drawn up this powerful "indictment" both as a memorial to the victims of last year's terrible affair at far-away Kishinev, and as a means of keeping green in the minds of Americans the wrongs long patiently endured by those of his people who are subjects of the Czar. While the main portion of the work is devoted to a recital of the horrors of the massacre, of the effect it produced upon the outside world,

and more particularly upon the United States, of the steps taken here to protest to Russia in the name of an outraged civilization, and of the farcical trials of the rioters, much space is found for the consideration of the Russo-Jewish problem viewed as a whole. Perhaps the most striking testimony to the administrative and institutional evils of Russia is that assembled in the fifth chapter, where Dr. Singer quotes from the opinions of Russian Ministers of State, ecclesiastics, soldiers, educators, and writers, pleading for the emancipation of the Jew, the period covered by these witnesses extending from 1772 to the present day. Against such evidence those who would belittle the patent anti-Semitism of Russia will cry in vain. The problem presented is in truth of moment not alone to Russia but to the world, and we can only hope that it will be peacefully solved by some such radical reform as that advocated by M. de Witte, who, according to M. Tugan-Baranowsky, composed a secret memoir urging upon the Government the removal of all civil restrictions under which the Jews of Russia have groaned so long. The editor of this compilation has endeavored to be fair to those whom he places in the dock of public opinion, but it is obviously impossible for him to conceal a profound Russophobia. Kishinev, in truth, wounded humanity to the heart.

Saint Patrick in History. By Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ in. 77 pages. 50c., net.

Saint Patrick, the only saint whose day attracts popular attention, is a personage of sufficient general interest to render this account of him attractive to many who would fain know all that is to be known of him. This, indeed, is not much, but it is so set forth here by a skillful hand as to command veneration for the great missionary through whose labors pagan Ireland gained the name of "the Island of Saints."

Seeking the Kingdom. By Ernest Everett Day. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 210 pages. \$1.50, net.

Sign of Triumph (The). By Sheppard Stevens. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 337 pages. \$1.50.

The redemption of a wastrel through his love for a helpless child is the *motif* of this historical romance woven about a novel theme—that remarkable thirteenth-century crusade wherein thousands of children united in the effort to accomplish what had baffled the knights of Christendom—the recovery of the Holy Sepulcher from the infidel. While attempting to follow the French contingent in its terrible march to the sea, Mrs. Stevens does not do this so much as utilize the crusade as a background to the adventures of one of the youthful fanatics, his widowed mother, and an expatriated and dissolute Englishman who joins the crusaders and is eventually the means of reuniting mother and child, winning the love of the mother as he has already gained the heart of her boy. The plot is simplicity itself, and the story is simply told, although it at times

verges perilously near the melodramatic. It abounds in action and incident and in well-worded dialogue.

Stolen Emperor (The). By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 323 pages. \$1.50.

Mrs. Fraser knows her Japan well, as her "Letters from Japan," recently republished in a single volume, and her short sketches have shown. In this story the background is charming and the plot well conceived and successfully carried to its close. It is a tale of feudal Japan; of the attempt of a powerful young damayo, one of the great subjects of the country, to seize the infant Emperor in order to possess himself of his beautiful mother. In carrying out this plot the Empress's part of the palace is burned, she is carried off in the night with her child, rushed rapidly through the country, immured in a great castle, and subjected to every kind of indignity and anguish which can humiliate a woman or wring a mother's heart. Through much bloodshed and many vicissitudes the story comes out, as such stories should, with the restoration of the beautiful Empress unharmed, and the preservation of the young Emperor for his great destiny. From the Japanese point of view it is probable that the action is over-emphasized. It certainly reminds the reader at many points of "The Darling of the Gods;" but the background is charming, the atmosphere of the piece thoroughly Japanese, and the interest sustained to the end. It is not in any sense a great story; but it has special interest at this moment when the eyes of the world are fixed upon Japan.

Story of Byfield (The): A New England Parish. By John Louis Ewell, D.D. Illustrated. George E. Littlefield, Boston. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 344 pages. \$4.25.

This story of an ancient parish, including portions of three towns in northeastern Massachusetts, is a choice piece of local history. Professor Ewell has drawn it largely from manuscript authorities, and has made it a work of literary merit as well as of historical authority. Many names of more than local fame are prominent in the biographical sketches with which the volume abounds. Here lived the ancestor of Longfellow, to whom the poet dedicated "The Village Blacksmith," himself a blacksmith, keeping his accounts in peculiar orthography here reproduced. According to the deed of sale in 1681, as given in facsimile, the Byfield Indians got a larger price from the first English settlers than was paid for Manhattan Island. The adventures and trials of early times, pictures of social and religious life, personal incidents and anecdotes, make the story of Byfield and its people, common, uncommon, and peculiar, an entertaining book, and a book of that kind whose value grows with the advance of time and change. Those who do such work as this, in gathering up the memoranda of the early life of the American people, lay remote posterity under a debt of gratitude.

Story of the Organ (The). By C. F. Abdy Williams, M.A. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 328 pages. \$1.25, net.

Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 399 pages. \$1.50.

We believe this is the thirty-fourth book bearing Mr. Crockett's name which has appeared within seven years—a marvelous record of industry in the trade of fiction-writing. And it must be admitted that Mr. Crockett at his best, and when he takes himself and his reader seriously, can be very good indeed. There are single tales in the two collections called "The Stickit Minister" and "The Stickit Minister's Wooing" which mingle humor, pathos, and character in a truly delightful way; "A Lilac Sunbonnet" is well worth a re-reading, and even in Mr. Crockett's most sensational romances there are portions that taken by themselves are immensely superior to their surroundings. So it is with "Strong Mac"—one finds a pleasing and human rendering of a Scottish village, and, in particular, of school life, of peasants' plowing-matches, of poachers and their ways, of oddities and peculiar customs; but, just as one has become well pleased, the author plunges into one blood-and-thunder horror after another, and one lays down the "romance" with the wish that Mr. Crockett would write a book without any plot at all.

Tales of Kankakee Land. By Charles H. Bartlett. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 232 pages. \$1.25, net.

These papers are not, strictly speaking, fiction, as might be surmised from the title, but they have dramatic and stirring qualities not always found in professed fiction. They include records of experiences in hunting and in exploration, stories of dangers from wild animals and from Indians, studies of wild life in the woods and on the mountains, and picturesque glimpses in other ways of the old-time life of the mingled French, American, and Indian races in the country now occupied by the States of Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois.

Teutonic Legends in the Nibelungen Lied and the Nibelungen Ring. By W. C. Sawyer, Ph.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 343 pages. \$2, net. (Postage, 13c.)

Both the casual opera-goer and the student of operatic music will profit by a perusal of this introduction to the masterpieces of the great German composer Richard Wagner. The one will find in it a clear statement of the basic elements of the cycle; the other will be assisted to a fuller appreciation of the significance of the art of Wagner. Here we have an admirable translation of Dr. Wilhelm Wagner's prose version of the Nibelungen Lied, an epitome of the legends of the Nibelungen Ring, and a critical survey by Professor Fritz Schultze, of Dresden, of the part the legendary has played in the intellectual, moral, and religious development of the German people, and of the service

rendered to the world of culture by Wagner. Throughout the work simplicity obtains, a quality that cannot be too highly commended in view of the difficulty of exploring the subject treated.

Things which Remain (The): An Address to Young Ministers. By Daniel A. Goodsell, Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5×7 in. 63 pages. 25c., net.

Bishop Goodsell here discusses the question, "How much Christian doctrine will remain, though much of the most radical criticism be accepted?" Taking up the statements of the Apostles' Creed *seriatim*, he holds that "every one of these truths has increasing confirmation, as we accumulate the teachings of science, history, and religious experience." One may reasonably question whether the ground on which this argument proceeds, viz., that scientific and critical scholarship has unsettled "the foundation of belief," is to be conceded. There are "foundations" which have indeed been shaken by modern learning. But many who had built upon them have discovered that they were not the true foundation, and that this stands undisturbed.

Tramp in Spain (A): From Andalusia to Andorra. By Bart Kennedy. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 319 pages. \$2.50, net.

A series of pen-pictures of a pedestrian trip. They read rather like hasty newspaper letters than like carefully written chapters of a volume designed for a permanent place in the literature of travel.

Truth About the Trusts (The): A Description and Analysis of the American Trust Movement. By John Moody. Moody Publishing Co., New York. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 514 pages. \$5.

An admirable compendium of information which we shall review before long.

Virginian (The): A Horseman of the Plains. By Owen Wister. Illustrated by Scenes and Characters from the Play. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 509 pages. \$1.50, net.

The special features of this new edition are the group of illustrations of characters and scenes taken from the play now being presented at one of the New York theaters, and a preface from the hand of Mr. Wister commenting pleasantly on the difficulties of stage production and on the contribution of various qualities from the different actors.

Waiting Upon God. By the late A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 378 pages. \$2.50, net.

This second series of sermons selected from the writings of the great Scottish scholar completes the memorials of him that have appeared during the last two years, and have been noticed in these columns. They are good specimens of the plain preaching whose power lies largely in the personality of the preacher.

Young Missionary (The): Story of the Life of Annie Kennard Downie. By her Mother. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 106 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Theories of Nutrition

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In your issue of March 19 the Spectator devotes two pages to a humorous discussion of Mr. Horace Fletcher and his theories regarding the effects of proper mastication and over-eating upon general health. May I not venture to ask that you will supplement this by presenting the following facts written by one who has made a serious and a practical test of the theories Mr. Fletcher advances, with infinite pleasure and benefit? In the writer's case, the following out of Mr. Fletcher's theories has resulted in a comfortable loss of twenty-two pounds of superfluous flesh, an absence of fatigue under heavy strain, and the triumph of feeling in condition *all the time*, which to his mind combine to make the subject sufficiently important to warrant consideration. Mr. Fletcher's whole theory is based upon two simple yet vital rules:

1. Eat only as much as the appetite demands.

2. Reduce the food in the mouth to a pulp before allowing it to pass into the stomach.

May we not consider the first rule at greater length? The appetite is given us (a) to tell us what the system requires (if the appetite craves potato, the system requires starch; if candy, the system requires sugar), and (b) how much fuel the human engine demands (if consulted, the appetite automatically shuts off the desire for food when a sufficient quantity has been supplied; but few people consult their appetite, eating whatever quantity is placed before them, simply because they have been in the habit of doing so).

Every cause has its effect, and there are natural penalties for disregarding these simple rules, which cannot be avoided, the direct results being as follows:

(a) When food *not* craved by the appetite is taken into the stomach, the system is supplied with an overabundance of the material contained, which throws the body out of balance.

(b) When more food is eaten than is required, the system is overloaded and becomes sluggish, just as a fire may be retarded or put out altogether by too much fuel. Think of the invitation this is to disease!

Taking the second simple rule into consideration, it is surely a fair proposition to say that the teeth are better fitted to tear the food into shreds than the stomach, yet all food not reduced to a pulp *must* be so treated by the stomach before it can become useful to the body. Whenever pieces of unchewed food pass into the stomach, therefore, that excellent but long-suffering organ must pause

in its important functions of distribution and blood-making to tear the food to pieces as best it can.

Here again comes the inevitable penalty: an impairing of the circulation, a loading up of the stomach with food which could not have been eaten had the appetite been satiated by having its nourishment taken out by proper mastication, and a further invitation to disease.

One more point. In following these two simple rules, one receives the benefit of the chemical effect of the saliva upon food. Maple syrup and candy contain cane sugar, and if allowed to pass into the stomach as such, form an acid, which causes indigestion. If properly mixed with saliva, cane sugar becomes grape sugar, and as such aids digestion. And this is but one of the chemical changes which saliva produces.

In Mr. Fletcher's latest book, "The A. B.—Z. of Our Own Nutrition," he very pertinently asks the following questions:

1. Do I know the particular need and purpose of my last meal, and what it is likely to accomplish?

2. Considering my body as an engine, would I accept myself as a competent engineer on my own examination and confession?

3. Were I an iron and steel automobile, instead of a flesh and blood automobile, which I really am, could I get a license for myself as a chauffeur, to run myself with safety, based upon my knowledge of my own mechanism and the theory and development of my power?

It is quite natural that Mr. Fletcher's theories should at first be received with good-natured joking or indulgence, but they have already received the approval of too many men high in medical and physiological ranks to be considered as a fad. Mr. Fletcher himself has no patent breakfast food to advertise, but is an American gentleman of means, residing in Venice, and devoting his life to what he considers the most important subject in the world, upon which health, happiness, and even life itself depend.

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Pension Question Again

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Your remarks upon "Service Pensions" in the issue dated March 19 contain statements to which a reply should be made by some old soldier of the Civil War.

First, I wish to say that you misstate the spirit or state of mind in which the great mass of the volunteers entered the service. Compensation for services and provision in case of disability, etc., were not in our

minds. Our enlistment was not a business transaction—it was an emotional impulse. We saw the danger of the country—saw the need of sacrifice of life and limb. We offered ours, like men who save a fellow-being from drowning or other danger, with little thought of self.

You state correctly the number of men in the army at the close of the war, but you use this statement to draw a conclusion from it for which there is no foundation. Your logic or manner of statement seems to assert that all soldiers discharged after the close of the war are now on the pension rolls, or that fraudulent individuals represent them.

The total three-year enlistments exceeded two million, the one and two year enlistments 438,000, and the much-abused ninety and one hundred day men did not number quite 200,000. Good judges estimate that in all more than two and one-half million men entered the service; 300,000 men had died of wounds and disease, and 285,000 had been discharged for disability before the end of the war. Had the widows and orphans of the dead any claim for sympathy and help, and the disabled any right to be remembered? Besides these, more than a million had been discharged for expiration of their term of enlistment, and the frantic offers of bounties and substitute money as late as March, 1865, are evidence that the country then understood what a soldier's life amounted to.

Your statement, by implication, if not in plain words, that there are now about a million *men* on the pension rolls is untrue. The number of pensioners of the Civil War on June 30, 1903, was 691,850. The rolls include about 270,000 pensions to widows, and many thousands to men from the navy, the Mexican and Spanish war, etc.

No statistics are at hand showing the loss of life from wounds and disease in the years after the close of the war. In contentment over a country saved from destruction and in the enjoyment of his former peaceful pursuits, the veteran recked not his healing wounds and impaired health. He joined the ranks of faithful toilers and bore the burdens of taxation more cheerfully than his calculating and less unselfish brother. But the lapse of years brought the effects of wounds, disease, and privation more forcibly to him. Three or four years spent in camps, and so different from peaceful, productive occupation, at the very period when character is forming, had in many cases handicapped him in the race of industrial competition. He had willingly put his body and then his property at the service of his country; why should he blush to receive the acknowledgment which the Nation now, in a generous spirit and with sufficient financial ability, offered him, as a more substantial addition to well-set resolutions of Congress and other public assemblies? Thirty-nine years have passed since the close of the war. The youngest of these veterans must be near sixty; the average age is probably over sixty-

five. If they are to receive thanks more substantial than words, it cannot be much longer delayed.

There have been several bills relating to service pensions, and the drift of most of them has been in favor of *making a discrimination* between the men who enlisted for three months and those who bore the heat and burden of the war for three or four years; and it may be safely presumed that these have been the most conscientious and backward to apply for pension under existing laws.

The array of the expense account of the Nation for pensions excites in the old soldier a feeling akin to what we feel when a family, placed in easy financial circumstances by the efforts and savings of unselfish parents, quarrel and complain over the expense and the burden of support and long life of their parents. No doubt there are frauds on the pension list. But must we bear the reproach? Have we not, on the contrary, a right that they be pointed out and punished? No doubt there are pensioners who spend the honorarium of the Nation foolishly or even disgracefully. The soldier's life was no Sunday-school. It is a wonder that the per cent. of impaired character is so small.

To the closing lines of the article we heartily assent, but submit that "the suffering, bloodshed, and immediate destruction," not alone of men and property, but also of character, morals, and usefulness, are the essentials to be considered, and not the mere expenditure of money that must follow as a matter of course.

HENRY A. BUTZOW,
Private Co. G. 25th Illinois Infantry.

[Our correspondent has evidently misread the editorial comment in The Outlook on the matter of service pensions, because The Outlook has always credited the men who volunteered during the Civil War with motives of the highest patriotism; it has always understood that it would misrepresent the spirit of the Union armies if an attempt were made to put their services on a purely monetary basis. The country never agreed to pay for the services which it asked the volunteers between 1861 and 1865 to render. It did not because it could not pay for such services; they are not to be purchased. The Outlook has contended throughout that the country ought to give the most generous support possible to the men who are disabled in its service, but that not a dollar should go to the men who were not disabled. In other words, the country should care for those who are unable to care for themselves because of what they have done for it, but it should respect the motives of the men who served it but who are not disabled by that service. Our correspondent is also wrong in regard to the number of pensioners of the Civil War now on the rolls. That number is not 691,850, but 952,846, of which 248,390 are widows.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Russian Naval Disaster

By the death of Admiral Makaroff Russia loses not only the commander-in-chief of her naval forces in the Far East, but a man unsurpassed in her war records for personal intrepidity and for dash and brilliancy as a leader of sea forces. He was a scientific as well as a fighting sailor; he invented a wonderfully efficient ice-breaking boat, and to him are due many labor-saving naval devices. In view of the disastrous result of Admiral Makaroff's policy at Port Arthur, it may, indeed, be questioned whether that policy was the most prudent, but none can deny that his determination to face the enemy inspired spirit and courage in the Russian ranks at the scene of the war and at home. From the moment he took command at Port Arthur, Admiral Makaroff showed his intention not to allow his ships to be held supine in harbor. The result was a series of naval maneuvers not unlike a familiar boys' game; the Russian ships repeatedly ventured forth from the harbor, seeking a chance to cut off some part of the Japanese fleet, or to induce the Japanese vessels to follow them in pursuit within the reach of the guns of the forts; the Japanese vessels, on the other hand, tried to lure the Russian ships far enough from port to suffer disaster. By the repetition of these maneuvers the Japanese became fairly well acquainted with the exact course steered by the Russian ships to regain their inner harbor through an entrance mined by the Russians except for a narrow passage. With this knowledge, the Japanese prepared a trap which was eminently successful. In the night of Tuesday of last week a mining vessel, the Korio Maru, protected by Japanese torpedo-boats, under cover of darkness,

laid floating mines near the outer entrance of the harbor. On Wednesday the appearance of Japanese vessels in the offing induced the Russians to sally forth, and the usual exchange of shots took place. During this encounter (or, as some say, before, and on its way from Dalny) the Russian torpedo-boat, the Strashni, became separated from the squadron, was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, and was completely destroyed. The Russian armored cruiser Bayan sustained some injury also, and it is possible that one or more of the Japanese cruisers may have been hit. Meanwhile the Japanese squadron was reinforced, and the Russians retreated as usual to the harbor entrance, and there formed a line of battle. Just at this time the splendid Russian battle-ship the Petropavlovsk, having on board Vice-Admiral Makaroff, many members of his staff, and perhaps six hundred men, struck one of the mines laid by the Japanese, and within five minutes turned completely over, with the immediate loss of nearly all of those on board, including Vice-Admiral Makaroff. The fact that the Petropavlovsk stood unusually high out of water may have made her danger of "turning turtle" after damage greater than that of most war-ships. She was built ten years ago at a cost of over \$5,000,000, exclusive of her guns. By the merest chance, the Grand Duke Cyril, cousin to the Czar, and considered second in succession to the throne, was on the bridge, and was able to leap into the water and escape, although not without injury. The captain of the ship, three or four officers, and from thirty to fifty men escaped in the same way, but few without injury. At almost the same moment the Russian battle-ship Pobieda

received an injury in the same manner, but without loss of life, while the damage was not of a serious kind. Following this terrible Russian disaster, a bombardment of Port Arthur took place, but without any important effect. The account given above is substantially that indicated in Admiral Togo's despatches, and there seems little reason to doubt its correctness, although the Russians for some time seemed inclined to maintain that the loss of the Petropavlovsk was caused by her striking one of her own mines, by a boiler explosion, by explosives hidden treacherously in her coal, or by a Japanese submarine boat. Generally speaking, the reports cabled from Japan and attributed directly to Admiral Togo have proved correct. Admiral Makaroff will be succeeded in command of the Russian sea-force at Port Arthur by Vice-Admiral Skrydloff, who has been forty years in the navy, and distinguished himself in the war with Turkey. The repeated naval successes of the Japanese have, it is believed, left only two Russian battle-ships uninjured; but while Russia is undoubtedly so far crippled as to make Japanese present naval preponderancy in the Far East unquestioned, it is a mistake to regard (as some newspapers seem to be doing) all the Russian ships which have been injured as totally disabled. This was seen in the fight of last week, when three cruisers which are believed to have been hit by Japanese shells or torpedoes were counted among those outside the harbor, and it is almost certain that some of the battle-ships which have been injured have been made fit to cruise and fight.—From the war in its land aspects there has been little news of importance this week. The Japanese are intrenching themselves actively on the Korean side of the Yalu River, and it is believed that they are planning to hold the northern boundary of Korea in the last resort, and even if an advance in Manchuria should prove unsuccessful. The Russians are also said to be intrenched upon the north-west bank of the Yalu, but there is no dependable knowledge as to their force, which is variously reckoned as from twenty thousand to seventy-five thou-

sand, while the Japanese are said to have in Korea four full divisions of twenty-five thousand men each. Reports from St. Petersburg on Monday of this week assert that an attempted landing by Japanese troops on the shores of Korea Bay, between Port Arthur and the Yalu River, April 12, was frustrated by the Russians, while Chinese advices of the same day declared that a Japanese fleet of more than seventy transports was heading for Kinchou, north of Port Arthur.



Verestchagin

By a singular fatality, the famous Russian painter of battle scenes, Vassili Verestchagin, was one of the victims of the Petropavlovsk disaster—a tragic subject that would have appealed forcibly to his passion as an artist for depicting the terrible and tragic. It is said that when Verestchagin visited Santiago and saw the wrecked Spanish vessels, he exclaimed: "I must see such a fight as that was before I go, but I must hurry up, for you notice it is getting white," pointing to his beard. Since the battle of Santiago until last week there has been at sea nothing comparable in startling terror to the destruction of the Spanish ships, not even the torpedo-boat assault on the Russian fleet on February 9; and, strangely enough, the artist of war-tragedy was among the lost. Critics differ as to the intrinsic art value of Verestchagin's paintings; his fame and success are due to his fidelity as a reporter of the actualities of war. His work included dozens of paintings and scores of sketches and drawings, the most famous of which dealt with scenes of the Russo-Turkish War and with historical scenes in Napoleon's Russian campaign. Many of these scenes were ghastly and horrible in the extreme. Although he was a naval apprentice in his youth, and then knew Makaroff, whose fate he shared, he had never witnessed a sea-fight, and overcame great official reluctance in his eagerness to be an eye-witness of the naval operations in the present war. Verestchagin's work was well known to Americans through special exhibitions in this country; at the time of his visit

in 1891 there was a sale of his pictures, rugs, and curios in New York City, and eleven years later a second sale in New York included many valuable war scenes, among which were a few relating to Cuba and the Philippines, as well as some of the best of his Napoleonic pictures; the latter were bought by the Russian Government. Writing of Verestchagin in *The Outlook* about two years ago, Mr. Charles De Kay said: "Vassili Verestchagin is a war reporter, only he uses big canvases and oil paints, and employs his talents in the path well beaten through literature by Count Tolstoy, and his predecessors and successors in Russia, Germany, and France. A realist, Verestchagin is essentially a man of his time, seeking in his own century the documents to prove the folly of mankind in murdering his fellows for the sake of land grabs and the extension of commerce, or for the mere satisfaction of ambition."



English Tributes to American Civilization

Notwithstanding the upheaval in English politics and the tone of pessimism which just now runs so strongly through English thought, the English newspapers occasionally contain pleasant reading for Americans. Time was when almost everything American was referred to in England as something to be avoided. From the agitation for the first Reform Act of 1832 until the second Reform Act of 1867 this was markedly so as regards American politics. During this long period the Tory opponents of reform persistently pointed to America, and were full of forebodings as to what would happen in England if the Parliamentary franchise were extended, or there should be any tampering with the aristocratic basis on which the English civil service had been gradually built up. Then came English visitors of the school of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens, who went back to England loaded with notes for caricaturing American social life. Later, in the period between the McKinley and the Dingley tariffs, there was a recrudescence of the kind of English criticism of American politics which marked the first half of the nineteenth century. To-day there is very little of

this spirit in the English newspapers, and in point of fact it is surprising how much there is in American life and conditions which in these early years of the new century is evoking outspoken and ungrudging admiration in England. To find some examples of this new feeling it is only necessary to watch the local news columns of the Manchester "*Guardian*." In one week's issues there were reported three lectures on America, all in a spirit of eulogy, and holding up American schools and American workshops as examples to England. The first was by Miss Burstall, head mistress of the High School for Girls at Manchester. In lecturing before the Ancoats Brotherhood, Miss Burstall contrasted the schools in the more progressive American cities with the elementary schools in England. She emphasized what American schools owe to women; told her audience that American schools were admirably equipped; and in contrasting them with the schools at home confessed she was "ashamed to think how many schools there were in England that were sordid, dirty, crowded, and ill ventilated; and in which it was practically impossible for a proper system of education to be carried out." It was the city schools that Miss Burstall visited when she was here; and as she has long been connected with Manchester, it was presumably the elementary schools in the larger towns in the North of England that she had in mind.



American Workshops and Industrial Schools

The second of the lectures reported in the Manchester "*Guardian*" was also before the Ancoats Brotherhood, when the lecturer was Mr. Hans Renold, an engineer; and his theme was the workshops of New England. His eulogy of American workshops was as flattering as Miss Burstall's admiration of our schools. He spoke with pleasure of the welcome given him; and emphasized the fact that American workshops were better heated in winter and better ventilated in summer than English, with the result that the comfort and convenience of the workmen was increased, and more work was done. "There is no doubt," he said, "that in American

workshops there is an absence of the griminess which we all feel in Manchester." The third lecture, also given within a period of nine or ten days, was by Professor M. E. Sadler, at Owen's College. It was on "Learning Through Doing Things;" and was based on a visit made by Mr. Sadler to Tuskegee. But it was not confined to Tuskegee. It embraced American schools in general; and, according to the "Guardian" report, Professor Sadler predicted a great artistic movement in this country. "The American schools," he said, "appear to work in an atmosphere in which there is a greater combination of the artistic with the practical than in England;" "and in this connection," continues the report, "he spoke of the probable development of a great artistic movement, and said that if this did come about, the work in the elementary schools would be largely responsible for it." Nor is it only American schools and workshops that are the subject of such generous commendation in England. A little while ago a work on English constitutional history, written in this country, was published by the University Press at Cambridge; and in the reviews in the English press some surprise and much admiration was expressed that American libraries afforded facilities for such a work, and that these facilities were made so easily available for students. Still another proof of this new attitude towards America is to be found in the fact that in the autumn of this year the members of the British Iron and Steel Institute are to spend a month in this country making a round of the steel plants and ship-building yards. All these expressions of appreciation amount to a practical acknowledgment that many phases of civilization have reached a higher level in America than in England. Even in politics it is being conceded in England that we are advancing. No American President of recent times has stood higher in English estimation than Mr. Roosevelt, and no American Secretary of State than Mr. Hay; and if there is not soon a change in the moral level of English politics, it cannot be long before American politics will reach as high a level as politics in England.

Capital may seem to get more than its due in this country and to be strongly entrenched in some of the Legislatures. But England has its vested interests; and since the reaction began in English politics in the early nineties, these vested interests—the landlords, the Established Church, the brewers, and some of the great shipping companies—have been as aggressive in politics and as successful as ever American capitalists have been either in Congress or the State Legislatures.

The Explosion on the Missouri

It was natural that the loss of thirty-two lives on board the battle-ship Missouri, at Pensacola, should at first be attributed directly to recklessness on the part of the supervising officers. Only a few days before a report had appeared of the remarkable time record of thirty-eight seconds between shots made at Pensacola by the gun crew of the Alabama, and at that time the opinion was generally expressed that rivalry in making a record for the rapid firing of big guns had reached its proper limit, if that limit had not already been passed, and that further tests of this kind would sooner or later inevitably produce terrible disasters. The spirit of emulation in drill and maneuvering is one of the finest qualities of the American navy; and it is due to this spirit in no small degree that our navy was able to win for itself such renown in the war with Spain. Competition in target-firing has led to some surprising records—records, we are informed, that far excel any made elsewhere. There seems to be less imperative reason for encouraging such competition in the matter of the rapid loading of guns, although deftness and rapidity in this direction also have their value in actual service. At all events, it is clear that officers of the war vessels must take the responsibility of keeping such competition within the bounds set by safety and common sense. The general impression, as we have said, after the Missouri explosion, was that the disaster was due to reckless rapid firing; but the reports which have since been made from the officers declare positively that the gun was not being fired with

special rapidity, and that, in fact, twice as much time elapsed between two discharges of the gun as was recorded in the practice of the Alabama above mentioned. The exact cause of this accident, through which the American navy lost more officers and men than were killed during the entire war with Spain, was probably what is known as a "back fire"—that is, the gun was fired against the wind, and when the breech-block was opened the ignited gases rushed back with such force that other gases in the turret were inflamed, and a frightful combustion and suffocation took place, while the flame was almost immediately communicated to the loading-room below, where there were two thousand pounds more of high explosives. Probably only the heroism of the chief gunner's mate, Monson, and a seaman named Knight saved the ship from complete destruction with all on board; they closed the magazine doors, it is said, just in time, at the imminent risk of their lives, and Knight suffered injuries which resulted in his death. It should be added also in praise that the courage and promptness of the commander and officers and the discipline of the men immediately after the explosion were admirable in every way. It was a 12-inch gun which caused the disaster, and a single charge for this gun weighs 360 pounds. A court of inquiry will of course be held, and every fact bearing on the accident will be closely examined. Until this is done it would be unfair to censure the officers of the ship. It is to be hoped that the inquiry will lead to closer scientific knowledge of the conduct of high explosives in actual service.



An Important Postal Decision

There is no doubt that the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the cases against the Postmaster-General, instituted respectively by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Smith and others, and Bates & Gill, which was handed down last week, will greatly strengthen the hands of the Government in its dealings with what are popularly called the abuses of the second-class "privilege" of sending periodicals through the mails. The case of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. involved

the refusal of the second-class rating to the Riverside Series, which had enjoyed the privilege for sixteen years, the claim of the Post-Office Department being that the series was not a periodical, but only a group of books published at stated intervals, coming properly under the third class of postal matter, which pays eight cents a pound, as against the one cent a pound of second-class matter. The case has been before the courts for a considerable time, and this decision finally and completely sustains the contention of the Postmaster-General. The opinion was delivered by Justice Brown, and a dissenting opinion was given by the Chief Justice and Justice Harlan. The Court admitted that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had complied with the law of 1879 in all technical respects as to regularity of publication, having an adequate list of subscribers, etc., but held that the contents of the series did not constitute a periodical under the law. Justice Brown said:

A periodical, as ordinarily understood, is a publication appearing at stated intervals, each number of which contains a variety of original articles by different authors, devoted either to general literature or some special branch of learning or to a special class of subjects. Ordinarily each number is incomplete in itself, and indicates a relation with prior or subsequent numbers of the same series. . . . The reason why books of the Riverside literature series are issued periodically is too palpable to require comment or explanation. It is sufficient to observe that, in our opinion, the fact that a publication is issued at stated intervals under a collective name does not necessarily make it a periodical. Were it not for the fact that they are so issued in consecutive numbers, no one would imagine for a moment that these publications were periodicals, and not books.



A New Law Needed

The Outlook believes that the decision is a just one as an interpretation of the law of 1879, which was clearly intended to afford a specially low rate of postage to newspapers and magazines in the ordinary acceptance of the term. But The Outlook also believes that the law of 1879 is entirely out of date, and impossible, under the conditions which prevail to-day, of enforcement so that the object of its framers may be equitably applied to all publications. The rulings—or

interpretations—which are found necessary by the department in determining what publications are entitled to the second-class rating and what publications belong to the third class are so numerous and complicated that forty assistants are kept busy in the office of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General answering questions, recording decisions, and in general dealing with the question of classification. Many errors have necessarily been made by the department, and hardships wholly undeserved have been imposed upon publishers of the highest character and most law-abiding spirit. It is quite time that Congress should take up the whole subject, and so classify mail matter that any postmaster in the smallest town shall be able to decide at once under which rating it belongs. The Outlook has often urged, and again urges, that the whole matter would be made simple, just, and intelligible if Congress should enact that all mail matter should be divided into three classes, viz.:

First: All letters and sealed packages—at the present rate of two cents an ounce.

Second: All printed matter of every kind, sent unsealed—at the present rate of one cent a pound.

Third: All merchandise—at a rate of perhaps eight cents a pound, and an increase in the limit of weight to ten pounds.

The exact rates to be fixed are of course open to discussion. With this law every man, woman, and child in the country could ascertain in half a minute, with a scale, what the postage on any piece or pieces of mail matter would be. And the people and the Government—which is the people personified—would find immense relief from an antiquated and perplexing law.



Good and Bad in New York Legislation

The balance between the good and the bad in the accomplishments of the New York Legislature at its session just closed would be hard to strike. On the one hand, it passed certain important measures. It gave to New York City a somewhat freer hand in dealing with the rapid-transit question, by removing certain restrictions from its financing of subway projects.

It resisted attacks on the tenement-house law; it passed the bill which District Attorney Jerome advocated for the summoning of witnesses against rich and powerful gamblers; and it unified the educational department of the State according to a scheme which, though open to political manipulation, promises, under Dr. Draper's leadership, to be highly beneficial. On the other hand, it permitted certain useful bills to die; among the principal ones being the two Bostwick bills for making the taxation of secured indebtedness more rational, and the Elsberg-Newcomb Bill, giving to New York City a liberty it ought to have in dealing with its rapid-transit question, concerning which we comment in another column. It also failed to enact, except in a very unimportant degree, any of the measures for city home rule which were promised at the beginning of the session, and thereby continued the hold of up-State voters upon the affairs which concern primarily the voters of the city. The Legislature also gained an odious notoriety by allowing a number of so-called "grab bills" to pass; before they can become law, however, all of them must meet the approval of the Governor, and some, such as the extension of the franchise of a gas company in New York City, must meet the approval of the Mayor of New York. The most shameful of these bills is that which sacrifices Niagara Falls to the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Power Company. In this bill there is no restriction as to the amount of water that the Company may take from Niagara River. If the bill is approved, the Company may drain the Falls, and there will be no legal way of preventing it. The utilitarian results that might follow the approval of the bill by the Governor would be as nothing compared with this possible and, considering the usual motives of corporations, probable destruction of the Falls. It is always possible to find utilitarian reasons for ruining any public property, as was instanced in the case of the bill to allow temporary school buildings to be erected in the parks of New York City. Were the utilitarian purposes many times greater than they are in this Niagara bill, Gov-

ernor Odell would still be under a supreme mandate for vetoing it, for the sake of the preservation of a wonderful work of God. These Falls, marking the boundary between two friendly nations, are the heritage of the world; the total failure of our lawmakers to appreciate the importance of preserving them in all their majesty, shown by the passage of this bill, amounts to an indictment of the entire State for failure to recognize its duties as an international trustee. Surely Governor Odell can be depended upon to prevent the State's being found guilty of the crime charged. That he will fail to veto the bill is unthinkable.



The Milwaukee Election

The recent municipal election at Milwaukee was marked by several features of special interest—the work of the Voters' League in respect to aldermanic candidates, the division of the reform vote for city officials, the strength displayed by the Socialists, and the success of voting-machines. The Voters' League, we are told, was organized just prior to the primaries; and while its influence was not potent enough at that time to prevent the renomination of two Aldermen, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, who were under indictment for bribe-taking, it is gratifying to note that both were defeated at the polls by candidates whom the League indorsed, while in all nineteen out of thirty-three of the candidates recommended by the League were elected. Similar results were manifest in nearly every ward where aldermanic candidates recommended by the League were either elected or came within a few votes of winning. The reform vote, while largely in the majority, was divided between two candidates, with the usual issue. Both the Republicans and Social Democrats made their campaigns against the Democratic administration, which has been in power for six years. In this they were aided by independent Democrats, and a mass-meeting of the latter was called at which the Hon. Joseph Donnelly, Consul-General to Mexico under President Cleveland, bitterly arraigned Mayor Rose for alleged corrupt and wasteful methods. The re-

sult was that a large percentage of the Democratic vote went to Guy D. Goff, Republican candidate for Mayor; but this was more than counterbalanced by the fact that the so-called Republican machine threw its entire support to Mayor Rose—with whom it is alleged to have made common cause for some years past in the matter of "franchise-grabbing," "asphalt," and other matters of public scandal, and by the further fact that several thousand German-Americans in wards that have heretofore been "safely Republican" turned their votes to Victor Berger, the Social-Democratic candidate. Over three thousand ballots were also cast for Wilkie, the Social-Labor candidate, but it is not clear from what source these came, as that party never polled more than three hundred votes at any previous election. The Social Democrats assert that they were intended for them, and that their partisans, many of whom are very ignorant, seeing the word "Social," pulled the wrong lever. The Socialists, taking both classes together, considerably more than doubled the vote cast by them at the last municipal election, and the margin by which they led the Republicans indicates that they have become an important factor in the municipal affairs of Milwaukee. As it is, they elected nine Aldermen to eleven Republicans and twenty-six Democrats; but, as the latter have a clear majority over all, it is not likely that the Socialists will be able to put into effect, during the present term, any of the policies advocated by them. They will, however, vote as a unit under the direction of the party's central committee. Between the Republicans and Socialists there is said to be the most friendly feeling, and throughout the campaign each spoke well of the other's candidates, their respective principles, only, being the subject of mild attack. Reports from Milwaukee all agree that the voting-machines, which were used in every precinct, proved a distinct success. Only one got out of order, and it was quickly repaired; while the voting proceeded rapidly and without confusion, the average time consumed being less than a minute. The polls closed at seven, and the first returns were received seven

minutes later, the result of the election being generally known throughout the city before eight o'clock.

A Southern Railroad Case

On the very day on which the Supreme Court of the United States rendered its memorable decision in the Northern Securities case, the State of North Carolina began the making of some legal history on her own account, involving principles of more than local interest. Little mention has been made of the North Carolina decision outside of the State, but for North Carolinians it involves some dramatic situations, and interest in its various phases was absorbing and intense. The Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad runs from Goldsboro to Morehead City. It is a part of a system of railroads once owned by the State, the rest of the system having been leased by the State to the Southern Railway. The Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad is owned partly by the State, partly by private individuals. As the State owns 12,666 shares out of a total of 17,972 shares, the State has a controlling interest, and the control is practically vested in the Governor, who casts the vote of the State's stock at the meeting of the stockholders. The road is conservatively estimated as being worth \$1,800,000. While it has not paid a dividend for many years, it has recently shared with the other railroads of the State and of the South in the abounding prosperity of that section of the country. By applying the profits to improvements the condition of the road has been immensely improved during Governor Aycock's administration. The value of the stock has risen from \$30 to \$50 a share, and a lease which will probably be made in the near future will bring the value of the stock to par. Of course such a property, with such a rapidly increasing value, has been eagerly desired by more than one private individual or corporation. Among those who have attempted to lease the road was Mr. V. E. McBee, formerly General Manager of the Seaboard Railway. His first offer was declined by Governor Aycock. Mr. McBee's next step was, in conjunction

with another railroad man, Mr. K. S. Finch, to ask the Federal Court to throw the railroad into the hands of a receiver, on the charge of incompetency in the management of the road. The clerk of the Federal Court of that district was brought to his office at the dead of night to sign the necessary paper, and Messrs. McBee and Finch, with their attorneys, posted off from Raleigh to Norfolk, where Judge Purnell, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for Eastern North Carolina, was holding court. Judge Purnell granted the petition of Finch, who represented himself as a stockholder holding forty-five shares, for a receivership, and McBee was appointed receiver. The first intimation that the Governor or any of the private stockholders had of the receivership was from the papers which printed the order of Judge Purnell. It was instinctively felt throughout the State that this was a reprehensible and high-handed proceeding. The matter was taken into court by Governor Aycock, and it was clearly shown that the receivership proceedings had been farcical. Judge Purnell, who shared with a colleague in a rehearing of the case, expressed himself as being "highly indignant" at the way he had been imposed upon. After some very able and energetic legal proceedings on the part of the State authorities, led by Governor Aycock, Messrs. McBee and Finch have been charged in the criminal court with conspiracy, and will have to be tried before a jury of their fellow-countrymen accused of a crime which is punishable, according to the laws of North Carolina, by a term in the penitentiary.

Unfortunately, there is a feeling in North Carolina as well as in many other Southern States that the Federal courts in the South are always on the side of the great corporations and against the people. The Federal judges have nearly all been appointed from the minority party in the South, a party that too often in that section is lacking in available material for the higher offices, and through the equally unfortunate intol-

The State vs. The Federal Courts

erance of the majority party for the minority, because of the race issue, the Federal judge is often out of sympathy with the best interests of the mass of the white population when he takes his seat. The movement for the impeachment of Federal Judge Swayne, of Florida, and the threatened impeachment not long ago of a Federal judge in North Carolina, are indicative of the friction existing between the people of some of the Southern States and the Federal courts. The appointment by President Roosevelt of such men as Judge Jones, of Alabama, and Judge Speer, of Georgia, was a long step in bringing the Federal courts of the South into sympathy with and understanding of the ideas and beliefs of the Southern people. The McBee case in North Carolina is another instance of the clash between the State authorities and the Federal courts, in which the State, happily for its own interests as well as for the ends of justice, appears to have come out victorious. It is not questioned that Judge Purnell, who granted the receivership in favor of Mr. McBee, was imposed upon by misleading allegations. It is, however, asserted, not entirely without reason, that the Federal courts, which in the South are to a large extent the creation of the Republican party, should exercise especial care in proceedings where State rights, a phrase full of suggestion and association to every Southern mind, are involved.



Professor
Egbert C. Smyth

Although naturally of conservative temperament, yet because he stood for liberty in thinking and teaching, Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, who died on April 12, was by many supposed to be a radical. The "Andover Case" a dozen years ago was a matter for discussion outside of denominational or even church circles. To-day it has passed out of the minds of almost all who were not immediately concerned in it. It resulted from charges brought against five of the professors of Andover Seminary that they taught the doctrine of future probation—a hypothesis rather than a doctrine—which, by the

way, has been maintained in every epoch of the Church by men of standing in it. Professor Smyth was called upon to bear the brunt of these charges, for there were ecclesiastical reasons why the plaintiffs preferred not to gain their point against all whom they accused. For nearly seven years Professor Smyth bore the burden that was laid on him, and bore it patiently and with peace. He did not even have the compensation, which some who have been under charges of heresy have had, of enjoying the combat. He was not a controversialist. When the case came to an end in his triumph and that of his colleagues, he allowed without reluctance his name to disappear from popular discussion. While the conflict was still raging about him, and men who laid special claim to the title orthodox were attacking him as an "advanced thinker" who was leading into heresy the students under him, one of those very students described him as "a sixteenth-century theologian." As a matter of fact, Professor Smyth was neither the one extreme nor the other. He was rather the careful and cautious student of academic cast of mind, whose influence was in the direction, not of impulse and spontaneity, but rather of restraint and studiousness, which was made the more impressive by a saintliness of character that men of his own age were wont to liken to that of the disciple whom Jesus loved. Dr. Smyth was a graduate of Bowdoin College, the recipient of honorary degrees from Bowdoin and Harvard, a member of learned societies, and the author of several theological works. He was in his seventy-fifth year at the time of his death. He will be remembered as a scholar; but he ought not to be forgotten either as an example of courageous forbearance, or as a teacher who fulfilled his function not merely by formal instruction but also by the unconscious impartation of his own strong and serene qualities to students within the class-room and without.



Samuel Smiles The death, at the great age of ninety-two, of Samuel Smiles will recall to tens of thousands of readers the profit and incentive

to effort that they have received through his books. While the sophisticated critic may smile at the truisms and aphorisms in such works as Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help," and his less known "Duty," "Thrift," and "Character," it is beyond question that these books have in a large way proved an incentive to character-building. "Self-Help" has been translated, it is said, into seventeen languages, while its publisher, Mr. John Murray, who agreed to bring out the book as a personal favor to Mr. Smiles, and with absolutely no expectation of any profit, lived to see it one of the most remarkable publishing successes of our times, from the commercial point of view; it has sold in hundreds of thousands and is still selling. Mr. Smiles was one of the eleven children of a Scotch physician. His mother was left a widow in his youth, and, we believe, in poor circumstances. He fought his way up to success first as a physician, then as a journalist, then as a railway man, and finally as an author. In addition to books of the kind illustrated best by his "Self-Help," Mr. Smiles did a great deal of miscellaneous literary work. In his "Life of John Murray: a Publisher and His Friends," Mr. Smiles produced one of the most entertaining works of literary reminiscence of our times.



A Fund for Heroes

There can hardly be two opinions about the wisdom as well as the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's latest act of public beneficence. To recognize heroic actions by suitable commemoration such as the granting of medals; to provide those dependent upon men or women who have lost their lives in heroic effort to save their fellow-men; to provide also, if necessary, for the support of these men or women themselves—nothing could be more truly commendable and desirable as a recognition of the highest qualities of courage and self-devotion. Care is taken that the income of the five million dollars appropriated to this purpose by Mr. Carnegie shall be well administered by a commission of twenty-one men of experience and standing in the community, but no unreasonable or vexa-

tious restrictions are placed upon their use of the fund's income. In Mr. Carnegie's own words, "Whenever heroism is displayed by man or woman in saving human life, the fund applies."



The Amity Conference

The Conferences held annually at the Amity Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Leighton Williams is pastor, are a unique feature in the church life of New York, and worthy of imitation elsewhere. In their more formal discussions, and in the informal table-talks at the fellowship meal intervening daily between the sessions, they constitute an undenominational exchange for the discussion of Christian mission work of the broadly social religious type. At the fourteenth annual meeting, during the first week in April, among the topics discussed were "The Industrial Revolution and Foreign Missions," "Good Citizenship and Twentieth Century Politics," "Why Not Try Christianity?" "The Gospel as the Solvent of Social Problems," "Deaconess Work in American Methodism." Child labor, the interests of the American Indian, Christian work in the United States army and for prisoners, the public parks and city betterment both in health and morals, had a share in the proceedings. The spiritual uplift of these Conferences is as marked as their breadth of outlook on the social interests of religion.



Sunday-Schools and Churches

The value of the Sunday-school as a factor in church-extension work appears in the report of the Congregational Sunday-School Society at its seventy-second annual meeting. It is much easier to start a Sunday-school than to form a church, but the tendency of the church to grow out of the Sunday-school is illustrated by the fact that during 1903 over a hundred churches developed out of Sunday-schools planted or fostered by this Society. Nearly five hundred new schools were organized during the year. In many a case the redemption of a heathenish community from lawlessness, immorality, and irreligion begins in the planting of the tree of life in the form of a Sunday-school.

Chinese Exclusion

The subject of Chinese exclusion has come again before Congress, and ought to come before the American people for serious consideration. The existing treaty between the United States and China, under which the present Chinese Exclusion Law was passed, expires by limitation in December, and the Chinese Government has officially signified its unwillingness to renew its present terms. The history of that treaty is narrated on another page by Mr. Chester Holcombe, who is one of the first of living American authorities on the relations of China and the Chinese to the United States. In conjunction with Mr. Holcombe's article there are two other brief papers—one a piece of classic English literature, the other a remarkable specimen of modern journalism—which we wish our readers might carefully look into. We refer to Lord Macaulay's famous essay on "The Civil Disabilities of the Jews," and to an article in the "North American Review" for March, by a Chinese gentleman and official, who discusses Chinese exclusion from its aspect as "A Menace to America's Oriental Trade."

It may be asked what the exclusion of the Jews from political rights in England in 1831 has to do with America's treatment of the Chinese. There is, however, more of a parallel than might appear at first sight—a parallel which grows more striking as the reader turns over the pages of Macaulay's brilliant, witty, and humane essay.

From the days of the Sand Lot Riots in San Francisco, everything has been done by politicians, and even by certain educators and some political economists, to blacken and distort the reputation of Chinese coming to and living in the United States. Indeed, feelings of fear, contempt, and disgust towards the Chinaman have been so cultivated by various influences that respectable and peace-loving Chinamen have been unable to walk the streets in certain communities without being derided and insulted by the very children among whom they passed. It is said in defense of our political antagonism to the Chinaman

that he is not a genuine immigrant; that he does not settle down to make a home; that he never does make and never can make an American citizen; that he despises our customs and manners and maintains his own; that he is clannish and insists on living in communities of other Chinamen; that his sole object is to make enough money to get back to China, there to live in comparative affluence; that he is incapable of learning either to speak or to think in English—in other words, that he is not a human being, as Americans count human beings. All these things in a little different form were said of the Jews in England in the early part of the last century, and Macaulay points out in the following famous passage the falsity of such conclusions:

If all the red-haired people in Europe had, during centuries, been outraged and oppressed, banished from this place, imprisoned in that, deprived of their money, deprived of their teeth, convicted of the most improbable crimes on the feeblest evidence, dragged at horses' tails, hanged, tortured, burned alive; if, when manners became milder, they had still been subject to debasing restrictions and exposed to vulgar insults, locked up in particular streets in some countries, pelted and ducked by the rabble in others, excluded everywhere from magistracies and honors, what would be the patriotism of gentlemen with red hair? And if, under such circumstances, a proposition were made for admitting red-haired men to office, how striking a speech might an eloquent admirer of our old institutions deliver against so revolutionary a measure! "These men," he might say, "scarcely consider themselves as Englishmen. They think a red-haired Frenchman or a red-haired German more closely connected with them than a man with brown hair born in their own parish. If a foreign sovereign patronizes red hair, they love him better than their own native king. They are not Englishmen; they cannot be Englishmen; nature has forbidden it; experience proves it to be impossible. Right to political power they have none; for no man has a right to political power. Let them enjoy personal security; let their property be under the protection of the law. But if they ask for leave to exercise power over a community of which they are only half members, a community the constitution of which is essentially dark-haired, let us answer them in the words of our wise ancestors, *Notumus leges Anglia mutari.*"

No one has yet denied the thriftiness, industry, and loyalty to employer of the

Chinese laborers and servants who have come to the United States. Nobody denies that on the whole they have been law-abiding dwellers in a strange land. Nobody denies that the present horticultural beauty and agricultural prosperity of the State of California are largely due to the initial work of Chinese laborers who performed tasks with patience, skill, and good humor that no other men could be found to perform. By our very laws they are forbidden to become citizens of the country. They cannot be naturalized. They are treated with aversion and with contumely. Why should they not segregate and live by themselves? Why should they eagerly adopt American habits of life?

So much for a brief allusion to the philosophy of the question. The Outlook does not assert that Chinese immigration should be unrestricted—undoubtedly it does need reasonable restrictions—although the danger of “hordes” of Chinese coming into this country—if unrestricted—has been very much exaggerated. The census of 1880, up to which year Chinese had been coming into the country under the general immigration laws without any specific prohibitions, showed that there were only 105,465 Chinese in the United States. We do not think it has ever been clearly proved that Chinese immigration needs any other control than that which is placed by our immigration laws upon general immigration. If the vicious, the diseased, the incompetent, the paupers, and the contract laborers among the Chinese are excluded, as they are under our general immigration laws, it would probably be time enough to deal with the “hordes” of incoming Chinamen when those “hordes” appeared.

This, however, The Outlook admits is a debatable question. China herself has in the past been willing, and is willing now, we believe, to consent to a reasonable exclusion law which shall prohibit the incoming of coolie laborers.

What China objects to, and in the opinion of The Outlook reasonably objects to, is the present harsh, unjust, and unintelligent administration of the law. To be convinced of the truth of

these statements it is only necessary to read the article by Mr. Wong-Kai-Kah in the “North American Review,” to which we have already referred. Mr. Wong received his education in this country and therefore understands American customs, manners, and feelings, and his ably written article shows that all Chinamen are not incapable of thinking and writing in English admirably. Under the present Exclusion Law, the professed purpose of which is to keep Chinese laborers out of the country, there is a specific exemption clause. Under this exemption Chinese merchants or students or travelers for pleasure and curiosity “can enter this country upon producing an appropriate certificate from their government indorsed by the United States Consul or the diplomatic officer at the port of departure.” But what, in effect, does this exemption amount to? A Chinese gentleman who visits the United States under this agreement made between the friendly Government of China and our own is actually treated like a suspicious person and a criminal. He is, as Mr. Wong points out, “detained in the pen on the steamship wharf or imprisoned like a felon until the customs officials are satisfied.” The absurd red tape and the almost brutal literalism of some of our minor customs officials are well known to home-coming American travelers. To what unjust extremes their interpretation of the law is sometimes carried is typically illustrated by the story which Mr. Holcombe tells in his paper of the Chinese baby that was excluded in San Francisco when the father and mother were legally entitled to enter.

Chinese merchants who by a special commissioner sent to China have been invited to attend the St. Louis World's Fair must submit to a physical examination under what is known as the Bertillon system of identification—a scientific method of identifying criminals by the accurate measurement and inspection of the naked body. They must be photographed exactly as arrested law-breakers are photographed for the rogues' gallery. Some of the Chinese merchants, students, and travelers for pleasure, who are now treated and will

be treated the coming summer in this way, are graduates of Yale, Amherst, and other colleges and universities. What would a civil engineer, a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, say if, on going to China to help erect a great railway bridge built by contract with an American private firm, he were kept overnight in a cage on a Chinese Ellis Island, stripped to the skin, measured, photographed, and cross-questioned by a lot of Chinese officials who neither desired nor endeavored to conceal their contempt for him? Such treatment of an American citizen would fill our newspapers with articles about Chinese barbarism and the necessity, in order to save Christian civilization to the world, of teaching the heathen Chinese something about the refinements of Occidental customs and manners.

Aside from the inhumanity and the false philosophy and ethics of treating Chinese visitors to the United States as we do treat them, there is something inexpressibly absurd and stupid in it all. The American is supposed—or at least supposes himself—to be one of the shrewdest merchants, traders, and business men in the world. We hear a great deal said nowadays about the splendid future which lies before the great American Republic in the development of our Oriental trade. Our editors, our stump speakers, and our Congressmen and Senators are forever painting glowing pictures of the development of our trans-continental railways, our trans-Pacific steamship lines, and our Californian and Oregonian seaports—are forever depicting the vast industrial enterprises in store for us in the development of our factories, our wheat-fields, and our cattle ranches when we shall begin to supply the Orient with American foodstuffs and American manufactures. And what is the Orient? Practically, China. A Broadway merchant who should advertise in all the morning papers, urging customers from the State of New Jersey to visit his "emporium" to find there the most beautiful goods and the most tempting bargains, and who should stand at the doorway of his place of business and insist that every "Jerseyman" must pass an examination before he can enter,

must listen to the latest newspaper jokes at the expense of his State, and must be examined by an entomologist in order to prevent his introducing any malaria-bearing mosquitoes, could not be doing any more insane thing from a business point of view than the people of the United States are now doing in urging China to buy American goods and then, in effect, browbeating and insulting any Chinese merchant who comes in response to the invitation.

The Fear of Municipal Socialism

Shall the city be the driver and the street railroads be the team, or shall the street railroads be the driver and the city be the team? In other words, is the city to be regarded as the master of an estate who employs certain agents, at high remuneration, to do what he believes is for the best interests of the estate, or is the city to be regarded merely as the estate itself which offers special inducements for men who have the means to invest capital in it, to develop it, and become to a degree its owners? Is the city a person, or is it only a thing? A person can improve himself; a thing can only be improved. A person is free to make mistakes; a thing at the worst can only be misused.

It is the conflict between these two conceptions of municipality that has been in existence ever since the first municipal franchise was granted, and has been especially discernible in recent legislation in New York and Illinois. By that Chicago has become very much of a person, but the city of New York still remains to some degree a thing. Last week we described the result of the Mueller law and the referendum. Chicago can now do what it thinks best with its methods of transportation. It can engage one man to lay tracks and another to run cars upon them. Or it can lay the tracks and run the cars itself. New York City, on the other hand, has been denied this privilege. In constructing rapid-transit facilities, which in the future are to be put principally underground, it is limited

by what contractors are willing to do. The State Legislature has just adjourned without giving the city liberty to build and operate its own subways.

The present law, slightly modified by the recent Legislature, gives the city liberty to say at what price the subways can be built. That is a great deal better than no liberty at all. As a matter of fact, it is all the liberty the city really could have exercised until now. The subway which is now nearing completion was constructed on terms which, under the conditions, must be regarded as advantageous. The company which is building it has borrowed the city's money, and in turn has given bond. It has been required to agree to operate the subway—or, if it disposes of its rights, to transfer them to a company which will operate the subway—for fifty years. During that period it pays an annual rent (toward which the interest on its bond is to be counted), and at the end of the period it must pay its debt and turn over the subway to the city. This is an arrangement advantageous both to the company and the city, and no one can regret it. One might ask, What more could be required? The city lends its money, receives its interest in the form of rent, is repaid at the end of fifty years, and has a subway to boot. That would be possibly a satisfactory plan to be adopted as a permanent policy if subways were limitless; but transportation, even underground, in a particular direction is a monopoly, and it is more than conceivable that the operation of a few such subways would mean the control of the entire transportation of the city's inhabitants to and from their work. To give over such control to one or two companies is costly at any price. And yet New York City, if it is to have more subways under the present law, has no choice but to sell that control. For it cannot make a contract for the building of a new subway except with a company that will at the same time contract to equip and operate the subway for not less than thirty-five years. Such a contract can be made only by a concern that has immense resources. As a matter of fact, there are only two companies in New York that are at all likely

to undertake such a contract, and each of them already controls a large part of the city's transportation facilities. To either one or the other of these the city must turn over both the building and operating of any new subway. It has no choice.

Before the Legislature, which is now adjourned, there was a bill, called the Elsberg-Newcomb Bill, providing that the city could make separate contracts for building and for operating; could, indeed, divide the process of building among several contractors; and, if it deemed it profitable, could even build or operate, or build and operate, subways itself. The bill was strangled in committee for fear it might grow into a giant of municipal Socialism. Staid newspapers, like the New York "Times" and the New York "Globe," became nervous at the thought of the harm the city might do to itself if it was released from the protecting hand of a money-making syndicate. The city, it was said, might be lured into building an unnecessary subway which would not pay for itself. The awful thought of empty cars with dangling, unoccupied straps was too much for the conservative minds of legislators, and they hastened the bill to its doom. They apparently forgot the alarming fact of municipal Socialism already prevalent in New York, which paves and cleans its own streets and maintains free schools. The fear of municipal Socialism, like many another superstition, fortunately, is not consistent, for if it were there are many editors, lawyers, legislators, and, by no means least, financiers, who would start at the sight of a public-school building, and run from every gang of workmen opening a new street.

The time was when public franchises were given for the asking—the effectual asking. Then they were given provided the askers kept the streets between the tracks in order. At last the franchises were sold, the price, token of Socialism, going into the city treasury. Then the franchises were simply lent, to be returned to the city. The time has already come now when cities are beginning to wonder whether they are not as capable of controlling a highway

which moves as well as a street on which people may move. Boston started to build its own subway before it arranged for the operation of the subway. Chicago has now claimed the right to say whether it shall lease its means of transportation or manage them itself. New York can also have its liberty as soon as it recognizes that such liberty is worth exercising.



From the Southern Standpoint

Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy's "Problems of the Present South," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, is a book of National importance. Not since the close of the Civil War, and therefore not since the South began to deal with its present problems, has there been a contribution of such importance to a clear understanding of those problems as that which Mr. Murphy has made. A Southerner, devotedly attached to his section, intimately acquainted with it, appreciating to the full the quality and charm of its old ideals, but thoroughly in touch with the modern movements which are modifying those ideals, Mr. Murphy is pre-eminently qualified to speak of the South and for the South. His discussion is candid, sympathetic, and Christian. It fills in the historical background and gives the perspective in dealing with Southern conditions which have been so conspicuously lacking in the philippics of politicians and the discussions of newspapers North and South. "It is one of the incredibilities of history," writes Mr. Murphy, "that in the world's discussions of the South the occasional victories of impatience should loom so large, and that the South's far greater victories of magnanimity should loom so small;" that the shrill voice of the partisan and the fanatic should drown the deep and moderate tones of the statesman and the true reformer.

Mr. Murphy's book confirms the impressions of Southern conditions and problems which The Outlook has been urging upon its readers for several years past. He brings into the field, without too prolonged description, those revolu-

tionary changes through which the South has passed within the memory of a generation: the vast devastation of war, the annihilation of property, the violent wresting of government from the hands of the trained classes, their disfranchisement, the sudden elevation of a group of men who had been field-hands and day-laborers, and upon whom, with a cruelty as terrible as it is pathetic, the vast burdens of education, intelligence, and trained responsibility were suddenly thrown. The injustice done to the white man by this inversion of all true principles of statesmanship was frightful, but the injustice done to the negro was still more appalling. The South fought with superb courage; and, after the manner of men of courage, accepted defeat frankly and finally. No country except the Netherlands has suffered more from war than did the South during the Civil War; and its heaviest burdens came, not during the period of destruction by arms, but during the period of disorganization miscalled Reconstruction. It was then that the deepest wounds were made, the most terrible burdens imposed, the fiercest animosities awakened. Mr. Murphy compares the course adopted by the Confederate soldiers after General Lee's surrender with the course taken by the army of the Commonwealth on the return of Charles II.; that heroic band of men which had become practically invincible, against which the splendid charges of Prince Rupert's cavalry had been hurled in vain, which had executed one king and driven another into exile, and of which Cromwell himself was obliged to take heed, remained in silence as Charles II. passed them in review, and quietly went back to their fields and their shops again to carry into civil life the superb training which they had gained in war. This, Mr. Murphy tells us, was the attitude of the Southern soldiers when they turned their faces homeward to homes which had been desolated and to a future which seemed hopeless.

The North ought to understand the magnificent courage which the South showed in the years after the war, and it ought to appreciate the necessary burdens which were laid upon that cour-

age by the rejection of the statesmanlike policy of Lincoln and the adoption of the partisan policy of the men who used a great victory, not for the purposes of reknitting severed ties, but of still further punishing those who had lost.

It was out of such conditions as these that the New South emerged. In the decade between 1880 and 1890, Mr. Murphy tells us, the capital invested in the manufacture of cotton increased from \$22,000,000 to \$113,000,000, and the number of cotton-mills from 180 to 412. Since 1900 the number of those mills has passed 900, and has doubled within a period of three years. In no section of the country is economic progress more rapid to-day than in the States south of the Mason and Dixon line, and in no section is the industrial outlook for the future more prosperous and stimulating.

Of the enthusiasm for education which has grown up in the last few years in many parts of the South The Outlook has many times spoken, regarding it as distinctly one of the most encouraging signs of the times, and as substituting National for sectional interests and feelings. This renaissance of educational interests involves something more than the freshening of school methods, the multiplication of schools, the advance of educational standards; it is significant of the reawakened intellectual and spiritual life of a great part of the country. It means that the New South has come to self-consciousness, to a realization of its possibilities, its opportunities, and the new ideals which are to take their place side by side with the old ideals, and which are to shape the Southern character of the future. To that movement Mr. Murphy gives large attention, for he has himself borne no unimportant share in it.

What he has to say about the negro question is of special importance; for never was a question presented to a people which demanded greater dispassionateness, larger knowledge, and, above all things, the patience, the consideration, and the sympathy that come from knowledge. The negro problem is from every point of view one of the greatest perplexity and the most menacing pro-

portions. Only the ignorant or the passionate will present any quick remedy, any sure panacea; all those who know anything about the question at first hand know that a long period of time, great patience, and an immense amount of character-building will be involved in the settlement of that question. Mr. Murphy does not complain because there has been so much criticism in the North of the Southern attitude on this question; he does complain, however, and with justice, that the North, instead of criticising the wrongs in the South, criticises the South itself, without discrimination and therefore without intelligence. He quotes at length a noble utterance of the late Dr. Curry, one of the leaders of the educational movement and one of the foremost Southern men of his generation. Speaking at Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy, four years ago, Dr. Curry said:

Slavery cursed the South with stupid, ignorant, uninventive labor. The curse in large degree remains. The policy of some would perpetuate it and give a system of serfdom degrading to the negro, corrupting to the employer. The negro is a valuable laborer; let us improve him and make his labor more intelligent, more skilled, more productive. . . . Shall the Caucasian race, in timid fearfulness, in cowardly injustice, wrong an inferior race, put obstacles to its progress? Left to itself, away from the elevating influence of contact and tuition, there will be retrogression. Shall we hasten the retrogression, shall we have two races side by side, equal in political privileges, one educated, the other ignorant? Unless the white people, the superior, the cultivated race, lift up the lower, both will be inevitably dragged down. Look at these roses on this platform. They have been developed from an inferior plant by skilled culture into gorgeous American Beauties. So it is with other flowers and fruits; so with animals, and so it is with men. Eight hundred years ago our ancestors were pirates, careless of laws either of God or man; and yet, by culture and education and discipline and free institutions and liberty of worship, they have been made the people that they are to-day. God's throne is justice and right and truth. Unseat him from that throne and he becomes a demon; and so will sink our Southern civilization into infamy if we are guilty of cruelest injustice to an inferior race, whom God has put into our hands as trustees for their elevation and improvement and for his glory.

This, Mr. Murphy urges, is the attitude of the responsible South—the South

which will ultimately settle the race question—which feels toward that race the deepest sense of responsibility, and which needs and ought to have the moral reinforcement of Northern sympathy and thought. In the face of the present outbreak of race feeling, which has shown itself nowhere more offensively or unintelligently than in the hasty action of the Legislature of Kentucky in arbitrarily decreeing the separation of the races at Berea College, and of many outbreaks of passion and violence throughout the South, Mr. Murphy declares that the real mind of the South is to be found in the deep sense of responsibility of the white toward the black. There is a distinct assumption, he declares, of the negro's inferiority; but there is also a distinct assumption of the negro's improbability; and it is upon this double assumption that the South finds its obligation. What is needed is larger intelligence, and the patience which would come from it, and more confidence and sympathy from the North while this problem is being worked out; a recognition of the fact that to-day the negro is not fitted for the responsibilities that have been laid upon him; and, in the South, a fuller and clearer sense of responsibility toward a race that needs and must have education, and a clearer and deeper recognition of the fact that no race relations can be settled except upon lines of justice and kindness. If the North can be brought to see that the negro has been pushed too far and too hard, that responsibilities have been laid upon him which he could not discharge, and which have brought, therefore, the greatest disaster to him and to the section in which he lives; and if the South can be brought to see that, even conceding the present inferiority of the negro, he has rights and privileges as definite as those possessed by a superior race; that no race under American institutions, or for that matter in modern times, can be condemned as a race to burden-bearing and servility, that the gates of education must be open so that every race shall have a chance of showing its quality, we shall have gone a long way toward the settlement of this most perplexing question.

Waiting on the Lord

A large part of being a Christian consists in waiting patiently and cheerfully while the Lord does his work and carries out his purposes in the world. Many people assume that waiting on the Lord means keeping up courage and hope until some personal problem is solved, some personal difficulty removed, some personal grief consoled. It means all these things, and it means a great deal more: it means quiet, faithful, courageous living in this world in which our lot is cast. For the most comfortably placed people, as for the most unfortunate, life is a very difficult matter. To be entirely at home in this world and perfectly comfortable in it one must be without thought, feeling, or sight. "Life is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel" is an aphorism which conveys only a half-truth. To those who think in any real way life is never a comedy; the touch of tragedy is always on it; while to those who feel, if they are waiting on the Lord, it is never entirely a tragedy. To all men, without regard to conditions, it is full of perplexity, anxiety, trouble, and sorrow; to all women, however happily placed, it brings heavy burdens, lonely hours, deep disappointments, passionate regrets. Those who live in pleasant gardens, walled against the world, do not escape the cries of anguish that rise out of the world and cannot be shut out; those who climb with steady step the paths of reputation and eminence constantly come upon those who have fallen by the way. Bolt the doors as we may, sorrow and death knock at them, and the immortal strength of love itself cannot keep them shut.

There are those who try to escape the sorrows of life by withdrawing from contact with their fellows, by taking refuge in the Absolute; but their path is a solitary one, and takes them away from their fellows; they miss the searching and profoundly moral education which comes only from passing through the experiences of life, and is lost if those experiences are evaded; and as the result of saving one's self without trying to save one's fellows, the men who take

this course become, as a man of deeply religious mind has lately said, dehumanized; they lose sensitiveness of feeling for others, quickness of sympathy, the passion of helpfulness.

There are those, too, who seek not to minimize but to obliterate care and anxiety and sorrow from life by denying their existence and treating them as illusions. There is much fear in the world where no fear ought to be; there are many whose lives are overshadowed by apprehension, who snatch only "a fearful joy" from the happiest hours, who are devitalized and blighted physically by unwholesome mental conditions. In a world of God's making there is no place for fear, although there is ample place for uncertainty; in such a world there is no reason for that depression of mind which casts a gloom over the world and robs the body of the vitality which ought to flow from the mind.

But while all this is true, it is also true that there is no real escape in denying the existence of realities of universal experience, of shutting one's eyes to actual conditions. The brave man wants to know and face the worst; the profoundly religious spirit cannot rest satisfied in any interpretation of life which does not include all the facts. Nothing is gained by shutting the eyes to disagreeable things; the resolute, open-eyed facing of things as they are is the first step towards rational faith.

We are here to face, to bear, to endure the experiences of our humanity and fashion ourselves more and more in the image of God by the searching, exacting, deep-going education of life. Doubt, uncertainty, the sense of helplessness in the presence of tremendous forces which we cannot master, disappointment, loss, suffering, and death, are all means and methods of this education. To escape from the play of these experiences would involve the loss of that discipline which is the very basis of education. If the great sorrows of life pass us by, we go through them vicariously, if we have heart, imagination, or sympathy, in the experience of others. A vast company of struggling, burdened, sorrowful men and women

surrounds us, and we cannot sit in peace and comfort by our own firesides without thinking of them and feeling with them in our heart of hearts. No palace of art has been built which has shut out the vision of the sorrowful world; when the Christ came, he was acquainted with grief, and his sinlessness was shadowed by the sin of the world. We are beset with mysteries which we are powerless to dissipate, with problems which we cannot solve, with the burdens of a universe which we understand in part, but the greater part of which is hidden by clouds and darkness.

These are the conditions of our mortality, but they are also the evidences of our immortality. If we could comprehend the universe with our present capacity of understanding, how limited it would be! If we could sound the depths of love, how the glory would fade from life! If we saw the end of the road, how insignificant would be the journey! The universe sweeps immeasurably beyond our vision because it was divinely fashioned and is divinely moved to ends which involve infinity and eternity; the education of life is severe, exacting, inexorable, because we are being trained for work and peace and growth beyond the utmost reach of thought; we are beset with mysteries because we see but a little section of the great highway along which we travel; we are involved in a disordered society because men are being slowly trained out of animalism into spiritual freedom and power; we are perplexed and burdened with mysteries because we live but a day at a time in an eternal existence.

To be hopeful in our ignorance, patient under our burdens, at peace in the war of elements, faithful to our little work without the help of the vast plan, cheerful in our sorrows when their meaning is hidden from us, obedient to laws which we do not understand, of good heart when silence and solitude and loneliness are our portion—this is to wait on the Lord; to wait until we understand the plan, the sorrow, the pain, the burden, the loneliness, the deep shadow of death.

The Restriction of Chinese Immigration¹

By Chester Holcombe

Formerly Secretary of the American Legation at Peking, and member of the Chinese Immigration Commission of 1880

WITHOUT giving a detailed history of the earlier stages of Chinese immigration, it ought to be said that for years it was gladly welcomed and even enthusiastically encouraged. It furnished a class of labor which was greatly needed in the States and Territories bordering upon the Pacific. By means of it the construction of transcontinental railway lines, which brought the two coasts of the continent into close and intimate relationship, and the industrial development of the western half of the interior, were hastened by many years. No words of praise were then too generous to express the appreciation of the value of "Chinese cheap labor." In 1867 a clause was inserted in a treaty then made between the United States and China, in which the Emperor, for the first time in the long history of that ancient race, recognized the inalienable right of every human being to change his domicile and national allegiance at his pleasure. This concession was granted upon the motion of our Government, because the Chinese authorities had for many centuries discountenanced and forbidden the emigration of their subjects, and had imposed the death penalty upon any who might violate the Imperial statute and, by returning later, come within the reach of the executioner. It was feared that this law, unrepealed and long unenforced, would be revived and a stop put to the passage of Chinese to our shores. Hence, and in the most formal manner, his Imperial Majesty was bound to attempt no such interference.

Later, as the immediate demand for labor in railway construction was lessened by the completion of a line across the continent, as mining ceased to be carried on in rude and primitive methods by individual enterprise and fell into the hands of large corporations, as other vocations and industries were opened,

when the Pacific slope assumed form and shape as an organized and settled region, and especially when crowds of other laborers, mostly alien, flocked thither, an attempt was made to crowd the Chinaman out of the field. As is well known, the agitation against his coming to this country originated upon the "sand lots" of San Francisco. And Dennis Kearney was the leading knight in the crusade. Admittedly a worthless loafer, a nuisance and pest to the community, he none the less succeeded in securing a large and dangerous following of men either like himself, or who, newly arrived in a free land, ignorant of the wholesome and necessary limitations to liberty, were easily led to denounce and persecute others, alien like themselves, whose rights here were equal to their own. Local circumstances operated largely in their favor. The city government and police force, notoriously corrupt and inefficient, were far less interested in enforcing laws against various forms of vice and for the preservation of health and order than in winking at willful or ignorant violations of statutes and ordinances by the Chinese and levying blackmail therefor. There was at the time in San Francisco what may be termed a congestion of immigrants from across the Pacific, which might have been removed by simple and kindly methods, or would have cured itself by a natural process. The Chinese race is naturally industrious and frugal of time as well as money. It is not the material of which loafers are made, in any country or climate, as well-established facts prove. And, as will be seen, this has been in reality one of the most serious and persistent charges against it. The Chinese came to this country in search of work, and, failing to find what they sought in San Francisco, they would look elsewhere for it. When the crusade against them began, practically the entire mass of immigrants from the Far East

¹ See editorial comment elsewhere.

was landed at that one port. Lonely, homesick, ignorant of our language, laws, customs, and rules of life, eagerly seeking something to do, yet not knowing what that something might be or where to look for it, strangers in a strange land in the most emphatic sense of the phrase, what could they do but herd with their fellows who were earlier arrivals, accept any scraps of labor that might be offered, and in some few cases—only a few—crowd into places that others could have better filled? A little wise guidance and gentle coercion at that time would have relieved San Francisco of all excess of Chinese, and been of the utmost value to every part of the great West, which was hampered and hindered in material progress by an absolute dearth of the very sort of help which they, of all alien races, were best qualified to give.

It is not to be denied that some of them brought vicious habits from Asia, and soon acquired others from their association with other foreigners and with native-born Americans. But the worst of them were not more objectionable additions to our population than many whom we accept from the slums and sinks of foulness in Europe, admit to citizenship and even elect to office, nor were they lower in the scale of humanity than some of the products of our own centers of vice. The most hopelessly vicious and irredeemable specimens of beastliness in the form of man must be sought, not in heathen Asia, but in so-called Christian Europe and America. And, speaking squarely to the fact, the crusade against the Chinese, as planned and carried on, has never been based upon their evil habits and practices, but upon their industry. Little cared Dennis Kearney and his followers for Chinese wickedness. It was Chinese work that he denounced. The writer once attended a mass-meeting called in Cooper Union, New York, to urge the passage of a most drastic Chinese Exclusion Act, then pending in Congress. The great hall was closely packed with laboring men, the great majority of whom were evidently of foreign birth, who were addressed by some half-dozen local labor leaders, each of whom spoke with a dis-

tinct and decided brogue. These vied with one another in vilifying John Chinaman, accusing him of all the crimes and infamies in the catalogue, and demanded his expulsion from the United States. This was the sole burden of speech of all but the last. He, a stalwart, brawny Irishman, having a bright and intelligent face, said, in substance, that he did not know nor care whether the Chinese were worse than other men. "But," said he, "The Choinaman wurrrs all the toime, and we don't want any men in this counthry who will wurrr all the toime." The audience had shown no particular interest in the vilification of the Chinese, but the applause which greeted this declaration was prolonged and deafening. The speaker had at last given utterance to the real objection which his fellow-workmen had to Chinese competition.

Thus, the question is, in fact, not one of comparative virtue or vice, but of rivalry for the practical control of the labor market. It should be examined and decided as such by the intelligent and patriotic voters of the Republic. Any legislative action taken by the National or a local government ought to have been based upon that premise. It surely cannot be consistent with either sound statesmanship, good politics, or a wise regard for the best interests of the people as a whole, to decide a question of such broad range and vital importance upon a false assumption, or to accept the dictation of any one class of labor for the exclusion of any other. A large and important section of the country has suffered for years, and will suffer for years to come, from the evil effects of a labor monopoly. The Southern States have not, and will not, receive their much-needed share of industrial immigration because all forms of manual work are to a large extent in the hands of the negroes. While the United States cannot afford to allow Chinese labor to drive out that which may come from Europe, it also cannot wisely allow the latter to enforce the exclusion of that which is disposed to come from the Far East. To exclude neither, but strictly to regulate and limit both, with an equal hand, is manifestly the only wise course.

The question was forced into partisan

politics. First, in San Francisco, Dennis Kearney and his gang—they deserve no better title—secured so large a following among the lowest class of voters that it became necessary to reckon with them, and to accept their dictation, if any hope were to be entertained of carrying the municipal elections. Soon the Chinese, having no votes, had no friends. The leaders of the two great parties took up the rallying cry, "The Chinese must go," and rivaled each other in protestations of enmity to all forms of Oriental labor. Merchants either hung signs in the windows of their places of business, declaring that they employed no Asiatic help, or advertised the same declaration, often false, in the daily papers. Men of commanding ability and position found, or imagined, it to be in their interest to join in the senseless hue and cry, which they knew to be unjust, unwise, and uncalled for. Thus the entire city surrendered to the arrogant dictation of the Sand Lot crowd, in disregard of their own sense of wisdom, justice, and fair play. Those who employed Chinese in any form of labor were satisfied and pleased with them, in many cases could confessedly find no other equally good, and their home comfort or business interests, or both, must suffer if they ceased to employ them. But this went for nothing. Dennis Kearney had spoken, and the best and wisest people in San Francisco surrendered to the worst and most ignorant.

Once in politics, the growth of the agitation from a purely local question to a State and then a National crusade was natural and, under partisan conditions upon the Pacific coast, inevitable. California and Oregon were unknown and extremely doubtful quantities, sometimes casting their votes in favor of one and then of the other of the two great parties. Though none of the leaders of either had any genuine sympathy with Chinese exclusion, the cry was taken up by each in the effort to secure the vote of those States, and soon the question grew to such importance as to be given a "plank" in the National platform of each. There was no statesmanship, but any amount of petty politics, in the movement. Coupled with this growth,

or rather with the fruit of it, municipal ordinances and State legislation, aimed solely at the Chinese and calculated to harass them and to drive them out of the country, were passed. Bills were introduced into Congress having the same object in view. But just here the crusade met with its first serious check. The objects of all this tirade and persecution had learned some of their rights, and showed a determination to defend themselves. Whenever an attempt was made to enforce any of these discriminating and abusive acts, the matter was carried into the courts and pushed if necessary to the tribunal of final resort, where the acts were invariably decided to be unconstitutional and hence invalid. In one notable case it was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that even Congress had no power to limit or interfere with the free immigration of the natives of China, excepting under statutes, already in existence, which provided for the exclusion of diseased, incompetent, criminal, and pauper aliens of any nationality. It appeared then that the treaty stipulation, already described, by which the Emperor of China bound himself not to interfere with the voluntary immigration of his subjects to this country, was a two-edged sword, cutting with equal keenness in both directions. While it forbade him to prevent their departure from his territory, it also hindered Congress from taking any action to prevent their entrance into ours.

Thus a halt was called to the crusade, and such was the status of the movement for the exclusion of the Chinese in the winter of 1879–80. A Presidential election was to be held in November of the last-named year. The result was likely to be doubtful, and it was of the utmost importance to each of the two great parties to secure the electoral votes of California and Oregon. Under these circumstances the Republican leaders planned a master stroke of policy. A bill was prepared and submitted to Congress directing the appointment of certain Special Commissioners who were to proceed to Peking and there to negotiate such a modification of our treaties with China as would permit of

legislation restrictive of the influx of Chinese laborers. While the Democrats grumbled somewhat at the march thus stolen upon them, none ventured to oppose the bill, and it was promptly passed. A most liberal appropriation was made for the salaries and contingent expenses. The Commissioners were at once appointed and summoned to Washington. Upon arrival they were furnished with elaborate, and impracticable, instructions concerning the "likin tax" and "transit pass" questions, which were widely outside of the object of their special mission, would require years of study and then still be beyond comprehension, and which they were not expected to touch. The subject of Chinese immigration was not discussed with them by either President or Secretary of State. It was not even mentioned, beyond the remark, made as they were taking leave and setting out upon their long journey, that instructions upon that most important subject were not quite ready, but would overtake them at San Francisco. They delayed a week in that city, and, when upon the point of sailing, received, in response to an inquiry by telegraph, directions to proceed and await their instructions in Japan. The same inquiry and response were repeated while they were in Yokohama. They reached China in July, but remained upon the coast until the end of September, awaiting instructions which never came. The only word of advice or direction of any sort which they received during their absence from the United States, bearing upon the object of this special mission or upon any other subject, consisted of a single line which covered and called their "attention to the planks of the two great political parties upon the subject of Chinese immigration which had been adopted at the National Conventions held in June of this year." The Commissioners were left to draw their own conclusions from the strange and unexpected silence, and the reader is left to do the same. Two objects were accomplished by the appointment of this Commission. Republican orators upon the Pacific coast, during the Presidential campaign, were enabled to "point with pride to the effi-

cient measures taken by their party to open the way for the exclusion of the vast hordes of pauper Chinese from our shores." California and Oregon went Republican.

And a treaty, conceding all that the Commissioners guessed—they had no better means of knowledge—would be thought necessary by our Government, was successfully negotiated and signed in Peking. The members of the Chinese Cabinet had been informed in advance of the appointment of these special envoys, and the object of their long journey. And they entered at once, with equal frankness and courtesy, upon the discussion of the desired concession. They said that they could not understand why the Government of the United States should be in any way or measure embarrassed by the presence of Chinese laborers in the country, who, both by treaty provisions and the long-established policy of the Government, had equal rights and privileges there with alien laborers of any other nationality. If, so long as they were orderly and attending quietly to their own business, they were made the victims of mob violence or any other form of wrong, the Government of China had full trust in the good faith and power of the United States to protect the subjects of his Imperial Majesty, and to inflict just punishment where it was merited. Upon the other hand, if Chinese subjects, resident in the United States, were guilty of any offense against the laws of the land, they should, and doubtless would, be properly dealt with. At the same time, they added, while they were unable to understand or appreciate the declaration that the presence of a large number of their people in our land as wage-earners could be a source of trouble or embarrassment to the Government, they accepted it as made in good faith, and were entirely ready to consider any reasonable modifications of existing treaties which might be proposed. Thus generously and courteously were our Commissioners met, and, without exception or unnecessary delay, every concession which they asked was readily granted. A new treaty was negotiated and signed, by the terms of which the Government

of the United States was made free to regulate, limit, or suspend temporarily the immigration of Chinese laborers. All other Chinese subjects—merchants, students, and travelers being specifically named—were free to go and come at their pleasure, and all classes of Chinese, while in this country, were to receive full privileges and immunities accorded to citizens or subjects of the most favored nation.

This treaty, unexpected and perhaps undesired by the Government at Washington, was displaced by another in 1894. By the terms of the latter the coming of all Chinese laborers to the United States was absolutely prohibited for a term of ten years, and whenever the question of the right of entry was raised in any case, the burden of proof was placed upon the Chinese. That is to say, each would-be immigrant must prove to the satisfaction of the proper authorities that he is not a laborer before he is permitted to land upon our shores. This treaty has recently, and wisely, been denounced by China, and hence will expire by limitation in December of the current year.

It is difficult to speak of the legislative enactments touching Chinese immigration, and the various regulations for their enforcement, with any suitable degree of moderation or patience. They bear but faint likeness and the most remote relationship to the treaties which give them a legal existence. China gave us an inch and we have taken an ell. In a matter which closely touched her pride and *amour propre*, she courteously and readily yielded to our request, for which she could see no occasion, and made a concession for which nothing was given in return. It curtailed the privileges and interfered with the perfectly honest and praiseworthy desires of her own people. It may be that our National legislators and executive officers have misinterpreted her complaisance and good nature as a careless indifference and lack of concern. If so, they have made a serious mistake. The persistence with which the Chinese authorities have fought case after case in our courts ought to make this plain. The Chinese, both government and people,

have been surprised and at times indignant at the course we have taken in this matter—the one foul spot in the otherwise clean record of fair dealing with them—but have said little, partly because they are naturally patient as well as sensitive, and partly because they were unwilling to risk the loss of our friendship. But our unfair treatment of China in this business will some day return to plague us.

Entirely aside from the cavalier and insulting manner with which we have dealt with China, and the inevitably injurious effect upon our relations and interests there, it must be said that our action has been undignified, unworthy of any great nation, a sad criticism upon our sense of power and ability to rule our affairs with wisdom and moderation, and unbecoming our high position among the leading governments of the world. What great power, easy and assured in a well-established position, confident of its authority and skilled in the management of large affairs of state, able and willing to grant and to exact fair consideration and even-handed justice in all its relations, would stoop to enact and enforce such petty, childish, and harassing regulations upon a few aliens within its borders who had been guilty of no offense against the laws? We have treated Chinese immigrants—never more than a handful when compared with our population—as though we were in a frenzy of fear of them. We have forsaken our wits in this question, abandoned all self-control, and belittled our manhood by treating each incoming Chinaman as though he were the embodiment of some huge and hideous power which, once landed upon our shores, could not be dealt with or kept within bounds. Yet, in point of fact, this same simple-minded, poverty-stricken but industrious Chinaman has been guilty of no wrong towards us and meditates none. He simply comes here desiring to exchange his labor for a very moderate portion of our money. And he is far more easily kept in bounds and held obedient to law than some immigrants from Europe.

Without undertaking any detailed criticism of the statutes, the interpretation

of them by judicial and executive officers, or of the regulations enforced upon Chinese immigrants, two or three cases may be given by way of illustration. A Chinese merchant of San Francisco made a visit to his old home in Canton, and, while there, married. Upon returning to this country his wife was forbidden to land. An appeal was taken to the courts, which decided against him, and he was forced to choose between a permanent separation from his wife or the abandonment of his business interests here and return to China. In another instance a well-known Chinese merchant of San Francisco with his wife returned to China upon a visit. They were absent a year, and, when they again reached this country, brought with them an infant son of some three months of age. No objection was raised to the landing of the parents, but they were not permitted to take the baby ashore with them. As a supposed representative of "Chinese cheap labor" he was forbidden entrance to this free and great country. The case was duly reported to the Secretary of the Treasury, who has all such business in charge. To the honor of the late Daniel Manning, who then held that position, it ought to be said that, with his official approval of the course of the Collector, as being in conformity with the strict terms of the law, he inclosed a personal note which ran as follows: "Burn all this correspondence, let the poor little baby go ashore, and don't make a fool of yourself." It should be noticed that in both these cases the men concerned were merchants, and hence specifically exempt from the terms of the exclusion acts. And the wife and son are entitled to take their status, or classification, from that of the husband and father. Much flagrant injustice has been done by arbitrary decisions that certain Chinese were laborers and hence within the scope of our prohibitive legislation, when, in point of fact, they were merchants and hence free to come and go at their pleasure.

One more recent and most scandalous instance must be cited. In the course of the elaborate preparations made for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, a formal invitation was extended to China

to take part, and a special commissioner visited that country to see that liberal arrangements were made by the Government of Peking. The invitation was cordially accepted, and everything desired by the representative was granted. It then became necessary, under these same exclusion acts, that regulations should be prepared by the Treasury Department for the admission to this country of Chinese—none of whom would be laborers, by the way, but merchants and manufacturers—who would have exhibits at the Exposition. These regulations, as originally framed, required that each exhibitor, upon arrival at any seaport in this country, should be photographed three times for purposes of identification, and should file a bond in the penal sum of five thousand dollars, the conditions of which were that he would proceed directly and by the shortest route to St. Louis, would not leave the Exposition grounds at any time after his arrival there, and would depart for China by the first steamer sailing after the close of the Exposition! Thus a sort of Chinese rogues' gallery was to be established at each port, and the fair grounds were to be made a prison pen for those who had come here as invited guests of the Nation, whose presence and aid were needed to make the display a success! It is only just to add that, upon a most vigorous protest made against these courteous (!) regulations by the Chinese Government and a threat to cancel their acceptance of our invitation, the rules were withdrawn and others more decent substituted. But the fact that they were prepared and seriously presented to China shows to what an extent of injustice and discourtesy our mistaken attitude and action in regard to Chinese immigration has carried us.

It must be admitted as beyond question that the coming of the Chinese to these shores should be held under constant supervision and strict limitations. And so should immigration from all other countries. The time has come when we ought to pick and choose with far greater care than is exercised, and to exclude large numbers who are now admitted. And it is asserted, without risk of successful contradiction, that

there is no wise or just reason or ground for the existing discrimination against the Chinese. The various causes commonly assigned are either frivolous, devoid of foundation in fact, or a reflection upon the competence of our Government and people. It is this discrimination alone which is unjust to China, which she naturally resents, and which does us serious harm in our relations with her people.

It is much to be desired for our own sake that the Government of China will persistently refuse its agreement to another treaty like that which is about to expire; that intelligent and fair-minded citizens will take a deeper interest in this question which involves the National honor; and that the day will speedily dawn when we shall make use of less politics and more statesmanship in the administration of public affairs.

Sue Chang the Faithful

By Mary Stewart Daggett

SUECHANG'S kitchen was immaculate; in fact, too clean for the course of ordinary events. Rows of utensils hung coldly bright above the sink; a dead range shone with the melancholy luster of fresh mourning; and even the little clock ticked a premonitory knell from the side wall.

Sue Chang, in an oilcloth traveling costume, his queue uncoiled, his dark face a study of conflicting emotions, bade farewell to his mistress. For the third time during sixteen years of service in one family, the faithful cook claimed a vacation of a year, and faced again for the Fatherland.

Chang's occasional visits to old China were always attended with certain trepidation—the gradual result of a long sojourn in the United States. He hated the ocean voyage, taken in the deep bowels of the ship, and by degrees had lost faith in many traditions of his native land.

The United States had insidiously usurped the power of rotting ancestors; Pasadena, California, was now the heathen's advanced ideal of civilization, "Temple Hill" his American home. Every tree and shrub on the six-acre knoll seemed dear to him. Here he had seen roses and little children blooming together, side by side, until dreams of far-away China, of aging parents, and even a young lily-footed bride of four years back became strangely mixed with local interests and modern beliefs. As already intimated, Chang had become an important factor in the daily life and

domestic economy of the "Temple Hill" establishment.

That he had previously gone upon two visits to China, and was about to embark for a third one, made his sudden exit doubly tragic to his sad-eyed mistress. To-day she faced once more an oft-postponed calamity. Chang was going "back home" to be gone a whole year. With discriminating justice, the lady computed the price of her faithful cook's departure. The present moment seemed like a gloomy "foreword" to a still more gloomy story. Celestial data called up vivid memories of past tribulations, as she again endeavored to solve a half-forgotten problem. Twice before she had sought out the rule for the involved question, "How many days in a year, when the cook goes home to China?" Poor lady! already she had jumped at her answer, and it was twice three hundred and sixty-five.

On a fresh, sunshiny morning, when she should have been in the rose garden, or listening to love songs of mocking-birds hidden among vines of the veranda, she was otherwise engaged, with thoughts that were irritable and grim. What should she do without her faithful heathen? Where could his match be found? Was not his bread as digestible as heavenly manna? his soup as nutritious as the avowed promises of gold-label advertisements? When he beat the dust from a treasured prayer-rug, he harmed not a sacred thread! Controlled by his steady hands, the usual cut-glass disasters were averted; within his judi-

cious grasp Coalport china took no sudden leaps into the air. He was a wonder, this quiet, masterful Chang. Even the hens of the chicken-yard respected him; each did her duty and laid an egg a day—Sunday not exempt. The doves revered him likewise, mourning with exaggerated pathos when he deserted them for China. Always when he called they came, dashing through the blue to the very verge of his kitchen door. When he fed them, they returned to their cotes joyfully, circling as they went, flashing their wings against the sunlit air like darting prisms. Standing among the pigeons in spotless white work-clothes, his queue coiled neatly above his intelligent golden brow, Chang made a picture. As the children of Temple Hill grew up, they went away to school and college; then Chang was "heap sorry." When they came home, he was "heap glad." When daughters and later a son of the house were married, he rejoiced. One day a little grandson arrived, and Chang's joy knew no bounds. "Heap lovely little man," he cried. "I take picture with him—send way back China—let my folks see all same 'Merican baby." He was charmed with the result of the snap-shot, and posed again upon his "New Departure" bicycle. "I tell my friends back China—my wheel fly all same bird," he declared with smiles. "My people not very smart like these United States," he went on. "More better old Empress die—I think that old lady keep China heap dark; some day my people get more light all same America."

A wistful shade clouded his brow. "Since I live this Temple Hill I understand many things," he acknowledged, with commendable pride. "Now I not believe those idols—now I say idols no good." His mistress bowed her approval, and Chang proceeded to establish Christian premises. "Idols cannot make happy—idols cannot make rich—idols cannot make good—idols just same like old brickbat—no hear—no see—no feel. One day I go back home tell my family these United States great country—idols no good—I know sure—now I live so long this Temple Hill." The mistress recalled the facts thus wisely

stated a few weeks later, when his proposed mission and second visit to the Fatherland had become a theme for household consternation.

Shortly after Chang's heroic threat to enlighten his benighted countrymen he had received a command from aging parents to return to China at once. Both bade him fulfill his long-standing pledge to the child wife of years back; to hasten without delay to the Flowery Kingdom and restore a wilting blossom. The girl had now matured, and, with others of her class, awaited the arrival of alien sons who had gone to the United States after money. At first Chang seemed reluctant to obey the summons; but the tenets of a yet vague theology had not displaced traditions of ages, and gradually the lukewarm bridegroom flamed to the idea of nuptials prescribed by his unrelenting ancestors. Chang's preparations for his wedding soon became elaborate. He bought gifts for his future wife, and most characteristic of all he selected were buttons fashioned from United States two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces. These he purchased from the bank to enrich the wedding garments of the lily-footed bride. Each treasure was shown in turn to a sympathetic mistress. Chang was a proud lover, but occasionally he had doubts. "I like pretty much have my wife stay these United States—but no can," he one day deplored. "Not much fun have wife far away—ten thousand miles—I sorry, but I no can help—my father say I come back China—get marry more better back there. China son no can do like 'Merican boy—China boy no dare tell his father 'mind you business'—China son must do all same his father tell him."

The evening before Chang's departure for San Francisco the boys of the Mission School gave him a little supper, with ice-cream and music befitting the occasion. "I have heap lovely party last night," he said next morning with enthusiasm. "My friends bring presents—ice-cream—cake—nuts—laisons—I make speech! Teacher say long, lovely prayer—cause I not get sick that old ship—not get eat up by big whale—get safe back China—then come these United States. Boys

all sing 'Onward, Christian Soldier'—shake hands—say good luck till I be home Temple Hill—my own kitchen."

At this time there was no doubt in regard to the legality of Chang's return papers. The United States had not then crossed the Rubicon of unjust policy. A chimerical interest in a store of Los Angeles's Chinatown gave Chang the privilege to return to the Republic at the end of a year. His mistress knew that after twelve months he would come back and take up his work without complaint or outward emotion. Some fine morning Chang would suddenly appear, as he had done after his first trip to the Fatherland; then her domestic burdens would roll away like valiant Christian's in "The Progress."

True to the fancy, in due season she lifted up her eyes and beheld the faithful one upon the rose walk. His oilcloth traveling suit seemed worse for wear, and the gray Fedora hat was a trifle soiled—otherwise the smiling bridegroom seemed to be in excellent condition. His cheeks were round, his eyes bright, his whole countenance frank with joy. An hour later Chang was again established in the United States. He wore once more his spotless white garments; his queue was neatly coiled for labor, while his mistress heard him calling to the pigeons, and half forgot that the faithful one had ever been from home. That same evening at dinner her family partook of the fat of a goodly land; for the eye-servant who cooked because she had to had departed.

Still later, in a happy dream, the mistress of a reconstructed household saw a wide and pleasant meadow, leading sweetly forward; wild green barley-spears gleamed through warm brown mold, and millions of golden poppies blazed in the sunlight. The lord and master of the confiding mistress straightway interpreted her vision. "The meadow," said he, "means at least four years of peace and comfort; the barley-spears eliminate the sad contingency of sour bread, and the golden poppies typify Celestial thrift. 'Blest be the shade of Confucius!' he exclaimed. 'Blest be his shade, for our precious Heathen has returned to his American home dead broke!'"

The prophecy proved true, and four tranquil years rolled by; then Chang's brow began once more to gather lines of anxiety. For the first time in the memory of his mistress he grew slightly irritable; later she surmised that her hour had come—Chang was going again to China. When she had recovered from her shock sufficiently to inquire the cause of her cook's sudden determination, Chang explained graphically that Chinese circles were greatly excited over the unjust stringency of the Exclusion Act. The old "Geary Law" was now masquerading in a strait-jacket, and it was the belief of Celestial sages that working boys could have but one more chance for a peaceful trip to the Fatherland; the assurance that return papers would not be honored by United States officials after the ensuing year had created a panic in both San Francisco and Los Angeles Chinatowns. It was not strange that the heathen raged and imagined vain things. Then one morning Chang came to his mistress with a troubled brow. "I sorry—but I feel heap big debil inside my heart. I go back China once more—come these United States once more—then I must not come this America."

"Not so bad as that," the lady contradicted.

"Yes, I go—United States not care—I do no harm these sixteen year! No matter." He spread his hands in tragical despair. "I not go now—I not get back these United States any more—my papers no good after one year—when I come this country one more time I stay five year—then I go back see my wife all time—be all same my people." Sad lines formed in his forehead. "I sorry United States do that way. My country pretty good," he went on; "big mountains—all same California—people just too poor—too dark—not heap smart. Wing Lee—he go China too." (Wing Lee was our laundryman, and, like our cook, had served us for many years.) "Yes, he go too," Chang continued. "He sell out business—go back home—pay all his money out—so his wife and children not be slaves any more." The mistress raised her hands in horror! "Wing Lee's wife and

children slaves!" "Yes, they all slaves back China. I not know Wing Lee back home," Chang coolly announced. "We go same ship till I get China; when I get my country, I say good-by—not speak to Wing Lee any more." "Indeed!" said the mistress. After all, thought she, snobbery is but the grandchild of caste.

Chang's candid scorn for the washman who was returning to China upon a godlike mission filled her with fresh interest. "And will Wing Lee be able to return to America?" she asked. "He not know—maybe he sneak in all same Mexico. He know one fellow do that way. Wing Lee he tell me—he try get back too. When his wife and children be free—he say he be dead broke—then he try get back these United States—make little money. He not know sure." The mistress prayed devoutly in her tender heart that the "Mexican sneak" might prove successful.

"And you feel that you must return to China at once?" she asked, with a lingering hope that Chang could be induced to change his mind. "Yes, I go," he declared, emphatically; and two weeks later he departed.

The ensuing year was a long one for the Temple Hill household. Many of the best Chinese servants of the Southwest had discreetly followed the judgment of Chang. There seemed to be hardly a reliable cook left in the country. A hegira had taken place in Los Angeles's Chinatown, and even Yap Sing, the Grand Mogul of the Celestial employment agencies, owned that the stock of cooks was poor and unreliable. "Pretty soon boys all come back," he encouraged from time to time, and at last the promise was fulfilled.

After months of inconvenience and waiting, when Chang's mistress had almost given up the idea of his return, she saw him once more trudging into her grounds with a big shining valise and a suggestive bundle of ship blankets. Her heart fluttered somewhat wildly, but she stood still with smiling dignity and awaited the inevitable moment. Triumph lit her eyes, for only that very morning she had disputed the pessimistic opinion of her husband,

declaring stoutly that Chang the faithful would surely come.

Now, spreading beyond the approaching vision of returning peace and comfort, the great mountains seemed to applaud her faith. She lifted her eyes up unto the hills and returned thanks for blessings past and close at hand. The sweet spring air of the Southwest land touched her cheeks; every rose in the garden seemed to congratulate her. Then, with an exultant whirl through the sun-kissed sky, came the doves. A pure white leader steered the flashing flock and as Chang put down his valise and bundle to gaze upward the pigeons appeared to know that their friend had come. Into the blue they dove their joyous wings, circling after dazzling mates this way and that way, until at last they found the little plaza before the kitchen door. Here Chang fed them after his eventful journey of ten thousand miles.

In her secret soul the mistress vowed ruin to an unjust Exclusion Act. A restriction act were well enough, but justice should control its articles. Of what particular benefit were foreign missions if the United States did not treat fairly the very heathen it sought to Christianize?

Then and there the indignant mistress decided to write the story of "Sue Chang the Faithful." Perhaps the truthful little tale might start indifferent ones to thinking. When the faithful, plodding, clear-sighted Chinese laborers had all been driven from the Pacific coast, what would become of the "Happy Valleys" of a goodly land not yet half developed? Would not gradual decline tarnish the golden promises of earlier years? What would be the ultimate story of the far-stretching, burning mesa—thirsting for undeveloped water; of wide utilitarian acres below the "Mother Mountains;" of tender pockets of fertile mold hidden between pleasant hills? The mistress asked herself these questions with perturbation.

After sixteen years of satisfied sojourn in her adopted land, she did not believe it possible to develop the Pacific slope without the aid of Chinese laborers. The Japanese could never displace their Celestial cousins, in the calm estimation

of the mistress of Temple Hill. She had watched both alien races with extreme interest, and she had seen always that in complicated matters, in tasks demanding strength and endurance, in loyalty, in truthfulness, in honesty, and general adaptability, the intelligent Chinaman can distance a Japanese of his own class.

Still wondering in regard to the possible outcome of a grave and undecided issue, the lady walked to the rear of the house; there, on the kitchen porch, she found her model heathen shelling peas. Gold of Ophir roses peeped at him from behind the lattice, while a derelict hen from the chicken-yard cackled her complaints at his feet. The picture was a comforting one, and the mistress dismissed for the day her moody speculations. Peas fell into the tin pan like pleasant rain. Suddenly Chang lifted his eyes; his countenance shone with pride and satisfaction. "I not tell you I get little son back China? Yes, he come all right—six hours before I start back these United States." He waited expectantly for congratulations sure to follow, then went on: "I not like leave my little son that soon—but I no can help—I heap scare anyway 'cause I stay home so long—I flaid my papers no good—I heap scare I not get back United States all light. My old ship sail next day my little boy be born—I heap sick in my heart—but no can stay—hear my little son make big cly."

The mistress sympathized as best she could, and Chang continued. "You not like you husband go away six hours after you little son get born?" "No, indeed," she answered. "I not think these United States very kind to poor Chinaman. Sixteen year I work this country—do no harm—when my little son be born I can no stay home one day—fear my papers no good. That hard—I say, I think Chinaman not do United States any harm—some Chinaman good—some bad—all same American man. Bad Chinaman smoke opium—do mean thing; but bad Chinaman not harm United States—just harm hisself."

Chang's command of English was not fluent; but his epigrammatic philosophy had charmed his mistress from the beginning of their acquaintance. The intelligent heathen understood much more than he could express. "I heap sorry 'bout poor old China," he went on, with clouded brow and hands clasped tightly. "I sorry 'bout my poor country. She have hard luck all time. That big Boxer war! Now pretty soon that big Russia want Manchuria—say China old fool. Some day I think China not have much land left. One year lose some—fight—pay out big money—lose more land. After while nations take all—China be dead broke—not any good. I see these things myself. Back home my people heap scare—say all countries fight China—pretty soon China have no more land—just have old temples—old idols."

He dropped his eyes, and the firm brown hands renewed their scuffle with the fresh green pods. For a moment falling peas appeared to sound a dirge for his gloomy convictions; then Chang the faithful lifted a smiling face. "I no can help these things," he declared, with the good nature of a true philosopher. "Now I stay this country five year—then I see, maybe, Plesident these United States do something—make new law—so good Chinaman can stay this country—go home—come back. I think that like Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ be sorry, I think, when poor Chinaman have bad luck."

The mistress was speechless in the face of convincing truth. The crude philosopher of the pea-pods had closed the question, and with strange humility the lady walked away.

Months later, when Russia and Japan began to fight for golden apples, she recalled Chang's prophecy. Often at breakfast she felt a furtive glance behind her chair, and knew that the Celestial sought for headlines of war in her morning paper. But he said little, and the mistress alone understood the force of her faithful Chinaman's dramatic silence.

Music in the Colleges

By Daniel Gregory Mason

I WISH to present to those readers of *The Outlook* who are interested in the very important problem of how music should be studied in our colleges (and there are, I am confident, many such), a few fundamental considerations and distinctions which have not, it seems to me, been as yet presented with sufficient clearness in the numerous current discussions. Since Mr. MacDowell's resignation from his chair at Columbia University, and the publication of his and President Butler's letters, there has been an unprecedented flow of printer's ink in the service of various opinions on the teaching of music in colleges; but the net result of all this discussion has been perhaps quite as confusing as clarifying. Many writers have said many good things; but the very plentifulness and variety of this food for reflection has given at least some of us a mental dyspepsia. It is time to assort our ideas a little and to make one or two essential discriminations more salient, so that the more specific points will fall into order under a few general rubrics. I realize keenly, however, that in so practical a question experience must be the final test of the validity of all views, and I shall therefore support my points by referring to the opinions of men who have had more experience in actual teaching than I, and who have kindly put their views at my disposal.

The first requisite of all good teaching is that it should be adapted to the student's needs and capacities. The student himself, and not the teacher, the art, or the school, is the central element in the problem, the variable factor in the calculation. The fundamental distinction I wish to insist upon, therefore, is the distinction between the average student and the special student, between the ordinary college man and the young musician. And, first, let us consider the ordinary college man, and ask ourselves,

What can he get from music, and what can music get from him?

Now, the average college man is a good normal young fellow, fond of athletics and of the companionship of his kind, much devoted to pipe-smoking, willing to study more or less in odd hours if a subject and its mode of presentation interest him, humanly averse to drudgery, and humanly responsive to a good time. He has come to college either because it seemed the usual thing for the boys of his acquaintance to do, or because his parents sent him, or, in some cases, because he thought it would mean an opportunity to enjoy life, and, in the delightfully vague expression, to "better himself." After leaving college he will go into business, or, if he develops a special faculty, he may become a professional man. We are not considering here either the "sports" or the "grinds," but the great middle class of the collegiate world.

What has music to offer this man? It has to offer him, I think, a lifelong source of pleasure and a genuine and important element in personal culture. Just as the seeds of a lifelong taste for reading may be instilled by a college course which acquaints a young man with Dickens and Thackeray, with Stevenson and Kipling, perhaps even with Keats and Tennyson—with any writers, that is, whom he considers interesting and not a bore or a chore—so the seeds of a lifelong enjoyment of music may be instilled by a college course which acquaints him with music that similarly interests and does not bore him. But acquaintance, real acquaintance reaching the stage of familiarity, with music is not so easily acquired as acquaintance with books; for books can be read by any one who knows his own language—that is, by any normal person—but music can be heard, and frequently heard, only by one who is provided with the necessary and peculiar means. One of my

correspondents, Mr. T. W. Surette, well known as a popular lecturer on music, makes two points that seem to me very important just here. Says Mr. Surette :

In recent discussions of music which have been read by the present writer one very significant fact has been unnoted. In this art, and in this art only, the condition obtains that between the creator—the composer—and the person who receives his message, an intermediary is necessary—the interpreter, the performer. A large part of our music study is devoted to this department of the art, with what painful results in most cases we are witness. The combination of æsthetic activity, of temperament, and co-ordination which is necessary to a performer is found so rarely that of the countless multitude who try to learn to play the piano an insignificant proportion ever succeed. Here is a great economic waste, and while performing music is the best way of getting at its secrets, this way is closed to many people, whereas the same amount of time spent in listening under guidance would have much higher educational value and be of permanent use.

The great need of our universities to-day is that an opportunity should be offered all students to study music itself, not by practice on the piano or violin, but by hearing the great masterpieces performed. The use of piano-players (so-called "mechanical instruments") as a means of study removes many of the difficulties, and their adoption in some of the leading universities has already had far-reaching results. These instruments reproduce orchestral and chamber music in about the same relation that a photograph bears to a painting.

The schools of theoretical music at our universities are already well equipped, and opportunities are not lacking for the practical study of playing, but both schools and universities should offer all students the opportunity of hearing great music as a means of education.

The "great economic waste" mentioned by Mr. Surette is, indeed, a thing painful to contemplate. Scores of young men all over the country, and hundreds or thousands of young women, are probably at this moment sitting in front of pianos, making a sullen attempt to achieve the impossible; and what is more, if, as an Irishman would say, they *were* to achieve it, the result would be for them little of deep pleasure or genuine cultivation. But if these same young men and women were to listen, under guidance, for one-half the amount of time they spend in this profitless drudgery, to performances of the mas-

terpieces of music, even on mechanical instruments, but of course far better by skilled musicians such as all large cities possess, they would imperceptibly and unconsciously begin to care for music—for music itself, which is a very different thing from the performance of music. The melodies of the great masters would take root in their minds beside the snatches of verse from the great poets, of which every one has a small mental stock; the mysteries of "form" would become clear to them, not through any dry delving over "first themes" and "second themes," but as observable facts; the beauty and dignity of a pure musical style would establish standards in their minds; and they would end by understanding one more mode of human expression, possessing one more means of high delight.

I believe, therefore, that in all colleges the frequent and repeated performance of master works, by resident or visiting musicians, should form the nucleus and center of the musical department. Such performance could profitably be supplemented by the playing over, by the students themselves, on mechanical instruments, of the works heard and to be heard. This would be a working tool quite analogous to the home-study of photographs by an art class, preparatory to a visit to the museum to see the actual painting. There is still much prejudice, among musicians, against "piano-players," because they lack expression, light and shade, touch, the personal quality. But in course of time we shall inevitably come to value them as indispensable educational tools; for they present the skeleton of the music to every student, however devoid he may be of physical dexterity and of temperament; they present it in such a way that it can be repeated at will, examined in detail, and minutely compared with the score or printed record of the music, and they present it in its nakedness and lowest terms, so to speak, stripped of the momentary and oftentimes factitious and misleading "interpretation" of an ill-educated or perverse performer. In using them, one not only has the sense that one is "running the thing one's self," which is an immense stimulus to gen-

uine study and self-development, but one also gets at close quarters with the composer's thought, instead of receiving it filtered and distorted through an intermediate person.¹

Obviously, however, the young man we are considering cannot be left alone with the music itself and the means of playing it. He must hear and study under guidance. So that the third tool I should suggest as indispensable to a college would consist of courses of lectures, taking up music much as the literary lectures now universally adopted in colleges take up literature. These lectures should be as far as possible untechnical. They should explain the general motives and methods of art, the constituents of artistic effect, the principles of evolution as illustrated in art; they should trace general lines of development in the art of music, showing what impulses, and in comprehensible terms what technical methods, underlie such various schools as the symphonic school of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the romantic school of Schumann and Chopin, the Italian opera, and the Wagnerian music-drama. They should throw a side-light on the expression of the music by making clear the characters and temperaments of various composers, though with a modicum of mere biographical detail, which is for the most part irrelevant and petty. They should point out, though with prudence, analogies between music and other arts. In a word, they should in every possible way illuminate for the average man to whom they are addressed the objects of art which he is trying to enjoy and understand.

¹ Mechanical instruments are already in use in some of our colleges, notably Harvard, where a mechanical reed organ is kept at the disposition of the students. Each student has his private key to the hall where the instrument is kept; when he has a half-hour to pass, he can play over for himself a Wagner overture, a Bach fugue, or a Beethoven symphony. I found, when lecturing at the Harvard Summer School, that this opportunity was eagerly utilized by the students, with real benefit. Personally I prefer a piano-player, of which there are several on the market. Furthermore, the rolls of at least one of these are now cut by an experienced musician, in many cases directly from the orchestral scores, and with careful adjustment of phrasing, staccato and legato, balance of voices, and the like important elements of effect. With practice one can make excellent reproductions, on this instrument, of the absolute content of instrumental works; and I believe that it will prove an invaluable adjunct of musical education. Of course no mechanical instruments can ever be substitutes for the performance of a skilled player.

Mr. Walter R. Spalding, Assistant Professor of Music at Harvard University, writes me as follows on this branch of our subject:

I have always felt very strongly that the courses should of course be given in the "grammar of music," *i. e.*, harmony and counterpoint, and in the construction of musical form—Canon and Fugue, etc., so that those who have original musical ideas may be taught to express themselves easily and clearly. Still, much more attention should be paid to the æsthetic, literary, and historical side of music, *i. e.*, the side on which music should be a subject of general culture. The courses which may be called purely technical (those in Harvard known as Music I., II., V., and VI.) are, to be sure, of much general good to many who never expect to become professional musicians in any field, in that they tend to cultivate the imagination, to refine the taste, and to make the student a more intelligent and appreciative hearer of musical compositions. But I think that at present far too much stress is laid on these courses to the exclusion of general courses which should deal with the beauty and import of the actual masterpieces of musical literature. Just as in English literature, for instance, or in a modern language department, there are detailed courses on many different epochs, *e. g.*, "Prose Writers of the Seventeenth Century," "Poets of the Eighteenth Century," "Modern Lyric Poets," "Tendencies of the Modern Drama," why shouldn't a music department have courses on subjects like these: "Symphonic Writers of the Eighteenth Century," "The Romantic School," "The Modern Russian School," "Modern French Composers," "The Evolution of Instrumental Forms"? These courses, too, should abound in well-chosen and frequent illustrations. I am convinced that the great way for the general public to become more musical is to be enabled to *hear* the best music more frequently in connection with intelligent comments and suggestions for study.

Mr. Spalding here suggests, it is true, rather more of the purely technical training than I personally believe necessary to the average college man, but he recognizes fully the importance of general courses in appreciation of music, as elements in a liberal education. On the subject of technical training I shall have more to say in a moment. Meanwhile, I wish to adduce one more letter which seems to me to plead eloquently the importance of music as a general subject, although it also goes somewhat further than I should go in recommending technical work for college students. It is from Mr. Edward Dickinson, who

fills the professorship of music in Oberlin College, Ohio :

All who are engaged in promoting art education in this country must earnestly wish that our universities and colleges would lend a little more of their aid to a cause which is in many quarters so brilliantly establishing and justifying itself. Even if we are not about to give art the prominence in our national life to which the enthusiastic connoisseur believes it to be entitled, still there is probably no other country in which taste is being so rapidly awakened and widely diffused, and certainly the work of our painters, sculptors, and architects has already far transcended that stage where it is called "promising." Not less insistently than its kindred arts is music proving its necessity as a factor in liberal education. One who compares the condition of musical art in this country with that of, say, forty years ago, would find it difficult to exceed probability in his predictions of the future.

Now, what are our colleges and universities doing to encourage this great popular demand for higher musical education? Are they to lead and properly direct it with their large resources and their supposed broad views of true culture and the means to attain it? Or are they still to lag behind private enterprise, as they always have heretofore in everything that belongs to the appreciation and promotion of fine art? Some of them ignore the whole movement, evidently still unaware that there are ideas to be conveyed except through the medium of spoken and written language. Some are feebly feeling their way, and discussing whether technical courses in music lie at all within the province and dignity of a college, and whether musical culture can be imparted without technical instruction. Others have heartily accepted the opportunity, and are letting their guiding light shine over art and music as they do over literature, science, and philosophy. The latter find that the so-called difficulties are mere bugbears, that appreciation of great music—which is as necessary to liberal culture as appreciation of painting and poetry—is not to be successfully imparted without some instruction in the rudimentary principles of musical reading; and so they, like practical American schools, concerned with facts and needs rather than with ancient English traditions, provide courses of lectures in musical history and interpretation in connection with practical training. As Dr. Denman W. Ross, of Harvard, says in his spirited article in the January "Brush and Pencil," there is scholarship in these things as well as in book-lore; it is a kind of laboratory work, educating the perceptions in the matter of works of art by initiating the student into some of the principles and processes by which art is fashioned. When all our universities and colleges are thus shaken and convinced, art culture in America, which is now making such magnificent progress with but little

help from them, will receive a new inspiration which will in turn react upon the schools themselves in many ways of benefit.

It seems clear, then, that the great body of college men ought to have an opportunity to hear the best music, and to hear it frequently and repeatedly; and that they ought to hear it under guidance in the form of lectures dealing with the nature of art in general and with the salient characteristics, peculiarities, and historical schools of music in particular. It seems obvious that they would derive from such opportunities the foundations of a genuine fondness and a cultivated taste for the best music, and that their whole lives would be correspondingly enriched and refined. Moreover, it is not difficult to realize that music would gain quite as much from them as they from it. For these men are going out into the world after their college course to fill the places of greatest worldly influence and power. They are to wield the Nation's wealth and social influence. If music is to be supported by any one, it must be supported by them. And it will be properly, fruitfully supported by them only if they have learned to prize in it only the best, and to consider that best as good as anything that human energy can worthily pursue.

We come, then, to the consideration of the second type of man, the special student, the born musician, who, if he is numerically less imposing than the average man, is essentially quite as important to progress. To deal wisely with him is an even more difficult matter than to give the average college man what he needs and can assimilate. The man of special musical talent is a somewhat peculiar person. He is quieter, less gregarious, less athletic, more intensely though narrowly intellectual than his ordinary fellow-man. He is, above all, quite absorbed in music; he wakes to it in the morning, pursues it during the day, and goes to bed with it at night. Where it is concerned, hard work is play to him; where it is not concerned, he is apt to be indifferent, languid, *distract*. How to put such a man into profitable connection with the ordinary college curriculum is so diffi-

cult a problem that we are at liberty, it seems to me, to consider it insoluble—in fact irrelevant. Mr. MacDowell, to my way of thinking, strikes the root of the matter in the following opinion, to be found in the New York "Times" for Sunday, February 14, 1904: "Should the university attempt to develop composers?" I am asked. It cannot. Nothing can develop composers but the composers themselves." To this dictum of Mr. MacDowell's one might add the words "and technical schools where these self-animated composers may receive a thorough grounding in technique."

The technique of music is so difficult, and so entirely untouched by the ordinary studies of the schools and colleges, which inculcate knowledge, by means of words, rather than skill through contact with things, that the best place for the intending composer seems to be, not the college at all, but the technical school or conservatory; just as the best place for the intending painter or sculptor is the studio. To learn to know is one thing, to learn to do is quite another. As the very derivation of the word "college," from Latin words signifying "to read together," indicates, the training of the college is a literary and a class training. The college is a place where men assemble in groups to study by means of a literary medium. But an artist, on the contrary, needs to study as an individual, and he has to study not through words but through practical experience in shaping things for himself. If he is a painter or a sculptor, he shapes visible forms—he draws, paints, or models; if he is a musician, he shapes audible forms, he "composes" (*i.e.*, "puts together") tones. And the art of putting together tones is not only a peculiarly difficult one, but it is one to which all other pursuits, whether laborious or casual, are unrelated. The literary man practices his art not only of intention while sitting at his desk, but unwittingly in all his thought and conversation. The musician practices his only in the hours specifically devoted to it. To pursue it successfully, to become a master, taxes all his energy and absorbs all his time. Again, it cannot be pursued in company with others, save to a very limited ex-

tent; it requires a personal, not a social, training. The artist is essentially a free lance, an uncommitted person. In the Life of Mrs. Stowe one makes the acquaintance of her delightful aunt Miss Harriet Foote, a lady of the old school, who had precise ideas of things, and held, among other amiable dogmas, that "though a person not an Episcopalian might be saved, it would be through uncovenanted mercy." So it is with the artist; he is saved through "uncovenanted mercy," and through that alone.

But I am aware at this point that my initial distinction is becoming a little dangerous to truth. "It is all very well to draw a line between the average student and the special student," the reader may justly say, "but is the average student able to appreciate music genuinely without any technical knowledge, and is the special student to be a mere eccentric genius, without any point of contact with other men, any general knowledge to broaden and regulate his mind?" As to the first part of the question, I will only say that the general student will certainly profit by as much technical knowledge as he can assimilate without indigestion or disgust. Let him study harmony or counterpoint if he wishes, but let them be always ancillary to his object of general appreciation and æsthetic interest. As to the second part of the question, it is indeed true that many musicians are pathetically narrow, one-sided men. But in the case of mere performers this is well-nigh unavoidable, since the greater portion of their lives has to be spent in a very special training. In the case of composers, the very inspiration which leads them to success in their own field, I think, generally in the course of time leads them to seek out and gain a broader culture for themselves. Most mature composers are men of considerable true education and width of interest. And their general education can hardly come in youth without endangering that special education which I believe is both vital to their success and inevitable through their tastes. Nevertheless, if some reciprocal relation could be established between the college and the technical school, so that a student of one could also avail himself in his

spare hours of the facilities of the other, probably many individuals would profit. This, however, is a problem for the educators to solve.

To sum up: I have tried to point out in this paper that, in the first place, there is a sharp distinction to be drawn between the average student, who should have music presented to him as a "humanity," or subject of general interest to be pursued through familiarity with its substance and an examination of its principles and affinities, and the special student, who should labor at its technical difficulties in the spirit of the artist, without dissipating his attention on other things; and that, in the second place, the proper opportunities for the former student are to be found in the college,

the methods of which are literary and social, and the proper training for the latter is afforded by the special school, the methods of which are technical and individual. Finally, I believe that music can never take the place it deserves in our national civilization without the help of both these classes of men. The man of the world, the college graduate, is the natural patron of art; without his social influence, the authority of his favorable opinion, and the practical backing of his money, music cannot be supported as it needs to be. And without the special skill of the musician all the patronage in the world will count for nothing; the composer is the man who concentrates, focuses, and makes effective all the musical activity of the nation.

The Native Race of Hawaii

By Lucien C. Warner

A MORE delightful climate than that of Honolulu I have never found in any part of the world. The air is balmy, it is neither too hot nor too cold, and the northern trade-winds give a tonic quality to the air which is the perfection of comfort. The thermometer rarely rises above eighty and never falls below sixty-four, while the average rainfall at Honolulu is thirty-eight inches, or about two-thirds the amount of New York City. Other places in the islands have a rainfall varying from twenty-six to over two hundred inches. One does not feel altogether friendly towards the ship which brought over the first importation of mosquitoes, but with a land and climate so perfect the people need something to keep them humble.

The development of the Hawaiian Islands during the past few years has been truly wonderful. The leading industry is the cultivation of sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar, and this gives direct employment to nearly sixty thousand people, mostly Japanese. The total value of the sugar plantations is seventy-five million dollars, and the annual export of sugar twenty-four millions. This great industry is nearly all owned

and controlled by a company of a few thousand Americans, prominent among whom are the descendants of the former missionaries.

The total population of the Hawaiian Islands in 1900 was 154,001, divided among the different nationalities as follows:

Native Hawaiians.....	37,635
Chinese.....	25,762
Japanese.....	61,115
Portuguese.....	15,675
Negroes, Malay, etc.....	638
English, German, etc.....	5,893
Americans.....	7,283

One of the most difficult questions which confronts the islands is the future of the native race. The problem is quite different from that of the undeveloped races in most other countries. The native Hawaiians are already full American citizens, with all their rights and responsibilities. They exercise the right of suffrage without restraint, and as their total vote somewhat outnumbers that of the whites, they have their full share of elective offices in the territorial government. All this responsibility has been thrust upon a race just emerging from barbarism, with their moral and intellectual natures but feebly developed. The white population of Hawaii advo-

cated the adoption of a restricted basis of suffrage which should not give the political control to the natives, and this view was strongly urged by a Committee of Congress which visited the islands to study and report on the situation. If additional argument was needed as to the wisdom of this course, it might have been found in the experience of the carpetbag governments in the South after the war; but the opportunity to play the demagogue was too tempting to be resisted by our lawmakers, so they deliberately turned the government over to a semi-civilized race. It is true that the Hawaiians have attended the native schools and can read and write, but they have not yet acquired that more important education which develops self-control, the power to resist temptation, and the ability to administer a public office for the good of the whole community. It may be that all the Caucasian race have not yet attained to the full measure of this high ideal, but there can be no question that the average sense of responsibility is higher than that of a race but two generations removed from savagery. The whites have been very patient and tactful in meeting the trying problem imposed upon them by Congress. They have not resorted to the shot-gun policy of the South, nor have they in any way interfered with the vote of the Hawaiians. They have rather sought to cultivate friendly relations with them, and to defeat bad candidates by uniting with the better element of the natives in supporting candidates of Hawaiian blood who were disposed to do well.

It is a curious sight to visit a session of the Legislature of Hawaii. In the lower house fully three-fourths of the members are native Hawaiians, while in the upper house the whites and native race are about equally divided. The proceedings are conducted in both English and Hawaiian, as many of the members understand English but imperfectly, and all the natives prefer to speak in their own tongue. The interpreter, who stands by the Speaker, is the most conspicuous personage in the assembly, and he translates into Hawaiian every word spoken in English and into English every word spoken in Hawaiian. The

character of legislation favored by such a body is shown by the fact that last year, at the close of the session, the lower House voted to destroy all their vouchers, in order that the details of their expenditures might not be known to the public. The Senate is composed of better men than the House, and this fact, together with a wise, upright, and careful Governor, prevents much bad legislation. The islands suffer from the lack of good legislation, but that is not so great an evil as to suffer from bad legislation.

The present delegate to Congress is Prince Kalainanalo, a pure-blooded Hawaiian. He received the greater part of the white vote against R. W. Wilcox, the former delegate, who was of mixed blood.

The school system of the Hawaiian Islands is excellent, and nearly all the children of school age are in attendance. Of the 17,508 pupils in the schools in 1902, the Hawaiians numbered 7,772; the whites, including Portuguese, 5,611; and the Chinese, Japanese, and other races, 4,125. The schools are each year giving increased attention to industrial education, which is proving of great service to the natives. All instruction in the public schools is given in the English language. Of the 609 teachers 149 are Hawaiian or part Hawaiian. Nearly one-fifth of the native Hawaiians are being educated in private schools, most of which have been endowed by wealthy Hawaiians. Many of these are boarding-schools, where the children spend several years separated from the unfavorable influence of their homes. This is found to be very beneficial, especially for the girls, who acquire habits of tidiness and thrift which they could not obtain while residing in their own homes.

There is very little race prejudice in the islands, although the race question is very complicated. While I was staying at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, the battle-ship Wisconsin was in port, and the fashion of the city gave a dance in honor of the naval officers. Among the company I saw four of part Hawaiian blood—three ladies and one gentleman—and they seemed to be as much at ease as any in the party. The young ladies

were in nearly every dance, and were apparently very popular with both officers and civilians. Two of the young ladies were of mixed Hawaiian and Chinese blood.

Most of the native Hawaiians are poor, and earn their living by day's work, though a very few of the descendants of the old royal family and chiefs still own considerable tracts of land. The common people, even under the ancient régime, owned very little land. There is abundance of work on the islands, and the natives are fairly industrious—not as industrious as Americans, and far short of the Chinese and Japanese, but compared with other races emerging from barbarism, particularly those living in a tropical climate, they may be termed industrious. Many are employed as teamsters, hack-drivers, sailors, stevedores, carpenters, masons, painters, and workers at odd jobs. They are better at work by the day than by the month, and they especially dislike work calling for a regular routine or repetition of the same thing. They are also better at earning than at saving. Money seems to burn their fingers, and they proceed to spend it as quickly as possible, generally using very little judgment in the purchases they make. This lack of thrift is one of the greatest hindrances to their material advancement.

Another deficiency of the Hawaiians, not shared to the same extent by other undeveloped races, is the lack of financial responsibility. It is hardly proper to call it dishonesty, for that implies a deliberate purpose to possess that which is not one's own. With the Hawaiians it is rather a sin of omission than of commission. They contract debts and neglect to pay them, or use trust funds and do not replace them. Probably they would pay if they had the money and could spare it conveniently, but it is not important enough to cause them to economize and save up the money to meet their obligations. This racial weakness is so generally recognized that natives are rarely employed in positions where money is to be handled. The most striking illustration is that Hawaiian churches do not trust one of their

own number as treasurer, but select some responsible white man. When a Hawaiian was made treasurer of the Territory two years ago, he was advised by some of his Hawaiian friends not to accept the position. He was considered an upright and capable man, but they feared that his half-Hawaiian blood would not stand the strain of handling large sums of money; and their fears proved correct, for he soon fled from the islands with twenty thousand dollars of Territorial funds.

This weakness of character is very detrimental to the advancement of the race, as it prevents their success in any business enterprise. Very few lay up money with which to buy homes for themselves or to engage in trade on their own account. It is the opinion of those best qualified to know that there is a slow but steady improvement in this respect, although the outlook is still very discouraging.

The general health of the natives, especially of the full-blooded Hawaiians, is far from satisfactory. They usually have small families, many of the children die in infancy, and among the adults consumption and other diseases indicating low vitality are prevalent. Their total number has been reduced from 70,000 in 1853 to less than 30,000 in 1900. The health and vigor of those of mixed Hawaiian blood is much superior to that of the pure Hawaiians. There are two leading types of these mixed races, the Caucasian Hawaiian and the Chinese Hawaiian. Of these, it is the testimony of all observers that the Chinese Hawaiians are the best race, both physically and mentally. Many centuries of Oriental civilization under trying conditions have made the Chinese the most virile, hardy, industrious, patient, and thrifty people of the earth. These qualities, added to the kind, open-hearted nature of the Hawaiians, make a very superior race. It is said that Chinese husbands are popular with Hawaiian women, as they are kind and good providers for the family. Marriages between the Hawaiians and other races are quite frequent, and the number of part Hawaiians is steadily increasing. In 1872 the census gave

but 1,487 part Hawaiians. In 1884 they had increased to 4,218, and in 1900 to 7,848. The larger proportion of children among the part Hawaiians is shown by the statistics of school attendance, which in 1902 showed 4,903 full-blooded Hawaiian children to a total population of 29,787, and 2,869 part Hawaiian children to a population of 7,848. In other

words, the proportion of children is twice as great among the part Hawaiians as among those of pure blood. These facts force upon us the conclusion that within two or three generations the Hawaiians as a type will pass away, and the Hawaiian problem will find its solution in the gradual absorption of the natives into the larger and stronger races.

The Chronicle of an Eventful Life'

BEHIND the prosaic exterior of the late Henry Villard's business career lay all the elements of romance. We see a penniless lad throwing himself upon the tender mercies of a country of which he knew neither people nor tongue; a long, up-hill fight against poverty, the youth gladly working where he could find work to do, but handicapped by ignorance of life and customs, wasting himself to small avail; the gradual dawning of a fixed purpose, as knowledge grew, and the achievement of that purpose at the cost of infinite pains; the birth of love, an interlude in the carnage of war; the sudden transition from a career that offered fame but small worldly reward to one that held out both; and, finally, the transformation of the young German immigrant into one of the foremost of American financiers and railroad magnates.

This is the story related in these pages, rendered doubly interesting by being told with the skill of the trained journalist, the seeker after essentials, the repressor of superlatives. But it is only half the story. The other half, and to the student of affairs American the more important part, is the depicting of times, events, and men. Almost from his earliest youth Henry Villard was thrown into more or less intimate contact with makers of our history, and from the day of his entrance into the field of journalism enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying their personalities at close range. Through journalism, too, his acquaintance with the country broadened rapidly and markedly. In his salad days he

had learned to know well the Middle West; before the outbreak of the Civil War he journeyed into the region of his future financial triumphs, the Far West, as an explorer of the Pike's Peak region in the period of the gold hegira—he was the first passenger to travel by stage-coach to the embryo Denver; while during the war he followed the fortunes of the Union arms both in the East and West of the Southern States. The war at all times looms large on the horizon of these memoirs, and the greater part of both volumes is devoted to a study of the campaigns with which Mr. Villard was connected as a newspaper correspondent. Singularly enough, he witnessed a succession of reverses to the Northern cause, and his pages teem with drastic criticisms of the policies that provoked disaster. His first experience as a war correspondent was at the battle of Bull Run, where he received a veritable baptism of fire. Hurrying back through the retreat to telegraph the news to his paper, he found his way impeded at every turn by the fleeing masses. Here he gives us his first caustic description of a commander of whom he has much that is unfavorable to say in connection with Fredericksburg. We quote it as characteristic of the freedom with which he expresses himself;

I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me, and, looking back, perceived a mounted officer approaching at full speed. As he came nearer I saw he wore nothing on his head and was very bald. I soon recognized in him Colonel Ambrose E. Burnside, of the First Regiment of Rhode Island Volunteers, who had commanded a brigade under Heintzelman in the battle. There he was, hatless, swordless, and all alone, making the best of time on his fine black charger. I had made his acquaintance in his camp at Washington, and hence spoke to him as he hastened by.

¹ *Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900.* Two Vols., with Portraits and Maps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

He did not stop to talk, but merely exclaimed, "I am hurrying ahead to get rations for my command." But this struck me as preposterous, as such duties were not performed by regimental commanders, and as it did not account for his being without hat and sword. From this incident I conceived a natural prejudice against his trustworthiness as a general officer, which my later observations of him as a corps and army commander confirmed.

Burnside, it is almost needless to say, finds a place in the author's list of the "failures" of the war, a list that includes Fremont, McClellan, Buell, Halleck, Pope, and Hooker. Of Buell he saw much in Kentucky, whither he went shortly after Bull Run. His first intimate Kentucky study, however, is of Sherman, whom he found in command at Louisville. Sherman appealed to him strongly, and this despite the fact that the General had no liking for war correspondents, looking upon them as "a nuisance and danger at headquarters and in the field." At the time, of course, Mr. Villard could not agree with him, but looking back over the vista of years he concedes that General Sherman was right. "If I were a commanding general," he writes, "I would not tolerate any of the tribe within my army lines." It is worth noting, in passing, that Mr. Villard was the unwitting originator of the story that Sherman was insane, a canard that ultimately caused the General such distress that he asked to be relieved of his command. Buell, who succeeded him, was of a like mind concerning the newspaper man. "Besides his aversion to members of the press," we are told that Buell "was by nature reserved, taciturn, and cold in his manners—just the opposite of General Sherman. He repelled rather than attracted, not only his subordinates, but all who came in contact with him." The new commander soon proved himself more of a "cunctator" than Sherman, and Mr. Villard enlivens several pages with an epitome of the efforts made by President Lincoln to induce him to move promptly to East Tennessee.

When the movement was finally made, the author accompanied the troops, and was "among the very first to jump ashore" at Nashville. Here he met Grant, and, as had been the case earlier with Lincoln and was to be the case

later with Garfield, failed to find in him any indications of future greatness. Mr. Villard is refreshingly frank in his rejection of the prophet's robe. Writing of Grant, he says: "I could not help feeling rather disappointed by the commonplace appearance of the man," and, elsewhere, "There was certainly nothing in his outward appearance or in his personal ways or conversation to indicate the great military qualities he possessed. Firmness seemed to me about the only characteristic expressed in his features. Otherwise he was a very plain, unpretentious, unimposing person, easily approached, reticent as a rule, and yet showing at times a fondness for a chat about all sorts of things." Two other noted men whom Mr. Villard met at Nashville were Andrew Johnson and "Parson" Brownlow. His picture of the latter is brief but vivid: "I was amazed to find in him a tall, thin, beardless, hectic man, who moved about with difficulty and spoke with a husky voice. But while his bodily weakness was extreme, his strength of spirit seemed unabated. He was a very entertaining talker, and spoke most movingly, with flashing eyes and pointing finger, of the wrongs to himself and his fellow-Tennesseans."

From Nashville Mr. Villard went to the bloody field of Shiloh, giving us, as in all the battles described by him, a spirited account of the conflict, based upon his personal observations and the official records of both sides. In but one instance—Chickamauga—do we find a battle unwitnessed by him painted in detail, but this he has properly deemed essential to the better understanding of his subsequent narrative. On the eve of that great struggle he was taken seriously ill, recovering only in time to be a spectator of the "battle above the clouds." In the interim between Shiloh and Chickamauga, however, his time was fully occupied. He was present at the siege of Corinth and the battle of Perryville, saw Burnside repulsed at Fredericksburg, was aboard the "Iron-sides" in the futile assault upon Charleston, and was with Rosecrans at Murfreesboro'. His picture of Rosecrans is perhaps more detailed than is that of

any other general, but it cannot be called attractive. "Old Rosey," it appears, gave him every facility for news-gathering, but coupled with this an evident desire to be heralded as "the great and only hope of the country." Soon Mr. Villard lost faith in "his fitness to command a large army and lead it to victory," and was not at all surprised at his ultimate fate. In connection with the manner of Rosecrans's removal from command, however, we find a vigorous protest against the part played by Charles A. Dana, then the Assistant Secretary of War, who was at headquarters. "I cannot help remarking," says Mr. Villard, severely, "that, as my own eyes observed at the time, Dana had intimate intercourse, day and night, with General Rosecrans, and that he enjoyed his personal hospitality, sitting at the same table and sleeping in the same building. His reports also prove that he deliberately drew the General into confidential communications, the substance of which he used against him, and that he had talks with general officers regarding Rosecrans which were nothing less than insubordination on their part. It can hardly be admitted that patriotic motives were a sufficient excuse for such a course."

With this we may take leave of the military portion of Mr. Villard's work. Quotations might be multiplied indefinitely to emphasize, on the one hand, the intensely interesting nature of the narrative, on the other the unfortunate tendency to reopen old wounds. There is much that Mr. Villard might well have omitted. In his delineation of the chief historic personage of his first volume—Abraham Lincoln—he harps unnecessarily on the weaker points of the great War President, and has some unpleasant things to say of Mrs. Lincoln. However, the Lincoln passages are noteworthy contributions. His acquaintance with the President began during the Lincoln-Douglas debates, which he followed in the interests of the "Staats-Zeitung," attaching himself to Douglas, for whom he at all times entertains a whole-hearted admiration. Of his first meeting with Lincoln at Freeport Mr. Villard writes: "I must say frankly that, although I found him most

approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real personal liking to the man." Despite this, they were soon on a footing of intimacy, and an accidental meeting during a rain-storm provided the author with material for one of the best reminiscences of the work. The two took refuge in an empty freight-car, where "we squatted down on the floor of the car, and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. It was then and there he told me that, when he was clerking in a country store, his highest political ambition was to be a member of the State Legislature. 'Since then, of course,' he said, laughingly, 'I have grown some, but my friends got me into this business (meaning the canvass). I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure,' he continued, with another of his peculiar laughs, 'I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of all, I am saying to myself every day, "It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it." Mary (his wife) insists, however, that I am going to be Senator, and President of the United States too.' These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. 'Just think,' he exclaimed, 'of such a sucker as me President!'"

Returning from his Pike's Peak trip, Mr. Villard again met Lincoln, and when next they saw each other Douglas's opponent had fulfilled his wife's highest hopes. After the election the young newspaper man saw Lincoln daily at Springfield, where he learned to appreciate fully his fitness for the high office to which he had been called. The chapter, "With Lincoln at Springfield," is one of the most important as well as the most interesting of the two volumes. From Springfield Mr. Villard journeyed to New York, as a member of the inaugural party, and to him we are indebted for the preservation of Lincoln's farewell address to his fellow-townsmen, which he prevailed upon the President-elect to write out for him soon after the train started. During the stormy days

of the war the two met seldom, but of their meetings Mr. Villard writes in most realistic vein.

What Lincoln is to the first volume Bismarck is to the second. The author was no longer a newspaper man when he met the Iron Chancellor, but a financier of established reputation. In 1890 he was invited to spend a few days at Friedrichsruhe, and there received a warm welcome from the man against whom he admits having long entertained prejudices. Not only was he heartily greeted, but Bismarck soon waxed confidential, indulging in a philippic against all whom he deemed responsible for his downfall. "A most intense sense of the wrong and ingratitude he claimed to have suffered," we are informed, "made itself manifest. As an example of his unjust treatment, he recounted what he had done to unify the nation and to aggrandize the Hohenzollern dynasty. There was not only an unhesitating assertion of his own deserts as the founder of the German Empire, but an almost sneering and even contemptuous depreciation of other performers in the historic drama of his time, including even the Emperor William, the unfortunate Emperor Frederick, and the Empresses Augusta and Frederick. His language became a perfect diatribe when he referred to the present Emperor and some of his ministers whom he held responsible for his removal. His expressions regarding them were not only

amazing but embarrassing to his hearer, who had close social relations with the ministerial objects of his scorn. To quote but one phrase: 'Some of these rogues I picked out of the very gutter.'" Small wonder that his visitor left him "with the fixed impression that the Prince never would or could forget or forgive those who caused his compulsory abdication from power, that he felt nothing less than implacable hatred towards them, that any apparent reconciliation on the Prince's part to the new régime that might follow would be only a stage show and not a reality, and that his thirst for revenge would not be quenched as long as he lived."

The period of the author's career in the financial world, though it extended over many years, is related in small compass when compared with the story of his early struggles and his war-time experiences. Nor does it present the pen-pictures with which the earlier chapters abound. We see no financiers so clearly as we do the journalists—Greeley, Dana, Weed, the elder Bennett, Hudson, Prentice—or the military commanders. It is couched, too, in more formal language, the third person being used in place of the first. But it is a lucid and compact statement of the work Mr. Villard set himself to do, and the manner of its accomplishment, and brings to a dignified termination one of the most interesting autobiographies we have received in years.

The Laws of Imitation¹

STUDENTS of nature and man have observed in each the tendency of an observable process to repeat itself again and again. Of such repetition a constant form is imitation. M. Tarde, Professor of Modern Philosophy in the Collège de France, began some twenty years since to publish his studies of the laws of universal repetition, and of imitation as the distinctive social fact. His present work, now first presented in an English dress, appeared in 1890.

¹ *The Laws of Imitation*. By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the Second French Edition by Elsie Clews Parsons. With an Introduction by Franklin H. Giddings. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

In contrast with Spencer's exhibition of the biological side of human phenomena Tarde exhibits the sociological side, inquiring what it is in virtue of which society exists. It is something deeper than economic, juristic, political, or religious causes. Masters and slaves are bound together by an economic tie, but they do not compose a society. The social tie is psychological, in the human propensity to imitation. "Things are not born alike, they become alike." By imitation, however, more is meant than what is conscious and voluntary. It is often unconscious, involuntary.

But though varied psychologically, sociologically it is always the same—"the action at a distance of one mind upon another, and of action which consists of a quasi-photographic reproduction of a cerebral image upon the sensitive plate of another brain."

Though social relations are infinitely complex, they fall into only two groups, as tending to transmit from man to man either a belief or a desire. And as it is either belief or desire that holds men together, it is this imitative transmission that forms the social tie, strengthened in the course of generations by a great accumulation of social custom. Tarde discerns his fundamental principle under various disguises. Invention and discovery spring from imitation through the concurrence in some ingenious mind of ideas borrowed from various others—a statement that accounts for much, but hardly for the prehistoric first step. Even the antagonism of groups in a given society is brought under the general formula. "There are two ways of imitating—namely, to act exactly like one's model, or to do exactly the contrary." This Tarde terms "counter-imitation," reminding one of Darwin's term, "counter-expression." Every affirmation is suggestive of its negation. The existence of despotism suggests democracy. No idea can be started which does not both attract supporters and provoke opposers. Men are associated not merely although they are adversaries, but rather because they are adversaries—both sides to a controversy being agreed that they must concern themselves with the point at issue.

There is, however, says Tarde, such a thing as systematic non-imitation of our neighbors in society. This is quite different, distinctively anti-social, hostile, warlike. In such historic examples as the conflict of primitive Christianity with the heathen society in which it was planted, and the modern renaissance of Japan, this is seen opening the way to "a civilizing revolution," in which the career of imitation advances on a new level.

Imitation, according to M. Tarde, has a definable advance from the inward to the outward, from ideas to expressions, from ends to means, from the

superior, with some exceptions, to the inferior. A democratic period he defines as one in which "the distance between all classes has lessened enough . . . to allow of the external imitation of the highest by the lowest." The "extra-logical influences" affecting imitation, chief among which are custom and fashion, are elaborately discussed in their bearing on languages, religions, governments, legislation, political economy, morals, and arts. The laws of heredity are held to be complementary to the laws of imitation. The social fact is imitation, but heredity is its necessary prop.

Since all races are imitative, the inevitable goal of this tendency, now that separation has given place to intercommunication, is international assimilation. What is history but a record of "the career of imitations"? Everything in history is "a duel or a union of inventions" that spring from imitation. What is progress but "a kind of collective thinking," made possible by imitation in the interchange of ideas among scholars and inventors? This progress, however, will not, in M. Tarde's view, result in the side-tracking of religion. But "science, transfigured by a vast synthesis, and supplemented by a highly æsthetic morality, will be the religion of the future." This, interpreted by his other statement that religion tends to become spiritualized, seems to indicate the view that morality in its pure and supreme form, cosmic rather than mundane, is religion. Pursuing his fundamental principle to its conjectural origin, Tarde "dreams" of the soul of the universe as love, which characteristically delights in ceaseless self-repetition.

Tennyson's "Parliament of Man and Federation of the World" seems the natural goal of that international assimilation toward which M. Tarde sees human imitativeness tending. But he sees obstacles to it that will grow as it grows—national and racial prejudices and jealousies. It may be, he thinks, temporarily realized in some world-embracing agglomeration, but he forebodes a far-off "pause" when civilization may "draw back and give birth to a new offspring"—when excessive imi-

tation will have engendered its opposite in a transformation of sociability into "a sort of general misanthropy," for a better realization of individuality. This illustrates the rather startling generalizations to which M. Tarde is prone. His distinctive trait is originality. History and science yield him abundant

material for acute observation and brilliant theorizing. His thought is sometimes colored by his Parisian environment, and his French zeal for logical perfectness seems sometimes to strain the facts. But his work is fruitful, and important for the thoroughgoing student of sociology.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Church (The): Being a Brief Historical Sketch of the Body known as the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By Rev. William James Miller, M.A., B.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5x7½ in. 87 pages. 50c.

American Girl in Mexico (An). By Elizabeth Visere McGary. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 158 pages. \$1, net.

The Texas girl who writes this was for a year guest in the household of a high Mexican official in Monterey, and with the family journeyed to Mexico City, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi, and other places of interest. In her little book are embodied very pleasantly the results of the exceptional opportunities she thus enjoyed for studying the social life of the people of quality, as well as facts and observations usually noted by the sojourner in a foreign land.

American Problems. By Joseph A. Vance. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 5x7½ in. 252 pages. 75c., net.

The Negro, Labor, Liquor, Municipal Government, and Vice are the problems here presented and discussed by a Christian pastor. Mr. Vance writes clearly and forcibly. The negro problem he tints rather too darkly, not recognizing what the progressive element has accomplished. Such books as his have a mission to fulfill in rousing the churches to a better cultivation of the social and the civic conscience. He sees the fact that our only salvation as a people is in making our democracy a religious democracy.

Brevities: Companion Book to Crankisms. By Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Illustrated by Clare Victor Dwiggins. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 80c., net.

Brook in the Pasture (The). By the Rev. John H. Elliott, D.D. (Inner Circle Series.) The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½x7 in. 34 pages. 25c., net.

Cadets of Gascony. By Burton E. Stevenson. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 378 pages. \$1.50.

The Three Musketeers opened the door to a long train of shadowy followers. The French swashbuckler is still "swashing on his buckler," and the public is not yet satiated. The new tale by Mr. Stevenson has all the

familiar ingredients, and comes out as well as most of its kind.

Cagnotte (La). By Labiche et Delacour. Edited by W. O. Farnsworth. (Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4½x6½ in. 134 pages.

Christian Conversationalist (The): Dealing with the Problems of Individual Work for Individuals. By Rufus Washington Weaver, Th.D. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 4½x7 in. 107 pages. 50c. (Postage, 6c.)

Christ's Boys and Girls. By Hermon D. Jenkins, D.D. (Inner Circle Series.) The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½x7 in. 41 pages. 25c., net.

Cicero's Selected Orations. Edited by Charles E. Bennett. (Bennett's Latin Series.) Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5x7½ in. 339 pages.

Classic Fables. Selected and Edited for Primary Grades by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. Illustrated. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 127 pages. 30c.

Common Sense Didactics: For Common-School Teachers. By Henry Sabin, LL.D. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 4½x7½ in. 343 pages. \$1.

Commuters (The). By Albert Bigelow Paine. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 300 pages.

An account at once sympathetic and amusing of the pleasures and vicissitudes of suburban life as experienced by a New York commuter, his wife, their Precious Ones, and Pussum, the cat. If the reader does not find a smile on every page, it will be because he is either deficient in a sense of humor or has been denied the privileges of out-of-town residence with business in the city, and so is unable to appreciate to the full Mr. Paine's clever book.

Compendium of Drawing. By Ervin Kenison, S.B., Harry W. Gardner, S.B., William H. Lawrence, S.B., Charles L. Griffin, S.B., and Others. In 2 Parts. Compiled from the Instruction Papers in the Mechanical Engineering and Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting Courses at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Ill. Illustrated. 6¼x9¼ in.

Corée (La), Indépendante, Russe, ou Japonaise? By Villettard de Laguerie. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) Hachette et Cie., Paris, France. 4½x7½ in. 304 pages.

In the final settlement of the question of the Far East Korea must play an important

part; and with the eyes of the world turned in her direction by reason of the Russo-Japanese war, a second edition of this book, written just after the war between China and Japan, is particularly timely at the moment. It is written in an easy, natural style, packed full of interesting, first-hand information, and is made up of four distinct chapters, each complete in itself: *The Conquest of Korea by Japan*, *Japanese Policy in Korea*, *A Picture of Korea before the Japanese Invasion*, *A Description of Korea*, and finally a summing up entitled "*The Question of the Far East*," in which the author gives his reasons for the statement in his preface that Korea is incapable of making the necessary effort to achieve her independence and must therefore inevitably fall a prey to one of her neighbors. He adds that Korea is indeed a prize well worth winning; for, by reason of the strategic position she holds in Chinese waters, the formation of her coastline, the fertility of the soil, and the undeveloped forest and mineral wealth, her possession will greatly augment the military power of a conquering or controlling nation.

Cross and Passion (The): Good Friday Addresses. By George Hodges. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5x7½ in. 76 pages. 75c.

Narrow Enigma (The). By Melvin L. Severy. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 341 pages. \$1.50.

The most perplexing enigma this story offers—why it was ever written—the author fails to solve. He does, however, with the aid of an amateur Sherlock Holmes (American edition, but with nothing of the original's phenomenal acumen omitted), clear up a part of the mystery surrounding the death of one John Darrow. But it takes over three hundred pages to get this imperfect and unconvincing solution—and still the reader is left in the dark as to the why and wherefore of certain of the "episodes" into which the story is divided, and certain of the characters which are conspicuously introduced and thereafter as conspicuously ignored. Hence the opinion expressed above.

Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago (The). First Series. Vol. I. *The President's Report.* The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8¼x11¼ in. 574 pages.

Dollars and Democracy. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bt. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5x7½ in. 244 pages. \$1.25, net. (Postage, 10c.)

As Sir Philip frankly states in his prefatory remarks, his book is merely a series of notes and impressions "jotted down without much system at the end of a year of absolutely new experiences, while they are still fresh in the memory." He early and fully pays his respects to yellow journalism, the American child, the smart set, our skyscrapers, and the Waldorf-Astoria, which he finds impressive—"at a respectful distance"! But generally his criticism is quite friendly, not to say laudatory, as in his conclusion, where he expresses his gratitude for "a gracious hospitality such as no other country has to offer the Englishman—the spon-

taneous, touchingly cordial welcome of the land of El Dorado."

Even Thine Altars. By G. J. F., Author of "Twelve Letters to my Son on the Bible." The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia. 5x8 in. 113 pages. 75c., net. (Postage, 7c.)

Exercises in German Conversation and Composition. Edited by E. C. Wesselhoeft, A.M. (Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 122 pages.

Forward: Letters Written on a Trip Around the World. By Lina Boegli. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x8 in. 320 pages. \$2.

This book comprises a series of letters written, or supposed to be written, to a friend during a period of ten years by a young Swiss gentlewoman who, orphaned and weary of an uneventful and purposeless life, conceives the plan of a trip around the world. This she accomplishes, though it takes her ten years to do it, for she literally works her passage, being quite without resources other than her own pluck and ability after reaching Australia, from which time during the entire ten years she makes her way by teaching literature and modern languages. Miss Boegli's cheeriness and optimism and facility of expression make this record of her observations and experiences in many lands exceptionally pleasant reading.

Frontiersmen (The). By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 364 pages. \$1.50.

Among so much writing that is only mediocre, the advent of a book of new tales from this author is a welcome event to reader and reviewer. There are an even half-dozen stories in this collection, all bearing upon the title given to the volume, and all, as ever, happily placed in her own Tennessee mountains. Miss Murfree's charm of style and unconventionality in choice and treatment of her themes is too well known for comment.

Golf for Women. By Genevieve Hecker (Mrs. Charles T. Stout). With a Chapter by Rhona K. Adair. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5¼x8½ in. 217 pages. \$2, net.

This reprint from the magazine "Golf" of the excellent papers by the champion player, Miss Genevieve Hecker, now Mrs. Charles Stout, will be hailed with interest by lovers of the royal and ancient game. The original photographs are reproduced, with pictures of Miss Hecker and that other authority, Miss Rhona K. Adair, English and Irish champion, who also has a chapter in the book on "Impressions of American Golf."

Great Companion (The) by Lyman Abbott. The Outlook Co., New York. 6x9 in. 160 pages. \$1, net.

In distinction from believing something about God, there is here presented the wholeness, hopefulness, and sanity of living in relation with God. This is a book not of philosophy but of religion. The title is taken from the lament of Professor Clifford, "The Great Companion is dead." The object of the book is to indicate how in normal life men may discover that the Great Companion, though not seen, is yet not dead, but living and present. It is an inter-

- pretation in practical and familiar terms of what is, but what men do not always recognize in themselves to be, the consciousness of God.

Growing Pastor (The). By James G. K. McClure. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 138 pages. 50c., net.

Handy Reference Atlas of the World. Edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E. (Seventh Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$2.50, net.

The plan of this work is a convenient one, as the book will fit in easily on an ordinary book-shelf and can be held comfortably in the hand. The maps are clearly printed, but sometimes too greatly reduced not to try the eyes.

Heart of My Heart. By Ellis Meredith. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 230 pages. \$1.25.

The emotional experience of a woman expecting to become a mother recorded in a journal to be given her child at maturity. Acknowledging the writer's ability and beautifully reverent handling of this delicate theme, we may question whether a published book is the place for such expression.

History of New Paltz, New York, and Its Old Families. (From 1678 to 1820.) By Ralph LeFevre. Illustrated. The Brandow Printing Co., Albany, New York. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. 593 pages.

How to Teach a Foreign Language. By Otto Jespersen, D.D. Translated from the Danish by Sophia Yhlen-Olsen Bertelsen, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 194 pages. \$1.90, net.

Hymns of the Christian Centuries. Compiled by Mrs. Perceval Mackrell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 280 pages. \$1.50.

Each century, from the second through the nineteenth, is represented by at least one hymn. The literary quality of these hundred and sixty-six hymns chosen is high. In choosing them the editor gave preference to those which were unfamiliar and not easily accessible.

In Fifty Years. By Madame Belloc. Sands & Co., London, England. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 61 pages.

Inquiry into the Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel (An). By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Hon. Litt. D. Published for the Hibbert Trustees, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 528 pages. \$3.50, net.

The conclusion of this careful study is in favor of the Johannine authorship. It is a conclusion, however, which is based on evidence so presented that the reader feels himself to be free to reach a conclusion of another sort. The volume is divided into two books, the first of which, covering about an eighth of the space occupied by the second, concerns the peculiarities of the Fourth Gospel as compared with the synoptics, and its historical value. The second book contains a detailed account of the external evidence as to the Gospel's authorship, an examination of the internal evidence in favor of the traditional view, and a consideration of the arguments against the Johannine authorship. It is impossible here to rehearse the argument of the book. We may, how-

ever, characterize its spirit as being both scholarly and human. Although there appear the results of painstaking scrutiny, word by word, it is evident that Dr. Drummond bases his conclusions not more upon such scrutiny than upon the recognition of literary values that can hardly be measured by numbers. Naturally, we find arguments in the book which are not convincing, but they are incidental rather than essential arguments. The distinction between the Fourth Gospel and the synoptics finds here very intelligent and illuminating expression, all too rare in scholarly works on the subject.

Issue (The). By George Morgan. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 419 pages. \$1.50.

A dramatic novel of the Civil War period and the generation immediately preceding. The scenes are laid chiefly in Washington and the South, but the tone of the book is calmly judicial, and real and imaginary characters on both sides of the great questions then at issue are impartially portrayed. Notwithstanding which, the battle scenes leave one the impression that the writer at one time must have taken a less dispassionate stand, for such knowledge it would be difficult to believe came other than by actual participation in the events so powerfully described. A pleasing dual love story embroiders the heavier fabric of the romance.

Jesus Christ and the People. By Mark Guy Pearse. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati, Ohio. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ in. 226 pages. 25c., net. (Postage, 4c.)

Letters from England, 1846-1849. By Elizabeth Davis Bancroft. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 224 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone. Edited by Herbert Paul. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 353 pages. \$3, net.

The chief interest attaching to these letters does not lie in their contents *per se*, but in the revelation they make of a wholly fascinating personality. A profound scholar, Lord Acton was the most companionable of men, a savant of a liberal mind, and a keen man of affairs, as alive to the topics of the day as to the dry-as-dust information hidden in the German tomes over which it was his delight to pore into the wee, sma' hours. He bore his learning, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff tells us in his scholarly tribute to Lord Acton's memory, "as easily and with as little ostentation as a child might carry a feather." His special study was history, and for years he cherished a dream of writing a magnum opus, a philosophic history, to the completion of which he would have brought not only great erudition but an essentially critical spirit, quick to the discrimination of values. The monumental Cambridge Modern History, now in course of publication, was designed by him. In the present volume, containing the letters he wrote to the daughter of his beau-ideal statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, he discusses a variety

of questions, and unburdens himself freely on religion, politics, and literature. Catholic though he was, his opposition to Ultramontanist and Vaticanism knew no bounds, and here he is relentless in his expressions of animosity to the system which, in his opinion, has fettered the Church. In politics a Liberal, he was, apart from his devotion to his chief, as independent of thought as in matters of religion. The same independence marked his discussion of literary themes, saving when the question was of George Eliot and her work. To her he swore allegiance in literature as he gave his fealty to Gladstone in politics, affirming her to be the "greatest writer of her sex in all literature," and brooking no opposition. The nearest approach to a schism between Lord Acton and his political leader, we are told, was that Gladstone underrated George Eliot, while Lord Acton was unjust to Gladstone's favorite novelist, Scott. All this adds piquancy to the letters which, it must be said, are of rather uneven interest to American, if not to British, readers. This criticism will apply to Mr. Herbert Paul's introduction, sadly lacking in the force and virility manifest in the first two volumes of his history of Modern England, recently reviewed in *The Outlook*. Nor does Mr. Paul appear to have grasped the full significance of Lord Acton as a passive factor in the determination of the direction of thought.

Life of Jesus (The). By Oscar Holtzmann, D.D. Translated by J. T. Bealby, B.A., and Maurice A. Canney, M.A. Adam & Charles Black, London, England. 5½×9 in. 542 pages. \$4, net.

This is a book for the student, not for the ordinary reader even if serious-minded. One who wishes to make a study of the life of Christ and to have at hand the results of recent Biblical and historical investigations as they concern it will find it advantageous to use this book. The translation has been made with the approval and under the eye of the author. Dr. Holtzmann brings to his work learning, soberness of mind, the power of making keen discriminations, and a conscience concerning the use of evidence. His work is characteristically German in that it shows the processes as well as the results of his study. Occasionally the reader feels that proportion is sacrificed for the purpose of emphasizing needlessly an original analysis or comment. The style and point of view are bookish. The work as a whole evinces academic acuteness rather than human insight, though in some passages the reverse is true. Dr. Holtzmann dismisses the Fourth Gospel as a historical source of little value. He misunderstands it, so it seems to us, because he fails to see that the real historical document is the writer of the Gospel rather than the Gospel itself, and that in revealing his own mind this writer was giving to the world what was in effect, to use Paul's metaphor, an epistle written by Jesus himself. As Dr. Holtzmann underestimates the Johannine Gospel, so, we

think, he overestimates some other sources. Not infrequently, too, he misinterprets Christ by putting a formal construction on some human and natural act, as when he considers the story of Jesus' washing his disciples' feet an institution of baptism, or by giving a literal turn to a saying, as when he ignores the stinging irony in Jesus' reply to the Syro-Phoenician woman. On the other hand, Dr. Holtzmann can, in a few words, illuminate a practice or a phrase of Christ's, as he does when he refers to Christ's use of the term "the son of man" as a token of his reserve. It is a sign of the tendency of modern scholarship that this free-minded scholar acknowledges the historical reality of Jesus' works of healing, and emphasizes the supreme importance in the life of Jesus of the resurrection. In transferring the stress from the accounts of the disappearance of Jesus' body to the accounts of Jesus' appearances to his disciples, Dr. Holtzmann not only conforms to historical evidence concerning the resurrection, but also brings into prominence its spiritual significance.

Middle Wall (The). By Edward Marshall. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 470 pages. \$1.50.

Moses Brown, Captain U. S. N. By Edgar Stanton MacLay, A.M. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×8 in. 220 pages. \$1.25, net.

This book is much more than a biography of Captain Brown. It is, as Mr. MacLay wished it to be, a picture of the daily perils, hardships, privations, and adventures of the average naval officer's life in the early days of the service. It records also several recently discovered historical facts concerning battles of the Revolution in which Captain Brown took part, and gives an interesting account of the first ship in our navy to bear the name *Merrimac*—the only one of the three so named with which the general reading public is not already familiar. Facsimile reproductions of a page from the log of this vessel and many other important papers and prints accompany the text.

Minute Marvels of Nature: Being Some Revelations of the Microscope. By John J. Ward, T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. Illustrated. 272 pages. \$1.60, net. (Postage, 15c.)

The wonders of the microscope are here clearly set forth and exemplified by capital illustration. In popular style the author tells about plant structure, animal parasites, insect tools and weapons, flower-dust (pollen), deep-sea diatoms, and scores of other minute and curious things in nature's byways.

Newman. By William Barry. Illustrated. (Literary Lives.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 225 pages. \$1, net. Reserved for later notice.

Philippines and the Far East (The). By Homer C. Stuntz, Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 5¼×8 in. 514 pages. \$1.75, net.

This study of conditions in the Philippine Islands is in character and extent essentially similar to Dr. Brown's "New Era in the Philippines," reviewed in these columns in the issue of December 5, 1903. Like Dr.

Brown, the present writer—who is the head of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in the Philippines—is polemically Protestant in tone, but, also like Dr. Brown, he does not refuse to recognize the good accomplished by Roman Catholicism even in the dark days of the Spanish régime. He is uncompromising, however, in his attitude toward the friars, whose presence in the islands has proved, in view of the documentary evidence here and elsewhere adduced, an evil of far-reaching proportions. Dr. Stuntz, of course, has much to say on this important question, and it is interesting to note that he includes the correspondence that passed between Governor Taft and Cardinal Rampolla relative to the sale of the friar lands. In this are made manifest the forces that combined to render the negotiations so tortuous and long drawn out, and that ultimately brought about the consummation of the purchase with a saving clause for the friars. Happily, Dr. Stuntz points out, the problem remaining unsolved is rapidly nearing solution. When the American fleet sank the Spanish ships in Manila Bay, there were 1,108 Spanish friars or monks in the islands; to-day there are little more than 100, and “the steady progress of withdrawal goes on by every ship that proceeds to Spain.” As may be expected, Dr. Stuntz dwells upon the workings of the Evangelical Union, the Protestant organization for spreading the Gospel through the islands; but his work may fairly be described as being fully as much secular as ecclesiastical. The peoples, the resources, and the institutional development of the islands under American rule are made the subjects of lengthy discussion, all of which is so systematically arranged and so lucidly expressed that this may be accepted both as a popular and authoritative handbook of the Philippines. Especially does this apply to the exposition of the legislative and educational evolution now in progress. Regarding the material exploitation of the islands the author is less explicit, but we observe that he is one with Dr. Brown in calling for a modification or a more liberal interpretation of the Chinese Exclusion Act so far as the Philippines are concerned. He devotes an interesting chapter to a general discussion of our relations in the Far East, embodying statements on the domination of Russia that already seem antiquated by reason of the news from the seat of war. The declaration that “there is no way that either England or Japan, or both together, can strike Russia at any vulnerable point in the Far East” makes odd reading just now. But hostilities are by no means at an end, and the event may prove the correctness of Dr. Stuntz’s views in regard to the supremacy of the Bear. Taken as a whole, we would commend this work, not as a sequel, but as an excellent supplement, to Dr. Brown’s “New Era.”

Poems. By Andrew Edward Watrous. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5x7½ in. 105 pages. \$1. net.

Prayers Written at Vailima. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¼x7½ in. 19 pages. 30c.

Problems of the Present South. By Edgar Gardner Murphy. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 335 pages. \$1.50, net.

Such subjects as child labor, education, and the position of the negro in the South are treated in this noteworthy volume, on which we make extended editorial comment in this issue. We hope that the reception accorded this book will justify Mr. Murphy in publishing the later volume which he suggests as a possibility, covering such subjects as the taxes and negro schools, the South and the amendments, and the broader emancipation.

Psychological Year Book: Quotations for Every Day in the Year. Gathered by Janet Young. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5½x8 in. 50c., net.

Rise of English Culture (The). By Edwin Johnson, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼x9 in. 585 pages.

The author of this attractive-looking volume has undertaken to prove in large detail Napoleon's opinion that history is a fiction which men have agreed to accept. He is—or rather was, for he died in 1901—a man of large erudition, which he employs in maintaining most revolutionary propositions. The rise of English culture cannot be dated earlier than the rise of the Tudor dynasty. The Anglo-Saxon letters are a sixteenth-century invention; also the History of the Venerable Bede; Bede himself, a supposed eighth century personage, a mere “symbol;” Chaucer, a legendary figure. So also are the great navigators, Vasco da Gama, Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci. The same is maintained to be the case with church history. There was no constituted Christian church before the eleventh century; Augustine, the other Fathers, and the church councils all are myths. There was, indeed, it seems, such a person as the Christ, earlier than Mohammed, and the desire of the Roman Church to trace its origin to him is presumed to have been the motive for its compilation of the New Testament and the writings of the Fathers. The great fabricators of the whole mass of secular and religious fiction that the world accepts as history were the Benedictine monks, whose Order begins late in the thirteenth century, nearly five hundred years after the accepted date. “The Sermon on the Mount is their composition.” As to the Old Testament, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and other prophetic writings are assigned to modern times of Jewish persecution. The author is described by the friend who writes his memoir as a man of sweet spirit and daring devotion to truth. We have heard of but one comparable to him in the courage of wrong-headed conviction—the Englishman who years ago laid a heavy wager that the earth was flat. A man who can believe that such a writing as St. Paul's letter to the Philippians is the work of a mediæval monk can believe anything.

Robert Cavalier. By William Dana Orcutt. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. 313 pages. \$1.50.

Another historical romance—this one with La Salle, the French explorer, discoverer of the Mississippi, for its hero. The author in his foreword claims to have adhered closely to facts, and of his material he has made a readable story. Typographically the book is admirable, the illustrations are good, and the chapter decorations very clever in design and execution.

Shakespeare: Personal Recollections. By Colonel John A. Joyce. Broadway Publishing Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 306 pages.

Siege Days. By Mrs. A. H. Mateer. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ in. 411 pages. \$1.25.

It might be thought that the siege of Peking had been thoroughly described and nothing left to be said. But this volume, by a missionary who was in the besieged city during the summer of 1900, Mrs. Mateer, is arranged upon a new plan. The personal experiences of American women and children are told by and credited to each individual, and yet dovetailed into one continuous narrative. The effect, while undoubtedly exact, is disturbing to the reader and awkward in appearance. Prefaced by a few pages in which the gathering storm is prophesied, these bits, longer or shorter extracts from letters, diaries, and published articles, are chronologically arranged and a complete diary of each of the eight weeks is given. Many thrilling incidents of Chinese devotion and heroism are repeated. Especially noticeable is Mrs. Jewell's story of the Chinese school-girls under her care. The personal element, the touches of humor, the effect of "quietness and assurance forever," vivify the whole narrative and make it of unique value.

Story of Christ's Passion (The). By Charles H. Leeson, S.T.B., D.C.L. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 147 pages. 50c., net.

Theatrical Primer (The). By Harold Acton Vivian. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4×6 in. 135 pages. 75c.

Tolstoy and His Problems. Essays by Aylmer Maude. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 220 pages. \$1.

The essays comprised in this appreciation and interpretation of the work of Leo Tolstoy have already seen the light in various publications, and, indeed, have, with one exception, appeared in book form in the first edition of the present work. The exception is an article on "Tolstoy's Teaching," written for the Tolstoy Number of "Literature." Here Mr. Maude outlines the Russian philosopher's views by briefly surveying the various works that have come from his pen since 1878, and thus summarizing the conclusions to be drawn from them: "They all show his profound conviction that the primary guidance for our life lies, not in what is outside us (as is generally implicitly or explicitly affirmed among materialists, church people, worldly people, and spiritualists), but that the essential thing is to 'know thy-

self,' or, as George Fox said, to hearken to the 'inward voice.'" Mr. Maude has long been on a footing of intimacy with Tolstoy, for whom he feels the respect and admiration so well expressed recently by Dr. Steiner, and one of the most interesting essays in the work is that entitled "Talks with Tolstoy," wherein are preserved striking *obiter dicta*. We note the omission from this edition of the Doukhobor paper that appeared in the first, an omission that is explained by Mr. Maude as due to a desire to give it a thorough revision. It is a pity that the publishers of these helpful essays have seen fit to use a type most trying to the eyes.

Trusts of To-Day. By Gilbert Holland Montague, A.M. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 219 pages. \$1.20, net.

A simple, succinct statement of the evolution of the idea of industrial combinations, of the advantages inherent in the "trust" system, and of the dangers following in its wake, together with a compact survey of the efforts made by State and Federal authorities, through legislation and litigation, to curb the evils of the trusts. Finding the trust movement justified from the industrial standpoint, Mr. Montague acknowledges that it is attended by very real evils, chief among which he places "railway discrimination" and defective organization and management of the combinations themselves. He would not abolish, but reform, the trusts, and when the necessary remedies have been applied, "combinations which have assembled sufficient economies to compose an advantage over the competing concerns which they supplant will be as harmless politically as they are efficient industrially." Mr. Montague shows no disposition to "run amuck," conservatism being his watchword. He writes clearly and convincingly, supporting his contentions by names, dates, and figures, and has produced a useful little handbook on a subject of vital importance.

Twisted History. By Frank C. Voorhies. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 206 pages. \$1.

Vineyard (The). By John Oliver Hobbes. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 322 pages. \$1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Voice of America on Kishineff (The). Edited by Cyrus Adler. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 491 pages.

It is a curious coincidence that brought this book to press when Russia was claiming sympathy as a "Christian" nation in combat with a "pagan" nation. Lest we forget the indignation aroused last year by the Easter massacre of Jews at Kishenev, the protests of the platform, the press, and the pulpit of America against this and other maltreatment of Jews by Russia have been collected in a volume whose index covers more than seven pages of fine print. The Russian defense is included, also the petition in remonstrance which the Russian Government declined to receive.

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The New York Democratic Platform

The candidacy of Judge Parker for the Democratic Presidential nomination was decidedly strengthened by the action of the New York Democrats in their State Convention last week. In spite of the efforts of the Tammany delegates, under the leadership of Charles F. Murphy, who praised Judge Parker in their speeches but asked that he merely be recommended to the country rather than accepted by the Convention as the only possible candidate, the Convention, by a vote of two to one, "instructed" its representatives to vote for Judge Parker in the National Convention. Though the defeat of Tammany, which is at present the stronghold of New York Democracy, was more decisive than was generally expected, it was no surprise. The total failure of the Hearst following to have any voice in the Convention showed how unsubstantial the Hearst candidacy has been from the first. The most notable result of the Convention was really the platform. It was notable because it was brief. It is presented in ten short propositions against usurpation of legislative functions by the executive, against the military spirit which violates treaties, in favor of a restrained international policy, in favor of regulation by the State of corporations created by the State, against the stifling of healthy competition by the trusts, against extravagance, in favor of a reasonable reduction of the tariff, against centralization, in favor of honesty in public service, in favor of the impartial maintenance of the rights of labor and capital. Even with its brevity and apparent clearness, however, the platform is as ambiguous as any more wordy instrument could be regarding the regulation of trusts. It

apparently opposes the control of trusts by the Federal Government, though it makes the restraint of oppression by the trusts a National question. In our opinion, the question as to whether the State or the Nation shall control the corporation is not to be decided according to whether the State or the Nation has created the corporation, but according to whether the corporation, however created, concerns merely the people of the State or the people of the Nation. The time for the cry of "no centralization" was passed when the Articles of Confederation were superseded by the Federal Constitution. Mr. Bryan spoke in Chicago on Saturday evening, and denounced the New York platform as a betrayal of Democratic principles.



The Colorado Labor War

One of the most serious "labor wars" of recent times has been raging for four months in the State of Colorado. In its effect upon the comfort and lives of the general public it is not so serious as the Pennsylvania coal strike of last winter, but more dangerous, in our opinion. Its chief danger lies in the radical cleavage it has made between various classes and groups of citizens in the State, and in the fact that State officials, military officers, and civil judges have become involved through it in a bitter conflict. Originally the trouble began in antagonism between employers represented by the Mine Owners' Association, and mine workers represented by their organization, which is called the Western Federation of Miners. This antagonism resulted in the usual strikes, lockouts, riotous destruction of mine property, and bloody heads and bruised bodies of striking workmen. Finally, Governor

Peabody called out the soldiery and declared part of the State to be in a condition of practical rebellion. The military was put in control and civil processes of law were suspended. Perhaps as calm and unbiased a statement of the two sides involved in the conflict as can be obtained from Colorado sources is presented in two speeches made at a banquet held in Denver on Wednesday of last week. This banquet was given to the members of the Executive Committee of the American Federation of Labor, and Senator Patterson, of Colorado, was the chief guest. In a speech of a conciliatory spirit, he endeavored to give the trades-union men present some interpretation of the point of view of the capitalist and employer. Senator Patterson said, among other things:

Public opinion has stood behind labor unions of this State and elsewhere in hundreds of struggles in which they have been engaged, and by reason of that public opinion the labor unions have succeeded. When public opinion veered around by reason of general business interruption, public opinion in the commercial centers came to the support of the Governor, and became responsible for much of his course that we condemn. What did the Governor discover? That, however extreme was his course, the best merchants of the State indorsed it, the most important of our manufacturing establishments indorsed it. Go through the business circles in Denver, in Colorado Springs, in Pueblo, Cripple Creek, Leadville, and elsewhere, and the startling thing to me is that commercial and industrial public opinion seems to stand behind the Governor in the course which he has taken.

What do the business men of Denver see? A cotton-mill closed down, a paper-mill closed down, one smelter with its fires out and the other so badly crippled that it is scarcely running, several thousands of workmen out of employment, and why? By reason of strikes. Those who suffer from such causes do not look very deeply into the causes that have led to the suffering, but they believe that from unreasonable strikes and boycotts the business of Denver is being sadly crippled, and that they are serious losers thereby. Is it not natural that business men should be in the frame of mind in which we find them?

In reply to this presentation of the supporters of Governor Peabody, President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, pointed out that the evils of the blacklist and the lockout prac-

ticed by employers had not been touched upon by Senator Patterson. He asserted that blacklisting and lockouts were the direct causes of strikes and boycotts on the part of organized labor, and that lawlessness in the present conflict had been practiced to far greater extent by the Governor and the military officials under his command than by the miners and strikers. He further said:

We have been repeatedly told that organized labor must not violate the law. From this assertion no thinking union man dis-sents. On the contrary, organized labor is the greatest conservator of the public peace of this country to-day. If it be true and acknowledged that labor must conform to the law, we believe that it is right and just that the same rule should apply to the other side and govern the actions of the opponents of organized labor. Under what guise or pretense can any one say that public opinion justifies a Governor in overriding the laws of your State? The Constitution of the United States means something which stands unalterably for free speech, free assembly, and free press.



Martial Law and the Strikers

On the day following this banquet and these intelligent and reasonable speeches, the President of the Western Federation of Miners, Charles Moyer, was brought into Denver in the custody of the militia. The Secretary of the miners' union, W. D. Haywood, met his colleague at the station, and the result of the meeting was a riot, in which Haywood was arrested and beaten by the soldiers. He was carried an unwilling prisoner to a hotel, where a second riot occurred, and the hotel was finally barricaded. The civil authorities claimed the right to the custody of Haywood, a demand which was denied by the military officials, but finally the prisoner was surrendered to the civil sheriff. This conflict in the streets of Denver last week is simply indicative of the general state of insurrection or rebellion which prevails at the present time in Colorado. On the one hand, as Senator Patterson points out in the speech we have just quoted, the miners are accused of destruction of property and intimidation of citizens and workmen and of general rebellion against the military and civil authority of the State. On the other, Governor Peabody

is accused of defying the courts and of lending the military power of the State to the support of the mine owners, who, the workmen allege, have broken the law and illegally oppressed and cruelly treated those in their employ. An exhaustive and careful investigation is needed to get at the validity of these charges and counter-charges. The fact remains, however, that the State of Colorado is in a condition to-day in which not only the citizens of the State are bearing arms against one another, but in which the Governor, the judges of the courts, the sheriff of a county, and the officers of the militia are at odds, contradicting one another's authority and at times threatening physical attacks upon one another. If this is not a condition of anarchy, The Outlook does not know what the definition of anarchy is. We do not propose in this paragraph to attempt a solution of the problems involved. They are exceedingly grave and threatening. It is not a solution for a striking miner to excuse incendiarism on the ground that he has been black-listed and locked out. Nor is it a solution for the legislators and the Governor to excuse bribery and corruption which has illegally prevented the passage of an eight-hour labor law, on the ground that mines cannot be operated on the eight-hour system, in view of the losses from strikes and boycotts. Without attempting to say which side is right and which is wrong—this would be impossible as well as unnecessary, for both sides are right in some particulars and both sides wrong in some particulars, undoubtedly—any intelligent man may see that if the industrial and civil conditions at present prevailing in Colorado existed in every State in the Union, this would be an intolerable if not an impossible country to live in. As The Outlook said recently in discussing the question of corrupt municipal politics, the ordinary citizen in his ordinary business transactions is probably quite as responsible for the industrial war in Colorado and quite as able to put a stop to it as the President of the Miners' Federation or the Governor of the State. If honest citizens will unite on a platform of impartiality and common honesty for

a rigid and just enforcement of the law, they can do almost anything.



Local Option Legislation in Ohio

In the recent enactment of a residence district local option bill by the Ohio Legislature, the Republican party of that State has again strongly intrenched itself in the temperance movement. This bill provides that whenever forty per cent. of the voters of a residence district petition for an election to determine the question whether saloons should be excluded, the election must be held within thirty days, and a majority vote against the saloon prohibits it for two years, and thereafter until another election is called. This bill passed the lower House by a two-thirds vote, and again the Senate, after being slightly amended, with but six negative votes against it. Of course the brewery and saloon interests used their powers against this measure, but were most decisively defeated. Governor Herrick saved them from being completely overwhelmed by insisting on certain amendments. People who are interested in temperance in Ohio feel that never before has a chief Executive rendered such open and helpful assistance to the liquor cause in the State. It was understood that unless these amendments were passed, the Governor would veto the bill. Therefore, in order to save the essential elements of the measure, its supporters consented to have it changed. As a consequence, Governor Herrick has lost the support of many of the most intelligent and public-spirited people of his State. In pursuing this policy the Governor has acted against the advice of the supporters of Senator Dick, successor and intimate associate of the late Senator Hanna, and of the Republican leaders of the State. They fear the effect of the Governor's indiscreet action upon the party, since it is known that he is alienating, at least from himself, the support of a great number of Republican voters. Some idea of the feeling against the Governor may be gained from the fact that recently, as the session was drawing to its close, a bill was introduced in the House to

take away the Governor's veto power by Constitutional amendment. In discussing the expediency of temperance legislation from a politician's point of view in Ohio, it may be said that after the passage of the Beal local option law two years ago, 163 towns and villages, from 16,000 population down, have voted "dry," out of 248 elections, and that 262 others are "dry" under old ordinances. As there are 693 villages and 71 cities in Ohio under the new code, more than half of them are now under practical prohibition, while 875 townships out of a total of 1,371 are also "dry," and three counties besides. To show that the enactment of those laws was a good party measure as well as a temperance advance movement, it need only be mentioned that the present Governor was elected by 125,000 votes, a Republican gain of over 50,000 in two years. What the outcome will be two years hence can only be conjecture, but there are wise ones who say that Governor Herrick has not only removed himself from the range of Presidential possibilities, but has fixed his official career as a one-term Governor of Ohio.



Socialism in Wisconsin

Encouraged by their recent success, the Socialists of Wisconsin, we are informed, are already preparing to wage a vigorous campaign for the fall election, and it is reported that they feel certain of electing six or eight members of the Legislature from the Milwaukee districts alone, with a prospect of choosing a successor to Congressman Stafford, whose district includes the strong Socialist wards. The Rev. Winfield R. Gaylor, a brilliant speaker, who has made many personal friends among Republicans and Democrats on account of his manly, straightforward manner, is said to be slated for the Socialist nomination. He is the State organizer of the party, and managed the municipal and county campaign. The Socialist propaganda is, however, constantly progressing, and proceeds on radically different lines from the methods of the older parties. The organization is all-powerful, and no one is admitted to it until he has convinced the proper officials that he is a believer

in the tenets of Socialism. Then he pays certain fixed amounts as "dues," to be expended for the good of the order, and is expected to use every possible opportunity of making proselytes. This organization forms the nucleus around which numbers of votes gather on election day, and it is said to be the experience of the party managers that for every due-paying member an average of three ballots are cast in favor of the Socialist candidates, a fact borne out by the last election. It will be of interest to note briefly some of the methods which distinguish the Socialist campaigns. All nominations are made at the instance of the central committee, and no member of the party is allowed to seek office; neither may he refuse to be a candidate when nominated. If serving will deprive him of an opportunity of making a fair livelihood, as in the case of a low-salaried or unremunerative office, he will be financially assisted from the common fund. In this way, it is argued, only the best men will be chosen. One prominent Milwaukee Socialist, persisting in the endeavor to secure a nomination, found himself summarily dismissed from the party, as did also the Socialist Mayor of Sheboygan, who failed to act in accordance with his pledges. Treating is strictly prohibited, and saloon-keepers as a class are frowned upon, although admitted to fellowship on certain conditions. Religion plays no part in the Socialist programme, except as it relates to the Church of Rome. The latter has declared war on the Socialists, and, naturally, return blows are struck. Most of the converts to Socialism appear to belong to the Protestant sects, but it is claimed that material gains have been made among Roman Catholic workmen, and in cities like Milwaukee much alarm is felt among the clergy.



The Milwaukee Socialistic Platform

It is, of course, realized by the Socialists that any change in our social system is impossible at present; so they are content to strive for a few measures which they deem important. Among those reported from Milwaukee are:

Regulation of street-car service.
Regulation of price of gas.

Appointment of gas inspector.
Abolition of contract system in all public work.
Employment of organized labor only by city.

Providing work for unemployed.
Public coal and wood yard and ice yard.
Employment of attorneys by city to conduct cases for poor.

Reorganization system of administering justice in police court.

Free medical service.
Regulation of cost of medicine.
Public crematory.
Public baths in all wards.
Street closets.
Plumbing and sewerage to be done by city on installment plan.

Condemnation of slum habitations.

Open-air gymnasiums.

Care by city of all trees on streets.

Free school-books.

Erection of labor temple.

Free concerts.

Legal holiday on election day.

Raise in teachers' salaries.

"We consider ourselves," said one of the Aldermen-elect of that city, "the special representatives of the wage-working classes, and will stand on guard for them." Just what may be accomplished in cities where the Socialists obtain a voice in the government, and its ultimate effect on our country, time alone will determine; but meanwhile are there not some lessons to be learned from their undoubted honesty, straightforward methods, and fealty to pledges? Without these no party can long endure.



Holding a Trades-Union Responsible

Much comment was occasioned last week by the verdict of a jury at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in a suit for damages brought by a firm of building contractors against the Bricklayers and Plasterers' Union of Perth Amboy. The firm alleged that by ordering a boycott the Union damaged its business to the amount of \$10,000. The court held the boycott illegal and the jury awarded the plaintiffs the sum of \$500 and costs. The Perth Amboy Union is an unincorporated association of the ordinary labor union type. The significance of this New Jersey verdict lies not in any new enunciation of principles which may serve as a guide in future boycott cases—for no two of these cases are precisely

alike, and each must be adjudged on its merits—but rather in the novel attempt to proceed against the boycotters by civil trial alone, and to reduce the whole case to a simple action for damages. The pending cases at Danbury, Connecticut, as outlined in *The Outlook* some months ago, have been instituted for the same purpose. American lawyers have all along maintained that the Taff Vale Railway decision in England announced no principle that was new to American law; but recourse has seldom been had to this form of procedure against labor unions—chiefly for the reason that the unions have been regarded as irresponsible. The only civil actions involving the unions that have come to trial in New York or in other States have been, with rare exceptions, injunction proceedings, and a practical argument for the incorporation of unions is based on the belief that the courts would more frequently refuse to interfere by injunction in labor disputes if they were assured that the unions were responsible and that civil actions for damages would afford a remedy for wrongs. However this may be, the New Jersey case seems to indicate a tendency on the part of employers to adopt this mode of securing redress, without waiting for the unions to incorporate.



Workmen's Compensation Proposed in Massachusetts

Last year a Committee on Relations between Employer and Employee was appointed in Massachusetts, with the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, for Chairman. Among other things, the Committee considered the employers' liability laws of the Commonwealth—the most advanced and liberal in this country—and made a report recommending that they be supplemented by a "workmen's compensation" act. By this is meant an act providing for the compensation of workmen and their dependents for the losses by death or injuries caused by accidents while at work. In most or all of the States the laws grant compensation only when the sole cause of the accident is the negligence of the employer. The laws of Massachusetts already modify the "assumption of

the risk " doctrine, by making employers liable for accidents caused by unsafe conditions continued in violation of law, and also the " fellow-servant " doctrine when the co-employee, responsible for the accident, is of the nature of a vice-principal or is especially charged with supervisory duties or care for the safety of all. The Employers' Liability Act of 1880 of Great Britain is even broader than the present Massachusetts laws. Yet under it only 7 per cent. of the injuries and deaths are compensated. The questions as to liability and as to amount of liability render disputes unavoidable, and most claims are settled on a compromise basis or litigated. " Workmen's compensation " laws proceed from a different principle, namely, that the waste of human life by deaths and disablements through accidents while at work is a part of the cost of doing the work, and should be compensated by the employer, not as a mulct for his tort, but merely as a means of causing the consumer finally to pay all the costs in the price. The so-called " State insurance " law of Germany, passed in 1884, was the first to recognize this principle. It requires employers to insure their employees against accidental death or injury while at work, in the amount of two-thirds their weekly wages if totally disabled, two-thirds the reduction in wages if partially disabled, and pensions to the widow during her widowhood, children during their minority, and parents and grandparents during dependency, aggregating not more than 60 per cent. of the weekly wages. In 1887 Austria, and in 1894 Norway, enacted similar laws, the latter, however, introducing State insurance. In 1895 Finland brought forward a law of like purport, except that insurance might be with the government or with private companies or associations. In other countries which have adopted these laws insurance is optional; in some it wholly releases the employer and in some it does not. The United States is the only important civilized nation in which the principle has not been recognized in the laws. In Great Britain the allowance for disablement is 50 per cent. of the wages, and for death three

years' wages in one sum. In case of an unsuccessful suit for negligence, the court may award compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act. The Massachusetts bill which the Committee has prepared is much more cautious than the least liberal of the European laws. It shuts out the first week of disability; allows but 50 per cent. of the wages and not more than \$10 per week for disability, and not for a longer period than four years; and for death, an amount equal to the earnings of the employee during the three years previous, not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$2,000.

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The Toronto Fire The experience of Toronto last week Tuesday, like that of Baltimore in February, shows to what danger great cities are constantly liable from the devastating force of fire when it is once under headway. Fourteen acres in the wholesale district of Toronto were completely ruined by the flames. Only the fact that the wind was blowing toward the lake prevented the disaster from being greater than it was. As it is, the loss estimated by insurance experts is thirteen million dollars, and the insurance loss approximately eight million eight hundred thousand dollars. There are at least five thousand employees temporarily out of work. The loss and the destruction of eighty-six factories and warehouses, besides other property, will of course involve loss to the city in taxes and rents. This catastrophe ought to and will incite other cities to increase their efforts, stimulated by the Baltimore fire, to make impossible the repetition of such conflagrations. The people of Toronto have already shown great spirit in preparing for recuperation. Like the Baltimore fire, this one at Toronto was remarkable from the fact that the loss was almost wholly of property, and the inhabitants of the city and the firemen escaped with few injuries. The cause of the fire, as usual in such cases, is not certain; it is variously attributed to defective electric wires and to overheated steam pipes. The neighboring cities responded to calls for aid, and engines with firemen were sent from Peterbor-

ough and London, Ontario, and from Buffalo, New York, besides other places. We do not know by what right of law fire-engines were sent, not only outside of the State, but also outside of the United States; for, of course, while those engines were absent, the risk of fire to Buffalo was increased. The taxpayers of Buffalo were therefore helping to pay for extinguishing a fire in foreign territory. We do not imagine, however, that the people of Buffalo thought of this fact one instant, and we do not expect to hear anybody find fault with the fire department of Buffalo for performing a service which might be questionable in law. For the instincts of humanity override law and customs. The confidence with which Toronto appealed to Buffalo, and the speediness with which Buffalo responded, are indications how unessential and, from a large point of view, superficial all artificial limitations of State, municipality, or nation are, when compared with any pressing and vital human need.

**In the Wrong
Direction**

The announcement is made that a number of leading clergymen have organized themselves into an association to be known as the American Bible League, for the purpose of making "a determined effort to prevent further spread of destructive criticism," and a Convention has been called for May 3, 4, and 5, in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City, to discuss the situation. Among the speakers at this Convention will be: President Patton, of Princeton Theological Seminary; the Rev. Dr. E. Fitch Burr, of Lyme, Connecticut; the Rev. Albert H. Plumb, of Boston; Professor Osgood, of the Rochester Theological Seminary; President Weidner, of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary; Professor George Frederick Wright, editor of the "Bibliotheca Sacra;" and the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia. It would be unwise to criticise the League before its purposes are clearly revealed and its programme of action distinctly marked out; but, in our judgment, the gentlemen interested in it have taken the wrong line of action. A critical movement like that which

has been dealing with the Bible for the last quarter of a century cannot be arrested by an organization; it can be arrested only by indicating with convincing scholarship its limitations and fallacies. Scholarship must be met by scholarship, not by the creation of leagues and societies. In the long run, all such movements are accelerated, arrested, or defeated by their own vitality or lack of vitality. That criticism of the Bible has been sometimes destructive instead of constructive is known to all scholars, but the tendency of destructive criticism is to cure itself by its own excesses. The remedy for the skepticism which knowledge brings is more knowledge. Bushnell long ago pointed out the fallacy of trying, by wringing the neck of the crowing cock, to stop the dawning of day. If this Convention were called for the purpose of considering the situation with an open mind, The Outlook would anticipate valuable results; but if it is called to arrest the critical movement, it may call out some interesting speeches, but it cannot possibly produce any permanent result.

**A Defender
of the Bible**

Canon Hensley Henson, whose liberal attitude toward Nonconformists is already familiar to the readers of The Outlook, has in the "Contemporary Review" for April an article on "The Future of the Bible," which has occasioned much discussion in England. The reports of this article which came to the United States by cable and mail represented it as being destructive in character. An examination of the article itself, however, as now published in America, shows that these reports were misleading. The statements to which exception has been taken were chiefly these two: First, that certain portions of the Bible now regularly read in the services of the Church of England could be advantageously omitted. Second, that Christian writings outside of the Bible might well be read in the churches, just as hymns are sung as well as the Old Testament Psalms. Neither of these propositions seems revolutionary to the ordinary American, for, outside of cer-

tain churches, liberty is already accorded to the minister to read or omit such passages as he pleases, and even, if he thinks well, to use extra-Scriptural literature in the public service. Even in the Church of England not the whole of the Bible is included in the series of lessons appointed to be read; and the use of the Prayer-Book itself is in accordance with Canon Henson's contention that literature outside of the Bible may be used in the services of the Church. The real occasion for the discussion is, we think, not any one thing that Canon Henson has said, but rather the spirit of freedom with which he writes. He recognizes that neither "inspiration" nor "canonicity" prevents the student of the Bible from applying to it the tests that he applies to general literature, and judging it according to the most rigorous moral standards. He says, what is perfectly true, that while educated men have the means at their disposal of discriminating between those portions of the Bible that are of permanent value to humanity and those portions which, though once bearing directly upon human life, are now chiefly of historic interest, the masses of the people are perplexed by having all portions of the Bible put upon the same plane. As a result, he says, these "have no other course upon them, when the difficulty is brought home either by their own intelligence or by the action of others, than the violent and unhappy course of repudiating the Bible altogether." It is in the interest of assisting such as are not special students of the Bible to discriminate between different parts of the book that he has made his suggestions. As a matter of fact, Canon Henson, in his article, lays greatest stress upon the constructive value of the New Testament. He recognizes that it is a great corrective of abuses in the Church, an instrument by which the Church may appeal "against its own treasons." Just as, in the time of the Reformation, the Church's conception of God and of God's ways was unscientific, and therefore it had to pass through a time of turmoil for its own correction, so now it is repeating its experience through a new accession of

scientific knowledge, which will in the end be as constructive as was the work of Luther and the other reformers.



The Dean of Ely's Views

Dr. Charles W. Stubbs,
Dean of Ely Cathedral,
has been defining his

position in recent addresses on questions now agitating the Church of England, and other churches also. Speaking at Ely to an audience of men, he affirmed that ecclesiastical organization is a human creation; no pattern of it has been prescribed by divine authority. As to theology, it is passing into new forms. Clergymen who would be intellectually honest must frankly utter all they hold to be true, and if the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, as given in the Book of Common Prayer, are a hindrance to their so doing, even that "very attenuated form" must be relaxed. This, however desirable, we think will be found much harder to accomplish than to propose. In one of his Lenten discourses the broad-minded Dean took up the allegation of many Anglicans that non-conformity to the Established Church is schism. He denied it, saying that the evil thing called schism was not in an external separation, but in discord, uncharitableness, breach of spiritual fellowship, moral disunion, and unbrotherliness. While thoroughly preferring his own Church, he eagerly desired communion and fellowship with all Nonconformists. Were he to regard many of Christ's own outside the national Church as outside of Christ's Church, though they were doing half of the Christian work done in the country, not they, but he, would be guilty of the sin of schism. The Dean, it should be added, is no new convert to these positions, which are gradually gaining adherents.



An Old Southern Church

A very interesting service was held at St. James's Church, Goose Creek, South Carolina, about fifteen miles from Charleston, on Sunday, the 17th inst., commemorating the coming of the first missionary sent to the Colony of Carolina by the well-known London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in

Foreign Parts. The old church, which is about as large as its contemporary, the Dutch Church in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Tarrytown-on-Hudson, is a plain edifice of stone, with touches of decoration over the windows, with the royal arms of the English sovereign over the great pulpit, and with one or two hatchments of well-known South Carolinian families in front of the gallery at the other end of the church. No one knows how the royal arms escaped mutilation and destruction during the Revolutionary period. The church has been singularly fortunate; it has passed through two great wars and a severe earthquake without serious damage. It is filled with the old-fashioned square pews, and the place occupied in the Episcopal churches of to-day by the altar and reredos is occupied by a great pulpit which rises like a gigantic flower on a slender stem, with a sounding-board hung directly over it, on a level with the galleries. The church stands in the heart of the woods, with very few houses about it, and was for many decades in colonial times and immediately after the Revolution the church of the families on the neighboring plantations. Services are now held at infrequent intervals, but the church has an endowment and is kept well in repair. The anniversary service was attended by a large company of people who went down from Charleston by special train. A choir from the Charleston churches led the processional; there was a brief service and a historical address by Colonel John T. Thomas, of Charleston. The first missionary, the Rev. Samuel Thomas, arrived on the ground in 1702. The first church building was erected exactly two hundred years ago; the second, on the present site, in 1706; and the present building in 1713. The parish has had seven rectors. This interesting occasion brought together a large representation of the descendants of the families associated with its early history.



The English Budget

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had to frame his first budget under exceptionally disadvantageous circumstances. Owing to the falling off

in trade, and to some remissions of direct taxation made at the end of the South African War, there was a deficit of nearly \$35,000,000 for the year 1903-4. Meanwhile Government expenditures had been greatly increasing, and for the present year it was necessary that about \$700,000,000 should be raised. It had been known since October that the revenue was steadily declining. It had also been equally apparent that it would not be practicable for the Government, in view of the large expenditures on the army and the navy and the increased charge for the national debt, to bring down the estimates to anything approximating to the level of those of the years immediately preceding the war. Many new methods of meeting the deficit had been suggested; but in Mr. Chamberlain's budget there is no hint of protective duties, and only one feature that is new. This is a draft for \$700,000 on unclaimed government stock, on consols scrip lying at the Bank of England, the ownership of which has long remained unknown. It is a novel expedient to draw on this fund. It is not one that can often be repeated; for it really amounts to borrowing, and is not much better as a financial measure than resorting to the plan adopted during the South African War of suspending payments to the sinking fund account of the national debt. As for the balance of the deficit, it is to be made good by (1) increasing the tax payable on all incomes of over \$800 from elevenpence to one shilling in the pound; (2) increasing the duty on tea from sixpence to eightpence a pound; and (3) by some additional duties on tobacco, chiefly on cigars and cigarettes. Next to the receipts from customs and excise duties, the largest item in the Government revenue is derived from the income tax. The receipts last year from this source were \$154,000,000; and the increase from elevenpence is calculated to produce an additional \$12,500,000. In the autumn of 1899, when the war began, the income tax was eightpence in the pound, at which figure it had stood since Sir William Harcourt's historic budget of 1894. In 1900 it went up to a shilling; in 1901 to a shilling and twopence; and in 1902

to a shilling and fourpence, the highest figure it has reached since the time of the Crimean War. Last year it was brought down to elevenpence, much to the satisfaction of business and professional men, on whom the direct burden of the war had fallen most heavily. Its increase this year is a disappointment, as the middle classes had been hoping that the change would be in the other direction. The duty on tea before the war was fourpence. It went up to sixpence during the war; and this and the increased duties on tobacco and beer were regarded by the Government as especially the contributions of the working classes to the war expenditures. The increased income tax and the added duties on tea must now be regarded as their contributions to the enormously increased expenditures on the army and navy. This year the army and navy are to cost \$333,000,000; and of this sum \$57,500,000 is going into new war tonnage. The increase in the national debt, due to the three years' war in South Africa, has added \$20,000,000 to the sum which has to be allocated to the interest and sinking funds accounts. As recently as 1895 \$470,000,000 covered all the outlay of the Imperial Government, and income-tax payers then contributed only \$78,000,000.



**Scottish
Good Management
at Westminster**

Scotland, although it has only seventy-two members, has always been able to get what it wanted from the British Parliament. Two instances of its marked success in this line are just now forthcoming. Last year it obtained an Act under which magistrates of any city can determine at what hour the public-houses shall be closed. Under this Act the magistrates in Edinburgh and Glasgow have just closed them at ten o'clock at night instead of eleven as heretofore. Glasgow, as usual, led the way; and before the year is out, Dundee and Aberdeen, like Edinburgh, will have followed Glasgow's example. The other instance of Scotland's good management at Westminster is the Education Bill. The English Education Acts, it will be recalled, swept away the school boards, although these boards in their thirty

years' service had been absolutely free from scandal, and had better records for faithful and effectual successful work than any other popularly elected bodies ever established in England. The ostensible plea for the extinction of the school boards was economy; and for this reason it was expected that by the new bill an end would be made to the school boards in Scotland. This is not to be the case. The boards in the large cities are to be continued; their areas and their powers are to be extended; and they are to have much more money at command to establish bursaries at the universities, and otherwise to further higher education. Most of these changes are along directly opposite lines from those of the English Education Acts passed by the Balfour Government. The Scottish Bill is as progressive and as democratic a measure as could have been obtained from a Liberal Government; while the English Acts, as is now well known, are retrograde in nearly every particular. One reason for this difference is the part which the Church of England has had for nearly a century in elementary education, and the power which on legislation of this kind the bishops have exercised in and out of Parliament. But another of almost equal importance is the fact that on domestic questions in Scotland there are no well-marked party lines and little party feeling. Scottish members are now almost evenly divided in the House of Commons; but their Toryism and their Liberalism usually come into play only on English, Irish, and Imperial questions. The majority of the Scotch members last year demanded the new Licensing Act. This year they were opposed to any attack on the popularly elected school boards. Even in the days which preceded the first Reform Act, Sir Walter Scott used to claim that his beloved Scotland was the best-governed country in the world. Scotland to-day is still pre-eminent in this respect. It owes this to the law-abiding character of its people, and to the fact that ever since Scotland came into the Union, and especially since 1832, the Scottish members have paid little heed to party lines when Scotch domestic questions were being settled.

Chinese Laborers
on the Rand

The conditions under which 250,000 laborers from China are to be stockaded on "the Rand"—the famous gold' fields of South Africa—have now been published, so that it is possible to compare them with the conditions under which the mines have been worked by Kaffirs. Since the British took over the Transvaal, the Kaffirs have been recruited much in the same way as it is proposed that coolies shall be recruited in China. All the recruiting since 1901 has been done through the Labor Bureau, a sub-department of the all-powerful Chamber of Mines. Before that time recruiting was in independent hands, generally of unscrupulous men who got together large companies of Kaffirs and auctioned them off to the mine manager who would pay the largest premium for the opportunity to engage the "boys." Early in 1901 Lord Milner ended that kind of recruiting, and the Labor Bureau was given a monopoly of recruiting for the mines all over South Africa. The Bureau will manage all recruiting in China, and when it gets the coolies to the Rand it will apportion them on a pro-rata basis according to the stamping power of each mine and according to the needs of the mines which are stamping and of those which are only developing. The contracts with the coolies are to be for three years; those with the natives now in force are for six months. The working day is to be ten hours; the pay twenty-five shillings a month, with housing and rations. The rate for Kaffirs has of late been as high as fifty-two shillings a month, with huts and rations. Work on Sunday is to be optional—a condition which practically abrogates the old Transvaal law which decrees that only absolutely necessary work shall be done on Sunday, a law which the mining companies strenuously opposed and have continuously evaded alike under Boer and British rule. The mining companies guarantee to furnish letter-writers and barbers, and supply clothing, books, and tobacco at prices current in Tientsin. If a Chinaman is killed, his body is to be returned to China and his family compensated. No compensation was paid in the case of

the death of a Kaffir. The great advantage that a Kaffir has had over the Chinaman is his freedom. There has been no compound system while the mines have been worked by Kaffirs. There are mine locations in which are the huts; but there are no gates to keep the Kaffirs within the locations. For the Chinamen, the compound on the Rand will be as much a prison as the Kimberley compounds are for the fifteen thousand native employees of the De Beers Company. They are lodged behind barred doors, and work in a vast barb-wired stockade, to prevent them parting with stolen diamonds. The Chinamen will be kept in the stockades, because Johannesburg does not want them on the streets or established in any way in the life of the city. They are to be rigidly excluded from all work except the mines. They are not to be permitted to set up as traders, nor are they ever to be able to take title to real estate. These provisions are due to the experience of Natal, where the Indian coolies, who come in large numbers indentured to the sugar and tea planters, as soon as they are free of their servitude, compete with white artisans, set up as retail traders, and claim all the privileges of citizenship. Knowledge of the conditions of servitude has increased the opposition in Great Britain to the Pretoria ordinance.



War News The report of Viceroy Alexiev confirms in important details the account of the destruction of the battle-ship Petropavlovsk made by the Japanese Vice-Admiral Togo. Immediately after that catastrophe the Czar ordered a thorough investigation, and as a result of that investigation the Viceroy reports that there was an explosion under the starboard side of the Petropavlovsk, and that a mine exploded under the Pobieda. This report is as significant in what it omits as in what it contains; it declares that one ship was destroyed and the other injured by the explosion of mines, but no statement is made in regard to the vital question whether the mines were offensive or defensive. The further statement that Admiral Makaroff

was entirely familiar with the torpedoes which had been laid to defend the port confirms the Japanese version of the affair. The only inference from the Viceroy's statement is that it was offensive and not defensive mines which caused the destruction of the Russian ship. There has been some tendency to criticise the Japanese for the methods used on this occasion, but such methods have been practiced by all nations in all times of warfare. It was part of the duty of the Russians to detect a ruse of this kind and to protect themselves from it. While the Russians are spared the mortification of the loss of one of their great ships by one of their own mines, they have been compelled to report the destruction of a steam launch with a Russian lieutenant and twenty men on board by the explosion of a mine which was being laid at Port Arthur. The Russians have been so far as unfortunate in dealing with mines and torpedoes as the Japanese have been skillful and successful. There has been a succession of rumors in regard to the landing of troops in Korea, on both sides of the Yalu River, and in the neighborhood of Port Arthur, but only one fact may be confidently inferred, and that is increased activity in the field. The appearance on the east coast of Korea of the Vladivostok squadron, which sunk there a Japanese merchant-vessel on Monday morning of this week, seems to have been only a dash in quest of troopships, not an important naval movement. Through the mist of newspaper gossip of every kind, nothing may be taken for granted except the steady increase of both Japanese and Russian land forces, and the rapid preparation for the land campaign which is not likely to be deferred much after the opening of the spring season. On Wednesday of last week it was reported that Admiral Alexiev had asked to be relieved of his command. The cause assigned for this action was the appointment of Admiral Skrydloff to succeed the late Admiral Makaroff as commander of the Russian forces in the war. Before the resignation can become effective it must be accepted by the Czar, and at this writing it is not certain that

he has done so. But whether the Czar accepts it or not, the prestige of Admiral Alexiev is apparently gone. We comment below on the significance of this event in the war.

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The Czar and Admiral Alexiev

The retirement of Admiral Alexiev from the position of Viceroy in the Far East, if the Czar does not finally countermand it, indicates a change not so much of policy in that region as of personnel which may be of the highest importance, not only in the conduct of the war on the part of the Russians, but in the internal history of that country. There are two parties in Russia—a party of progress and a reactionary party. The party of progress believes in and is urging the evolution of Russia along the lines of Western civilization, the gradual reconstruction of the Government on a basis of responsibility both to the Czar and to the people, the introduction of the element of representation, freedom of thought and of speech, the substitution of judicial and constitutional methods for arbitrary methods; in a word, the development of Russia along constitutional lines. The reactionary party, on the other hand, is committed to the present bureaucratic system, with arbitrary control of all the instruments and means of government; including, to a large degree, the courts, the rigid censorship of the press, the policing, so to speak, of the mind of Russia as well as of the Russian country, antagonism to Western methods, and the development of the country along Oriental lines.

Russia is to-day permeated with discontent, but the conditions are so unusual that, while revolution may occur, it is highly improbable. Of the sincerity, the kindness, and the conscientious desire of the Czar not only to rule his people well, but to preserve peace, there is no question; but the Czar, unfortunately, is in many ways the most isolated person in his great Empire. It is almost impossible to reach him; it is almost impossible for him to secure first-hand knowledge of the condition of affairs in

any part of the Russian dominions. He is surrounded by a highly organized bureaucracy, whose interest it is to keep him in ignorance of the real condition of the Empire in order that it may rule undisturbed. Russia cannot be reformed from the top unless a Czar of genius appears, a man of immense mental force, of great physical vitality, and of statesmanlike genius. The Czars of late years have been men of kindly nature, dominated by a desire to serve their people; but no Czar has possessed the qualities necessary for the reformation of the Russian Government.

The Russian peasantry are still, as in the days when Turgénieff wrote "Spring Floods" and "On the Eve," devoted to the Czar and antagonistic to the bureaucracy whom they ignorantly but rightly hold responsible for all the ills which Russians suffer; but they are so inert, sluggish, and undeveloped that so far it has been impossible to organize them into an opposition, or to find in them the material either for peaceful reform or for revolutionary outbreaks. There is in Russia no middle class educated either in practice or intelligence to do the work of conducting the Government; no powerful commercial class, as in France, Germany, and England, conservative by instinct, but with a certain openness of mind, to form a basis for constitutional government. The educated classes are, as a rule, devoted Russians in race feeling, but antagonistic to the stupid tyranny of the bureaucracy. The universities have long been centers of discontent, and raids of the police on students are reported with almost periodical regularity. In nothing has the oppressiveness of the Russian Government shown itself more short-sighted than in the blight which it has laid on freedom of thought and the development of Russian intelligence along political lines. The Russian artist, scientist, or scholar is encouraged so long as he deals exclusively with his own arts; but let him begin to think and to speak about human rights and instantly the hand of repression is laid on him. Twenty-five years ago there was a group of young writers in Russia recently come from the universities, full of enthusiasm, hope, and

promise; to-day many of that group are dead, others are living in exile, and others are blighted and enfeebled men in middle life. A stupid tyranny has crushed these children of genius and blighted what promised to be a striking movement in Russian literature. If Tolstoy did not hold so unique a position as to be in a certain sense above the reach of the law, he would not be permitted to stay in Russia.

Now, of this reactionary policy Admiral Alexiev has been the head and front. Born in 1843, of humble parentage, his father an Armenian, his mother a Russian, his life presents the most dramatic contrasts; for in August last he was appointed Viceroy of the Far East, a semi-regal position, with a great salary and supreme command of Russian land and sea forces, entitled to a special salute wherever he went, and to fly a special flag from the masthead of his vessels. When the Russo-Japanese negotiations were reopened last summer, the Czar wrote to him: "I give you full power to maintain the power of Russia, by force of arms if necessary." The appointment of Alexiev involved necessarily the retirement of M. de Witte from the position of Minister of Finance, and the Admiral became the chief adviser of the Czar in a great crisis. That he was either ignorant of the actual situation, or that he misinformed the Czar as to conditions and feeling in Japan, is evident; for there is every reason to believe that the outbreak of hostilities surprised no one so much as the Czar, and that the Ruler of All the Russias was bent upon and expected peace as the issue of the negotiations. There is ground for the belief that not only the sudden outbreak of the war, but the extraordinary thoroughness of the preparation of the Japanese, astounded the Czar and filled him with anger against his advisers. Not less surprising was the lack of preparation on the part of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur and the Russian army in Manchuria. The readiness of the Japanese and the unpreparedness of the Russians were made strikingly clear in the early dramatic incidents of the war. The Russian disasters fell with dramatic force, not only on the heart of the

Czar and of Russia, but on the group of which Alexiev was the head. The first evidence of revolt against the rule of Alexiev was the appointment by the Czar of Vice-Admiral Makaroff to command the Russian fleet at Port Arthur, giving him at the same time absolute authority; the second evidence was the appointment of Prince Kuropatkin as commander-in-chief of the army in Manchuria. These steps involved the loss to Alexiev of the control both of the army and navy, and left him merely the civil administration, which in time of war meant practically nothing. Raised higher in rank than any other man in the Russian Empire, second only to the Czar, Admiral Alexiev has been completely discredited, first by his ignorance of the state of affairs in Japan or by his failure to inform the Czar, second by the extraordinary lack of foresight and preparation which has made the Russians the victims of a series of heart-breaking disasters. Arrogant and contemptuous of the Japanese through ignorance, to Alexiev and to the men about him must be charged largely the responsibility for the breaking out of the war; upon him and the group of men whom he represents must be laid the responsibility of the Russian disasters; and his retirement will be welcomed by the friends of Russia and of peace throughout the world.

M. de Witte, on the other hand, is one of the most progressive and open-minded statesmen in the Russia of to-day. He favored the evacuation of Manchuria, opposed every movement towards its annexation, and insisted that Russian promises to leave it should be carried out to the letter. It was for this reason as well as because of his progressive policy along general lines that a powerful cabal at court was organized, the Czar's confidence in him sapped by intrigue, and he was removed from office. If Russia is relieved from the rule of incompetent, selfish, and reactionary men, and men of the stamp of M. de Witte are called at the head of affairs, the disasters which she has met will not be too great a price to pay. One of the good fruits of the present struggle in the Far East may be the regeneration of Russia.

A Wife's Problem

In great distress of mind and heart, and knowing not where to seek for help, I am impelled to turn to you. My husband and I had lived together for many years of happy wedded life, not without trials and severe ones, but happy in our relationship. He was finally thrown into the company of a woman whose personality soon took a strong hold on him. She was a woman of wealth and station, but sick and unhappy in her married life, and my husband's sympathies went out to her. In purity and goodness, he sought to cheer and brighten her life, and in time her heart clung to him, and before he was aware of his danger, he realized that he loved her, I know not through what compromises with conscience—yet I know he struggled. He fancied he could be true to me and still cherish her.

As such things usually do, in time it came to my knowledge, and was such a blow as seemed to me would surely deprive me of life or reason. I cannot tell you the terrible feeling, as though the sun had been blotted out and I wandered in a darkened world. Nothing seemed real, all a dreadful nightmare from which I *must* awaken some day. I have kept my unhappiness from everybody, although I have often felt as though I could not get up and face another day—and the feeling of unreality is so strong it often seems as though it were some one else and not I who goes about the routine of life.

We were a couple united by true love, by many similarities of taste and disposition, each with our faults, yet both striving to live the Christian life—my husband honored and loved by all who know him, ever trying to realize more fully the ideal of true manhood. Oh, can you tell me how such a horror could come into such a life? Is it possible for a man to hold two women in his heart?—for he insists he loves me as dearly as ever, and strives by every tenderness to win me back to cheerfulness. Yet truth compels him to admit that that other love still claims a place in his heart, though he has tried to banish it, and all intercourse has been broken off. Lest you should receive a wrong impression, I must state that their intimacy extended to declarations of mutual love, but was entirely innocent beyond that.

There are moments when despair overwhelms me. I feel that perhaps this passion is really the deepest, the supreme affection of his life, and in that case, what solution is there to this tragedy? Can you at least send me some one thought to cling to in those dreadful moments when I feel like giving up the struggle? * *

When a difficulty arises between two friends, it is always safe for both to assume that there is some wrong on both sides, and it is always wise for each one to endeavor to discover and correct his own fault. It is much easier for you

to see your husband's fault than to see your own; but it is much easier for you to correct your own fault than to correct your husband's. Correcting other people's faults is always a delicate, difficult, and frequently a dangerous business. What your husband's fault is in this case we cannot judge; nor have we any advice to give him, since he has not asked us for any. But it is easy to see from your letter that you are of a morbid, if not of a jealous, temperament, and that you have made yourself mentally sick by dwelling on circumstances until you have exaggerated them and probably misinterpreted them.

You say that your husband's action has been innocent. Why not assume that his motives also have been innocent? You affirm that for many years he has been honored and loved by all who knew him, ever trying to realize more fully the ideal of true manhood. Why imagine that he has now ceased to realize this endeavor and ceased to deserve this honor and affection? You affirm that he insists that he loves you as dearly as ever, and strives by every tenderness to win you back to cheerfulness. Why not accept his insistence and go back to cheerfulness?

Is it wrong for a husband to find interest and attraction in the society of a woman other than his own wife? Is it wrong for a wife to find interest and attraction in the society of a man other than her own husband? It may be. It may not be. It depends entirely upon the circumstances, the conditions, the nature and degree of the interest and the attraction. No one person, not even a faithful and loyal wife, can fill to the full all the life of any other person, though he be a devoted husband. Our lives are complicated; they have many elements in them, and they must get their supply through many avenues and from many springs. All that a wife has any right to ask is that kind of loyalty and devotion which puts her first and supreme in his regard. All that a husband has a right to ask of his wife is similar supreme regard. If your husband were abandoning you for some other companion, it would be right that you should feel the keenest sorrow and indignation.

But the reverse is the case. He has discovered that his interest in and attachment to another woman, a woman apparently of uprightness and integrity, is troubling you. He has ceased all social relations with her. Is not this sufficient evidence that you have the supreme place in his affections, and that he gives you the loyalty which you have a right to ask?

Our advice to you, then, is to lay aside your tears, to banish your sorrows, to cease dwelling upon a circumstance which may have been ill, but which it is almost certain you have exaggerated, and to return to your cheerfulness. If your husband has been wrong, your plain duty is to win him back to righteousness; and you will do this, not by self-indulgence in your grief, but by giving to him the love which he asks and the joy which comes with love. Even if you have to pretend to some gladness which you do not feel, it were better than to impose upon him the gloom of a morbid sorrow which you ought not to feel. Stop thinking about yourself and your own sufferings; think about him and what you can do to make him happy. Happiness flees from those who pursue her. Happiness pursues those who forget themselves and think only of others.



The Church and the Young Man

The letters which we print on another page indicate that the interest in the relation which young men of to-day bear to the Christian Church is neither perfunctory nor limited. The ordinary man on the street has his opinion on the subject, though it may not be very well defined in his own mind, as well as the clergyman. In making its contribution to this discussion, The Outlook wishes first to call attention to some of the opinions expressed by its correspondents, and, second, to state what it believes is the fundamental question.

One correspondent, for whose letter we could not find space, points out the fact that the church is not the only institution which suffers from a dearth of

young men. Whatever may be the reason, the young men of America are not greatly concerned in the institutional form which not only religion but also arts, letters, and even civics assume. Literary circles are devoid of young men, though young men continue to write. Art institutes are not patronized by young men, though young men continue to paint. And civic clubs are not much in the favor of young men, though young men continue to vote and even attend caucuses. So it is not illogical to conclude that, even granted that young men do not go to church in proportionately large numbers, they still may be very far from being irreligious. The suggestion, therefore, that it is because young men lack personal religion that they do not go to church, fails to have very great force.

But, even granted, as some of our correspondents seem to assume, that the fault is with the young men, we are not therefore brought a single step nearer to a solution of the difficulty, if difficulty there be. If young men were without fault, there would be no need, so far as they are alone concerned, of any church at all. In the city that is to be, so we are told in the concluding book of the New Testament, in which young men will be without faults, there is to be no temple. It is the faulty young men that the church is formed to serve, and if it does not serve such the failure is its own. In passing we may say that we think even the faults of the young men are somewhat exaggerated, as when the Rev. Mr. Carter compares playing golf on Sunday to the murder of John the Baptist. Mr. Rowley questions whether the scientific spirit of the age has not kept men from church, and cites for example the conditions at Harvard. The proportion of young men attending daily morning chapel, which he considers small, seems to us rather large. A similar average in the city of New York would mean that about 172,000 would be daily gathering in various places of worship. We do not think that any community in the United States not composed exclusively of young men or young women can show such a record unless it is under ecclesiastical control.

In the judgment of The Outlook, Mr. Freeman, whose own ministry has been marked by its successful appeal to men of all classes and ages, has included in his communication the real principle which the Church must recognize if it is successfully to persuade young men of the reason for its own existence. It is not the kind of sermon or the kind of service that will really settle the question; neither the military pronouncement nor the brass band of the church militant wins battles; it is the quality of its soldiers, the kind of life, that is, which the Church concretely presents. If all the churches were filled with young men, the real question would not be solved; and, on the other hand, if never a young man went to church the question could conceivably be much nearer solution than it is to-day.

In much of this discussion it seems taken for granted that the Church has a right to be heeded and given reverence, just because it is the Church. To those who are outside of the Church, this is not an axiom; they must first be persuaded that the Church has something worth their heeding before they will heed it. They, at least, make a practical distinction between the institution and its religion, between churchism and Christianity. In this respect it is well to turn from the injunctions of the Church to the example of the one whose name the Church bears. Jesus of Nazareth, himself a young man, gathered young men about him. He did not insist on their going to the Jewish church; he himself went both to the Temple and the synagogue, but, except as he complied with those laws which made the priest an inspector of health, we have no record that he urged any one else to go. What Jesus Christ was concerned in doing was not in building up an organization, but in creating character—individual character, social character; not in bringing people into right relation with the Church, but into right relation with themselves and with their God. While, therefore, the question, Why do not young men go to church? is an important one, the vital question is, Why does not the spirit and character of Christ more prevail?

The Spectator

The Spectator has had opportunity, with leave to print, to look into the arcanum of financial expenditure for athletics at one of our great Eastern universities. The general report for a year of the athletic treasurer of that university was published some time ago, and showed fiscal magnitudes rivaling the budget of a small city or a fair-sized American college. It set forth receipts reaching up nearly to \$100,000, with total expenditures of about the same imposing sum; and of the receipts, notwithstanding the huge income from gate money, several thousand dollars were raised by collecting from the students subscriptions for "general athletics." Of the outlay about two-thirds went for running expenses of the crews and the three athletic teams, and included such items in rotund figures as \$10,000 for board at "training-tables," \$7,000 for sporting goods, \$14,000 for traveling, hotels, and meals, \$2,500 for "trophies," and so on. During the Spectator's brief excursion into the arcanum referred to, some of the foregoing big "bunched" items of an athletic campaign were analyzed into their unpublished constituent parts.



Here, for a sample, was what entered into consumption for the football squad during a single season: 107 pairs of shoes; 29 silk ankle-supporters; 170 undershirts; 167 under-jerseys; 20 canvas jackets; 87 nose-guards; 76 leather belts; 59 pairs of "pants;" 70 sweaters; 32 shin guards; 17 head-gears (leather caps); 437 elbow and shoulder pads; several hundred shoe cleats; 10 "charley horse" guards; 15 silk knee-caps; 189 pairs of hose; and 200 footballs. It should be explained that the football squad at the university referred to consists of about fifty men, including the 'arge and pretty well defined nucleus of the "regular" eleven. Each one of the squad during the season averaged about \$87 in his supply of sporting goods. The smaller baseball squad averaged for the season almost \$100 per man in consumption of sporting goods, with nearly 400 baseballs as a vivid item.

Further anatomy of the items brought to view some nice and novel refinements in up-to-date athletics at a great American university. Thus the high consumption of footballs connotes the fact that some fifty of those ovoids, costing about three dollars each, are distributed to candidates during the spring and summer, partly for home practice. The football introduces us to a refinement still more costly and subtle. It appears that after a day or two of use the ball has a tendency to grow "round" and lose its orthodox shape. In catching punts the player can practice on the rounded ball only at some risk of the deadly fumble of the new ball used in the match game; and thus a fresh ball must be substituted in practice as soon as the normal arc of the ovoid is impaired. "Charley horse guards" interprets itself as a peculiar stiff, padded guard of the large frontal muscle of the thigh, which is very amenable to the deep "charley horse" bruise, so called—tricksy players in earlier football epochs sometimes adopted a concealed metallic guard at that vulnerable spot. The abundance of cleats or leather bars on the sole of the football shoe means that those holdfasts wear out quickly and must often be renewed—and high athletic authority at the university tells of an unlooked-for result of a big match with a rival cleared up by the after disclosure that the rivals had fitted their team with deep cleats for the muddy gridiron. The ample stock of 170 undershirts means that provision must be made for frequent changes, to avoid an irritating eruption of the skin somewhat specialized to football. Finally, 107 pairs of shoes, made to order, and retailing at about \$8.50 a pair, certainly seems liberal on the face of the return. But the up-to-date football man must hie him to a fresh pair at first symptom of rash or blister; and a wet day and match signifies that the shoes dry stiff and must be discarded by the wholesale, with most disastrous results to the football exchequer.



Next come the "trophies," running up to about \$2,500 in the general account, and most of that sum distributed in me-

mentos to the individual athletes. Here the analysis proves that each of some seventeen football players and managers gets a large framed photograph depicting the grouped team and substitutes, the individual members of the team and team groups of big rival universities—cost of the whole for each man about \$22. Besides, there are gold footballs for watch-charms (cost about \$12 each) for eighteen players and managers, and the same number of silver balls for players of lesser degree, while individual trophy banners, costing some \$25 each, figure also betimes in the awards to players, track athletes, and boating men. The star athlete who can "make" the team or crew year after year may draw his trophies annually, and can duplicate them yet again if he shines in two athletic branches. Meanwhile, as gentle antidote, he can learn in the Greek classroom of the olive wreath that crowned the victor in the Olympian games.



The Spectator emerged from the athletic arcanum in deep mood of meditation. The lights of his college memory streamed back to simpler athletic days at his Alma Mater, before the noise-spectacles and popular frenzy and high finance of football had come in to distort athletics. He recalled a time when college sport was both popular and profoundly if not purely recreative, when a few hundred subscribed dollars supported the university ball nine, and when its members paid for its simple group photographs out of their own pockets. And, turning from past and present to future, his fancy ran onward to a time when, under the design of a football game rampant and a color scheme like that of a Federal recruiting station, some such poster as this may perchance be flung out on the university campus:

NOTICE.—It being imperative that this year the university *wins* the football championship, the following inducements are offered to each candidate for the eleven. Three pairs of shoes, four undershirts, one silk ankle-supporter, four jerseys, two nose-guards, two belts, one pair of "pants," two sweaters, one head-gear, one shin-guard, one "charley horse" guard, ten cleats, four pairs of hose, and four footballs. Men making the team or accepted as first substitutes may receive trophies worth at least \$40.

Men in the squad, whether needed or not, will often be taken to out-of-town games on parlor cars and given luxurious hotel fare. "Good feeling" all around being desirable, visiting coaches and athletic benefactors will always be welcomed and hospitably entertained.

N. B.—If a candidate also finds football recreative, no objection will be interposed.

There came back also to the Spectator's memory one stanza of a poem read years ago at a reunion of one of his university's most famous classes. With a verbal change or two, it ran thus:

Lihe legs to run and stalwart arms to hustle,
A back of supple steel to drive the oar.
These be thy gods inspiring. Each apostle,
Drowning the voices that were thine of yore,
Proclaims this apotheosis of muscle
As thy new gospel and peculiar lore.
Behold the Good, the Beautiful, and True
Incarnate in the ball nine and the crew!

Rhymes penned, too, some decades ago and before these days of high football, when Hercules, big bulked, shares the academic throne with Minerva.



But there are thoughts both more complex and serious than the satires of prose or verse: Does or does not the fiscal excess in the athletics of the large American university argue a disguised professionalism in spirit underlying the professionalism in practice which the athletic purists so laudably strive to suppress? Will or will not that excess find a logical sequel in rigid faculty control? With athletics at so many colleges and universities spelling an overgrowth, will it be possible to transmute it from its morbid standards with the verb "to win" in the foreground, into its normal function with the verb "to recreate" on its signet? Or is the conservative view old-fashioned, not to say "old fogy"? Is the bigness of college athletics a mere analogue of the tendency—which college presidents lament—of heads of scholastic departments to amplify their branches under the elective system, and would those heads be more moderate than the athletes if they were as highly subsidized? And, finally, in broader outlines, is the larger college athletics in its system and methods but a reflection of the latter-day uplift of material standards in the world outside the campus? Time may make reply, but the answer is not yet.

The Church and the Young Man: A Discussion

The following letters were called forth by Mr. Bok's article in *The Outlook* for April 16, on "The Young Man and the Church." To avoid repetitions and to bring them all within reasonable space, certain portions have been omitted. Editorial comment will be found on another page.—THE EDITORS.

FROM AN UNDERGRADUATE'S POINT OF VIEW

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I read with considerable interest the article by Mr. Edward Bok on "The Young Man and the Church," in which he attempts to explain the former's indifference to the latter. The conclusion he reaches is that "ministers do not, in their sermons, give the young man something worth coming for."

Though his claim may be true to a certain extent, yet, in the light of it, I find it difficult to explain the following facts: There are in Cambridge, connected with Harvard University, nearly three thousand students to whom the college chapel is accessible. The preachers who occupy its pulpit are among the most eminent in the country—such men as Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Henry van Dyke, and Dr. Washington Gladden. Surely these men have something to say worthy the young man's consideration. And yet one will not find at the morning chapel an average attendance of more than a hundred and fifty out of the large student body. It is true that on Sunday evenings the chapel is generally full, but far the greater part of the audience is composed of the outside public. Again, though the Institute of Technology, with its hundreds of students, is situated in the midst of the Back Bay churches of Boston, and Harvard College, with a still larger number, is only twenty minutes' ride from the Back Bay, yet nothing is more difficult than to interest these young men in the regular church services, only an exceedingly small percentage attending. The cause of this certainly is not that the ministers "give them nothing to come for," neither are they men who preach "vapid and meaningless sermons," nor do they "direct their pulpit batteries at Sunday golf." On the contrary, preachers, for

example, like Dr. George A. Gordon bring an earnest, thoughtful, and virile message.

May it not be that the scientific spirit of our day, which at present is surely not altogether conducive to faith on the part of the young man, and which not only dominates our institutions of learning but pervades our modern life as well, has had much to do with creating in the young men an indifference toward the whole subject of religion?

While the ultimate outcome of the scientific study and investigation of recent years may be a larger and more intelligent appreciation of the religious life, is it at all surprising that its present influence is toward a widespread disregard of much for which the churches stand?

CHARLES F. ROWLEY,
(Harvard, 1905.)

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

WHAT THE YOUNG MAN OWES TO THE CHURCH

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I was much interested in the paper in your issue of the 16th inst. on "The Young Man and the Church," and, while not attempting a lengthy reply, would like to comment on the conclusion, "The young man'll come fast enough if you give him something to come for." He has something to go for. Granting that the minister may show too much familiarity with books and too little knowledge of life as it is lived by young men, there is still something for the young man to think about. Those of whom your correspondent speaks seem mostly to take a purely selfish view of the question. Each says, practically, If I go to church, what is there in the going for me? There is worship for him to offer. "He that offereth me prayer and praise, he honoreth me." The young man needs to forget himself, and heed the admonition of the old preacher, "God is more

there than thou." If he goes to church thus prepared to worship as well as to get something, it will be strange if in prayer, or hymn, or word read from the Book of books, or from sermon, no message of profit comes to him. There are others in the congregation besides himself, and so the sermon which is for him may not come this Sunday or the next, or the Sunday after; and on the Sunday when it does not, "God takes a text and preaches patience," and patience is "a great grace and most commendable virtue," one well worth cultivating. The subject of church-going should be treated, not from the desire of the individual to get all he can for himself out of the subject, but from the larger point of view which takes account of the fact that "no man liveth to himself."

Chicago.

READER.

THE SINFULNESS OF SUNDAY RECREATION

To the Editors of The Outlook;

... In Mr. Bok's article on the "Young Man and the Church" reference is made to a minister who preached against "Sunday golfing." It seems that four of his "trustees" were offended by the sermon and left the church, and "a dozen 'Sunday golfing' young men who always were regular attendants during the winter months, when the links were closed, likewise called for their 'letters.'" History repeats itself. When John the Baptist rebuked Herod for unlawfully marrying Herodias, his brother Philip's wife, Herod cast John into prison, and afterward, when Herodias had further opportunity to take vengeance on John, she had his head cut off. We see the same spirit manifested in these days against the preacher of righteousness who dares to speak out against the sins practiced by his congregation. Those "trustees" muttered that they went to church "to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ," and yet, when they heard it applied to the desecration of the Sabbath, they squirmed and cut off the head of their preacher. The fact is, people in these days of money-grabbing and pleasure-seeking do not want to hear the Gospel of repentance. They want polished oratory and oily discourses. In

the days of Isaiah, when the people had become corrupt, they cried to the prophets, "Prophecy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things." The same cry is going forth to the preachers to-day from Sabbath desecraters and others who are trying to find a pretext for not attending church.

No doubt many young men are kept away from church because the sermons do not please them. But what is a minister to do? He must preach the Gospel, and make it attractive. How is he to do it and not apply it to present conditions? One young man calls the preacher dull because he talks about Palestine and books, another refuses to go to church because his pastor applies Gospel rules to present-day vices. These pretexts and excuses offered for the young man and by the man for not attending church are weak and false.

But there is a reason why young men do not attend church as they did formerly. This is especially true in cities and industrial centers. The influence of home life upon young men is being lost. Young men leave their homes, and come among new scenes and myriad temptations. After a time it becomes a habit not to attend church, but to spend the Sabbath in recreation that is worldly and sinful. Personal experience when a young man in the pew, and observations made while I am now a young man in the pulpit, lead me to believe that it is not the fault of the church and the preacher that the majority of young men do not attend church; it is not because they work too hard during the week (before going to college I worked six days a week, twelve or fourteen hours a day, at hard manual labor, and yet went to church on Sunday), but it is because they allow the attractions of Sunday sports and worldly interests to have first place in their affections and aspirations. . . . LEWIS E. CARTER,

Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
Rexford Flats, New York.

A CLERGYMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In Mr. Edward Bok's admirable article on "The Young Man and the Church" in your recent number he submits some of the reasons why the

young man of to-day is not to be found in the church. With many of his points I find myself at perfect agreement, but I venture to suggest that he has not submitted the cardinal reasons for the lost interest on the part of our young men in the services of the church. I most cordially agree with him that the young man of to-day demands that which very frequently he fails to receive, namely, a message like that of Thomas Hughes that sets forth the "manliness of Christ."

There is a spirit of effeminacy in the church that concerns itself with what Philip Gilbert Hamerton calls the "milkiness of religion;" there is also a sad lack of preaching power. The presence of the first and the absence of the second have doubtless much to do with our present condition, but is there not a much deeper reason why young men are apathetic in the matter of religion? The wife of a young man said to me recently that, when she asked her husband why he did not go more frequently to church (he was a church member), he replied that he did not need "that sort of thing to keep him straight;" in other words, the inspirations of religion were quite unnecessary in the maintenance of what he would call a "moral life"!

This is what a distinguished English preacher called "the modern atheism of indifference," as contradistinguished from that of mere negation. I venture to say, from a reasonably close intimacy with young men, that indifference to religion and religious habit as it finds expression in public worship is one of the primary reasons for present conditions. St. Paul's contention that he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus is rarely the proud boast of the modern Christian disciple; he contents himself very largely with a weekly attendance upon some church service, and through the week he mingles with the world about him, quite indifferent to any further responsibility for the spread of Christ's kingdom among men.

I am perfectly willing to agree that the dry-as-dust, anæmic sermon and heartless, cold, and perfunctory service have much to do with the present lost interest on the part not only of our

young men, but of all men; but if we are sincerely seeking to disclose causes, let us be bold enough to declare that our whole system of religious life needs a complete rehabilitation. No preacher that ever lived can overcome or counteract the influence of the week-day practice of professing Christians, when that influence runs counter to every profession of the lips. Before Christ set in action his great movements for a larger interpretation of the religious life, he cleansed the Temple of its defilements; he discountenanced the practices that masqueraded under the guise of religion. He might have sat down with the men and the women of his time and discussed the gravity of the situation, but he did nothing of the kind. He rejuvenated and created religion by cleaning out the ancient springs that had become foul and unwholesome.

The absence of men from our churches to-day is not due to any superficial causes. This is by no means an irreligious age; indeed, there are more evidences of the power of the religious spirit now than ever before, and there is a deeper inquiry being made into the credentials of religion than in any period of recent history; but the inquirers at our gates are asking questions that demand an answer. The world is as anxious to see Jesus to-day as ever, but it must be guaranteed against imposture and it must see him and not a mere religious machine. It is a very significant fact that the churches that are the most conspicuous for their strength are those that present no other message than his. Jesus Christ won the love of the people by his denunciation of shams. He did not stand for a religion that found its only exercise in public worship; he demanded a week-day practice. Religion, like politics, must make performance square with promise. The teachers of religion cannot afford to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

Every man has a certain amount of religious sentiment in him, and is responsive to its teachings, but most men are very sensitive to all forms of sham. Carlyle was of this class, and could not abide anything that savored of cant or

hypocrisy; no more will the man of to-day. The responsibility for existing conditions must be divided between the cleric and the layman; each must recognize his obligation to set forth a Gospel of manhood that finds its incarnation in the life of Jesus Christ. The indifference of which we spoke can be counteracted only by a religion of demonstration. I mean by this a habit of life that is in consonance with belief in Jesus Christ. This may sound commonplace and trite, but I am disposed to believe it strikes at the root of a very serious difficulty, and one that demands our sober consideration. The religion that does not permeate all phases of life is a spurious one, and deserving of the contempt of all honest men; it may build its marble temples and overlay its altars with purest gold, but it must furnish other credentials before it will be accepted as a spring of life by a tired and thirsty world. Men and women make religion effective or ineffective by the way they interpret its teachings; and when the man who employs labor exercises towards all men in his service a spirit of Christian generosity and consideration, he will be doing more to fill the churches with men than he does now by his large gifts to its treasury. This same rule holds good with reference to women. Our Christian congregations need to be told that they hold the key to the situation, that six days of service are of far more worth than one day of worship; yes, that it is the service that gives devotion its value. A bolder interpretation of religion is needed, in which we shall tell men that no gift, no matter how great, can ever serve as a substitute for religion in all the contacts of daily life. The world will accept this kind of teaching because it loves courage rather than cowardice, strength rather than weakness. And all this has to do with the problem of the young man and the Church, yes, and with the whole problem in its every phase.

One other conspicuous cause that needs emphasis in discussing this matter, which Mr. Bok passes over, is that which relates to the past rather than the present teaching of the Church. An extreme Puritanism in the Church in the past has

much to do with present conditions; an interpretation of religion that rendered it unattractive to a healthy mind, that made Sunday a day to be abhorred and the church a building set apart for hard penances and melancholy practices; this, we venture to believe, has done more than we can estimate to make the offices of worship unattractive to young men. This, too, must be corrected by a fairer and more reasonable interpretation of the teachings of Christ. I have been amazed, in my conversations with young men, to discover what grotesque and altogether inadequate conceptions of religion they had; Mr. Bok well says that the pulpit is largely responsible for this condition, and that it must give forth a more certain and manly utterance. If there were more of the "get together" spirit between clergy and laity, much of this difficulty would be overcome; a lost contact means a lost interest and misunderstanding. Nothing, in my judgment, does more to render inefficient the service of the Church and its ministry than its isolation from the action of life in all its movements.

By this I do not mean a kind of worldly-mindedness on the part of the Church, but rather that spirit that calls no man common or unclean. It has been my observation that the churches that minister most largely to the masculine element in the community are those whose clergy and people are most vitally interested in the great common things of life. The false distinction that has so often been made between the religious and the secular, wherein an effort has been made to segregate this element and that, giving to this one a badge of respectability and approval, and to that one a kind of patronizing tolerance, has made men feel the remoteness of all organized religious life from their sphere of action. To get at men we must know them, not in their Sunday habit, but in their week-day living; in brief, the only kind of preparation that fits men in the pulpit to deal with men in the pew is work in the great laboratory of life, where we deal with facts and not theories.

Before I entered the ministry I spent fifteen years in the commercial world,

and the above conclusions are not so much the result of dealing with theories as with facts. We have got to recognize that we are dealing with a present problem that has to do with present life; church traditions and practices, no matter how honored they may be, may need readjustment; our class-room notions may have to yield to workaday conditions; we are after men, and to reach them with the message of the Christ we cannot afford to be less manly than was he. I once asked Heinrich Hoffmann, the distinguished artist, where he got his wonderful conception of the face of Christ, and he told me that it was not made from any study of the human face. "Oh," said he, "it is so unsatisfying; if I could only paint what I think!" and then he sighed. The world is satisfied with his marvelous work and credits him with genius, and so it will us, when out of the depths of our finer spiritual self we bring forth such a splendid conception

of our Christ that all men are fascinated by its noble beauty.

Tracing this indifference to its cause or causes, we find that the average man estimates the worth of religion, not by its standards or creeds, but by its exemplars. To condemn a system because of any of its advocates may be, and is, an inconsistent method or criterion of judgment, but it is the general practice just the same. Many a strong man has come to feel that without the church he lives quite as well as do those who have it. Indifference to church habits on the part of our youth is largely due to what one might call paganized Christianity, a sort of weak, flabby, devitalized form of religion that satisfies itself with the æsthetics and not the realities of faith. Dean Hodge's splendid appeal for "religion between Sundays" is the most important appeal the church may make to-day.

JAMES E. FREEMAN,
Rector of St. Andrew's Memorial Church,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Once More

By Lloyd Roberts

Once more the mornings roll in mist,
The willows drone with bees,
The last thin ice-cakes pass again
To join the swinging seas.

Once more upon the windy hills
The purple violets blow,
Along the alder swamps again
The crimson briers glow.

Once more about the valley's rim
The idle cattle roam,
The crocus stares round-eyed again
Above the steaming loam.

Once more across the meadow-lands
The orchards billow white,
The night-hawks swoop and twang again
Above the silent night.

Once more the circling swallows dart
Around the hanging eaves,
The rain returns to grieve again
Among the dripping leaves.

Philippine Independence

By William H. Taft

Secretary of War

When the petition to which Secretary Taft refers was first circulated, *The Outlook* (in the issue for February 13) gave its reasons for believing that a declaration for ultimate Philippine independence would not benefit the Filipinos. The weight of names, notably those of certain college presidents and professors, since signed to that petition, has not altered *The Outlook's* opinion, for the authority attached to these names does not apply to this subject. We do not consult lawyers in matters of medicine, nor physicians in matters of law, nor a professor of Latin in matters of agriculture, nor a college president in a problem of scientific building construction. The signers of the petition which Secretary Taft criticises may not claim a hearing as expert authorities, but only as individual citizens of eminence. So far as Philippine independence is a subject concerning which any one can speak with authority, it is a subject that demands personal acquaintance of the most varied character with the Philippines. Secretary Taft has had this experience, and has for nearly four years borne the needs of the Philippines, not only on his mind, but in his heart as no other man has done. The subjoined article is substantially the address he delivered at Peoria, Illinois, on April 11, and has been especially revised by the author for publication in *The Outlook*.—THE EDITORS.

A NUMBER of excellent and prominent gentlemen have signed a petition which has been given wide circulation, asking the two great political parties to promise, in their platforms, to the Filipino people that they will ultimately be given their independence by the United States. The Democratic party, having already declared in favor of immediate independence of the Philippines, will, of course, grant what the petition asks. I sincerely hope, however, that the Republican party will not be led into any such declaration as that requested. It may be that when the Filipinos have been transformed into a people capable of safely maintaining an independent self-government they will ask it, and then I have no doubt that it will be accorded them.

It may be, however, and that I think quite as likely, that by that time the Filipinos will be so well satisfied with the good resulting from a union with the United States that they will prefer to maintain a relation like that which now binds Australia and Canada to Great Britain; and that the United States, on the other hand, will then value its association with this pearl of the Oriental tropics. But whatever the ultimate decision, it is certain that the time for decision cannot arise for a considerable period, probably several generations.

People, ninety per cent. of whom are still in a state of crass ignorance, and all

of whom have been for four hundred years denied any experience of self-government at all, cannot be made over in a decade or taught the self-restraint and political sagacity needed in a successful self-government, which it took the Anglo-Saxons more than five hundred years to acquire. They give many encouraging signs of a future capacity for self-government, and the eagerness with which education is sought may properly cheer their well-wishers; but even the most hopeful must assign several generations to the task of training the people to the point where independent self-government will lead to their improvement in the art of self-government rather than to their degradation and social chaos.

If the time for a decision as to our course in the Philippines must be thus postponed, why announce a decision so far in advance of the event, when it is impossible to foresee surrounding circumstances that should be more or less decisive of the proper course? What is the object of it? Is it for the benefit of the United States, or is it for the benefit of the Filipinos? Is it to commit the people of the United States, by the obligation of a promise, to a more virtuous and self-denying course than it is thought they are likely to take when financial investments may render certain influential elements in our community anxious to continue the investments under the protection of our flag? Now I venture to

say, first, that a promise of ultimate independence like that requested will not operate as a self-denying ordinance, because of its indefiniteness. Those interested to prevent the granting of independence will be as strenuous in their declarations of the unfitness of the Filipinos for self-government as if no such promise had been given. Nor ought a more certain and definite promise to be given, because of the real uncertainty as to when independence can be safely extended to the Filipinos. We may very much better rely on the good sense and virtue of the American people rightfully to solve the problem when it arises, than to treat them as if they were not to be trusted justly to decide a question because some of them may acquire a pecuniary interest in the islands. I have an abiding confidence in the power of the American people to reach a right conclusion and put it into effect against the selfish purposes of special interests. It takes time, but the people always win in the end.

Is such a declaration good for the Filipino people? I am very sure that it is not. In the first place, a promise to give ultimate independence will be construed by the more violent element, disposed to agitation, to be a promise to grant independence in the near future and during the present generation. It opens a field at once for the discussion among Filipinos whether they are ready now for independence. I spent a long time and many interviews in trying to convince certain leading Filipino gentlemen of the irreconcilable or intransigent class that the fact, which they asserted from actual count, that there were two educated Filipinos for every office in the government, did not itself show their fitness for independence, that no popular self-government could secure individual liberty which did not rest on an intelligent public opinion, and that such a force for good was wholly absent in the Philippines, with ninety per cent. of the people hopelessly ignorant. Under such an indefinite promise, failure to grant independence in the present generation would be regarded as a breach of promise.

The members of the violent and agitating intransigent element of the Fili-

pino people have no interest in independence that will come after their death. They would be certain to use the promise as a basis for immediate agitation. The amount of misinformation that such men can circulate among even the reading public in the islands would challenge your credulity. There was written just at the time Lieutenant-General Miles visited the islands, in 1903, a letter by the so-called Secretary of State of the Filipino Republic, to certain ladrone leaders in the field, in which the statement was made that General Miles had been sent out by the Democratic party to give the Filipinos independence, and that the General had promised that in three months after his return his purpose would be accomplished and independence would be an established fact.

Time and time again written and printed reports were circulated in the islands of pending elections about to effect a change of administration and the re-establishment of Aguinaldo's government, and although no such elections were then pending at all, the reports had the effect of rendering the people most uneasy. The hope of success in our work in the Philippines is tranquility of the public mind and a condition of public attention in which the conservative, peaceful, and educated members of the community are able to give their best efforts and sympathy to the existing government in its efforts to secure a real benefit to the people. Such members of the community are the saving remnant. It is the gradual increase in their number and the spread of primary education among the masses that together will make a self-governing people.

But the conservative element are usually timid. The turbulent who have little to lose in a disturbance, and whose prominence is in proportion to the disorder and restlessness of the people, seize such an issue as that proposed concerning independence as a means of frightening this conservative element away from the work of government-building into a discouraged silence. I know the effect of such promises and hopes, because I have seen the effect of the declarations of Mr. Bryan and the Democratic

platform in our work of building up a stable government. They were quite disheartening to those of us who were responsible agents. You can verify what I say by England's experience in Egypt. I suppose that no one will deny the immense benefit that English intervention has done for the poor, downtrodden fellahen of Egypt under the magnificent statesmanship of Lord Cromer and Sir Alfred Milner, and we may well learn lessons from their experience. Says Sir Alfred Milner in his work "England in Egypt:"

"If there is one thing essential to the success of our work in Egypt, it is the tranquillity of the public mind, a belief in the fixity of our intentions and the permanence of the reforms we have instituted. There is no truer remark in the great report of Lord Dufferin already referred to, full though it be of ingenious observations, than the sentence in which he says: 'Unless they are convinced that we intend to shield and foster the system we have established, it will be vain to expect the timid politicians of the East to identify themselves with its existence.' The power, and not only the power, but even the popularity, of England in Egypt has always varied in proportion to the degree of general belief in the permanence of English control."

So the success of the experiment we are making in the Philippines depends on having the Filipinos understand that we are there for their benefit, but that we expect to stay there indefinitely in working out the good we propose to do them.

The central fact of the situation in the islands is that the only hope of bringing about a satisfactory independent self-government of the Filipino people is through the success of the present government. Whatever makes for failure in that government makes for chaos and tyranny in the islands. Anything which tends to disturb the tranquillity of the people, and to drive into silence and inactivity the timid, conservative forces, interferes with the process of educating the people to self-government. What we are doing is to teach the Filipino individual liberty.

The tremendous obstacle we meet is in the inability of the great mass of Fili-

pinos to know their individual rights and maintain them against the temporary local bosses, or "caciques," as they are called. The self-styled anti-imperialist scoffs at the idea that a government which has had to maintain itself by force can make for liberty. He fails to distinguish between individual civil liberty and political control. Women and children enjoy in this country the same civil liberty as that enjoyed by men, but they exercise no political control. The electoral franchise is not necessary to the enjoyment of civil liberty, and yet there are few of the opponents of the policy of the Administration in the Philippines who recognize the distinction. The truth is that to grant to the Filipinos complete political independence would be the death-knell of civil liberty in the islands. The practical conception of political control which would be realized is that which prevailed under Aguinaldo's government. Oppression, confiscation, arbitrary imprisonment for his enemies, were every-day occurrences in the provinces under his control. The careful protection of individual rights of property, life, and liberty can only be the result of long training by a government formed and guided by Anglo-Saxon precedents.

We are teaching all the people, day by day, what individual liberty is. We who seek to perfect the present government in the Philippines are the real defenders of liberty, and not those who are clamoring for the immediate independence of the islands. They would produce a tyranny and a chaos in which liberty of the individuals would disappear forever. We are gradually adding to the benefit of individual liberty for each resident, partial political control. To-day the municipalities of the islands are completely autonomous. All the municipal officers are elected by those among the people who can read and write Spanish or who pay \$15 a year taxes. The provincial governors, who are the chief executives and constitute one-third of the provincial governing boards, are elected by the municipal councils. Three out of the eight of the members constituting the governing legislative body of the islands are Filipinos.

In two years from next October a

completely representative assembly from the Christian Filipinos is to be elected, and to be one branch of the legislature of the islands. In this way we are preparing the people to exercise political control with a due respect to the rights of the minority and the individual.

Is this not a truer method of securing real liberty to the Filipino than to throw the country back into the control of the violent and the warlike of that people? With due respect to the anti-imperialists whose intensity of feeling measured by their extravagance of language calls for moderation and courtesy in return, they would, if allowed to cast away the Philippine Islands on a sea of anarchy and tyranny, really sacrifice the cause of individual liberty to the shibboleth of independence and a mere rhetorical concept of a free government in the Philippine Islands which is utterly impossible except after years and generations of education in self-government. I may be pardoned if I say that the anti-imperialists, in an assumption of virtue, choose the easy course of abandoning the Filipinos to their fate and certain anarchy, tyranny, and chaos, and at the same time profess to be following the only righteous path.

Their course is prompted rather by a desire to exhibit what they maintain is a political consistency on the part of this country than by hope of any real good for the Filipinos. Their view is that the Declaration of Independence prevents our establishing civil liberty in the islands and retaining sufficient control to maintain the supremacy of the conservative and law-abiding elements while the lessons of political self-restraint essential to proper self-government shall be taught the coming generations. Their view is that under the Declaration of Independence any independent form of government of a people, however bad, is better than any government of that people, however successful in securing individual civil liberty, in which the guiding hand of another people is present.

This is their principle reduced to a last analysis. It is not true, for history has many examples to the contrary.

It is not a fair deduction from the Declaration of Independence, construed

in the light of surrounding circumstances. That instrument was written of the American colonists, a body of men whose ancestors had been hammering out of kings and parliaments, in a struggle of centuries, the principles of civil liberty and popular self-government, and who were better able to govern themselves and to found a government of themselves than any men that ever lived. To make the terms of the Declaration of Independence apply equally to the Filipinos as to the American colonists is to be blind to the plainest facts and to sacrifice truth to an impossible dogma and a rhetorical phrase. That party which is seeking to implant civil liberty in the Philippines and to make it secure by teaching the Filipinos the difficult lesson of self-government has taken the hard path.

It must bear the brunt, on the one hand, of the assaults of the anti-imperialists, who impeach its motives; and, on the other, by patient and hard effort, seek to elevate a people and teach them that liberty is a God-given boon to those who seek it and deserve it, and that only experience and effort can prepare a people to enjoy it.

The anti-imperialists assume that the country is indulging in an orgy of territorial aggrandizement and greed, and that the basis for the Philippine policy is selfish exploitation. I deny it. I appeal to your judgment if the fact is not the contrary. We assumed control of the Philippines as a last resort, as a choice of evils in the dilemma of having otherwise either to return the islands to the oppression and misgovernment of Spain, or of placing them under the rude, unformed, and even more cruel and tyrannical government of Aguinaldo.

Have you seen any signs of selfish exploitation on the part of the American people since? Is not the strongest popular motive toward the islands an altruistic one of doing the best we can for the islands? Did not the people approve the vote of \$3,000,000 to relieve the Philippine people from suffering due to cholera and cattle disease? Do not the American people favor the policy of building up the islands and developing them on the principle of "the Philippines for the Filipinos"?

The Women of America¹

Ninth Paper—Women and Philanthropy

By Elizabeth McCracken

IN nothing do American women of to-day more clearly reveal the active presence in themselves of a spirit which was at most dormant in the American woman of yesterday, than in the character and quality and magnitude of their efforts in the direction of caring for others. In former years, a charitable woman gave to the extent of her ability, to those whom she found who needed her bounty; almost invariably she gave financial help, or that which represented financial help, such as food, or fuel, or clothing, or the service of a physician. The gift was prompted by a sense of duty, an impulse of kindness, or an instinct of pity; with it ended the giver's consciousness of responsibility; so far as she conceived her obligation, she had fulfilled its requirements.

At the present time very nearly the reverse of this condition prevails. The rendering of aid, so far from removing or lessening the burden of the benefactor's feeling of responsibility, rather inclines to fix it the more securely and to increase it. She believes that not only must she relieve a present need, but that also she must earnestly and untiringly search for the cause of that need, and, finding it, devise some wise and effectual means wherewith it may be effaced. The task she has set herself is great; but it is scarcely greater than the zeal with which she has undertaken its performance—that fervid zeal, as yet untempered by weariness, which goes into the beginning of a new day's work.

This larger care as to the other person's welfare is unquestionably of comparatively recent development in the philanthropic work of women in America, and for this very reason, perhaps, is distinguished by that glowing warmth which has done, and does, so much to insure its effectiveness. In the hope that she may discover the best way in

which to help the unfortunate, the American woman of to-day is not only willing but eager to try many ways. Baffled again and again, she remains still undaunted, unwearied, and optimistic. The day of her task is yet "at the morn."

It was this enthusiasm on the part of the workers which, more than any other quality or circumstance, impressed me in my observations of the philanthropic activities of women in various parts of the United States. Upon this enthusiasm seemed more than a little to depend the successful outcome of those activities. A settlement worker of unusually extensive experience in charity organizations asked me recently to describe in a word the philanthropists whom I had met throughout the country. "They are enthusiastic," I said, after a moment's thought. "Well, they need to be," returned my friend.

Of a certainty, they do! Among my acquaintances I number a young woman who, when I met her for the first time several years ago, had completed her course at a normal school for teachers, and was just beginning to teach an intermediate grade in a public school situated in a tenement block of a large city. Her pupils, needless to say, came from the neighboring houses and streets. Such children my acquaintance had not previously seen, for she knew little of tenement districts. More than fifty small girls and boys were daily in her charge during the long school hours; she did all that she was officially required to do for them with the utmost diligence and completeness; and then, being, as some one recently declared, "inevitably philanthropic," she sought opportunities for doing much more.

The affection which her pupils speedily learned to feel for her naturally prompted some of them to invite her to visit them in their homes. She accepted these invitations with suddenly aroused interest. It was not long before she

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began to acquire a slight knowledge of at least one tenement district, together with a strong desire for information concerning other similar districts. Her free hours were more and more largely devoted to calling upon her pupils, making friends of their parents, and familiarizing herself with the circumstances of their environment. "I do it partly because I want to do it, and partly because I think I should," she replied, slowly, when one of her friends asked her why she thus lengthened her hours of labor on behalf of her pupils.

Her answer has a significance of which she, when she made it, was unaware. Is it not from the twofold motive she suggested that most of us have added to the number of our hours of labor for those whom we would help? We are inspired not alone by duty, but also, and no less abundantly, by sympathy.

So great was the inspiration in the case of my acquaintance that at the beginning of her second year's work in the tenement block she went to live in a college settlement in the vicinity, that the friends she had made among the families of her pupils might, as she explained, return her calls. Her visitors were many, and their visits were frequent. Gradually they became also the guests of the entire settlement family, and partakers of the benefits offered by the settlement. The school-teacher, on her side, found the settlement and its residents valuable aids in her efforts to obtain further information respecting the district, and thereby to give to her friends in the locality more intelligent and acceptable aid. In less than two years' time she had learned enough about the conditions of life in the tenement districts to realize that in order to better those conditions she must first seek out their causes.

"I'm not sure that I am going about it in the right way," she said not long ago. "Next year I think I'll take a room in one of the tenement-houses and live there. I can't be of any real help until I understand; and perhaps if I live the life of the people I want to help, and ought to help, I may understand more clearly; though," she added, "I

know beforehand that living in a tenement won't really be living their lives. However, it may be a little nearer the right way." Without a doubt, that enthusiasm which she needs, the school-teacher of that tenement district school has; it is an enthusiasm which called by another name is patience.

The feeling that before the people of the tenement districts can be assisted, they and their surroundings must be more intimately known than casual visits make possible, led the school-teacher to residence in the settlement. An identical theory had caused the establishment of that settlement, and of similar communities in the tenement localities of very nearly every large city in the United States. The settlement has become a well-defined and widely chosen means for the furtherance of philanthropic enterprises. As some one once said, it seems to be the nearest approach to that best way of helping the poor which has yet been discovered in America.

It is interesting in the extreme to note that a majority of the settlements in the United States have been organized by women, maintained chiefly by women, and, with regard to large affairs as well as small, conducted almost entirely by women. In lesser details, doubtless, no two settlements are entirely alike, but in greater matters probably no two are wholly different. In all instances settlements are concerned more with causes than with effects; their aim is not so much to support the weak as it is to help the weak to grow so strong that self-support becomes possible; their activities are, in the main, educational.

The nature of the education afforded varies as widely as the need of one of its recipients varies from that of another. It may be chiefly manual, as in the several settlements in Cleveland; it may be principally intellectual, as in most of the settlements in Boston; it may be largely social, as in a settlement in San Francisco; or it may be all these in equal proportion, as in Hull House, in Chicago. In any and every instance it proceeds, as all true education should proceed, to develop its beneficiaries in those directions in which development

is most wanted. "Why do you have so many social clubs?" I asked the head resident of the settlement in San Francisco.

"Because we need them," she instantly replied. "The people for whom we are working are not financially poor, like so many of the laboring people in Eastern cities; and they are not industrially ignorant. It isn't necessary to teach them to make money, or to save it; the problem is to teach them to spend it."

She went on to tell me that the young men and women who came to the settlement were inclined, not to buy such clothing as was beyond their resources, for instance, but rather the reverse. "We felt as though we had accomplished a definite good," she said, "when we had led some of the boys to understand that self-respect demanded that they dress, neither above nor below their incomes, but in accordance with them."

When she added that the classes for study held at the settlement were few, and I inquired the reason, she said, "There isn't much demand for them, nor much response to offers from us to form them." She admitted that the marked indifference to such classes was one of the problems of her work.

As I left her and went along the sunny street, beneath the cloudless Californian sky, I found myself understanding her statement that "the climate in California tempts the mind away from the study of books."

The converse of her problem had once been my own. A boy of sixteen, whom I knew through a settlement in Boston, came to me one day, not to request that advice concerning his industrial affairs which he unquestionably needed, not to seek an opportunity for the social development which also he sorely required, but to ask if I possessed any book through the reading of which he, a native of Poland, might, as he quaintly expressed it, "acquire a knowledge of the proper employment of the elegancies of English."

Since that day he has learned consciously to desire also those other things of which he was in want, and to search for them as ardently as he sought such books as he wished to read. If the

boys and girls of the laboring classes in San Francisco need a greater scholastic development, they will, no doubt, eventually become as ready to receive it as the workers in the settlement are to give it.

Though many of those women in America who have been impelled to give to the people living in the tenement districts of cities that help which can rightly be given only by one friend to another, have made their endeavor and accomplished at least some portion of their purpose through the medium of residence in a social or college settlement, others of these women have essayed a different approach to that best way of helpfulness for which all are looking with equal earnestness and faith; and have gone to dwell, not merely in tenement localities, but in tenement-houses, not only near the people whom they would befriend, but with them.

I met several women in as many cities who were trying this more personal and individual manner of living in the tenement districts, with the hope that it might serve to bring them into more sympathetic relationships with those persons whom they were determined, if it proved not impossible, to comfort and to help. My visits to two such homes in particular I remember with especial clearness, partly because they were such novel visits, but chiefly because the two women who, respectively, ordered the affairs of the two households were testing their new modes of life with a simple and serious dignity, great enough to win respect and confidence even from an entire stranger.

One of these households was in Cleveland, in a section of the city so disreputable and so dangerous that, as I was told, one of the city police officers had impressed upon the young woman at its head, when she moved into the neighborhood, the necessity of putting a telephone in such a place in her house that at any time during the night she might reach it without a moment's delay, and summon immediate assistance and protection.

She was a young woman; very eager, very single-minded, and absolutely fearless. The rooms of her small house

were like the rooms of girls in college dormitories. I dined with her one night; and she entertained me so precisely as college girls had entertained me that, had her friends in the neighborhood not called so frequently during the process of the meal, I might have forgotten that I was not in the "study" of one of the "double suites" in a pleasant campus-house of a well-ordered college in a serene and law-abiding university town.

Her callers were boys of all sizes and ages. They quite filled her little drawing-room, and overflowed into the hall, and lined the stairs. They sat in little groups, and waited quietly until their hostess and her other guests joined them; then they sang innumerable songs to the piano accompaniment of an older visitor, exchanged bits of news with their hostess, and wandered about examining pictures and books and bric-à-brac; all with that indefinable ease which comes only from familiarity. It was evident that their hostess had their respect and regard; and as obvious that her friendship, her approbation, and her judgment were valued by them. I was afterward informed that they had previously been such boys as form those "gangs" which are so great a menace to any city in which they exist.

Somewhat later in the evening, when I and the young girl who had come with me from the college settlement in Cleveland at which I was stopping were about to go, two of the older boys offered to escort us to our car, and carefully guided and guarded us through the very streets which they had formerly been inclined to help render unsafe. It was a bleak night in January, and the first street through which we started to go was not only dimly lighted but icy. Observing that I hesitated, one of the boys looked at me keenly. "I shouldn't mind it's being dark," I said in reply to his unspoken question, "if it were not for the ice. Have you any idea where it is least slippery?"

His answering laugh had a ring of pleasure and relief. "Oh, it's *that* you was stoppin' fur!" he said, merely; but, meager as his words were, they still sufficed to reveal how incalculably much

his hostess had done for him. From an irresponsible boy of the slums she had made a gentleman, self-respecting, trustworthy, and acutely sensitive to any challenge touching his honor.

It is doubtful if that boy, or indeed any of his associates whom I saw at that household in Cleveland, would have ventured into a settlement. Their hostess might, through a settlement, have influenced other boys; but, as she said, she had been able to help these particular boys because she had made friends with them simply by receiving them as guests in her own home, in a certain personal manner impossible of accomplishment outside a home. Her household was the more easy of acceptance by the neighborhood as a whole for the reason that its other two members were a woman of their own station and her little girl, whom the young woman at the head of the house had invited to share the benefits and the duties of her home. They were not in the least out of accord with the naively academic rooms and the charmingly ardent owner of the rooms. Indeed, the entire circumstance of the combination of the house and its inmates and its guests conveyed a distinct sense of easy harmony which was its chief justification as well as the principal reason for its decided attractiveness. In that one corner of that one city some portion of the great problem of all cities was being solved, and the process of solution seemed to be peculiarly natural and unstrained.

The other home, similar to this one in ideal and in achievement if in nothing else, which I visited, was in San Francisco. I learned of its existence by the merest chance late in the morning of the day upon which I had planned to leave the city. I was asking some further questions regarding the philanthropic work of the women of San Francisco. "Is it all organized?" I inquired, "or is there some independently individual effort?"

"Well, there's one person who is making an independently individual effort whom you ought to see," was the reply. "She is a doctor, or a trained nurse—I don't remember which—and she lives with several others in a little

house in one of the poor districts, right among the poor people. She does all kinds of things for them. You ought to meet her."

Realizing that, if possible, I certainly ought, I secured her name and address. I found that she possessed a telephone, and after a hasty consultation of a railroad time-table, I substituted a later train for the one I had planned to take, and telephoned to the "little house in one of the poor districts" to ask if its hostess were at home, and if I might call upon her. She was at home, and she at once said that she would gladly welcome me, and, when I would have explained more fully the promptings of my impulsive request, assured me that no explanations were necessary.

Her house was located on a side street, which in comparison with corresponding side streets in Eastern cities was cleanly and quiet and pleasantly open to sun and air. My hostess received me with a certain grave and gentle but spontaneous friendliness that evidently was characteristic, and probably accountable for her unquestioned influence in her neighborhood, an influence concerning which one of her friends afterwards spoke to me in the warmest possible terms. She was very young, but her face had that beautiful tenderness seen sometimes in the faces of women much older, women who during so many years have lived for others that not even selfish thoughts any longer come near them.

She had said over the telephone that she was a trained nurse. As we sat together in her cheerful room, with its pictures, and books, and vases of yellow poppies, she told me somewhat regarding her work, which was voluntary district nursing. She knew the people of the neighborhood very well, she said. "A nurse can usually gain confidence with especial ease and rapidity," she added, "because the people to whom she goes know in advance that they need to have some one do just what she can do and offers to do."

She went on to say that she lived in the neighborhood simply because she wished to be near her work. "The neighbors understand that," she said. "I live here exactly as I should live any-

where else. I know my neighbors just as I should know people in any vicinity. Some of them are friends, some are only acquaintances; and some of them I don't like." She smiled; and then she continued: "I didn't begin to feel that I was succeeding in my life down here so long as my neighbors kept me on a pedestal and looked upon what I said as oracular. I wasn't happy until they began to disagree with my opinions, and to put their own over against them. I'm a human being, and they are human beings. It seems to me that people must meet on that common basis before they can make any mutual advancement at all."

She told me that she invited her friends in the neighborhood and her college friends to dine on the same evening, and that no slightest embarrassment on the part of any of the guests ever disturbed the serene enjoyment of the occasion. That this was due to some extent to her own personality I am very sure. She was, I learned, peculiarly dear to all her friends; however they might otherwise differ, in their feeling for her they could be subtly sympathetic.

Her exquisite generosity extended even to me, whom she had known for scarcely an hour. I had mentioned to her my delight in Mr. Keith's paintings, several of which I had seen in Portland, Oregon; and she not only showed me another, in her own possession, but gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Keith himself, in which she described me as her friend, and so commended me to him that when I met him he exhibited to me very nearly all the riches of his studio. As I left her, she gave me a handful of the golden poppies. "They are so brightening," she said. She was not unlike them; she, too, was so brightening.

By no means all the philanthropic work of women in America, however, is of a directly personal character. A very large proportion of it, on the contrary, is decidedly impersonal. It is concerned with bettering certain conditions, not in the interests of one person or one district, but for the sake of all persons and all districts upon which those conditions

press. Except through the concerted effort of many, it cannot hope to achieve its end. Organization is forced upon it as a necessary precaution against the confusion always to be feared when great numbers of people seek a common result without first binding themselves to the use of a common rule. Every city in America has its enormous charity organizations—organizations in which the large majority of the women of the city are in some sort interested, to some degree active. Before I went to Buffalo I chanced to hear much regarding the remarkable scope and efficiency of its philanthropic enterprises. I was therefore not surprised to discover while in that pleasant and hospitable city that not only those women who were resident in settlements, or at the head of day nurseries, or in charge of dispensing bureaus, were engaged in philanthropic effort, but that very nearly all the many other women whom I met were making a thoughtful study of the situation in their city, and assisting materially in the solution of its difficulties. Their charitable work was regarded by them as a duty no more to be neglected in the performance than the ordering of their homes, the training of their children, or the performing of whatever other duties had fallen to their lots.

We are all aware of the great reforms in labor regulations brought about by the Consumers' League. A devoted member and officer of the association said to me in discussing it: "Its work is accomplished in proportion as the number of its faithful members increases."

I repeated this, I remember, to a very lovely woman whom I met in Minneapolis, a woman deeply interested in all the charities, public and private, of her city. "In personal care for others, one person can often do the work of two," she commented, "but in impersonal endeavor, no one can do more than just his or her own share; if that isn't done, there is just so much loss; if it is done, just so much gain. Yes, the success of organized philanthropy depends upon not only faithful but large membership."

It is, indeed, a matter for deep gratitude and happy encouragement that in

America we are gaining in steady increase the faithful membership of the many, in organizations having for their object the succoring of the weak, the relieving of the distressed, the uplifting of the fallen.

So keenly alive have we of America become to the bond which unites us as human beings to all other human beings, that our most private and personal charities involuntarily change, by a process of mere expansion, into institutions and organizations composed no longer of one who gives and one who receives, but of many donors and many more recipients.

One of the most interesting examples of this process of evolution is to be found in a free night school for working men and boys in New Orleans, which for twenty years has been not only managed but principally supported by one woman. The school was founded by her in the simplest and most significant manner.

One day she happened to meet a young man of twenty, an acrobat, who had come to the city with a traveling circus of a low order. He confided to her that he was dissatisfied with his life, but that, having neglected the opportunities his childhood had afforded him, he was fitted for nothing else. She immediately said to him that she would help him by giving him such teaching as he needed. He eagerly accepted her offer, and she instructed and encouraged him until he had so developed his latent possibilities that he was able to abandon his former existence and to fill a position of trust and honor.

Last April, when I visited the school, its teachers numbered thirty-five, more than half of whom contributed their services, and its students were enrolled to the number of fifteen hundred, the youngest pupil being a boy of ten and the oldest a man of sixty. The regular grammar-school course of the public schools is given, as well as practical and practicable courses in mechanical drawing, stenography, bookkeeping, and higher mathematics. In the twenty years since its foundation the school has attained such standing in the city that reputable firms have acquired the

habit of applying to it for employees. It has, moreover, graduated not only a number of excellent bookkeepers and business men, but also several lawyers.

The requirements for admission are only two: the applicant must be a working man or boy, and one who is not able to pay for tuition elsewhere. The school is open to all kinds of people, from those men who come to it to learn to read and to write in order to fulfill the educational qualification of the franchise law, to the Cubans who took refuge in New Orleans after the Spanish war, and who have appealed to the school for aid in learning the English language.

As I went from room to room of the spacious Southern house in which the school meets, realizing more and more fully each moment how great must be the meaning of the institution, not only to its students, but to all New Orleans, which is still a city without municipally supported free night schools, I said to the woman who had founded it, "How did you make it grow?" She smiled. "I didn't make it grow," she said, "I only planted it."

I still do not wholly agree with her; she did not make it grow, perhaps, but she did more than plant it; she watched and tended it while it grew.

Not alone in the large cities of America, but also in the little towns and villages, has a larger sense of responsibility for the welfare of others been slowly but certainly developed. The philanthropic work of a small community is almost invariably impelled by a purely religious motive, and is usually organized and directed by the church or churches in the community. It does not wittingly concern itself with the intricacies of social science and economic theory, but in the present day these perplexities are not to be escaped; in little villages, as well as in great cities, they must be faced.

In a small town in Michigan I had several long conversations with two young women who regularly conducted a sewing-school made up of sixty children. The school met on Saturday afternoons

in the choir-room of the church. "The children are going to learn to make aprons next," I was told; "they all have their material now. You see," further explained one of the heads of the organization, "they can get the material; what they need is to be taught how to use it, so that's what we are trying to do for them." The question as to just what was needed had been most carefully weighed and considered.

A woman in a New England village with whom I became acquainted superintended a cooking class of young housekeepers. It held its meetings once a week in her own kitchen. "I could *much* more easily do their cooking *for* them on that day," she said, "but it wouldn't help them longer than that day if I did, so I try to teach them how to do it themselves."

To her also the common problem had offered itself, if not for solution, still for reflection.

So far, indeed, the vast problem as to the manner in which we shall best fulfill that duty towards our neighbor enjoined upon us has not yet even begun to be solved. What shall we do? we inquire of ourselves. What shall we refrain from doing? do we also ask. That the great mass of women in America are putting these questions to their own minds and hearts, and, in small measure or in large, answering them by word and by deed, would seem surely to be true.

They are doing what they can, personally and through organization; and they are seeking to do more, and to do it more wisely and fully. Of a truth, they have enthusiasm, the beautiful, untiring enthusiasm which is born of unselfish love and desire.

That which they have already done is very much; but it is only a small part of what they are hopefully endeavoring to do, and, without a doubt, eventually will do. Their aspiration might well find expression in the words of the Reverend John Howe, who, so long ago as 1681, said of charity, "God grant that we may use it more, and need it less!"

A School at the Corner of Asia

By Percy S. Grant

A TRAVELER in the Far East is glad when he reaches Singapore. If he has come from Europe by way of Egypt and India, he knows that Singapore is his turning-point. He is on the threshold of the South Seas. It is a step to China and Japan. If he is bound for America, he knows that he will soon be in cooler weather on the vast, mysterious Pacific.

Coming from the Golden Gate, a traveler likewise feels a new joy on arriving at Singapore. He has tired of the sail-less reaches of the Pacific; he has felt apprehensive and perplexed in the face of the enormous population and latent power of the yellow races; he is relieved to find himself in touch again with Englishmen and British rule. The English flag flies in Shanghai and Hongkong, but it is an alien flag. In Singapore it is the national flag, and the Indian Empire is just across the way. Calcutta is next door to the Straits Settlement. At any rate, in habits of travel and talk the two are like London and Paris, although there is a week of water between them. An American is no longer running away from home letters sent via San Francisco or Vancouver; he is going towards mail sent via England. He is only twenty-five days from London. What happiness! He is like a man dreaming that he is dying of the Black Death in the Middle Ages who wakes up in health in the twentieth century. Unless he could catch an Empress liner at Hongkong for Vancouver without having to wait, it would be as short a journey to New York going ahead as turning back. He is half-way home, and has turned the corner of Asia.

Singapore is charming in its openness. The sea breezes blow freshly through the city. Although it is only eighty-eight miles north of the equator, it is not so hot as one would think. There is a variation in temperature the year around of only a few degrees. In a straw hat or pith helmet and white clothes a Euro-

pean in the open air is perfectly comfortable. You even feel active and like sharing in the Englishmen's tennis, hockey, football, or cricket on the esplanade in the afternoon. Indeed, the fine water front is the characteristic of the city. Along part of the shore to the east runs a green embankment flanked by a broad hard road. Beyond this road is the great green for out-of-door games. Beyond this, another broad road. The athletes of an afternoon look up from their sports across road and green shore to the sparkling harbor. The whole town strikes you as being built in open order. And the smiling islands in the bay seem to have invited Europeans to a really agreeable abode.

Outside Singapore there is also a sense of elbow-room that its rivals on the Pacific coast of Asia do not possess. In Yokohama the bluff blocks the way to easy driving or riding until a circular road around it shall be completed. In Shanghai the Bubbling Well road is pleasant but short, and the European veneer of building in the city, though splendid, is thin. At Hongkong you think a black cloud is in the sky, but, glancing up, you find the Peak lowering over you. The mental effect of the Peak on a man in Queen Street is that of an incubus. Naturally, the Peak is also a wall to the rider or driver. A great road is contemplated around the island to celebrate the Queen's jubilee, that at least will give one a chance to stretch his legs or scorch or gallop. But at Singapore you are not balked by any elevation in an effort to get into the country; you are not oppressed and overshadowed. To leave it by land, as Singapore is the southern tip of the Malay Peninsula, you go north. You can drive in a victoria on a level to Johore, shaded by palms and surrounded by the jungle, over fourteen miles of metaled road to the northern edge of the island. There you look upon a smooth, narrow strip of water, across at

the mosques and palaces of the Sultan of Johore.

There is a Babel of races in Singapore, and each race has its own district or kampong. Travelers are bewildered by the brilliant variety of men and things mixed in this cosmopolitan corner. "In one spot you are dazzled by the silks of India; in another the sarongs of Java are spread out like a kaleidoscope; in another you are suffocated with an indescribable mixture of Eastern scent; in another an appalling stench meets you; strange rainbow-like birds utter raucous cries, and the long, thin, heavy arms of a gorilla are stretched out between bamboo bars in deceptive friendliness; in another there is such a mass of packed boats that you hardly know when your foot has left dry land."

In open lands acres of pineapples are growing, the most succulent in the East. In the river Chinamen stand dressing rattan for chairs, or the Chinese dyer, whose hand is "subdued to what it works in," dips garments in pots of indigo. Gorgeous orchids, the despair of European collectors, cling to innumerable trees. The great tropical park, the spacious and stately Government House, impress one with English order, power, thoroughness.

But the thing that interested me most at this corner of Asia was a school—a school that seemed to contain all the cross-currents of Oriental humanity.

The Anglo-Chinese School was founded in 1886 by Mr. Oldham, now a clergyman in Columbus, Ohio, and acting, I believe, as the agent of the American Methodist Board. "The ultimate aim is to help in the evangelization and elevation of the non-Christian inhabitants of the island." In spite of its avowed missionary character, it was from the first generously helped by the Chinese. On being asked why he supported the American school, a Chinaman replied: "We Chinese and you Americans are outsiders here, and we must stick together."

In the day school, including the primary department of 323, there is an enrollment of 927. In the boarding-school, 86. The day school pays its

own expenses, including a donation to the boarding-school, with its force of twenty-five teachers. Five or six hundred of these children participate in the morning exercise which opens the school, and a greater mixture of races could not be found. The roll-call sounded like the summons of Gabriel to the world—Abdullah, Alli, Agamparam Ibrahim, Hogan, Roderigues, Marijoor Sahib, Oe Hui Ham, Govindasamy, Vander Beek, Young, De Vries, De Souza, Lan Ba Ba, Jammahat, Maclean, Berlandier, Effendi.

Out of what romance and glamorous spots they come: Benkoolen, Sumatra, Po Borneo, Amoy China, Jaffna (Ceylon), Siam, the Malay States, the Malabar Coast! Thirty-one nationalities were represented on these benches. I saw other excellent schools in the East, but all of these except in Honolulu were fairly homogeneous. The Anglo-Chinese school in Singapore seems, on the contrary, an ethnological museum. Each desk held two, sometimes three, pupils (so crowded is the school), and this juxtaposition emphasized by contrast the varieties of nationalities. On one bench a Malay or some darker mixed blood with gleaming teeth and sparkling eyes, wearing the skirt-like sarong, sat next a blond English boy, the son of a sea captain. On another a small-faced Jew from Bagdad seemed on terms of affectionate friendship with a Chinese boy with a long queue. On another a short-haired Japanese was mated with a Kling who shaves his forehead, wears a Clytie knot and earrings, and whose ancestors were in India before our own had scattered from their cradle north of the Himalayas. These boys have bright faces. Bishop Potter talked to them about a sign language that was older than any other language. The deaf and dumb in America have a sign for lady, which is made by drawing the finger under the ear where bonnet-strings are tied. The boys simultaneously burst into a hearty laugh, which showed not only that they had some fun in them, but that they understood English.

It is not the size or polyglot character of this school in Singapore run by Americans that is alone remarkable.

The grade of scholarship is amazing. The course of study extends from A B C's to a point equivalent to freshman and sometimes sophomore work in Cambridge University, England. In fact, the Cambridge University entrance examinations are sent to Singapore, and the boy who passes the best examination gets the Queen's scholarship—four years at Oxford, England, on £200 a year, with expenses paid out and back. A Tamil boy from this school got the last scholarship. His ancestors were forced into southern India by the war pressure of our ancestors, the white-skinned Aryans who crossed the Himalayas. Now the white Aryan has circled the world, and returned after ages of progress to take the conquered black Tamil by the hand, and through the white Empress give him the best education the world has to offer. What must the problem of fathers and sons be in these families! How far away the old is from the new! Generations alone do not divide parent and child, the Tamil in his hut and his son at Cambridge. The whole history of humanity parts them.

The Chinese are the cleverest of the races in this school, then the Japanese and Siamese. While the Chinese lead in mathematics, the Indians are the brightest at languages.

After the scholarship of these thousand boys, their cleanliness impressed me. They well may be clean when they bathe and put on a fresh suit of clothes every day. I am wearing, as I write, a linen suit, made to order in Singapore, which attracted Bishop Potter for its neatness and fit. It cost \$1.50. The Javanese and Malays come to school in clean, fresh sarongs and jackets, the Chinese boys in their pajama-like jackets and baggy cotton trousers.

"What is the religious effect," I asked, "of this European education?" "The boys are expected to attend the opening exercises of the school, when the Bible is read and hymns are sung. There are also Bible lessons as a part of English literature. But there is no pressure towards Christianity brought to bear upon the boys. As a matter of fact, the advanced classes have been baptized at their own request."

The evangelizing effects of these mission schools must be in their influence. High ideals of Christian civilization are spread from them over the Orient: the political independence views of the Anglo-Saxon; richer conceptions of individual and family life; juster regard for the person and place of women; wider reaches of experience and of joy for every pupil throughout his life. In fact, these mission schools in Asia are mirrors of the social and political ideas upon which English civilization and freedom rest; they are, consequently, the best means of leading the Orientals to self-government.

The English language is another influence making for individual freedom. In spite of the hundreds of millions, it is not impossible to make English the language of Asia. It is easier now for Chinese from the eighteen provinces to speak to one another in pidgin English than to learn one another's language. The modern school, by teaching the English language, helps the industrial and political revolution. Mission schools have already turned out clerks, guides, interpreters, without whom business life in Asia would be very difficult; now they are preparing teachers for the vast population.

Even the games of the American and English school-boy are eagerly acquired by the Asiatic boys. Nothing convinced me more of the potential greatness of the Japanese than to learn that they preferred baseball to cricket. They crowd the fields at Yokohama when a game is played. In fact, they have clubs of their own. Our missionaries are so wise that I saw some Japanese boys in one of the church schools at Tokio passing ball after church on Sunday.

It is almost pitiable to see barefooted Chinese boys kicking a football, and the little Malays in petticoat sarongs rushing after the pigskin. They follow hockey with the greatest interest. Oriental indolence, so called, only wants the chance to show the keenest interest in out-of-door sports. What a healthful, stimulating pleasure that will be! If the population of Japan and China can represent the East, then nothing is farther from the truth than the phrase

"Oriental indolence." The Japanese and the Chinese are the most industrious people I have ever seen. We practically never saw an idle Chinaman.

Our schools can do much for these people. Chemistry and physiology and physics could be taught in hundreds of schools in China. Their superstition, founded on ignorance and fear of the forces of nature, would disappear under such instruction more quickly than by preaching. I do not undervalue evangelization, but the spiritual purity and advancement of a monotheistic religion, especially Christianity, can best be taught upon the foundation of physical

science. Our religious experience is a condition of spiritual and social development which represents the best results of the world's evolution.

Of sixty-five Chinese students who came to America, only those who had scientific education were received with favor by the Government on their return to China. They could build bridges, survey land, superintend mines. The others, who had received a literary education, drifted into clerical positions in consulates and helped Europeans, but did not much help their own—and were despised. It is European science that is to kill Asiatic superstition.

The Religion of a Great City'

THIS is an attempt to make a thoroughly scientific investigation into the condition of the people of London. If not the first attempt of the kind to understand the facts respecting life and labor in a great city, it is by far the most thorough attempt. To us it appears far more praiseworthy and far more likely to be accompanied with valuable results to the world than the attempts to reach the North Pole, or even the study of coral reefs, the deep-sea soundings, and the investigation of volcanoes. For on these rocks and shoals of city life more men are wrecked in a year than on those of the great oceans in a century; the soundings of the deep, deep sea of a great city are more difficult than those of the Atlantic; and fires of human volcanoes, burning dully now, but liable, one cannot tell when, to break forth in explosions more fateful than those of *Ætna* or *Peléé*, are for that reason more deserving of our study.

Mr. Booth has been at this work for many years. He has had several assistants. He appears, from the tone of his volumes, to be singularly free from either religious or irreligious prejudice—and the latter is in our time a more serious obstacle to scientific investigation than

the former. The results of his work are here comprised in twelve volumes, of which seven deal with Religious Influences and five with Industry. These books follow three previous volumes by the same author—"Labor and Life of the People," in two volumes and an Appendix. Here we speak only of the seven volumes on Religious Influences, reserving the other five volumes for future notice. The volumes are accompanied by a series of extraordinary maps, giving the results of Mr. Booth's explorations in a skillful portrayal of different grades of life, by means of different colors—an application of the idea of the Polychrome Bible to a different phase of interpretation.

We are tempted to quote the preface of this volume at length. In no other way could we give our readers a better conception of Mr. Booth's work. In his first study of London life he classified localities according to degrees of poverty, education, and density of population, finding as a result of this triple classification that industrial capacity and higher and better wages lead to better housing, and that in turn to cleanliness and decency, and, commonly, that cleanliness and decency lead to better housing and better wages. It is hardly too much to say that a rational Socialism and a rational Christianity are or ought to be co-operative, since both lead to the same results by different roads: Social-

¹ *Life and Labors of the People of London*. By Charles Booth, assisted by Jesse Argyle, G. E. Arkell, A. L. Baxter, and G. H. Duckworth. Third Series: Religious Influences. In 7 volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York.

ism by improving conditions improves character, Christianity by improving character improves conditions. Mr. Booth's next aim was to study the religious influences at work in London, and see, not what *ought to be*, but what *actually are* the results which those influences produce. "My principal aim," he says, "is still confined to the description of things as they are. I have not undertaken to investigate how they came to be so, nor, except incidentally, to indicate whither they are tending; and only to a very limited extent, or very occasionally, has any comparison been made with the past." To this strictly scientific spirit, in which the whole work has been conducted, its exceptional value is due, no less than to the thoroughness with which the exploration has been carried on. "Every street, court, and alley has been visited, and when changes seemed necessary in the tint that had been given to it (on the map), these changes have been most carefully considered. . . . Our plan of action may be likened to a voyage of discovery. We have moved our camp from center to center all over London, remaining for weeks or even months in each spot, in order to see as well as hear all we could. . . . We have endeavored to see, and with comparatively few exceptions have seen, all the responsible heads of churches of whatever denomination. The account of their work, its successes and failures, forming the basis and material of this work, is contained in written reports of nearly 1,800 personal interviews, of which 1,450 were with the direct representatives of religious work and nearly 350 with other authorities."

It is impossible for us, within the limits of this article, to maintain any such scientific spirit. It would take at least the whole of one issue of *The Outlook* to give any adequate epitome of so thorough an investigation. We can only in a few sentences indicate two or three conclusions to which these volumes lead, and which appear to us as applicable to the great cities of America as they are to London.

The churches reach two classes, and only two: (1) the well-to-do; (2) those who are willing to accept the charity

and patronage of the well-to-do. The self-respecting artisan class the churches do not reach. We quote a few sentences, taken almost at haphazard, in support of this general conclusion: "Of seven hundred families in one street only two attended a place of worship, while of eleven hundred and ninety-nine persons in three streets only twenty-nine were accounted professed Christians." "Not five per cent. of the working class ever go to church," is said by two ministers; "certainly not ten per cent.," by a third. "Not more than ten working people ever come to church," is the testimony of one discouraged rector. The mission halls are no more successful in reaching the artisan classes than are the churches. "The parochial effort made to reach the poorer classes by the use of special missions is dismally unsuccessful." The Dissenters succeed no better than the Established Church; the Established Church no better than the Dissenters. Rector and parson report the same results—almost entire failure to get church attendants from the artisan class. This is not because of the bad character of the people. "The vicar of a thoroughly working-class parish is ready to admit that of those who do not attend church at all, by far the larger proportion are as decent and reputable as those who do." It is not because of expense: "The suggestion that the working classes cannot afford to share in the expenses of organized religion is hardly true even of the poorest." It is not due to infidelity: "Among the working classes there is less hostility to, and perhaps even less criticism of, the churches than in the past. The Secularist propaganda, though not suspended, is not a very powerful influence. Pronounced atheism is rare." It is not a repellent orthodoxy that keeps the artisan class away: "A liberalized form of Christianity, as preached by some, makes no better headway; the fact indeed remains that in those chapels and missions in which the greatest proportion of attached workingmen are found, the teaching is strictly, if not narrowly, orthodox."

The problem which Mr. Booth describes as unsolved in London is unsolved

in our great American cities, where it is still further complicated by conditions which do not exist in London. There the population is racially homogeneous; here heterogeneous to the last degree. There the great bulk of the population is orthodox in religious opinion; here there is a large agnostic if not atheistic population, and a Jewish population much larger relatively than in London. There, if class lines seem to separate men into different castes, they have at least the effect of making patronage by one class less odious to the other than in America. There the English Sunday is nominally regarded with respect; here, by considerable classes of our population, with disrespect if not with derision. That the percentage of church-goers from among artisans, in our American cities, is not even less than it is now, is, in the light of Mr. Booth's report, a matter for surprise. What is the cause of the lamentable failure of the church to reach the self-respecting workingman in the cities and larger towns, and what is the remedy for that failure, Mr. Booth does not consider; and in this lies really the value of the book. If he had ventured to prescribe a remedy, his readers would have suspected his descriptions. Nor does it come within the province of a book review to suggest that which Mr. Booth does not suggest—the cause and the cure. We must leave that for consideration at another time and in another department of this journal. We can only suggest that perhaps it is partly owing to the fact that we have confounded "churchianity" and Christian-ity, that we have been more eager to get

working people to church than we have been to get Christ to working people. Many years ago a friend of what was then The Christian Union suggested—and, if we remember aright, The Christian Union repeated the suggestion—that on some Sunday morning all the churches in the metropolis close their doors, and put upon them some such notice as this: "Closed to enable the members to follow into the highways and hedges the Christ they generally worship in private churches." The scheme is not practicable, partly because the Christians have not the intelligence, the tact, and the consecration necessary to make such a personal crusade effective. But the hint nevertheless points in the right direction. It is in the direction of ceasing to regard the churches as recruiting stations, the efficiency of which is to be measured by the number of new soldiers they enlist, and of beginning to regard them as places where soldiers already enlisted can be instructed and inspired for the service to which they profess to have devoted themselves. That service is not to bring men to church, but to carry Christ to men; it is not to make proselytes or even converts, but to do for humanity what Christ said in the synagogue in Nazareth he had come to do for humanity: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

A Notable Life¹

THE late Charles Butler was a peculiarly interesting character and type of the best American citizenship. No one could have known him as he appeared in the later years of his life at his hospitable home in Park Avenue, or at his other home at Fox Meadow, near White Plains, without

feeling that he was in the presence of one whose span of life—he lived to be ninety-six years old—compassed many men and many movements.

Charles Butler influenced many of those men and was influential in some of the movements. His contemporaries died long before he did, but the movements remain, gathering momentum with every year. If it had not been for the appreciation of this increase of their

¹ *The Life and Letters of Charles Butler*. By Francis Hovey Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

force, the loss of his friends must have made his old age a lonely one—indeed, as it was, it was an irresistible if melancholy pleasure to him to sit at the windows of his country place looking out upon the hundreds of trees, now almost venerable, which he himself, as a young man, had planted. His face had a cameo sharpness of outline and his features a refinement which betokened the kindliness and courtesy of the true gentleman. No one could have known him and not have been better for it. The portraits in this dignified and worthy biography show him to us in interesting aspects, but no portrait could reproduce the peculiar charm of his face, because that charm depended largely upon the expression of the moment.

Mr. Butler was a good type of the Empire State product at all stages of his career—in his education for his profession, his early days of practice, his post-mastership, his commercial enterprises, and his service as trustee of New York University and of the Union Theological Seminary. As most of us have known Mr. Butler in his later life, the story of his early days is of peculiar interest as showing how he worked up to maturer accomplishments. He entered Martin Van Buren's office as clerk, at a salary of one hundred dollars a year in addition to his board. The first morning he arose at half-past four, but at five in came Mr. Van Buren himself ready for the business of the day! "I rise early," Mr. Butler wrote later, "and, what is more provoking, Mr. Van Buren, most mornings back, has risen at half-past four. I rise at five and find him up." The young man's experience was specially valuable, because he could daily listen not only to Van Buren's speeches and arguments, but also to those of his brother, Benjamin Franklin Butler, of Abram Van Vechten, Thomas Addis Emmet, and others. Once he heard Aaron Burr. "He was," said Mr. Butler,

a striking figure, whom every one would turn to look at as he passed in the street—of small, slight build, dressed in small-clothes and black silk stockings with knee-buckles, and walking steadily forward, never seeing any one apparently, but with eyes which were wonderfully observant turned on the

ground in apparent self-absorption. He was already an old man, with white hair and weak, thin, persuasive voice.

References by the reader to these personages who affected his early career, and to President Tyler, Professor Robinson, Dr. Prentiss, Froude, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, and others who influenced his later life, would have been easier if the book had been indexed.

During his residence in Albany young Butler gained another valuable experience from his connection as assistant in helping along the movement of the machinery of his brother's banking business. The editor pertinently points out how difficult it is for us to realize the incomplete condition of large financial enterprises fourscore years ago, for in 1818 the United States had no banking system worthy of the name. Certainly no machinery of mortgage loans existed such as that which Mr. Butler himself afterwards established in western New York, and which has now become the recognized method for local investments.

In 1823 occurred an important event in the transit of the first boat from the lakes into the waters of the Hudson. Mr. Butler wrote:

Rome and Greece in their proudest days could not boast of the consummation of a work equal to the Grand Canal. . . . This 8th of October, 1823, ought ever hereafter to be a jubilee to the citizens of this Republic. As Mr. Stoddard says, to the youth just twenty-one, the great waterway which at its completion almost doubled the accessible regions of the Northern States was a symbol and a prophecy of the coming domination of the Empire State. The opening of the Erie Canal justified Mr. Butler's enthusiastic views. First of all it gave an immense impulse to the development of the western part of the State of New York, and it was natural that Mr. Butler should seek his home there, beginning practice first at Lyons and then going to Geneva. As he proudly claimed, Lyons was very accessible from Albany, only four days distant!

In his opening life in the West, as Mr. Stoddard points out, both the simplicity of the well-bred youth and the characteristic traits of the man of large foresight quickly made themselves evi-

dent. Mr. Butler began his law career with little capital besides his natural ability, for it would certainly appear that a total expenditure of nine dollars a month for the combined expense of office and home was a modest venture. He became a citizen at once in the fullest sense of the term, taking such a keen interest in politics that he drew bills which were presented in the Legislature, but declining the positions offered him until finally he accepted the post-mastership at Geneva; an office which he relinquished because soon after entering upon his duties he "found that there was no Sabbath in the post-office."

I endeavored to persuade myself that there was necessity in this arrangement; that the Sunday mails could not be discontinued and the office closed on that day without prejudice to public interest; that the law of the land regulated the business, and that I was acting under the responsibility of an oath to perform the duties of the office according to law. But more reflection brought me to the conclusion that if there were no impropriety in suspending the business of the other departments of government on that day, the principle applied with greater force to the Post-Office Department than to any other, for its business was not only more extensive but employed a greater number of agents; and it seemed to me that, so far from this presenting a justification in favor of the measure, it furnished strong reasons in favor of a more rigid suspension of all transactions on this day.

While Mr. Butler was attaining the position of the best-known lawyer in the western portion of New York, an equal achievement was his development of the farming interests of the region in which he lived—then a comparatively new country, surrounded by extensive forests, now the garden of the Empire State. Mr. Butler's remedy for existing poverty was the loan of money by capitalists to farmers on long time and reasonable interest, thus putting the latter in a more favorable condition than that in which the land companies had left them. Mr. Butler later repeated his plan in the West, going as early as 1833 from the wilds to Detroit and Chicago, then primitive settlements. He wrote of Chicago: "It presents one of the finest fields in America for industry and enterprise." It was evident to him that Chicago would become a great commercial center. In

the little village of twenty houses he saw "the dream of a city designated from its peculiar position . . . to become the largest inland commercial emporium in the United States." This was the genius of prophetic foresight which marked Mr. Butler beyond most men. It was intuitive with him to trace in imagination the lines, material and moral, upon which the development of any part of our country must proceed.

As a result of this Western trip Mr. Butler left Geneva and settled in New York City, where he could be more in touch with the larger interests which were now pressing upon him. He became a founder and a devoted member of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, and immediately identified himself with many local interests. His generosity was already apparent. To the New York University he gave life scholarships, and to Princeton and Union Theological Seminaries and to colleges in the West and South he made generous contributions.

In 1843 Mr. Butler began that great work in defense of the credit of the various States for which his name should be held in lasting honor. He was the early, zealous, and successful public advocate of the establishment of State responsibility for bond issues. He waged a fight for ten years and won a victory which we at this distant day hardly realize, for we rest in the certainty of an established financial method and of a universal banking system. His work for the State of Michigan, then the youngest of the States which had been created, settled the question of repudiation or no repudiation, and the State regained financial stability. Mr. Butler's success attracted wide attention, and other States oppressed with debt, notably Indiana, turned to this successful advocate for assistance. The description of assistance rendered is recorded in the letters from Mr. Butler himself. His work received international commendation, and his own personality impressed itself more than ever on all with whom he came in contact.

The interests of his later years were largely in connection with his services to New York University and to Union The-

ological Seminary, to which he gave very many years of active and loving labor. It is in connection with these two institutions that he has been best known to men of our day. He made a host of friends here and abroad. Distinguished men delighted to honor him. They will echo the words of President Hall, of Union Seminary, who says: "Of all who trod that way of the past none was of clearer vision, none of godlier courage, none of faith more steadfast than

Charles Butler," and they will also echo Carlyle's judgment, "The truest gentleman I ever knew."

It was a piece of great good fortune that the preparation of the biography of this high man of affairs, who was eminently practical in his methods and idealistic in his aims, was committed to so judicious and interesting a writer; for Mr. Stoddard has known what to emphasize and what to omit, and has done his work with admirable taste and skill.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Church (The): Being a Brief Historical Sketch of the Body Known as the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By Rev. William James Miller, M.A., B.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 87 pages. 50c.

Annual Literary Index, 1903 (The). Edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. Office of the Publishers' Weekly, New York. 7×11 in. 279 pages.

Bog-Trotting for Orchids. By Grace Greylock Niles. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 310 pages. \$2.50.

It is true that many if not most people are accustomed to think of the orchid as a tropical flower, growing, for instance, in luxuriant South American forests or in Indian jungles. To learn from a competent authority that there are from twenty-seven to thirty genera and from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty species of native orchids found in North America, north of Mexico, opens a vista of study and discovery that is fascinating to the ordinary lover of wild flowers. Miss Niles warns us that orchids do not frequent the pathways and roadsides, but are to be sought in swamp, forest, and rather inaccessible places. She has spent several seasons in the Hoosac Valley, which is particularly rich in orchids. Equipment as a "bog-trotter" requires hunting-boots, rubber gloves, short skirts, and vasculum, the author tells us—and we add energy, enthusiasm, and keen eyes. The description of the plant is clear and exact, the illustrations are fine. Many of the photographs are beautifully colored by the author and well reproduced. An appendix and full index add value to the good work of the author.

Business Success. By G. G. Millar. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6 in. 104 pages. 50c., net.

By the Fireside. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 300 pages. \$1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

By the Good St. Anne. By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×9 in. 286 pages. \$1.25.

A clever story of modern Quebec which is entertaining because of its simple, fresh plot, and bright with amusing conflicts between the young representatives of America, England, and English and French Canada. Five probable lovers for one girl promise some trouble to the novelist, but each one is disposed of satisfactorily, and the end is sufficiently happy. A merry girl with a touch of American audacity makes a good heroine.

Captured by the Navajos. By Captain Charles A. Curtis, U.S.A. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 291 pages. \$1.50.

The adventures of two boys who were honorary corporals in a regiment on duty in New Mexico are of the sort to attract boy readers. An intelligent dog figures largely in the story, which is to be recommended on account of its air of sober reality. The author has been an Indian fighter and does not need to exaggerate to make an impression.

Christopher Columbus. Vol. III. By John Boyd Thacher. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8×11¼ in. 775 pages. Per vol., \$9.

Cicero's Selected Orations. By Charles E. Bennett. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7½ in. 339 pages. \$1.

Congregationalists (The). (Story of the Churches Series.) By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 280 pages. \$1, net. (Postage, 8c.)

This history may be said to have an omnidenominational interest, as it takes into view the diffusion through all churches of the principle for which Congregationalists have stood—the right of the individual congregation to control its own affairs. It is mainly devoted to the history of the Congregational churches since their planting in New England, the doctrinal differences and modifications of polity that have occurred, the disruption that divided them into Trinitarian

and Unitarian, their expanding work, and the open questions now before them. Dr. Bacon prefers to speak of them as a "sect"—a term which in our day has contracted an opprobrium it did not always carry. But that they have been distinguished for their freedom from the sectarian spirit he has impressively demonstrated.

Court of Sacharissa (The). By Hugh Sheringham and Nevill Meakin. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x8 in. 311 pages. \$1.50.

A bit of whimsical fancy, truly humorous in a novel way. The note is always one of refinement, and the mingling of eighteenth-century courtliness with twentieth-century actualities has a charm of its own. One is called upon to forget probabilities and the literary bugbear of stern realism, to ask not for reason or purpose, but to stroll and eat strawberries in the garden of Sacharissa, and to listen to the tales and talk of a band of singular gentlemen known as the Exotic, the Mime, the Poet, the Man of Truth, and the Ambassador, who have trespassed therein, who have been pardoned by the mistress because of the naive ingenuity of their excuses and their childlike mendacity, and who try in repeated visits to amuse and please their fair entertainer. To describe a conception so light and airy is to misrepresent it.

Double Witness of the Church (The). By Rt. Rev. William Ingraham Kipp, D.D., LL.D. (Twenty-fifth Edition, Revised.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 341 pages. \$1.50.

Extracts from Adam's Diary. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5x8 1/4 in. 89 pages. \$1.

A fantastical bit of topsy-turvydom in which Eden's garden is placed near Niagara Falls, and Adam keeps a diary of daily events and indulges in reflections. Some readers will call it amusing nonsense, others will omit the qualifying adjective.

Fairy-Tales Up to Now. By Wallace Irwin. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 4 1/2 x 8 in. 25 pages. 50c.

Fire-Bringer (The). By William Vaughn Moody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. 5x7 1/2 in. \$1.10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Fishing Holidays. By Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5 1/2 x 8 1/4 in. 299 pages. \$2.

The devoted fisherman will enjoy this book, for it is a minute account of the temper of fishes and streams, and "flies" of different sorts are scattered profusely through the pages. Most of the fishing was done in Ireland, and as the author spoke Gaelic he knew more of his native guides than do most tourists. With material for picturesque writing, Mr. Gwynn avoids it most noticeably. He relates some of the superstitions in conversational style, but infuses no spark of inspiration into his recital. He seemed to foregather with the serious Irishman, and we fail to find the humor so delightful and usual in Irish sketches. An interesting item is that concerning the actual

fishing-bag of Izaak Walton, which the author found for sale in a London shop and quickly secured for himself.

Flower of the Fort. By Charles Hemstreet. James Pott & Co., New York. 5x7 1/2 in. 240 pages. \$1.25.

This picture of old New York is historically accurate; Mr. Hemstreet is quite at home here, and the book will have a special interest to the large number of readers who are acquainted with Mr. Hemstreet's excellent work in recording the history of old New York, with a dramatic phase of which this romance deals. As a story pure and simple "Flower of the Fort" is only moderately successful.

George Canning. By W. Alison Phillips. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4 1/2 x 7 in. 185 pages. \$1, net.

The life of the great English statesman, emphatically a self-made man, a man whose ambition was "to advance through character to power," is admirably portrayed in this small volume. Time has cooled the bitter judgments upon the powerful Tory, and has also modified the enthusiasm roused by his somewhat labored eloquence. In fact, it is difficult to account for the frenzy of admiration aroused by his speeches, in these days of simpler appeals to political and patriotic feeling. The important questions that came before the English Government during Canning's power, culminating in his Premiership, are discussed with skill by the author, and a good view of the political situation in England in the latter part of the eighteenth century may be gained from this sketch. Some beautiful portraits and a few of the contemporary caricatures illustrate the text.

Glorious Company of the Apostles (The): Being Studies in the Characters of the Twelve. By Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D. Thomas Whitaker, New York. 5x7 1/4 in. 260 pages. \$1, net.

God and the Child. By John T. Wilds. Ward & Drummond Co., New York. 4 1/2 x 6 1/4 in. 19 pages.

Goethe's Egmont. Edited by James Taft Hatfield. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5x7 1/4 in. 134 pages.

Grafters (The). By Francis Lynde. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5x7 1/2 in. 406 pages.

Political corruption, a scoundrelly and even murderous Governor, the stealing of a railway, a plot to sell out the interests of the people to an oil syndicate, counterplots to foil the corruptionists—such are some of the materials out of which this decidedly modern novel is constructed. The author skillfully and with rather unusual strength of purpose keeps the story interest alive and makes the somewhat involved situations clear even to the non-business mind. The leading character is a lawyer who is faced with the question whether he shall use his knowledge of one dishonest plot as a club to make the corruptionists do justice in another matter in which he personally is interested, or whether he shall act solely for the public. In the end he accomplishes both purposes

by a bold and really lawless act which includes the kidnapping of the vicious Governor. Altogether, this strikes us as one of the best examples of a new and distinctly American class of fiction—the kind which finds romance and even sensational excitement in business, politics, finance, and law.

Japan: Aspects and Destinies. By W. Petrie Watson. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 334 pages. \$3.50, net.

Kwaidan: Stories and Studies of Strange Things. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 241 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn is an impressionist of the most pronounced as well as of the most subtle type. The Japan which he reports is the Japan of the old religions and of the modern beauty, the Japan of apple and peach blossoms, of ravishing glimpses of sea and sky, of dainty homes and of still daintier people, of old faith, of imps and demons, of gods and goddesses. This volume is a contribution to his singularly delicate and elusive studies of the strange figures created by the Japanese imagination, which haunted that imagination like dreams that often turn into nightmares. It is the background of the mystery of life that these tales and sketches, singularly tenuous and fragile, but with a remarkable cumulative power of producing a definite impression of the mystery, bring before the mind of the reader: stories that relate the snatching of the bride from her husband's arms because she was the spirit of a tree which some one at that moment had ruthlessly cut down; of the man who marries the white woman, the spirit of the snow, and she melts out of his sight. Such slight things as these, touched with Mr. Hearn's delicate and beautiful style, mingled with nightmare visions, reveal the play of the Japanese imagination, and are of value as contributing to the understanding of a race which holds a first place in the interest of the modern world.

Letters from England, 1846-1849. By Elizabeth Davis Bancroft. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 224 pages. \$1.50, net.

Mrs. Bancroft was a friend of Emerson, the Ripleys, and of many people interested in Concord and Brook Farm. In 1838 she married Mr. George Bancroft, who was at that time Collector of the Port of Boston and a widower. In 1845 Mr. Bancroft became Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Polk's Cabinet, and a year later he was sent to London as Minister to England. It was during the period of his service at the Court of St. James's that Mrs. Bancroft wrote these letters. Most of them are in the form of a diary and were addressed to immediate relatives; none of them was written for publication—a fact which accounts for their informality, and for the sense of intimacy with the life they describe which almost every letter conveys. The letters were written between 1846 and 1848, more than a generation ago, and at a time when England was crowded with interesting people, most of whom still hold their place in the memory of

this generation. Mrs. Bancroft met the members of Queen Victoria's family and household and other members of reigning families, and a great number of men of the highest eminence in public life and in literature; among them Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, Lord Houghton, Lord Ashburton, Sir Robert Peel, Rogers, Lady Byron, the Duke of Wellington. This volume has not the interest which attached to Mme. Wadlington's letters; Mrs. Bancroft was not so keen an observer, nor did she have the same gift of description that gave a peculiar charm to the correspondence of the cultivated American woman who, as the wife of the French Ambassador, knew London so long and so well. These letters belong to an earlier period, and therefore seem a little more remote from our own time. They are detached impressions, however, of a very interesting society; and while they do not rank with those letters which the world reads many times and lays aside for still other readings, Mrs. Bancroft's correspondence is a delightful foot-note to the history of a by-gone age.

Life and Death, and Other Legends and Stories. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 65 pages. \$1.

The pathos of Polish patriotism finds expression in this little collection of legends and stories by Henryk Sienkiewicz. "Life and Death," a Hindu legend, conveys most beautifully the spirit of Oriental thought, while the poetic language of all the sketches is a pleasure in itself. Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, well known as the translator of the writings of the great Polish novelist, succeeds admirably in preserving the dignity as well as the grace that must be characteristic of the original.

Little Tragedy at Tientsin (A). By Frances Aymar Mathews. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 5×8 in. 426 pages. \$1.50.

The stories in this volume produce an impression of effort. The language is apt to be somewhat too vivid. While it is true that human nature has much in common—East and West, past and present—yet the little Chinese women and the big Chinese men are not convincing. Their outlines are blurred by passing through the medium of a mind fitted to produce acceptable Western dramatic situations. Especially evident is this characteristic in the story called "The Lie that Yan Foo Told."

Little Union Scout (A). By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 181 pages. \$1.25.

Mingled war and love make this tale stirring and romantic in turn. The scene is Tennessee. General Forrest, the unpolished, brilliant Confederate cavalry leader, is sharply drawn and almost acts as the *deus ex machina* of the plot. The "little Union scout" is a perverse, charming, and audacious girl.

Love-Watch (The). By William Allen Knight. The Pilgrim Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 55 pages.

Masterpieces in Art: Renaissance Painting in Italy. (Elson Prints.) With a Catalogue by John C. Van Dyke, L.H.D. A. W. Elson & Co., Boston. \$3.25.

We have here three portfolios containing each ten photogravure reproductions of masterpieces of Italian Renaissance art. The prints are on deckle-edged paper of good quality, 9 by 12 inches in size. A pamphlet by Dr. John C. Van Dyke accompanies the portfolios and not only catalogues but describes and in a measure criticises the several works. The subjects are well chosen. The printing is usually fairly good but not always so.

Men of the Covenant: The Story of the Scottish Church in the Years of the Persecution. By Alexander Smellie, M.A. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 440 pages. \$2.50, net.

This volume is concerned with the second half of the fifty years' warfare between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism in Great Britain during the seventeenth century. The men of the Covenant, who had been able five years after its adoption in Scotland to secure its adoption by the English Parliament, and to promulgate at Westminster a scheme for Presbyterianizing the Church of England, found themselves at the accession of Charles II. entering the valley of the shadow of death, from which they did not emerge till the throne of the persecuting Stuarts fell in 1688. The story of their fiery trials comes out in Mr. Smellie's sketches of the chief actors and sufferers, whose courage, piety, and patience under misrule and outrage he has fitly commemorated, without rancor or injustice toward the agents of royal tyranny.

Merry Anne (The). By Samuel Merwin. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 437 pages. \$1.50.

A vigorous and exciting tale of the pursuit of whisky smugglers on the Great Lakes. "Whisky Jim" is a sort of nautical Raffles in his courtesy and philosophy. His schemes are deep and bold, and only by the aid of chance does Dick, the manly Lake sailor, find the clue and follow the smuggler's intricate trail to the end, first in his schooner the Merry Anne, then through the woods. There is a love story behind the adventures. Without any special claims as literature, the tale has swing and dash and well-knit plot.

Model Prayer (The): A Series of Expositions on "The Lord's Prayer." By J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D. Thomas Whitaker, New York. 4¼×7 in. 184 pages. 80c., net.

Modern History: Europe, From Charlemagne to the Present Time. By Willis Mason West. Illustrated. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 551 pages. \$1.50.

A school history, a companion volume to Professor West's "Ancient History." The author's plan has been to devote most of his space to the last century, with a brief treatment in outline of the preceding thousand years. In the same way English and American history are avowedly studied fully and European history slightly. Professor West thus places emphasis on Anglo-Saxon devel-

opment in the nineteenth century, with the purpose of putting the student in the line of recognizing the current of present civilization. Everywhere essential movements and tendencies are recorded rather than names and dates. In plan and execution the work is distinctly superior to most text-books.

Nami-Ko. By Kenjiro Tokutomi. Translated from the Japanese by Sakae Shiota and E. F. Edgett. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 314 pages. \$1.50.

Especially welcome at this time is the translation of one of the most popular novels in modern Japanese literature. Despite obvious sacrifices that doing it into English has entailed, it is still a singularly vivid Oriental picture. At the same time, so true is its portrayal of character, and so tender and deep the pathos of its chief incident, that to the Occidental reader it brings a fresh reminder that human nature is the same the world over.

Not in the Curriculum: A Book of Friendly Counsel to Students. By Two Recent College Graduates. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 100 pages. 50c., net.

Every parent who has a son in college, or in the older section of the preparatory course, should put this book into his hands. It has the ring of reality, of manliness, of the sincere and virile religion that commands respect. It is written in the crisp style in which collegians talk together, and touches point after point with the terse and epigrammatic counsel of fellows who have "played the game" well, and are worth listening to by those that would succeed.

Old London Nosegay (An). By Beatrice Marshall. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 326 pages. \$1.50.

A historical romance—in which the romance predominates—pleasantly written. Opening in London at the time of Lord Strafford's trial, the troubled times of Cromwell's rule soon come on. The chronicle is kept by the gentle wife of Mr. Gabriel Young, who lives in scholarly and comfortable fashion in Chancery Lane. Cavalier and Puritan act in the drama, and the fragrance of the nose-gay comes from the gentle ladies of the group, each loyal to her chosen cause. While the English of the story is sober and not distinctly modern, the author happily escapes the pitfall which often entraps the historical novelist, and writes easily.

Old Testament Prophecy. By the Late A. B. Davidson, D.D., L.L.D., Litt.D. Edited by J. A. Patterson, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 507 pages. \$3.50, net.

Most readers of the Bible think of the prophets as those men whose writings follow the Song of Songs in the usual order of Old Testament books. As a matter of fact, all the Old Testament, with the exception of only a few books, such as I. and II. Chronicles, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, was the work of prophets; and the term prophecy rightfully belongs as truly to the Books of Kings as to the Book of Joel. Prophecy is really a form of interpretation; and the prophet was a man who interpreted either

the past or the present. To him the important element in history was not the events themselves, but their meaning. The distinction between the events and their meaning is sometimes fairly clear, as in the Book of Judges, where, as Dr. Davidson points out, the stories are of early origin, the framework, supplied by a prophetic writer, much later. In other books the sources and the framework are less distinguishable. It is only, however, as the reader of the Bible recognizes this almost completely pervading prophetic spirit in the Old Testament that he will really read it intelligently. This volume by the late Professor Davidson will aid to the recognition of this spirit. It is not necessary always to agree with his analysis to find it helpful and stimulating to thought. His attitude in this book is that of one with open mind, not too reluctant to abandon what is irrational and disproved, not too ready to accept what is merely new and ingenious. He does not take up first one prophet and then another, but rather deals with the characteristics common to all the prophetic writers; though he is guided by a chronological plan. His style is simple and easily read.

Physical Education by Muscular Exercise. By Luther Halsey Gulick, M.D. Illustrated. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia. 6x9 in. 67 pages.

Plant-Breeding. By L. H. Bailey. (Third Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½x6½ in. 334 pages. \$1, net.

The third edition of this treatise upon Plant-Breeding, by Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University, includes, besides five lectures, somewhat revised, a complete bibliography, glossary, and index. The philosophy of variation in plant life is considered, and the modern emphasis upon individuality is pointed out, as evident in the study of plants as in any other department of modern science. One lecture is devoted to the explanation and enumeration of recent opinions among horticultural students and a statement of the current tendencies of American plant-breeding practice. The book is designed for serious students, and while the style is that of an interesting lecture, it is naturally technical and detailed. Modern students of hybridization direct their attention to such results, such products, as shall be of utility in the commercial world. Experiments are easy, but exact and desired products are not so common.

Recollections of a Royal Academician. By John Calcott Horsley, R.A. Edited by Mrs. Edmund Helps. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 367 pages. \$3, net.

Robert Browning. By Edward Dowden. (The Temple Biographies.) Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5x8 in. 404 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies. By G. W. Kitchen, D.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼x8 in. 342 pages. \$3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Social Unrest (The): Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements. By John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 394 pages. 25c.

A paper-covered and low-priced edition of one of the most thought-suggesting of recent American books.

Songs of Our Syrian Guest (The). By William Allen-Knight. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5x8 in. 50c., net.

Stony Lonesome. By Arthur J. Russell. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 4½x7 in. 166 pages.

Sunset Idyl and Other Poems (A). By Eben Jenks Loomis. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. 5½x8 in. 129 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Tree-Dwellers (The). By Katharine Elizabeth Dopp. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 6x8 in. 158 pages.

Views About Hamlet and Other Essays (The). By Albert H. Tolman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. 5x8 in. 403 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Voyages from Montreal through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans in 1780 and 1793. By Alexander Mackenzie. With Maps. In 2 vols. Vol. II. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4½x7 in. 360 pages. \$1, net.

When a Maid Marries. By Lavinia Hart. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5x7¼ in. 210 pages. \$1, net.

A dozen or so whimsically clever essays, which, underneath a flippancy of treatment which the titles of one or two sufficiently indicate—"Who Shall Be Boss?" "The Club Habit," "Interfering Parents"—deal earnestly with "certain vital problems in the home."

Where the Tide Comes In. By Lucy Meacham Thruston. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 391 pages. \$1.50.

Love, politics, and social economics in the Virginia tide-water region. The defects of the story could be more easily forgiven the author if this were a first book—but it is not.

William Hickling Prescott. By Rollo Ogden. (American Men of Letters.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½x7 in. 239 pages. \$1.10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Woman's Will (A). By Anne Warner. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x8 in. 359 pages. \$1.50.

A nice little love story—not too strenuous, yet sufficiently so to warrant the title—with a young American widow, summering abroad, for heroine, and for hero a German baron. There are several other characters, one or two rather cleverly drawn, but the foreign lover is by far the best, being quite natural and unlike the usual thing in fiction.

Wood-Carver of 'Lypmus (The). By M. E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5x7¼ in. 311 pages. \$1.50.

A rather curious commingling of Green Mountain rusticity and culture, but a story well worth reading, nevertheless, original in situation and forceful in utterance, with only occasional descent into the conventional and commonplace.

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